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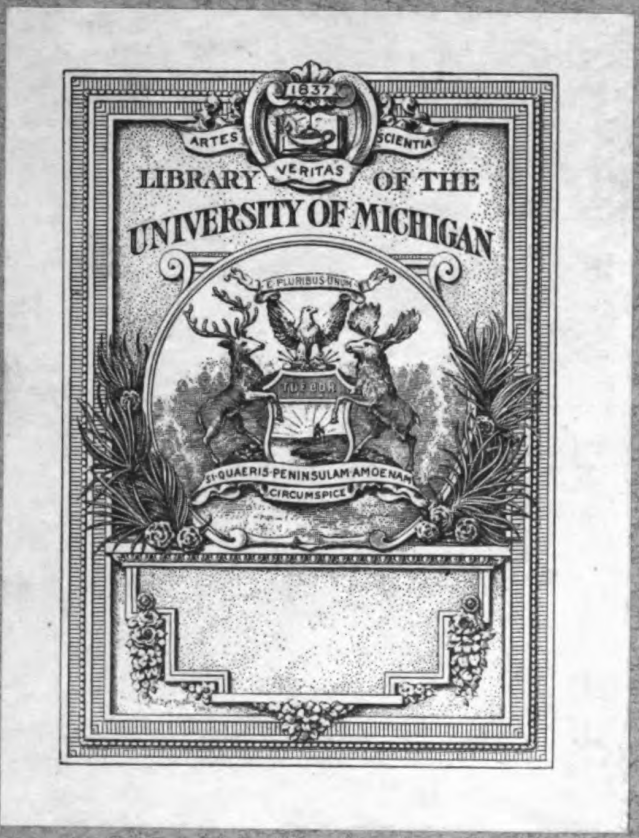
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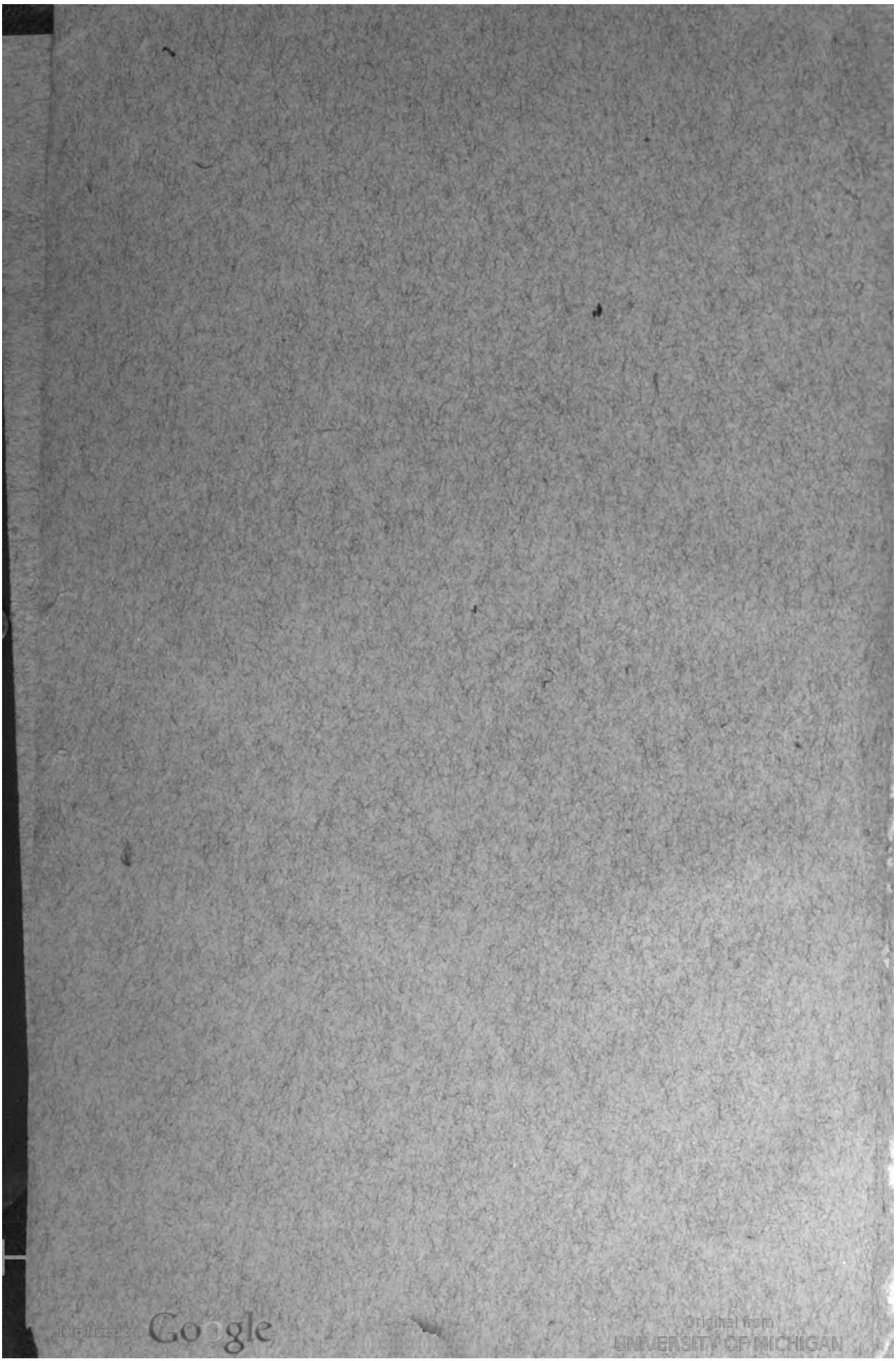
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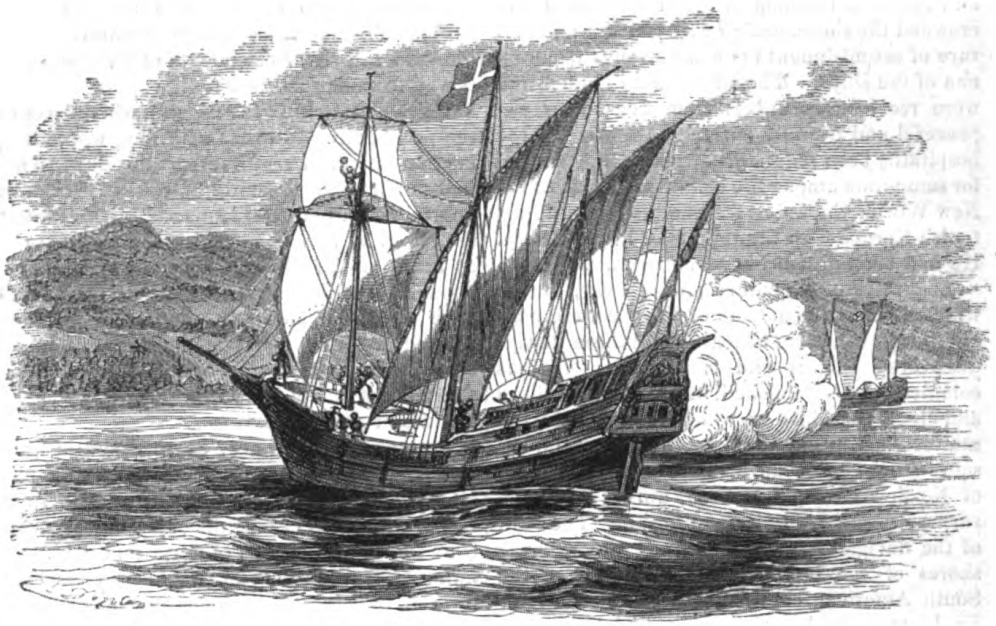
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AMERICA DISCOVERED, OCTOBER 12, 1492.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY HERNANDO CORTEZ.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THREE hundred and fifty years ago the ocean which washes the shores of America was one vast and silent solitude. No ship plowed its waves; no sail whitened its surface. On the 11th of October, 1492, three small vessels might have been seen invading, for the first time, these hitherto unknown waters. They were as specks on the bosom of infinity. The sky above, the ocean beneath, gave no promise of any land. Three hundred adventurers were in those ships. Ten weeks had already passed since they saw the hills of the Old World sink beneath the horizon. For weary days and weeks they had strained their eyes looking toward the west, hoping to see the mountains of a new world rising in the distance. But the blue sky still overarched them, and the heaving ocean still extended in all directions its unbroken and interminable expanse. Discouragement and alarm now pervaded nearly all hearts, and there was a general clamor for return to the shores of Europe. Christopher Columbus, who heroically guided this little squadron, sublime in the confidence which science and faith gave, was still firm and undaunted in his purpose.

The night of the 11th of October, 1492, darkened over these lonely adventurers. The stars came out in all the brilliance of tropical splendor. A fresh breeze drove the ships with increasing speed over the billows, and cooled, as with balmy zephyrs, brows heated through the day by the blaze of a meridian sun. Christopher Columbus could not sleep. He stood upon the deck of his ship silent and sad, yet indomitable in energy, gazing with intense and unintermitted watch into the dusky distance. Suddenly he saw a light as of a torch far off in the horizon. His heart throbbed with irrepressible tumult of excitement. Was it a meteor, or was it a light from the long-wished-for land? It disappeared, and all again was dark. But suddenly again it gleamed forth, feeble and dim in the distance, yet distinct. Soon again the exciting ray was quenched, and nothing disturbed the dark and sombre outline of the sea. The long hours of the night to Columbus seemed interminable, as he waited impatiently for the dawn. But even before any light appeared in the east the mountains of the New World rose towering to the clouds before the eyes of the entranced, the now immortalized navigator. A cannon, the signal of the discovery, rolled its peal over the ocean, announcing to the two ves-

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sels in the rear the joyful tidings. A shout, excited by the heart's intensest emotions, rose over the waves, and with tears, with prayers, and embraces, these enthusiastic men accepted the discovery of the New World.

The bright autumnal morning dawned in richest glory, presenting to them the scene as of a celestial paradise. The luxuriance of tropical vegetation waved and bloomed enchantingly around them. The inhabitants, in the simple and innocent costume of Eden before the fall, crowded the shore, gazing with attitude and gesture of astonishment upon the strange phenomena of the ships. The adventurers landed, and were received as angels from heaven by the peaceful and friendly natives. Bitterly has the hospitality been requited. After cruising around for some time among the beautiful islands of the New World, Columbus returned to Spain, to astonish Europe with the tidings of his discovery. He had been absent but seven months.

A quarter of a century passed away, during which all the adventurers of Europe were busy exploring the waters which washed those newly-discovered islands and continents. Various colonies were established in the fertile valleys and upon the hillsides which emerged, in the utmost magnificence of vegetation, from the bosom of the Caribbean Sea. The eastern coast of North America had been, during this time, surveyed from Labrador to Florida. The bark of the navigator had crept along the winding shores of the Isthmus of Darien and of the South American continent, as far as the river La Plata. Bold explorers, guided by intelligence from the Indians, had even penetrated the interior of the Isthmus, and from the summit of the central mountain barrier, had gazed with delight upon the placid waves of the Pacific. But the vast indentation of the Mexican Gulf, sweeping far away in an apparently interminable circuit to the west, had not yet been penetrated. The field for romantic adventure which these unexplored realms presented, could not, however, long escape the eye of that chivalrous age.

Some exploring expeditions were soon fitted out from Cuba, and the shores of the Gulf were discovered, and the wonderful empire of Mexico was opened to European cupidity. Here every thing exhibited the traces of a far higher civilization than had hitherto been witnessed in the New World. There were villages, and even large cities, thickly planted throughout the country. Temples and other buildings, imposing in massive architecture, were reared of stone and lime. Armies, laws, and a symbolical form of writing, indicated a civilization far superior to any thing which had yet been found on this side of the Atlantic. Many of the arts were cultivated. Cloth was made of cotton and of skins nicely prepared. Astronomy was sufficiently understood for the accurate measurement of time in the divisions of the solar year. It is indeed a wonder, as yet unexplained, where these children of the New World acquired such an accurate acquaintance with the movements of the heavenly bodies. Agriculture was practiced with much scientific skill, and a system of irrigation introduced, from which many a New England farmer might learn a profitable lesson. Mines of gold, silver, lead, and copper, were worked. Many articles of utility and of exquisite beauty were fabricated from these metals. Iron, the ore of which must pass through so many processes before it is prepared for use, was unknown to them. The Spanish goldsmiths, admiring the exquisite workmanship of the gold and silver ornaments of the Mexicans, bowed to their superiority.

Fairs were held in the great market-places of the principal cities every fifth day, where buyers and sellers in vast numbers thronged. They had public schools, courts of justice, a class of nobles, and a powerful monarch. The territory embraced by this wonderful kingdom was twice as large as the whole of New England. The population of the empire is not known; it must have consisted, however, of several millions. The city of Mexico, situated on islands in the bosom of a lake in the centre of a vast and magnificent valley in the interior, was the metropolis of this realm.

Montezuma was king; an aristocratic king, surrounded by nobles upon whom he conferred all the honors and emoluments of the state. His palace was very magnificent. He was served from plates and goblets of silver and gold. Six hundred feudatory nobles composed his daily retinue, paying him the most obsequious homage, and exacting the same from those beneath themselves. Montezuma claimed to be lord of the whole world, and exacted tribute from all whom his arm could reach. His triumphant legions had invaded and subjugated many adjacent states, as this *Roman Empire* of the New World extended in all directions its powerful sway.

It will thus be seen that the kingdom of Mexico, in point of civilization, was about on an equality with the Chinese empire of the present day. Its inhabitants were very decidedly elevated above the wandering hordes of North America. Montezuma had heard of the arrival, in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, of the strangers from another hemisphere. He had heard of their appalling power, their aggressions, and their pitiless cruelty. Wisely he resolved to exclude these dangerous visitors from his shores. As exploring expeditions entered his bays and rivers they were fiercely attacked and driven away. These expeditions, however, brought back to Cuba most alluring accounts of the rich empire of Mexico and of its golden opulence.

The Governor of Cuba now resolved to fit out an expedition sufficiently powerful to subjugate this country, and make it one of the vassals of Spain. It was a dark period of the world. Human rights were but feebly discerned. Superstition reigned over hearts and consciences with a fearfully despotic sway. Acts upon which

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would now fall the reproach of unmitigated villainy, were then performed with prayers and thanksgivings honestly offered. We shall but tell the impartial story. God, the searcher of all hearts, can alone unravel the mazes of conscientiousness and depravity, and award the just meed of approval and condemnation.

The Governor looked around for a suitable agent to head this arduous expedition. He found exactly the man he wanted in Hernando Cortez. This man was a Spaniard, thirty-three years of age. He was of good birth, and had enjoyed more than ordinary advantages of education. From his earliest years he had manifested a great fondness for wild and perilous adventure. He wrote poetry, was an accomplished gallant, enjoyed an exuberant flow of spirits, and detested utterly all the ordinary routines of human industry.

For such a spirit this New World—so fresh, so strange, so Eden-like—presented irresistible attractions. When twenty-one years of age Cortez landed in Cuba. He immediately repaired to the house of the Governor, to whom he was personally known. The Governor chanced to be absent, but his secretary received the young cavalier kindly, and assured him that there was no doubt that he would obtain from the Governor a liberal grant of land to cultivate.

"I came to get gold," Cortez haughtily replied, "not to till the soil like a peasant."

He was, however, induced to accept from the Governor a plantation, to be cultivated by slaves. With his purse thus easily filled, he loitered through several years of an idle and voluptuous life, during which time he was involved in many disgraceful amours, and many quarrels. In one of these affairs of gallantry the Governor rebuked him. The hot blood of the young Castilian boiled over, and Cortez entered into a conspiracy to obtain the removal of the Governor. But the imprudent and reckless adventurer was arrested, manacled, and thrown into prison. He succeeded in breaking his fetters, forced open a window, dropped himself to the pavement, and sought refuge in the sanctuary of a neighboring church. Such a sanctuary, in that day, could not be violated.

A guard was secreted to watch him. He remained in the church for several days. As he then attempted to escape he was again seized, more strongly chained, and placed on board a ship to be sent to Hispaniola for trial. With extraordinary fortitude he endured the pain of drawing his feet through the irons which shackled them; cautiously, in the darkness of the night, crept upon deck, let himself down into the water, swam to the shore, and, half dead with pain and exhaustion, obtained again the sanctuary of the church.

He now consented to marry a young lady with whose affections he had cruelly trifled. Her powerful family espoused his cause. The Governor relented, and Cortez suddenly emerged from the storm into sunshine and calm. He returned to his estates a wiser, perhaps a better man, and by devotion to agriculture, and by working a gold mine in which he was interested, soon acquired quite ample wealth. His wife, though not of high birth, was an amiable and beautiful woman. She won the love of her wayward and fickle husband.

"I lived as happily with her," said Cortez, "as if she had been the daughter of a duchess."

Such was the situation of Cortez when the tidings of the discovery of the wonderful kingdom of Mexico spread, with electric speed, through the island of Cuba. The adventurous spirit of Cortez was roused. His blood was fired. It was rumored that the Governor was about to fit out an expedition to invade, to conquer, to annex. Cortez applied earnestly to be intrusted with the expedition. He offered to contribute largely of his own wealth to fit out the naval armament, and liberally to disburse its proceeds of exaction and plunder to the government officials. The Governor was well instructed in the energy, capacity, and courage of the applicant, and without hesitation appointed him to the important post.

As Cortez received the commission of Captain General of the expedition, all the glowing enthusiasm and tremendous energy of his nature were roused and concentrated upon this one magnificent object. His whole character seemed suddenly to experience a total change. He became serious, earnest, thoughtful, enthusiastic. Mighty destinies were in his hands. Deeds were to be accomplished at which the world was to marvel. Nay, strange as it may seem—for the heart of man is an inexplicable enigma—religion, perhaps we should say *religious superstition*, mingled the elements of her majestic power in the motives which inspired the soul of this strange man. He was to march—the apostle of Christianity—to overthrow the idols in the halls of Montezuma, and there to rear the cross of Christ. It was his heavenly mission to convert the benighted Indians to the religion of Jesus. With the energies of fire and sword, misery and blood, trampling horses and death-dealing artillery, he was to lead back these wandering victims of darkness and sin to those paths of piety which guide to heaven. Such was Hernando Cortez. Let philosophy explain the enigma as she may, no intelligent man will venture the assertion that Cortez was a *hypocrite*. He was a frank, fearless, deluded enthusiast.

The energy with which Cortez moved alarmed the Governor. He feared that the bold adventurer, with his commanding genius, having acquired wealth and fame, would become a formidable rival. He therefore despotically resolved to deprive Cortez of the command. The Captain General was informed of his peril. With the decision which marked his character, though the vessels were not prepared for sea, and the complement of men was not yet mustered, he resolved secretly to weigh anchor that very night. The moment the sun went down he called upon his officers and informed them of his purpose.

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CORTEZ TAKING LEAVE OF THE GOVERNOR.

Every man was instantly, and silently in motion. At midnight the little squadron, with all on board, dropped down the bay. Intelligence was promptly conveyed to the Governor, informing him of this sudden and unexpected departure. Mounting his horse he galloped to a point of the shore which commanded the fleet at anchor in the roads. Cortez, from the deck, saw the Governor surrounded by his retinue. He entered a boat and was rowed near to the shore. The Governor reproached him bitterly for his conduct.

"Pardon me," said Cortez, courteously. "Time presses, and there are some things which should be done before they are even thought of."

Then, with Castilian grace, waving an adieu to the Governor, he returned to his ship. The anchors were immediately raised, the sails spread, and the little fleet was wafted from the harbor of St. Jago, and ere long disappeared in the distant horizon of the sea.

Cortez directed his course from St. Jago, which was then the capital of Cuba, to the port of Macaca, about thirty miles distant. Collecting hastily such additional stores as the place would afford, he again weighed anchor, and proceeded to Trinidad. This was an important town on the southern shore of the island, where he would be able to obtain those reinforcements and supplies without which it would be madness to undertake the expedition. Volunteers crowded to the standard. All were animated by the enthusiasm which glowed in his own bosom, and he immediately acquired over all his followers that wonderful ascendency which is so instinctively conceded to genius of a high order.

His men were generally armed with cross-bows, though he had several small cannon and some muskets. Jackets thickly wadded with cotton, impervious to the javelins and arrows of the Mexicans, were provided as coats of mail for the soldiers. A black-velvet banner, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a cross, bore the characteristic device—"Let us follow the cross. Under this sign, with faith, we conquer."

A trading vessel appeared off the coast laden with provisions. Cortez seized both cargo and ship, and, by the combined energies of persuasion and compulsion, induced the captain to join the expedition. Another ship made its appearance. It was a gift from God to these fanatical enthusiasts. It was promptly seized with religious praises and thanksgivings.

Cortez now sailed around the western point of the island to Havana. While he was continuing his preparations here, Barba, the commander of the place, received dispatches from the Governor of St. Jago, ordering him to apprehend Cortez, and seize the vessels. But Cortez was now too strong to be approached by any power which Barba had at his command. Barba, accordingly, informed the Governor of the impracticability of the attempt, and also informed Cortez of the orders he had received. Cortez wrote an exceedingly courteous letter to the Governor, informing him that, with the blessing of God, the fleet would sail the next morning. As there was some danger that the Governor might send a force which would embarrass the expedition, the little squadron the next morning weighed anchor, and proceeded to Cape Antonio, an appointed place of rendezvous at the extreme western termination of the island.

Here Cortez completed his preparations, and collected all the force he desired. He had now eleven vessels, the largest of which was of but one hundred tons. His force consisted of one hundred and ten seamen, five hundred and fifty-

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three soldiers, two hundred Indians, and a few Indian women for menial service. He had fourteen pieces of artillery, a good supply of ammunition, and, more than all, sixteen horses. This noble animal had never yet been seen on the continent of America. With great difficulty a few had been transported across the ocean from Spain. With such a force this bold fanatic undertook the conquest of the vast and powerful empire of Montezuma.

Cortez was now thirty-three years of age. He was a handsome, well-formed man, of medium stature, of pale intellectual features, a piercing dark eye, and of frank and winning manners. He was temperate, indifferent respecting food, hardships, and peril, and possessed not a little of that peculiar influence over human hearts which gave Napoleon an ascendency almost supernatural. Assembling his men around him, he thus harangued them:

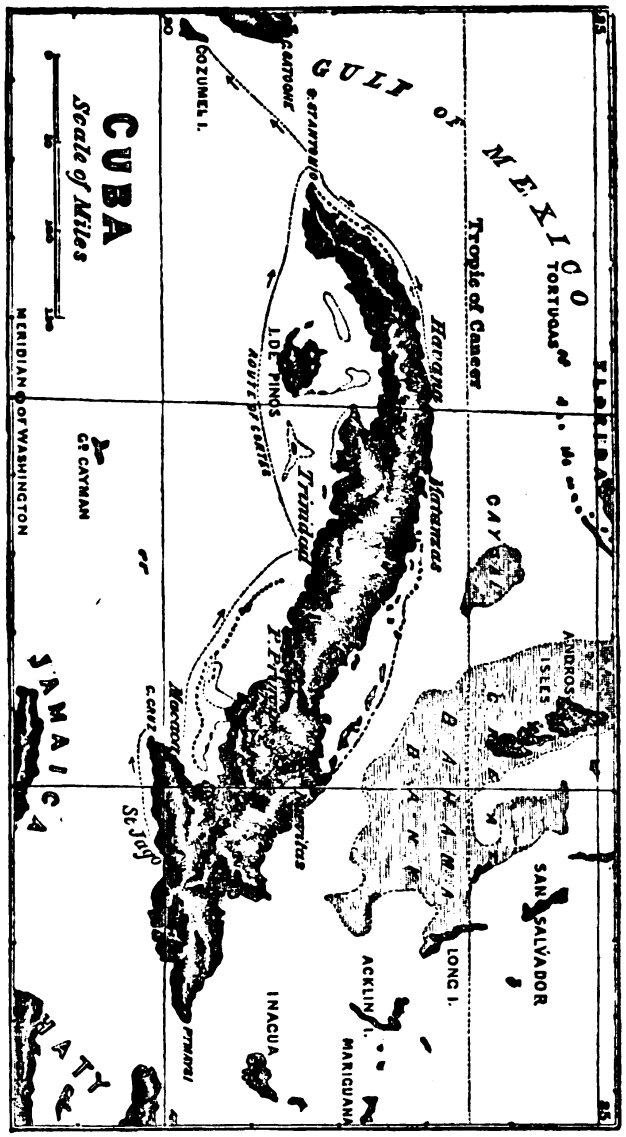
"I present before you a glorious prize; lands more vast and opulent than European eyes have yet seen. This prize can only be won by hardship and toil. Great deeds are only achieved by great exertions. Glory is never the reward of sloth. I have labored hard, and staked my all on this undertaking; for I love that renown which is the noblest recompense of man.

"Do you covet riches more? Be true to me, and I will make you masters of wealth of which you have never dreamed. You are few in numbers; but be strong in resolution, and doubt not that the Almighty, who has never deserted the Spaniard in his contest with the Infidel, will shield you, though encompassed by enemies. *Your cause is just.* You are to fight under the banner of the cross. Onward, then, with alacrity. Gloriously terminate the work so auspiciously begun."

This speech was received with tumultuous cheers. The enthusiasts then partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and with religious ceremonies placed the piratic fleet under the protection of St. Peter. The anchors were raised, the sails spread, and a favoring breeze pressed them rapidly over the waves of the Mexican Gulf. It was the 18th of February, 1519.

Proceeding in a southwesterly direction about two hundred miles, they arrived, in the course of a week, at the island of Cozumel, which was separated from the main-land of Yucatan by a channel from twelve to thirty miles in width. The natives fled in terror. Cortez, however, by means of an interpreter, soon disarmed their fears, and secured friendly intercourse, and a mutually profitable traffic. The island was barren, and but thinly inhabited. But the natives had large and comfortable houses, built of stone, cemented with mortar. There were several spacious temples of stone, with lofty towers, constructed of the same durable material. The adventurers were also exceedingly surprised to find in the court-yard of one of the temples an idol in the form of a massive stone *cross*.

Cortez remained upon the island about a fortnight, during which time all his energies were engrossed in accomplishing the great purposes of his mission. He sent two vessels to the main-land to make inquiries about some Spaniards who, it was reported, had been shipwrecked upon the coast, and were still lingering in captivity. Ordaz, who commanded this expedition, was instructed to return in eight days. Several parties were sent in different directions to explore the island thoroughly, and ascertain its resources.



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But the great object, in the estimation of Cortez, to be accomplished, was the conversion of the natives. He had with him several ecclesiastics, men whose sincerity and piety no candid man can doubt. The Indians were assembled, and urged, through an interpreter, to abandon their idols and turn to the living God. The simple natives were horror-stricken at the thought. They assured Cortez that were they to injure their gods, destruction, in every awful form, would immediately overwhelm them.

The bold warrior wielded bold arguments. With his mailed cavaliers he made a prompt onslaught upon the idols; hewed them down, smashed them to pieces, and tumbled the dishonored and mutilated fragments into the streets. He then constructed a Christian altar, reared a cross, and an image of the Virgin and Holy Child; and Mass, with all its pomp of robes, and chants, and incense, was for the first time performed in the temples of Yucatan.

The natives were, at first, overwhelmed with grief and terror, as they gazed upon their prostrate deities. But no earthquake shook the island. No lightning sped its angry bolt. No thunders broke down the skies. The sun still shone tranquilly; and ocean, earth, and sky smiled untroubled. The natives ceased to fear gods who could not protect themselves, and, without farther argument, consented to exchange their idols for the far prettier idols of the strangers. The heart of Cortez throbbed with enthusiasm and pride in contemplating his great and glorious achievement; an achievement far surpassing the miracles of Peter or of Paul. In one short week he had converted all these islanders from the service of Satan, and had secured their eternal salvation. The fanatic sincerity with which this feat was accomplished, does not, however, redeem it from the sublimity of absurdity. It is true that man is saved by *faith;* but it is that faith which *works by love.*

One of the ecclesiastics, Father Olmedo, a man of humble, unfeigned piety, recognizing in the religion of Christ the only power which can transform human character and prepare fallen man for heaven, was far from being satisfied with this purely external conversion. He did what he could to instruct and to purify. But it was a dark age, and the most honest minds groped in gloom.

In the mean time the parties returned from the exploration of the island, and Ordaz brought back his two ships from the main-land, having been unsuccessful in his attempts to find the shipwrecked Spaniards. Cortez had now been at Cozumel a fortnight. As he was on the point of taking his departure, a frail canoe was seen crossing the strait with three men in it, apparently Indians, and entirely naked. As soon as the canoe landed, one of the men ran frantically to the Spaniards, and informed them that he was a Christian and a countryman. His name was Aguilar. He had been wrecked upon the shores of Yucatan, and had passed seven years in captivity, encountering adventures more marvelous than the genius of romance can create. He was sincerely a good man, an ecclesiastic. He had acquired a perfect acquaintance with the language, and the manners and customs of the natives, and Cortez received him as a Heaven-sent acquisition to his enterprise.

On the 4th of March Cortez again set sail, and crossing the narrow strait, approached the shores of the continent. Sailing directly north some hundred miles, hugging the coast of Yucatan, he doubled Cape Catoche, and turning his prows to the west, boldly pressed forward into those unknown waters, which seemed to



THE FIRST MASS IN THE TEMPLES OF YUCATAN.

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FIRST CAVALRY CHARGE, HEADED BY CORTEZ.

extend interminably before him. The shores were densely covered with the luxuriant foliage of the tropics, and in many a bay, and on many a headland, could be discerned the thronged dwellings of the natives. After sailing west about two hundred miles the coast again turned abruptly to the south. Following the line of the land some three hundred miles farther, he came to the broad mouth of the river Tabasco, of which he had heard from previous explorers, and which he was seeking. A sand-bar at the mouth of the river prevented his vessels from entering. He therefore cast anchor, and taking a strong and well-armed party in the boats, ascended the shallow stream.

A forest of majestic trees, with underbrush, dense and impervious, lined the banks. The naked forms of the natives were seen gliding among the trees, following, in rapidly-accumulating numbers, the advance of the boats, and evincing, by tone and gesture, any thing but a friendly spirit. At last, arriving at an opening in the forest, where a smooth and grassy meadow extended from the stream, the boats drew near the shore, and Cortez, through his interpreter, Aguilar, asked permission to land, avowing his friendly intentions. The prompt answer was the clash of weapons and shouts of defiance. Cortez, deciding to postpone a forcible landing till the morning, retired to a small island in the river, which was uninhabited. Here, establishing vigilant sentinels, he passed the night.

In the early dawn of the next morning his party were in their boats, prepared for the assault. But the natives had been busy gathering force during the night. War-canoes lined the shore, and the banks were covered with native warriors in martial array. The battle soon commenced. It was fierce and bloody, but short. The spears, stones, and arrows of the natives fell almost harmless upon the helmets and shields of the Spaniards. But the bullets from the guns of the invaders swept like hailstones through the crowded ranks of the natives. Appalled by the thunder and the lightning of these terrific discharges, they broke and fled, leaving the ground covered with their slain. The blood-stained adventurers, under the banner of the cross which they had so signally dishonored, now marched triumphantly to Tabasco, a large town upon the river, but a few miles above their place of landing. The inhabitants fled from it in dismay.

Cortez took formal possession of the town in the name of the sovereigns of Spain. But the whole surrounding country was now aroused. The natives, in numbers which could not be counted, gathered in the vicinity of Tabasco, to repel, if possible, the terrible foe. Cortez sent immediately to the ships for six cannon, his whole cavalry of sixteen horses, and every available man. Thus strengthened, he, with all his men, partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, earnestly implored the Divine blessing in extending the triumphs of the cross over the kingdom of Satan, and marched forth to the merciless slaughter of those valiant but powerless men, who were fighting only for their country and their homes.

A few miles from the city, on a level plain, the Spanish invaders encountered the Indians. The lines of their encampment were so extended and yet so crowded, that the Spaniards estimated their numbers at over forty thousand. Cortez had about six hundred men. The natives fought bravely. But the cannon, appalling their hearts with its terrific thunders, swept death and awful mutilation through their ranks.

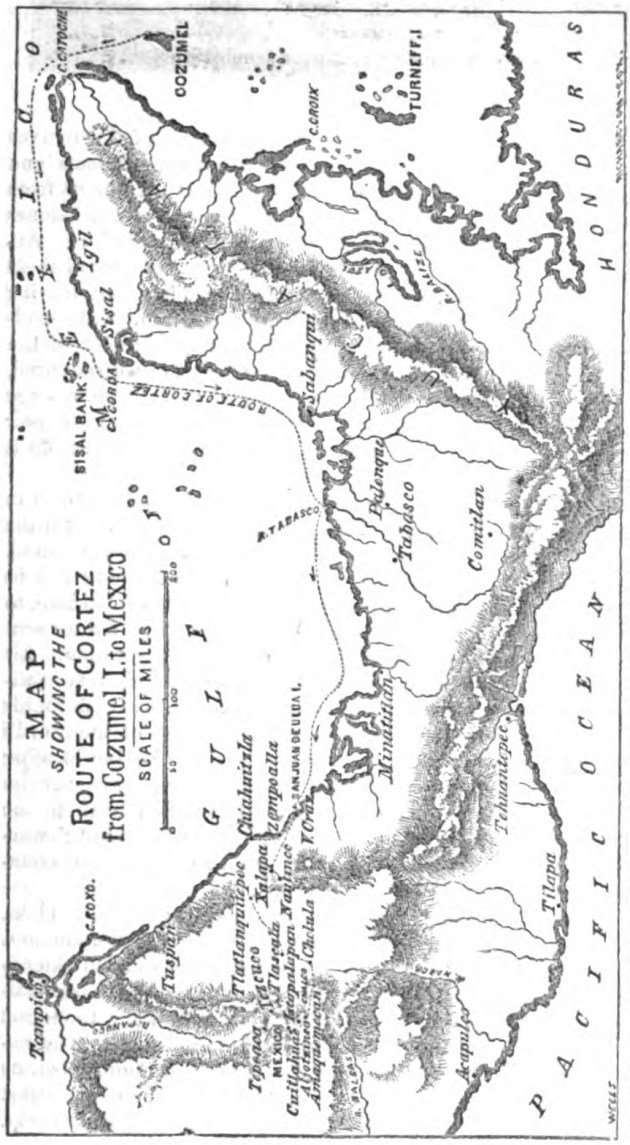
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The ground was covered with the dying and the dead. Still they remained firm, with an intrepidity which merited victory, as they discharged their javelins, arrows, and other powerless missiles, upon the impenetrable coats of mail which protected their foes.

At last the whole body of cavalry, sixteen strong, headed by Cortez, having taken a circuitous route, fell suddenly upon their rear. The Indians had never seen a horse before. They thought the rider and the steed one animal. As this terrific apparition came bounding over the plain, the horsemen, cased in steel, and uttering loud outcries, cutting down the naked natives on the right and on the left with their keen blades, while, at the same moment, the artillery and infantry made a charge with their thundering and death-dealing roar, the scene became too awful for mortal courage to endure. The natives, in utter dismay, fled from foes of such demoniac aspect and energy. The slaughter had been so awful before their flight, that the Spaniards extravagantly estimated the number of the dead left upon the ground at thirty thousand.

Cortez immediately assembled his soldiers around him, and, like Nelson at Aboukir, ordered prayers. He then sent a message to the natives that he would *forgive them* if they would send in their entire submission. But he threatened, if they refused, "that he would ride over the land, and put every living thing in it, man, woman, and child, to the sword." The spirit of resistance was utterly crushed. The natives were reduced to abject helplessness. They were now in a suitable frame of mind for conversion. Cortez recommended that they should exchange their idols for the gods of Papal Rome. They made no objections. Their images were dashed in pieces, and, with very imposing religious ceremonies, the Christianity of Cortez — a pitiful burlesque upon the religion of Jesus Christ — was instituted in the temples of Yucatan.

In all this tremendous crime there was apparently no hypocrisy. It requires Infinite wisdom to award judgment to mortals. The two Catholic priests, Olmedo and Diaz, were probably sincere Christians, truly desiring the spiritual renovation of the Indians. They felt deeply the worth of the soul, and did all they could, rightly to instruct these unhappy and deeply-wronged natives. They sincerely pitied their sufferings; but deemed it wise that the right eye should be plucked out, and that the right arm should be cut off, rather than that the soul should perish. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust."



Cortez having thus, in the campaign of a week, annexed the whole of these new provinces, of unknown extent, to Spain, and having converted the natives to the Christianity of Rome, prepared for his departure. Decorating his war-boats with palm-leaves—the symbols of peace—he descended the river to his ships, which were anchored at the mouth. Again spreading his sails and catching a favorable breeze, he passed rejoicingly on toward the shores of Mexico. The newly-converted natives were left to bury their dead, to heal, as they could, their splintered bones and gory wounds, and to wail the dirge of the widow and the orphan. How long they continued to prize a religion forced upon them by such arguments of blood and woe we are not informed.

The sun shone brightly on the broad Mexican Gulf, and zephyrs, laden with fragrance from the luxuriant shores, swelled the flowing sheets. The temples and houses

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of the natives, and their waving fields of Indian corn, were distinctly visible from the decks. Many of the promontories and headlands were covered with multitudes of tawny figures, decorated with all the attractions of barbaric splendor, gazing upon the fearful phenomenon of the passing ships. Cortez continued his course several hundred miles, sweeping around the shores of this magnificent gulf, until he arrived at the island of San Juan de Ulua. A previous explorer had touched at this spot.

It was the afternoon of a lovely day. Earth, sea, and sky smiled serenely, and all the elements of trouble were lulled to repose. As the ships entered the spacious bay, a scene as of enchantment opened around the voyagers. In the distance, on grassy slopes and in the midst of luxuriant groves, the villages and rural dwellings of the natives were thickly scattered. The shores were covered with an eager multitude, contemplating with wonder and awe the sublime spectacle of the fleet. Cortez selected a sheltered spot, dropped his anchors, and furled his sails. Soon a light canoe, filled with natives, shot from the shore. The ship which conveyed Cortez was more imposing than the rest, and the banner of Spain floated proudly from its topmast. The Mexicans steered for this vessel, and with the most confiding frankness ascended its sides. They were Government officials, and brought presents of fruits, flowers, and golden ornaments. Cortez, to his great chagrin, found that his interpreter, Aguilar, though perfectly familiar with the language of Yucatan, did not understand the language of Mexico. But from this dilemma he was singularly extricated.

After the terrible battle of Tabasco, Cortez had received, as a propitiatory offering, twenty beautiful native females. Cortez guiltily allowed himself to take one of the most beautiful of these, Marina, for his wife. It is true that Cortez had a worthy spouse upon his plantation at Cuba—it is true that no civil or religious rites sanctioned this unhallowed union—it is true that Cortez was sufficiently enlightened to know that he was sinning against the law of God; but the conscience of this extraordinary man was strangely seared. Intense devotion and unblushing sin were marvelously blended in his character. It must be admitted that the Romish faith he cherished favored these inconsistencies. For the *Church* he toiled, and *the Church* could forgive sin.

But Marina was a noble woman. The relation which she sustained to Cortez did no violence to her conscience or to her instincts. She had never been instructed in the school of Christ. Polygamy was the religion of her land. She deemed herself the honored wife of Cortez, and dreamed not of wrong. She was the daughter of a rich and powerful cazique, who had died when she was young. Her career had been romantic in the extreme. Like Joseph, she had been sold, and had passed many years in Mexico. She was thus familiar with the language and customs of the Mexicans.

Marina was in all respects an extraordinary woman, and she figures largely in the scenes which we are about to relate. Nature had done much for her. In person she was exceedingly beautiful. She had winning manners, and a warm and loving heart. Her mind was of a superior order. She very quickly mastered the difficulties of the Castilian tongue, and thus spoke three languages with native fluency—that of Mexico, of Yucatan, and of Spain. She was bound to Cortez by the tenderest ties, and soon became the mother of his son.

Through her interpretation, Cortez ascertained the most important facts respecting the great Empire of Mexico. He learned that two hundred miles in the interior was situated the capital of the empire; and that a monarch, named Montezuma, beloved and revered by his subjects, reigned over the extended realm. The country was divided into provinces, over each of which a governor presided. The province in which Cortez had landed was under the sway of Teuhtlile, who resided about twenty miles in the interior.

Cortez immediately and boldly landed his whole force upon the beach, and constructed a fortified camp, which was protected by his heavy cannon planted upon the hillocks. The kind natives aided the strangers in rearing their huts, brought them food and presents, and entered into the most friendly traffic. Thus they warmed the vipers which were to sting them. It was, indeed, a novel scene, worthy of the pencil of the painter, which that beach presented day after day. Men, women, and children, boys and girls, in every variety of barbaric costume, thronged the encampment, presenting the peaceful and joyful confusion of a fair. The rumor of the strange arrival spread far and wide, and each day accumulating multitudes were gathered. Governor Teuhtlile heard the astounding tidings, and, with an imposing retinue, set out from his palace to visit his uninvited guests. The interview was conducted with all the splendor of Castilian etiquette and Mexican pomp. The pageant was concluded by a military display of the Spaniards, drawn out upon the beach, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, in battle array. No words can describe the amazement of the awe-stricken Mexicans, as they witnessed the rapid evolutions of the troops, their burnished armor gleaming in the rays of the sun, and the terrible war-horses, animals which they had never before seen, with their mounted riders, careering over the sands. But when the cannons uttered their tremendous roar, and the balls were sent crashing through the trees of the forest, their wonder was lost in unspeakable terror.

Cortez informed the governor that he was the subject of a powerful monarch beyond the seas, and that he brought valuable presents for the Emperor of Mexico, which he must deliver in person. Teuhtlile promised to send immediate word to the capital of the arrival of the Spaniards, and to communicate to Cortez Montezuma's will as soon as it should be ascertained.

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INTERVIEW BETWEEN CORTEZ AND THE EMBASSADORS OF MONTEZUMA.

A week passed while Cortez remained in his encampment awaiting the return of the courier. The friendly natives supplied the Spaniards abundantly with every thing they could need. By the command of the Governor more than a thousand huts, of branches and matting, were reared in the vicinity for the accommodation of the Mexicans, who, without recompense, were supplying the table of Cortez and his men.

At the expiration of eight days an embassy arrived at the camp from the Mexican capital. Two nobles of the court, accompanied by a retinue of a hundred soldiers, bearing magnificent gifts from Montezuma, presented themselves before the pavilion of Cortez. The embassadors saluted the Spanish chieftain with the greatest reverence, bowing before him, and enveloping him in clouds of incense which arose from waving censers borne by their attendants. The presents which they brought—in silver, in gold, in works of art, of beauty, and of utility—excited the rapture and the amazement of the Spaniards. There were specimens of workmanship in the precious metals which no artists in Europe could rival. A Spanish helmet, which had been sent to the capital, was returned filled with grains of pure gold. These costly gifts were opened before Cortez in lavish abundance, and they gave indications of opulence hitherto undreamed of. After they had been sufficiently examined and admired, one of the embassadors very courteously said:

"Our master is happy to send these tokens of his respect to the King of Spain. He regrets that he can not enjoy an interview with the Spaniards. But the distance of his capital is too great, and the perils of the journey are too imminent, to allow of this pleasure. The strangers are therefore requested to return to their own homes with these proofs of the friendly feelings of Montezuma."

Cortez was much chagrined. He earnestly, however, renewed his application for permission to visit the Emperor. But the embassadors, as they retired, assured him that another application would be unavailing. They, however, took a few meagre presents of shirts and toys, which alone remained to Cortez, and departed on their journey of two hundred miles with the reiterated application to the Emperor. It was now evident that the Mexicans had received instructions from the court, and that all were anxious that the Spaniards should leave the country. Though the natives manifested no hostility, they were cold and reserved, and ceased to supply the camp with food. The charm of novelty was over. Insects annoyed the Spaniards. They were blistered by the rays of a meridian sun reflected from the sands of the beach. Sickness entered the camp, and thirty died.

But the treasures which had been received from Montezuma, so rich and so abundant, inspired Cortez and his gold-loving companions with the most intense desire to penetrate an empire of so much opulence. They, however, waited patiently ten days, when the embassadors again returned. As before, they came laden with truly imperial gifts. The gold alone of the ornaments which they brought was valued by the Spaniards at more than fifty thousand dollars. The message from Montezuma was, however, still more peremptory than the first. He declared that he could not permit the Spaniards to approach his capital. Cortez, though excessively vexed, endeavored to smother the outward expression of his irritation. He gave the embassadors a courteous response, but turning to his officers, he said:

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"This is truly a rich and a powerful prince. Yet it shall go hard but we will one day pay him a visit in his capital."

The embassadors again retired, with dignity and with courtesy. That night every hut of the natives was abandoned. Cortez and his companions were left to themselves in entire solitude. No more supplies were brought to their camp. After a few days of perplexity, and when murmurs of discontent began to arise, Cortez decided to establish a colony upon the coast. A city was founded, called the Rich City of the True Cross; *Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz*.

A government was organized, and Cortez accepted the appointment of chief magistrate. He thus assumed the high position of the governor of a new colony, responsible only to the monarch in Spain. By this bold act he renounced all subjection to the Governor of Cuba. He immediately dispatched a strong party into the interior to forage for provisions. Just then five Indians came to the camp, as delegates from a neighboring rebellious province, to solicit the alliance of the Spaniards to aid them in breaking from the yoke of Montezuma. They belonged to the powerful nation of the Totonacs, which had been conquered by the Mexican empire. The capital of their country, Zempoalla, was an important city of thirty thousand inhabitants, but a few days' march from Vera Cruz. Cortez listened eagerly to this statement. It presented just the opportunity he desired, as it opened the way for a quarrel with Montezuma. He immediately put his heavy guns on board the fleet, and ordered it to coast along the shore to an appointed rendezvous at Chiahuitzla. Then heading his troops, he set out on a bold march across the country to the capital of his new-found allies, which was near the spot to which he had sent his fleet.

The beauty of the country through which they passed entranced the hearts even of these stern warriors. They were never weary of expressing their delight in view of the terrestrial paradise which they had discovered. A delegation soon met them from the Indian city, large parties of men and women with courteous words, and winning smiles, and gifts of gold, and food, and flowers. The natives had many attractions of person and manners; and a peculiar degree of mental refinement was to be seen in their passionate love of flowers, which adorned their persons, and which bloomed in the utmost profusion around all their dwellings. Cortez and his steed were almost covered with wreaths of roses woven by the fair hands of his new-found friends.

The narrow streets of Zempoalla were thronged with admiring and applauding thousands as the stern soldiers of Cortez, headed by the cavalry of sixteen horses, and followed by the lumbering artillery, instruments which with thunder roar sped lightning bolts, marched, with floating banners and pealing music, to the spacious court-yard of the temple appointed for their accommodation. The adventurers were amazed in meeting such indications of wealth, of civilization, and of refinement, as they encountered on every side. The Cazique, with much barbaric pomp, received his formidable guest and ally.

The next morning Cortez, with an imposing retinue of fifty men and with all the accompaniments of Castilian pomp, paid a return visit to the Cazique of Zempoalla in his own palace. He there learned, to his almost unutterable delight, that it would not be difficult to excite one half of the Mexican nation against the other; and that he, by joining either part with his terrible artillery and cavalry, could easily turn the scale of victory.

Cortez now continued his march some sixteen miles farther to the bay of Chiahuitzla, where his fleet had already cast anchor. The Cazique supplied his troops with abundant food, and with four hundred men to carry their baggage. They found a pleasant town, on an abrupt headland, which commanded the Gulf, and they were received with great kindness. They were still within the ancient limits of the Totonacs, and the Cazique of Zempoalla had followed the Spaniards, borne on a gorgeous palanquin. Many other chiefs were now assembled, and very important deliberations began to arise.

In the midst of this state of things a singular commotion was witnessed in the crowd, and both people and chiefs gave indications of great terror. Five strangers appeared, tall, imposing men, with bouquets of flowers in their hands, and followed by obsequious attendants. Haughtily these strangers passed through the place, looking sternly upon the Spaniards, without deigning to address them either by a word or a gesture. They were lords from the court of Montezuma. Their power was invincible and terrible. They had witnessed, with their own eyes, these rebellious indications. The chiefs of the Totonacs turned pale with consternation. All this was fully explained by Marina to the astonished Spanish chieftain.

The Totonac chiefs were summoned to appear immediately before the lords of Montezuma. Like terrified children they obeyed. Soon they returned trembling to Cortez, and informed him that the lords were indignant at the support which they had afforded the Spaniards, contrary to the express will of their Emperor, and that they demanded, as the penalty, twenty young men and twenty young women of the Totonacs to be offered in sacrifice to their gods. Cortez assumed an air of indignation and of authority. He declared that he should never permit any such abominable practices of heathenism. And he imperiously ordered the Totonacs immediately to arrest the lords of Montezuma and put them in prison. The poor Totonacs were appalled at the very idea. Montezuma swayed the sceptre of a Cæsar, and bold indeed must he be who would dare thus to brave his wrath. But Cortez was inexorable. The chiefs were in his power. Should he abandon them now,

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they were ruined hopelessly. It was possible that, with the thunder and the lightning at his command, he might protect them even from the wrath of Montezuma. Thus compelled, the chiefs tremblingly arrested the lords.

Cortez then condescended to perform a deed of indelible dishonor. In the night he promoted the escape of two of the Mexican lords; had them brought before him, and expressed his sincere regret at the insult and the outrage which they had received from the Totonacs. He assured them that he would do every thing in his power to aid in the escape of the others, and requested them to return to the court of their monarch, and assure him of the friendly spirit of the Spaniards, of which this act of their liberation was to be a conspicuous proof. The next morning the rest were liberated in the same way. With a similar message they were sent to the capital of Mexico. Such was the treachery with which Cortez rewarded his friendly allies. History has no language sufficiently severe to condemn an action so revolting to the instincts of honor.

Cortez now informed the Totonacs that matters had gone so far that no possible mercy could be expected from Montezuma. He told them, and with truth which was undeniable, that their only possible hope consisted now in uniting cordially with him. This was manifest. The terrified chiefs took the oath of allegiance to Cortez, and with all their people became his obsequious vassals.

Here the spot was selected for the new city, the capital of the Spanish colony. A fort was constructed, public buildings raised, and, all hands being eagerly employed, with the cordial co-operation of the natives, a town rose as by magic. This was the citadel of the Spaniards, where they could form their plans, and from whence they could move forward in their enterprises. While thus busily employed a new embassy from the court of Montezuma appeared in the unfinished streets of Vera Cruz. Montezuma, alarmed by the tidings he received of the appalling and supernatural power of the Spaniards, deemed it wise to accept the courtesy which had been offered in the liberation of his imprisoned lords, and to adopt a conciliatory policy. The Totonacs were amazed that the power of the Spaniards was such as thus to intimidate even the mighty Montezuma. This greatly increased the veneration of the Totonacs for their European allies.

Cortez now made very strenuous efforts to induce the Cazique of Zempoalla to abandon his idols and the cruel rites of heathenism, among which were human sacrifices, and to accept in their stead the symbols of the true faith. But upon this point the Cazique was inflexible. He declared that his gods were good enough for him, and that inevitable destruction would overwhelm him and his people were he to incur their displeasure. Cortez finding argument utterly in vain, then assembled his warriors, and thus addressed them:

"Heaven will never smile on our enterprise if we countenance the atrocities of heathenism. For my part, I am resolved that the idols of the Indians shall be destroyed this very hour, even if it cost me my life."

The fanatic warriors now marched for one of the most imposing of the Totonac temples. The alarm spread widely through the thronged streets of Zempoalla. The whole population seized their arms to defend their gods, and a scene of fearful confusion ensued. Sternly the inflexible Spaniard strode on. Fifty men climbed to



CORTEZ DESTROYING THE IDOLS AT ZEMPOALLA.

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the summit of the pyramidal temple, tore down the massive wooden idols, and tumbled them into the streets. They then collected the mutilated fragments and burned them to ashes. The heathen temple was then emptied, swept, and garnished. The Totonac chiefs, passively yielding, were dressed in the white robes of the Catholic priesthood, and, with lighted candles in their hands, aided in installing an image of the Virgin in this shrine which had been polluted by all the horrid orgies of pagan abominations. It was a blessed change. The very lowest and most corrupt form of Christianity is infinitely above the most refined creations of paganism. Mass, with all its pomp, was then performed. The Indians were pleased. It is said that their emotions were so much excited that they wept. They made no farther resistance, and cheerfully exchanged the hideous idols of Mexico for the more attractive and the more merciful idols of Rome. Let no one here accuse us of want of candor; for no one can deny that, to these poor natives, it was merely an exchange of idols.

Cortez having accomplished this all-important work of converting his allies into fellow-Christians, returned to Vera Cruz. Some of the companions of Cortez were alarmed by the bold movements of their leader, and a conspiracy was formed to seize one of the vessels and escape to Cuba. The conspiracy was detected. The offenders were punished inexorably; and Cortez resolved to prevent the possible repetition of such an attempt by *destroying his fleet!* Most of the troops were in Zempoalla. All the ships but one, after having been dismantled of every movable article, were scuttled and sunk.

When the soldiers heard of the deed they were struck with consternation. Escape was now impossible. Murmurs of indignation, loud and deep, began to rise against Cortez. He immediately assembled the troops around him, and by his peculiar tact soothed their anger, and won them to his cause. They could not be blind to the fact that their destiny was now depending entirely upon their obedience to their leader. The least insubordination would lead to inevitable ruin. Cortez closed his speech with the following forcible words:

"As for me, I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one to bear me company. If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the danger of our glorious enterprise, let them go home. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that and return to Cuba. They can tell there how they have deserted their commander, and can patiently wait till we return loaded with the spoils of the Mexicans."

Universal enthusiasm was excited by this appeal, and one general shout arose—"To Mexico! to Mexico!" Cortez now made vigorous preparations for his march uninvited, and even forbidden, to the capital of Montezuma. He took with him four hundred Spaniards, fifteen horses, and seven pieces of artillery. His allies, the Totonacs, also furnished him with two thousand three hundred men. His whole army of invasion amounted to but twenty-eight hundred. Cortez made a very devout speech to his companions at the moment of his departure.

"The blessed Saviour," said he, "will give us victory. We have now no other refuge than the kind providence of God and our own stout hearts."

It was a bright and beautiful morning in August, 1519, when this merciless army of fanatics commenced their march of piracy and blood. For two days they moved gayly along through an enchanting country of luxuriance, flowers, and perfume, encountering no opposition. Indian villages were thickly scattered around, and scenery of surpassing magnificence and loveliness was continually opening before their eyes. On the evening of the second day they arrived at the beautiful town of Xalapa, which was filled with the country residences of the wealthy natives, and which commanded a prospect in which the beautiful and the sublime were lavishly blended. Still continuing their march through a well-settled country, as they ascended the gradual slope of the Cordilleras, on the fourth day they arrived at Naulinco. This was a large and populous town. The adventurers were received with great kindness. Cortez was very zealous, as in all cases, to convert the natives to Christianity. He succeeded so far as to raise a cross in the market-place, which it was hoped would excite the adoration of the untutored spectators.

They now entered into the defiles of the mountains, where they encountered rugged paths and fierce storms of wind and sleet. A weary march of three days brought them to the high table-lands of the Cordilleras, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and extending, a fertile and flowery savanna, before them for many leagues. It was a temperate region beneath a tropical sun. The country was highly cultivated, and luxuriantly adorned with hedges, with groves, with waving fields of maize, and with picturesque towns and villages. God did indeed seem to smile upon these reckless adventurers. Thus far their march had been as a delightful holiday excursion.

They soon entered a large city, Tlatlanquitepec. It was even more populous and more imposing in its architecture than Zempoalla. But here they witnessed appalling indications of the horrid atrocities of pagan idolatry. They found, it is stated, piled in order, a hundred thousand skulls of human victims who had been offered in sacrifice to their gods. There was a Mexican garrison stationed in this place, but not sufficiently strong to resist the invaders. They, however, gave Cortez a very cold reception, and incited rather than discouraged his zeal by glowing descriptions of the wealth and the power of the monarch whose court he was approaching. Cortez again made a vigorous but an unavailing effort to introduce among these benighted pagans, in exchange for their cruel superstitions, the infinitely more harmless and mild idolatry of Rome. In his zeal he was just

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about ordering an onslaught upon the hideous idols with sword and hatchet, when the sincerely pious Father Olmedo dissuaded him.

"By thus violently introducing our religion," said this good man, "we shall but expose the sacred symbol of the cross and the image of the sacred Virgin to insult as soon as we shall have departed. We must wait till we can instruct their dark minds."

The Roman Catholic Church has sent out into the world as self-denying and as devoted Christians as the world has ever seen. Let the truth be fully and cordially admitted.

After a rest of five days the route was again commenced. Their road wound along the banks of a broad and tranquil stream, fringed with an unbroken line of Indian villages. Some twenty leagues of travel brought them to the large town of Xalacingo. Here they met with friendly treatment, and made another halt of several days. Again resuming their march, they soon entered the country of a powerful people called the Tlascalans. This nation had successfully resisted for many years the assailing legions of Montezuma. The adventurers here met with fortifications of stone of immense strength and magnitude, constructed with much scientific skill. After pressing along some dozen miles in this new country they met a large hostile force of Indians, who attacked them with the fiercest fury. Cortez and his band were nearly overpowered, when the artillery came up and opened a dreadful fire. The thunder of the guns, which the Indians had never heard before, and the horrid carnage of the grape-shot sweeping through their ranks, compelled the warlike natives at last, though slowly and sullenly, to retire. Two of the horses were killed in this conflict, a loss which Cortez deeply deplored.

It was now the 2d of September. Cortez had added some recruits from the natives to his army, so that he now numbered about three thousand men. Prayers and thanksgiving were here offered for the success of the enterprise thus far, and this whole band of blood-stained warriors partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The army now advanced firmly, but with the utmost possible vigilance. They were drilled to the most perfect discipline, and inspired with the highest fanatic zeal.

As they were emerging from a valley into a wide-spread plain they again encountered the enemy, drawn up in battle array, in numbers apparently overwhelming. With plumes and banners, and gilded helmets glittering in the morning sun, the Indian host presented an aspect truly appalling. Cortez estimated their numbers at one hundred thousand. The battle was fierce in the extreme. Cortez arranged his men in a square. The natives came pouring upon them like ocean billows, rending the heavens with their shouts, and deafening the ear with the clangor of gongs and drums. But soon the terrific cannon uttered its roar. Ball and grape-shot swept through the dense ranks, mowing down, in hideous mutilation, whole platoons at a discharge. Immense multitudes of the dead now covered the plain, and eight of the chiefs had fallen. The commander of the native army finding it in vain to contend against these new and apparently unearthly weapons, ordered a retreat. The natives retired in as highly disciplined order as would have been displayed by French or Austrian troops. The exhausted victors, many of them wounded and bleeding, encamped upon the ground. The darkness and the silence of the night again overshadowed them. Cortez devoted the next day to the repose and the refreshment of his army, and sent an embassy to the camp of the Tlascalans proposing an armistice, and stating that he wished to visit their capital, Tlascala, as a friend. But in the mean time, to intimidate the natives, he headed a party of cavalry and infantry, and set out on a foraging expedition. Wherever he encountered any resistance he inflicted condign punishment with fire and sword. The embassy soon returned from the camp of the natives with the following defiant response:

"The Spaniards may pass on, as soon as they choose, to Tlascala. When they reach it, their flesh will be hewn from their bones for sacrifice to the gods. If they prefer to remain where they are, we shall visit them to-morrow."

It was a terrible hour. The Tlascalans had recruited their forces, and were prepared for a decisive battle. The stoutest hearts in the Spanish army felt and admitted the magnitude of the peril. Their only hope was in the energies of despair. Every man confessed himself that night to good Father Olmedo, and obtained absolution. Then, lulled to peace of spirit by the delusion that they were the accepted soldiers of the cross of Christ, they fell asleep.

The morning of the 5th of September, 1519, dawned cloudless and brilliant upon the adventurers encamped upon these high table-lands of the Cordilleras. Cortez made energetic arrangements for the conflict, addressed a few glowing words to his troops, and advanced to meet the foe. They had marched about a mile and a half when they met the Tlascalan army, filling a vast plain, six miles square, with their thronging multitudes. They were decorated with the highest appliances of barbaric taste. Their weapons were slings, arrows, javelins, clubs, and rude swords. The moment the Spaniards appeared the Tlascalans, uttering hideous yells, and with all the inconceivable clangor of their military bands, rushed upon them. For four hours the dreadful battle raged. Again and again it appeared as if the Spaniards would be overwhelmed and utterly destroyed by overpowering numbers. Every horse was wounded. The sky was actually darkened with the shower of arrows and javelins. Nearly every man in the Spanish ranks was bleeding, and several were killed. But at last the terrific energies of gunpowder triumphed. The Indians, leaving the hard-fought field covered with their

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dead, in confusion retired. The cavalry plunged into the retreating ranks, and cut down the poor natives until weary with slaughter.

Cortez now sent an imperious command to the chief of the Tlascalan army, demanding peace and friendship.

"If this proposition is rejected," said he, "I will enter the capital as a conqueror. I will raze every house to the ground. I will put every inhabitant to the sword."

To inspire the natives with more terror, Cortez placed himself at the head of a detachment of cavalry and light troops, and scoured the adjacent country, taking fearful vengeance upon all who manifested any spirit of resistance. The Tlascalans, alarmed, sent an embassy to the Spanish camp, proposing terms of peace. More than fifty persons, bearing rich presents, composed the embassage. Cortez suspected them, perhaps with good reason, of merely acting the part of spies. He immediately ordered their hands to be cut off. The cruel deed was promptly executed; and the sufferers, thus awfully mutilated, were sent to their countrymen with the defiant message:

"The Tlascalans may come by day or by night; the Spaniards are ready for them."

This atrocious act seemed to appall and crush the spirit of the Indians. All further idea of resistance was abandoned. The commander-in-chief of the Tlascalan army, with a numerous retinue, entered the Spanish camp with proffers of submission. The brave and proud chieftain, subdued by the terrors of the thunder and the lightning of their strange assailants, addressed Cortez in language which will command universal respect and sympathy:

"I loved my country," said he, "and wished to preserve its independence. We have been beaten. I hope you will use your victory with moderation, and not trample upon our liberties. In the name of the nation I now tender obedience to the Spaniards. We will be as faithful in peace as we have been bold in war."

Cortez, who was aware of the great peril from which he had just escaped, with stern words, but with secret joy in his heart, accepted this submission, and entered into a cordial alliance with this bold and powerful nation. While these affairs were transpiring in the Spanish camp, an embassy arrived from Montezuma. It consisted of five of the most conspicuous nobles of the empire, accompanied by a retinue of two hundred attendants. Montezuma was alarmed by the terrible victories, and the resistless march of the invaders. He sent many most costly gifts of Mexican manufacture, and the value of about fifty thousand dollars in gold. The Emperor also urgently requested that Cortez would not attempt to approach the Mexican capital, since, as he alleged, the unruly disposition of the people on the route would greatly endanger his safety. Cortez returned an answer filled with expressions of Castilian courtesy, but declared that he must obey the commands of his sovereign, which required him to visit the metropolis of the great empire. Cortez ever acted upon the principle that truth was too precious a commodity to be wasted upon the heathen.

After an encampment of three weeks upon the bloody and hard-earned field of Tzompach, Cortez again struck his tents and resumed his march. He no longer encountered any opposition. The route led over fertile hills and valleys, and through the villages and towns of a populous, and apparently a contented and happy people. The invading army was every where received with cordiality, and provisions in great abundance flowed into their camp. The march of a few days brought them to Tlascala, the capital of this strong nation.

It was, indeed, a magnificent city; larger, more populous, and of more imposing architecture, Cortez asserts, than the celebrated Moorish capital Granada, in old Spain. An immense throng flocked from the gates of the city to meet the troops, and the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators. Wild music, from semi-barbarian bands and voices, filled the air; banners floated in the breeze; plumed warriors hurried too and fro, and shouts of welcome seemed to rend the skies, as these hardy adventurers slowly defiled through the crowded gates and streets of the city. The police regulations of the city were extraordinarily effective, repressing all disorder. The Spaniards were surprised to find barbers' shops, and baths both for vapor and hot water. The river Zahuatel flowed through the heart of the city.

Cortez remained here several days, refreshing his troops, but maintaining the utmost vigilance of military discipline to guard against the possibility of any hostile attack. Promptly and earnestly he entered upon his favorite effort to convert the natives to Christianity. With his own voice he argued and exhorted, and he also called into requisition all the eloquence of Father Olmedo.

"The God of the Christians," they replied, must be great and good. We will give him a place with our gods, who are also great and good."

Cortez could admit of no such compromise. Their obduracy excited his impatience. He was upon the point of ordering the soldiers to make an onslaught upon the gods of the Tlascalans, which would probably have led to the entire destruction of his army in the narrow streets of the thronged capital, when the judicious and kind-hearted Olmedo dissuaded him from the rash enterprise. With true Christian philosophy he plead that forced conversion was no conversion at all; that God's reign was only over willing minds and in the heart.

Cortez yielded to the pressure of circumstances rather than to the force of argument. "We can not," he said, "change the heart; but we can demolish these abominable idols, clamoring for their hecatombs of human victims; and we can introduce in their stead the blessed Virgin and her blessed Child. Shall

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we not do a part because we can not do the whole?"

Though Cortez reluctantly yielded to argument enforced by apparent necessity, he insisted upon emptying the prisons of the victims destined to sacrifice. The Tlascalans consented to this. But as soon as the tramp of the Spaniards ceased to echo through their streets, the prisons were again filled, and human blood, in new torrents, crimsoned their altars.

The Indians, accustomed to polygamy, selected a number of their most beautiful young girls to be presented to the Spanish officers for wives.

"We can not marry heathen," said Cortez.

They were all immediately baptized, and received Christian names. Louisa, the daughter of Xicotencatl, the highest chief of the Tlascalans, was given by her father to the Spanish general Alvarado. Many of the descendants from this beautiful Indian maiden may now be found among the grandees of Spain.

Montezuma, finding that he could not dissuade Cortez from his march by words, and fearing to provoke the hostility of an enemy wielding such supernatural thunders, now endeavored to win his friendship. He accordingly sent another embassy with still richer presents, inviting Cortez to his capital, and assuring him of a warm welcome. He entreated him, however, not to enter into any alliance with his fierce foes the Tlascalans.

After spending three weeks in the city of Tlascala, Cortez again took up his march toward the capital of Mexico, by the way of the great city of Cholula. A hundred thousand soldiers, according to the representation of Cortez, volunteered to accompany him. He, however, considered this force as too unwieldy, and took but six thousand. The whole population of the city escorted the army some distance from the gates. For several days they continued their march through a beautiful country, densely populated, and cultivated like a garden.

At length they arrived at Cholula. They were received with the warmest tokens of cordiality, in a beautiful city, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, with wide, neatly arranged streets, and spacious stone houses. The more wealthy inhabitants were very gracefully dressed in garments richly embroidered. The aspect of luxury, of refinement, of high attainments in the arts of beauty and of utility, greatly surprised the Spaniards. In a few days, however, very striking indications of coldness, suspicion, and hostility were perceived. The faithful Marina, ever on the watch, detected, as was supposed, a terrible conspiracy for the destruction of the Spaniards. Cortez, with demoniac energy, crushed the attempt.

He contrived to assemble an enormous multitude of the Cholulans, with their high dignitaries, in the public square. At an appointed signal every musket and every cannon was discharged into their midst, and a shower of arrows and javelins pierced their thinly-clad bodies. A storm of destruction was swept through the helpless throng, which instantly covered the pavements with the dying and the dead. They were taken by surprise, unarmed, without leaders. They were surrounded, hemmed in; there was no escape. Helpless and frantic, they turned in terror and distraction this way and that, but the terrible missiles of lead and iron met them in every direction, and the slaughter was indiscriminate and awful. No quarter was given.

The mailed cavaliers on horseback rushed through the streets, cutting down with their dripping sabres, on the right hand and on the left, the unarmed and distracted fugitives. The Tlascalans, lapping their tongues in blood, re-



MASSACRE AT CHOLULA.

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FIRST VIEW OF THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

joiced in the most horrid atrocities perpetrated over their ancient foes. The dwellings were sacked pitilessly, and the city every where kindled into flame. The women and children were seized by the semi-barbarian Tlascalans as prisoners, to grace their triumph, and to bleed upon their altars of human sacrifice. At last, from exhaustion, the carnage ceased. The city was reduced to smouldering ruins, and pools of blood and mutilated carcasses polluted the streets. The wail of the wretched survivors, homeless and friendless, rose to the ear of Heaven more dismal than the shriek and the moan of death. The defense of Cortez is very laconic:

"Had I not done this to them, they would have done the same to me."

'Tis true. Such is war. Accursed be the man who unleashes its hell-hounds!

This terrible retribution accomplished its end. City after city, appalled by the tidings of the merciless vengeance of those foes who wielded the thunder and the lightning of heaven, and who, with the dreadful war-horse, could overtake the swiftest foe, sent in to the Spanish camp the most humble messages of submission, with accompanying presents to propitiate favor. Montezuma trembled in every fibre. Cortez thought that the natives were now in a very suitable frame of mind for conversion. Public thanksgivings were offered to God for the victory he had vouchsafed, and mass was celebrated by the whole army. The natives were very pliant. They offered no resistance while the Spanish soldiers tumbled the idols out of their temples, and reared in their stead the cross and images of the Virgin.

A fortnight had now elapsed, and Cortez resumed his march. The country through which they passed still continued populous, luxuriant, and beautiful. They were continually met by embassies from different places, endeavoring to propitiate their favor by gifts of gold. Day after day they toiled resolutely along, until from the height of land they looked down upon the majestic, the enchanting valley of Mexico. A more perfectly lovely scene has rarely greeted human eyes. In the far distance the dim blue outline of mountains encircled the almost boundless plain. Forests and rivers, orchards and lakes, cultivated fields and beautiful villages, adorned the landscape. The magnificent city of Mexico was seated, in queenly splendor, upon islands in the bosom of a series of lakes, more than a hundred miles in length. Innumerable towns, with their white pictureque dwellings, studded the blue outline of the water. The Spaniards all gazed upon the enchanting scene with amazement, and many with alarm. They saw indications of civilization and power far above what they had anticipated.

Cortez, however, relying upon the efficiency of gunpowder and the cross, marched boldly on. The love of plunder was a latent motive omnipotent in his soul; and he saw undreamed of wealth lavishly spread before him. At every step vast crowds met him, and gazed with wonder and awe upon his army. The spirit of Montezuma was now so crushed, that he sent an embassy to Cortez, offering four loads of gold for himself, and one for each of his captains, and a yearly tribute to the King of Spain, if he would turn back. With delight Cortez listened to this message. It was an indication of the weakness and fear of Montezuma. With more eagerness he pressed on his way.

"Of what avail," the unhappy monarch is reported to have said, "is resistance, when the gods have declared themselves against us. Yet I mourn most for the old and infirm, the women

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and children, too feeble to fight or to fly. For myself, and the brave men around me, we must bare our breasts to the storm, and meet it as we may."

The Spaniards were now at Amaquemecan. They were lodged in large, commodious stone buildings, with the hospitality which terror extorted. After a rest of two days, they resumed their march through smiling villages, and waving fields of maize, and innumerable flowers, which the natives cultivated with almost passionate devotion. At last they arrived at Ayotzingo—the Venice of the New World—an important town, built on piles in the waters of Lake Chalco. Gondolas of very tasteful structure glided through the liquid streets. After a rest of two days, in which the Spaniards requited the hospitality they had received by shooting down in their camp fifteen or twenty of the harmless natives, whom they suspected as spies, the march was continued along the southern shores of Lake Chalco. Clusters of towns, embowered in luxuriant foliage, and crimson with flowers, fringed the lake. The waters were covered with the light boats of the inhabitants gliding in every direction. At last they came to a dike, five miles long, and where but two or three horsemen could ride abreast. In the middle of this causeway, which separated Lake Chalco from Lake Xochicalco, they arrived at the town of Cuitlahuac, which Cortez described as the most beautiful he had yet seen.

As the Spaniards advanced, the throng became so immense that Cortez was compelled to resort to threats of violence to force his way. They arrived at Iztapalapan, a city of fifteen thousand houses, and embellished with public gardens of vast magnitude, blooming with flowers of every variety of splendor. An aviary was filled with birds of gorgeous plumage and sweet song. A vast reservoir of stone contained water to irrigate the grounds, and was stored with fish. Many of the chiefs of the neighboring cities had assembled here to meet Cortez. They received him with courtesy, with hospitality, but with reserve. He was now but a few miles from the renowned metropolis of Montezuma, and the turrets of the lofty temples of idolatry glittered in the sunlight before him.

Another night passed away and another morning dawned. It was the 8th of November, 1519. As Cortez approached the city, several hundred Aztec chiefs announced that Montezuma was advancing to welcome him. The glittering train of the Emperor soon appeared. Crowds, which could not be numbered, thronged the long causeway which led to the island city, and the lake was darkened with boats. Montezuma was accompanied by the highest possible pomp of semi-barbarian etiquette and splendor. He was borne on a palanquin waving with plumes and glittering with gold. As he alighted, obsequious attendants spread carpets for his feet. The monarch was dressed in imperial robes. The soles of his shoes were of gold. Embroidered garments gracefully draped his person, decorated with pearls and precious stones. A rich head-dress of plumes rested upon his ample brow. His countenance was serious and pensive in its expression. He was tall, well formed, and moved with grace and dignity. The Mexican monarch and the proud Spanish marauder met in the studied interchange of all Mexican and Castilian courtesies.

Cortez and his companions were conducted to their provided quarters in the imperial city. Cortez found himself and his army abundantly supplied with all comforts in a range of large stone buildings. With vigilance which never slept he immediately fortified his quarters, and planted his cannon to sweep every avenue by which they could be approached. In the evening he decided to let the astounded and appalled capital hear his voice. Several volleys of artillery roared like thunder-peals through the streets of the capital, while dense volumes of suffocating smoke, scarcely moved by the tranquil air, settled down over the city. All hearts in Tenochtitlan—for that was then the name of the Mexican capital—were filled with dismay. Few slept that night. Supernatural beings, with demoniac energies, were in the bosom of the proud metropolis of the ancient Aztecs, and the fate of the empire was doomed.



THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ENVIRONS.

The population of this city was probably about five hundred thousand. The houses of the common people were small but comfortable cottages, built of reeds or of bricks baked in the sun. The dwellings of the nobles, lining long, spa-

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THE MEETING OF CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA.

cious, and well-paved streets, were of stone. They were extensive on the ground-floor, generally but one story high, and surrounded by gardens blooming with flowers. Fountains of cool water, brought through aqueducts of earthen pipe, played in the court-yards. The police regulations were admirable. A thousand persons were continually employed in sweeping and watering the streets. So clean were the well-cemented pavements kept, upon which no hoof had trod until the cavalry of Cortez clattered into the city, that "a man could walk," says one of the Spaniards, "through the streets with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands."

Day after day was passed in the interchange of visits, and in the careful examination, by Cortez, of the strength and the resources of the city. He, however, never for one moment forgot his great object of converting the heathen. He was truly instant, in season and out of season, in urging his cause. No hour was deemed inappropriate. But Montezuma manifested no disposition to abandon the cruel idolatry of his fathers. One day the idolatrous monarch led the war-girt, blood-stained propagandist into the shrine of the great god of Mexico. Three human hearts, just cut from their victims, were smoking and almost palpitating upon the altar. The chapel was stained with human gore. The soul of Cortez was roused. Turning to Montezuma, he exclaimed,

"How can you, wise and powerful as you are, put trust in such a representative of the Devil. Let me place here the cross, and the image of the blessed Virgin and her Son, and these detestable gods will vanish.

Montezuma was shocked, and hurried his irreverent guest away. The zeal of the Spaniards was roused by the horrid spectacle of pagan idols polluted with blood, and they immediately converted one of the halls of their residence into a Christian chapel. Here the rites of the Roman Catholic Church were introduced, and the whole army of Cortez, with soldierly devotion, attended mass every day. Good Father Olmedo, with a clouded mind, but with a sincere and devout heart, prayed fervently for God's blessing upon his frail creatures of every name and nation. Notwithstanding all delusions and all counterfeits, there is such a thing as spiritual Christianity. So far as man can judge, Father Olmedo was a Christian.

Cortez had now been a week in the capital. He was perplexed what step next to take. He was treated with such hospitality that there was no possible ground for war. To remain inactive, merely receiving hospitality, was accomplishing nothing. It was also to be apprehended that the Mexicans would gradually lose their fears, and fall upon the invaders with resistless numbers. In this dilemma the bold Spaniard resolved to seize the person of Montezuma, who was regarded by his subjects with almost religious adoration, and hold him as a hostage. By the commingling of treachery and force he succeeded, and the unhappy monarch found himself a captive in his own capital, in the intrenched camp of the Spaniards.

He was magnificently imprisoned. A bodyguard of stern veterans, with all external indications of obsequiousness and homage, watched him by day and by night. The heart sickens at the recital of the outrages inflicted upon this amiable and hospitable prince. Cortez had alleged, as a reason for arresting Montezuma, the senseless pretext that two soldiers of the company left at Vera Cruz had been waylaid by the natives and

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slain. The Indian governor in whose province the violence had occurred, was sent for by the humiliated and powerless monarch. Obediently he came, with fifteen chiefs. Cortez doomed them all to be burnt alive in the great court of the city. He gathered from the public arsenals the arrows, javelins, and other martial weapons, to form the immense funeral piles. Thus the city was disarmed. While these atrocities were in progress, Cortez entered the presence of his captive, Montezuma, accused him of being an accomplice in the death of the Spaniards, and pitilessly ordered the manacles of a felon to be fastened on his hands and his feet. The cruel fires were then kindled. Thousands gazed with awe upon the appalling spectacle, and the Indian chieftains, without a remonstrance or a groan, were burned to ashes.

Step after step of violence succeeded, until Montezuma was humiliated to the dust. The helpless and bewildered monarch was thus compelled, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Spain. Cortez then extorted from him, as presents to the Spanish monarch, more than six millions of dollars in silver and gold. The conquest of Mexico seemed achieved.

Six months had now passed since Cortez had landed on the coast. The Governor of Cuba, indignant in view of the haughty assumptions of Cortez, fitted out a strong expedition to take possession of Mexico and bring Cortez home a prisoner for punishment. Cortez was informed that these, his formidable enemies, had landed in the vicinity of Vera Cruz. The indomitable Spaniard, leaving Alvarado in command of the strongly intrenched camp in the heart of the metropolis, took seventy picked men and marched rapidly and secretly to meet his Spanish foes. The journey was long and perilous. He moved with great celerity, gathered some recruits by the way, fell upon the Spaniards by surprise in a midnight attack, in the midst of a black careering tempest, took their commander, Narvaez, sorely wounded, a prisoner; and having compelled the whole body to surrender, induced them all, by munificent presents and persuasive speech, to enlist under his alluring banner.

But in the flush of this wonderful victory, the alarming news reached Cortez that a terrible insurrection had broken out in the capital; that his troops were besieged and assailed by almost resistless numbers, and that several of his men were already killed and many wounded. Collecting his whole force, now greatly augmented by the accession of the conquered Spaniards with their cavalry and artillery, he hastened back from Zempoalla to the rescue of his beleaguered camp. He had now, with this strangely-acquired reinforcement, about a thousand infantry and a hundred cavalry, besides several thousands of the native allies. By forced marches they pressed along. The natives, however, in the region through which they passed, no longer greeted them with courtesy, but turned coldly and silently away.

The Spaniards arrived at length at the causeway which led to the city. It was a solitude. No one was there to welcome or to oppose. Fiercely these stern men strode on through the now deserted streets, till they entered into the encampment of their comrades.

The insurrection had been excited by a most atrocious massacre on the part of Alvarado. He suspected, but had no proof, that a conspiracy was formed by the Mexican nobles for the extermination of the invaders. He took occasion, while six hundred of the flower of the Mexican nobility were assembled in the performance of some religious rites, in a totally defenseless state, to fall upon them with sword and musket. The massacre was horrible. Not one escaped. This infamous butchery was too much even for the crushed spirit of the natives to endure. Notwithstanding all the terror of horses, steel, and gunpowder, the city rose to arms.

Even Cortez was indignant when he heard this story from his lieutenant.

"Your conduct," he exclaimed, "has been that of a madman."

Cortez had now, with the efficiency of his European weapons of war, truly a formidable force. In the stone buildings which protected and encircled his encampment he could marshal in battle array twelve hundred Spaniards and eight thousand Tlascalans. But all were in danger of perishing from starvation. A terrible battle soon ensued. The Mexicans, roused by despair, came rushing upon the invaders in numbers which could not be counted. Never did mortal men display more bravery than these exasperated Mexicans exhibited struggling for their homes and their rights. But the batteries of the Spaniards mowed them down like grass before the scythe. The conflict was continued late into the hours of the night. The ground was covered with the dead, when darkness and exhaustion for a time stopped the carnage.

In the early dawn of the morning the contest was renewed, and was continued with the most demoniac fury by both parties through the whole of another day. The Spaniards fired the city wherever they could. And though the walls of the houses were mostly of stone, the inflammable interior and roofs caught the flame, and the horrors of conflagration were added to the misery and the blood of the conflict. All the day long the dreadful battle raged. The streets ran red with blood. The natives cheerfully sacrificed a hundred of their own lives to take that of one of their foes.

Another night darkened over the blood-stained and smouldering city. The Spaniards were driven back into their fortress, while the natives, in continually increasing numbers, surrounded them, filling the night air with shrieks of defiance and rage. Cortez had displayed the most extraordinary heroism during the protracted strife. His situation now seemed desperate. Though many thousands of the Mexicans had been slaughtered during the day, re-

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THE FALL OF MONTEZUMA.

cruits flocked in so rapidly that their numbers remained undiminished. Cortez was suffering anguish from a sorely wounded hand. His men were utterly exhausted. Large numbers were wounded and many slain. The maddened roar of countless thousands of the fiercest warriors almost deafened the ear. Every moment it was feared that the walls would be scaled, and the inundation of maddened foes pour in resistlessly upon them.

In this extremity Cortez appealed to his captive, Montezuma. Cortez was a fearless soldier. He could also stoop to any measures of fraud and perfidy. Assuming the tone of humanity, deploring the awful carnage which had taken place, and affirming his wish to save the nation from utter destruction, he, by such representations, influenced Montezuma to interpose. Reluctantly the amiable, beloved, perplexed monarch at last consented. He was adored by his people. The morning had again dawned. The battle was again renewed with increasing fury. No pen can describe the tumult of this wild war. The yell of countless thousands of assailants, the clang of their trumpets and drums, the clash of arms, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery presented a scene which had never before found a parallel in the New World.

Suddenly all was hushed as the venerated Emperor, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared upon the wall, and waved his hand to command the attention of his people. For a few moments they listened patiently to his appeal. But as he plead for the detested Spaniards their indignation burst all bounds. One ventured to assail him with an exclamation of reproach and contempt. It was the signal for a universal outbreak of vituperation against the pusillanimity of the captive King. A shower of stones and arrows fell upon him. Notwithstanding the efforts of his body-guard of Spaniards to protect him with their bucklers, a stone struck his temple which brought him senseless to the ground, and three javelins pierced his flesh. The wounded monarch was conveyed to his apartment, crushed in spirit, and utterly broken-hearted. He firmly refused to live. He tore the bandages from his wounds and would take no nourishment. Silent, and brooding over his terrible calamities, he sat the picture of dejection and woe for a few days, until he died.

In the mean time the battle was resumed with all its fury. All the day long it continued without intermission. The wretched city was the crater of a volcano where a demoniac strife was raging. The energies of both parties seemed to redouble with despair. At last another night spread its vail over the infuriated combatants. In the darkest watches of midnight the Spaniards made a sortie and set three hundred buildings in flames. The lurid fire, crackling to the skies, illumined the tranquil lake, and gleamed upon the most distant villages in the vast mountain-girdled valley. The tumult of the midnight assault, the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and the dying, blended with the roar of the conflagration.

Cortez now summoned the chiefs to a parley. He stood upon the wall. The beautiful Marina, as interpreter, stood at his side. The Mexican chiefs were upon the ground before him. The inflexible and merciless Spaniard endeavored to intimidate them by threats.

"If you do not immediately submit," said he, "I will lay the whole city in ashes, and

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every man, woman, and child shall be put to the sword."

They answered defiantly: "The bridges are broken down, and you can not escape. You have better weapons of war, but we have greater numbers. If we must offer a thousand lives for one, we will continue the battle till you are destroyed."

Saying this, they gave the signal for attack, and a storm of arrows and javelins darkened the sky and fell into the beleaguered fortress. Notwithstanding the bold tone assumed by Cortez the Spaniards were in great dismay. A mutiny now broke out in the camp. They murmured bitterly, and demanded permission to cut their way through their foes and escape from the city. The extraordinary energies of this iron fanatic still remained unshaken. Calmly he reflected upon his position, examined his resources, and formed his plans.

He immediately constructed moving forts or towers to be pushed through the streets on wheels, under the protection of which his soldiers could make every bullet accomplish its mission. A platform on the top could be let down, affording a bridge to the roofs of the houses. The army thus commenced its perilous march through the smoking, gory streets. Every inch of the way was contested. The advance was slow but resistless, the cannon and the musketry sweeping down all obstacles. At last they arrived at one of the numerous canals which every where intersected the city. The bridge was destroyed, and the deep waters of the canal cut off all retreat. Planting the cannon so as to keep the natives at bay, every available hand was employed in filling the chasm with stones and timber torn from the ruined city. Still stones, arrows, and javelins fell thickly among the workmen.

For two days this terrific strife raged. Seven canals the Spaniards were thus compelled to bridge. But the natives could present no effectual resistance. The Spaniards advance sternly over the mutilated bodies of the dying and of the dead. Still, at the close of this day the condition of the Spaniards was more desperate than ever.

As the gloom of night again descended, a deeper, heavier gloom rested upon the hearts of all in the Spanish camp. A wailing storm arose of wind and rain, and nature moaned and wept as if in sympathy with the woes of man. An immediate retreat was decided upon. At midnight all were on the march. In the darkness and the storm they passed through the war-scathed streets of the city without opposition. But when they reached one of the long causeways, two miles in length and but twenty feet wide, which connected the island city with the main-land, they found the lake alive with the fleets of the natives, and the Spaniards were assailed on both sides by swarming multitudes who, in the fierce and maddened strife, set all danger at defiance. War never exhibited a more demoniac aspect. There were three chasms in the causeway, broken by the Mexicans, which the Spaniards, in the darkness and assailed by innumerable foes, were compelled to bridge. The imagination can not compass the horrors of that night. When the first gray of the lurid morning dawned, the whole length of the causeway was covered with the bodies of the slain. The chasms were clogged up with the fragments of artillery, baggage wagons, dead horses, and the corpses of Spaniards and natives with features distorted by all the hateful passions of the strife.

A few only had escaped. Nearly all the horses, all the plundered gold, all the baggage



THE BATTLE UPON THE CAUSEWAY.

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wagons, all the cannon, were either sunk in the lake or floating upon its surface, which was blackened with the canoes of the Mexicans. Not even a musket remained. As Cortez gazed upon the feeble band of exhausted, torn, and bleeding soldiers which now alone remained to him, even his stern heart was moved, and he sat down and wept bitterly. Is it revenge which leads us to rejoice that some drops of retributive woe were wrung from the heart of that guilty conqueror? He had overwhelmed a benighted nation with misery. Such a crime must not go unpunished. There is a day of final judgment.

But this was no time for tears. By night and by day the discomfited and imperiled Spaniards continued their long and precipitate retreat toward the sea-shore. They were often assailed; but with their few remaining horses, their steel swords, and the mental energies which European civilization confers, they beat off their assailants, and continued their flight. Cortez, who promptly recovered from his momentary weakness, manifested the utmost sereneness and imperturbability of spirit, shared every hardship of the soldiers, and maintained their confidence in him by surpassing all in the gallantry and the magnanimity of his courage. Exhausted and wounded as they were, it required the toilsome march of a week to reach the mountain summits which encircle the great valley of Mexico.

Upon the other side of the ridge innumerable warriors had gathered from all the provinces to cut off the retreat. From an eminence the appalling spectacle suddenly burst upon the retreating Spaniards of a boundless, living ocean of armed men, with its crested billows of gleaming helmets and waving plumes. Even the heart of Cortez sank within him. It seemed certain that his last hour was now tolled. There was no possible hope but in the energies of utter despair. Cortez harangued his troops as angels of mercy, who might surely depend, in their holy mission against the heathen, on Divine protection. He succeeded, as usual, in rousing all their religious enthusiasm. Plunging upon the enemy in solid column, they cut their way through the dense, tumultuous, extended mass, as the steamer plows through opposing billows. The marvelous incidents of the fight would occupy pages. The Spanish historians record that the native army was two hundred thousand strong, and that twenty thousand fell on that bloody field. Though this is, of course, an exaggeration, it gives one an idea of the appearance of the multitude and of the carnage. At last Cortez arrived in the territory of his friendly allies, the Tlascalans. He was received with the utmost kindness, and was now safe from pursuit.

His followers were extremely anxious to return to Vera Cruz, send a vessel to Cuba for some transports, and abandon the enterprise. But this indomitable warrior, while lying upon the bed in a raging fever, while a surgeon was cutting off three of his mutilated and inflamed fingers, and raising a portion of the bone of his skull, which had been splintered by the club of a native, was forming his plans to return to Mexico and reconquer what he had lost.

"I can not believe," he wrote to the Emperor, Charles V., "that the good and merciful God will thus suffer his cause to perish among the heathen."

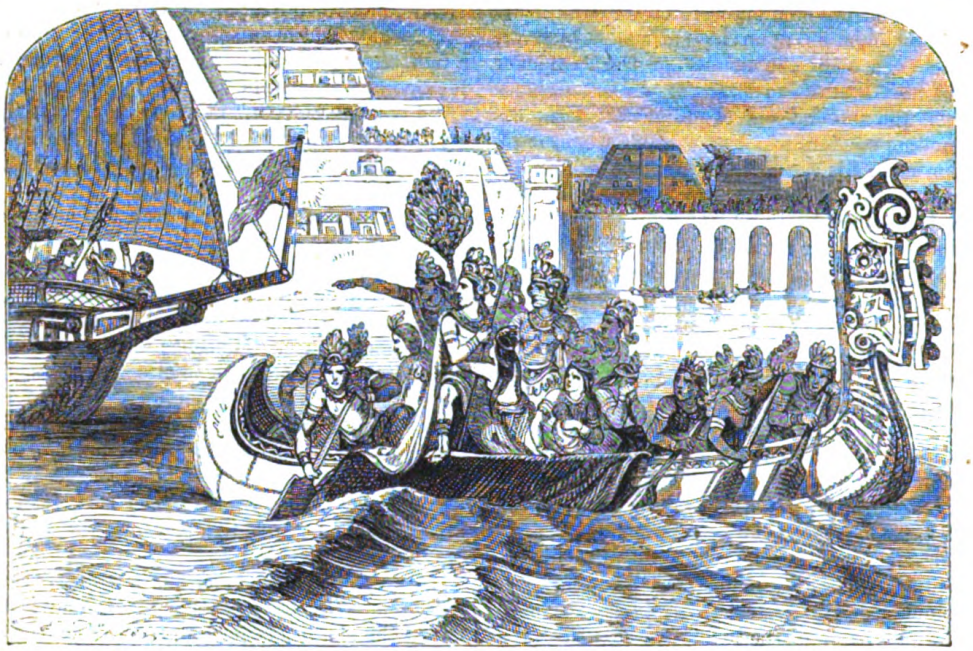
Upon the death of Montezuma the crown of Mexico passed to his more warlike brother, Cuitlahua. He immediately, with great vigor, fortified the city anew, and recruited and drilled his armies, now familiar with the weapons of European warfare. He sent an embassy to the Tlascalans to incite them to rise against the defeated Spaniards, the common enemy of the whole Indian race. Cortez succeeded in inducing them to reject the proffered alliance of their ancient foes. He also succeeded in fomenting war among some of the rival provinces, and in thus turning the arms of the natives against each other.

He established his head-quarters at Tepeaca. The Spaniards, among other woes, had introduced the small-pox into Mexico. The terrible scourge now swept like a blast of destruction through the land. The natives perished by thousands. Many cities and villages were almost depopulated. It reached the Mexican capital, and the Emperor Cuitlahua fell a victim. Recruits soon arrived at the Spanish camp from Vera Cruz, with twenty horses and an abundant supply of arms and ammunition. With indefatigable diligence Cortez prepared for a new campaign. Five months had passed since the disasters of the *Dismal Night*, as the Spaniards ever called the midnight strife upon the causeway of the city of Mexico.

It was now December. Cortez, with a new army, well appointed and disciplined, with the hardy valor of the natives, guided by the skill of the Spaniards, commenced again his march for the conquest of Mexico. Guatemozin was now the monarch, a bold, energetic young man, of twenty-five years of age. The army of Cortez consisted of six hundred Spaniards, many of whom had recently arrived from Cuba. He had also nine cannon. The allied army of the natives marching under his banner was estimated at over one hundred thousand. In an address to the army, Cortez exhorted the Spaniards to punish the *rebels*. He also declared that it was his great object to promote the glory of God by converting the heathen to the cross of Christ. Prayer was offered, mass was celebrated, and the army recommenced its crusade. Day after day they pressed unimpeded on, till again they surmounted the heights which commanded the magnificent valley. Like an avalanche the combined host of Europeans and Tlascalans poured down upon the valley where the doomed city reposed.

A series of scenes of horror ensued, at the recital of which the heart sickens. Battle succeeded battle. Cities and villages were sacked and burned, and the soil and the rivers were red

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THE CAPTURE OF GUATEMOZIN.

with blood. But no valor on the part of the natives could resist the demoniac energy of the invaders. They arrived upon the shores of the lake before the capital. Cortez soon obtained possession of Tezcuco, the second city of the empire, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Here he fortified himself, and commenced the construction of boats to transport his troops to the island city. Three months were spent in this work and in ravaging pitilessly the adjacent country. His arms were every where triumphant, and city after city became obsequious to his will. The siege of the capital ensued, with daily sanguinary assaults. The valor which the Mexicans displayed extorted the praise even of their foes.

For more than a month this incessant warfare was continued, and the Spaniards were every where thwarted by the devoted defenders of their own firesides. Cortez at last resolved upon a general assault. It was fiercely urged, but entirely unsuccessful. The Spaniards were driven back with great slaughter, and forty of their number were made prisoners, to be offered in bloody sacrifice to the heathen gods. This victory was celebrated at midnight in the city by the natives, with all the accompaniments of barbaric clangor.

The army of Cortez was now augmented to a hundred and fifty thousand, as the conquered cities had been compelled to furnish him with troops. Sternly he pressed the siege. Day after day he drew nearer. One obstacle after another was surmounted by military science and the terrible energy of his batteries. Guatemozin nobly rejected every overture for peace, resolved to perish, if perish he must, beneath the ruins of the monarchy. Famine began to consume the city. Gradually Cortez forced his advance along the causeways. He got possession of a portion of the city, and leveled it with the ground. Every inch was disputed, and an incessant battle raged. At length Cortez had three-fourths of the city reduced to ashes. The Mexicans now decided that their revered Emperor Guatemozin should endeavor to escape in a boat and rouse the distant provinces. The unfortunate monarch was captured in the attempt. When led into the presence of Cortez he said, proudly,

"I have fought as became a king. I have defended my people to the last. Nothing remains but to die. Plunge this dagger into my bosom, and end a life which is henceforth useless."

The Emperor being a captive, the resistance of the Mexicans instantly ceased. Thus terminated this memorable and atrocious siege of seventy-five days of incessant battle. But the avarice of the Spaniards encountered a sad disappointment. Guatemozin had cast all the treasures of the capital into the lake. Cortez celebrated his awful victory with thanksgivings and masses. The terrible tidings of the fall of the capital and of the captivity of the monarch spread rapidly through the empire, and all the provinces hastened to give in their submission to the conqueror. To the eternal disgrace of Cortez, he allowed the monarch who had so nobly defended his people, and also his chief favorite, to be put to the torture, that he might wring from them the confession of hidden treasures. With invincible fortitude Guatemozin endured the torment; and when the chief who was suffering at his side groaned in agony, and turned an imploring look to his sovereign, Guatemozin replied, "Am I, then, reposing upon a bed of flowers?"

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By such deeds of infamy the inhabitants of Mexico were robbed of their independence and of their country. For three hundred years the enslaved natives continued under the yoke of their conquerors. The idols of Mexico gave place to the idols of Rome. Three hundred years have passed away. The government of Spain and the religion of Spain have cursed the land. Mexico has made no progress. From all these dark storms of war and misery we can as yet see but little good which the providence of God has evolved. It is true that human sacrifices have ceased, but Mexico is still a land of darkness, ignorance, and crime. The curse has also fallen upon Spain and upon all her possessions. Is it thus that national sins are punished?

REMEMBRANCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE excitement that prevailed in Europe as the first-fruits of the discovery of America manifested themselves, can at this day be but dimly realized. The riches that seemed inexhaustible, the grandeur, the mystery, the strange people of the new continent inhabiting it, affected the imaginations of every class of society—the mind of the civilized world was suddenly startled into wild wakefulness at the prospect of a future which had no apparent limits in its promises of wealth, and in the traditions of the past no precedents for its unfolding magnificence. The man, however, who led the way sprung from obscurity; he had no patent of nobility from the existing sovereigns, and imperial as were admitted to be his triumphs, they were but grudgingly acknowledged, and were finally repaid by neglect and disgrace. Cortez and Pizarro, who followed Columbus in the path of glory, were also "adventurers," and depended upon their genius alone for their success. When De Soto, therefore, announced his proposed expedition to Florida, his enormous wealth, his known valor and prudence, his high standing with Charles the Fifth, and his acknowledged connection with the aristocracy of the country, gave a personal interest to his expedition in circles not before affected.

Armed with vice-regal power, De Soto established a court at Seville, which, for splendor and the number of its attendants, rivaled that of the Emperor. Men of all conditions of life—many of noble birth and good estate—enrolled themselves as his followers. Houses and vineyards, gardens of olive-trees, and land devoted to tillage, were sacrificed in order to obtain military equipments. Portuguese hidalgoes, famed for brilliant exploits in the wars with the Moors, volunteered their services. The port of San Lucca of Barrameda was crowded by those who wished to embark in the enterprise. A whole year being consumed in preparations for departure, each day was distinguished by a tournament, or some costly celebration, such as had never before been witnessed in the land. Spain, with the prolonged entertainment, became "Florida mad," and, forgetting what had already been accomplished, indulged in dreams of new discoveries under the lead of the "munificent Adelantado" that would sink into insignificance the already realized glories of Mexico and Peru.

De Soto remained some months in Cuba, where he assumed the reins of government, and indulged his followers in enacting over again the showy spectacles which had preceded his departure from Seville. At last, amidst salvoes of artillery, the waving of plumes, and a lavish display of the gorgeous ceremonies of his church, he departed for the "promised land." From this time forward his history becomes one of melancholy interest, his life a display of fruitless bravery, joined with a courage that met with no adequate reward.

In his wanderings De Soto finally reached the banks of the Mississippi, and this seems to have been his last appearance surrounded by the peaceful possession of the pomp and circumstance of a Spanish cavalier. Unsuccessful as had been his enterprise, up to this moment he had never indulged the idea of failure. Stories of the existence of great cities and of untold treasures, somewhere in the wilderness, still allured him on, and these reports were always confirmed by the natives immediately around him, in order to hasten his departure from their midst. As the broad, unbroken river, "more than a mile wide, and filled with floating trees," rolled in silent grandeur before his astonished eyes, he seemed to feel the mysterious influence of an important culminating era in his history. In the presence of thousands of gayly-dressed natives, attracted by curiosity, and for the time inspired by fear, he commemorated the event by the firing of cannon, the rejoicing of his followers, the erection of a gigantic cross, and the celebration of high mass by the attendant priests—a proper hallowing by Christianity of the flood-tides that drain the most remarkable and richest valley of the world. The exploration of the country westward of the Mississippi only increased De Soto's misfortunes. After wandering for more than a year among interminable swamps, his followers thinned by disease and the weapons of an unrelenting foe, when again he reached the shores of the river his body was weakened by fever, and his great soul overcome with hopeless melancholy.

Some rude brigantines were constructed, in which De Soto and the remnant of his followers launched themselves on their way to the South. The deep mists of the river enveloped them as in a shroud, the overhanging moss of the trees waved as funeral palls, and the genial sunshine only lighted the way for the missiles of an exasperated and now triumphant foe. The hero despaired and died; and where the dark Red River mingles its "bloody-looking" waters with those of the Mississippi—where all was desolation and death—his body, amidst silence and tears, was consigned to its last resting-place, and the mighty river became at once his glory and his grave.

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BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

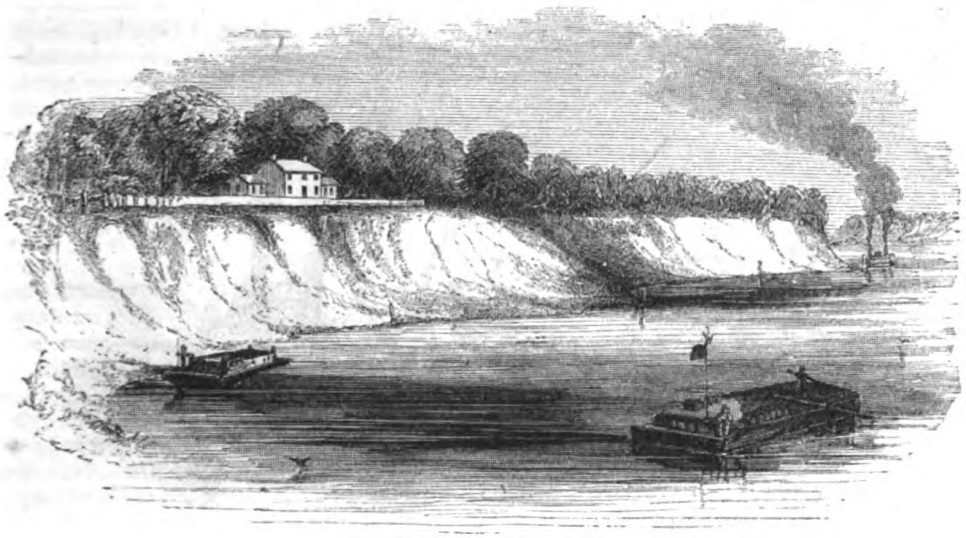
One hundred and thirty years elapsed before any farther attempt was made by Europeans to explore the river. Under the auspices of France, Father Marquette, a missionary among the Indians, and M. Joliet, an intelligent fur-trader residing at Quebec, accomplished, to some extent, the important undertaking. When these adventurous travelers arrived at the high ridge of land which separated the waters of the north from those which flow toward the tropics, their Indian guides refused to go any farther, and endeavored to dissuade the party "from presuming on a perilous voyage among unknown and cruel nations, where they would encounter the hideous monsters which inhabited the great river, and which, rising from the boiling waves, swallowed all who ventured upon the treacherous surface." The party proceeded, however, eleven hundred miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin without meeting with any startling incident. Then it was that the difficulties of the voyage increased; the weather became intensely hot, and the insects which filled the air made life almost insupportable. Deciding to go no farther, and deeming their mission accomplished, the voyagers retraced their way homeward, and after many weeks of hard labor against the strong current, they reached the mouth of the Illinois River in safety. Finding that this gentle stream afforded a direct and easy route to the great lakes, the travelers soon reached their homes. The information gained by the self-sacrificing courage of these men filled New France with rejoicing. It was believed that the long-desired route to China had been discovered.

Five years later, Monsieur La Salle, a native of Normandy, and one of the most remarkable and most unfortunate men of his age, by descending the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, completed the imperfect discoveries of De Soto and Marquette. The river, at its mouth, instead of possessing a channel proportionate to its extent and magnitude, pours its contributions to the ocean through three principal outlets and a great number of natural canals, all of which are, to the inexperienced eye, lost in the vast expanse of the Mexican Gulf. Approaching them from the sea, you first become aware of their vicinity by the appearance of floating trees, on the more strange phenomenon of vast bodies of fresh but turbid water, rolling unmingled with the green salt waves. La Salle, after a fruitless search of several weeks, missed these outlets altogether; and his colony, intended for Louisiana, established itself in Texas.

De Iberville was the first white man who ever entered "these passes" from the sea, and he was loth to believe that the almost indistinguishable lines of coast were all that indicated that he was on the bosom of the mighty river of the West. Ascending, however, the firmer banks began to develop themselves; gigantic trees cast their dark and impenetrable shades over the landscape, and the native inhabitants appeared to greet his arrival among their solitary abodes. A new era of civilization on this continent was now inaugurated, and the incidents following, though stripped of the charms of mystery, receive the higher interest arising from witnessing, in forest wastes, the rapid development of the highest civilization.

The details of the struggles between the French and English for the possession of the country drained by the Mississippi, are among the most thrilling chapters of our early history. "Braddock's defeat" was the last of the many signal victories which the French obtained in the contest; a series of triumphs then ensued to the British arms, which resulted in the military possession of the head-waters of the Ohio, a precursor of other victories which ended by the official acknowledgment by France of her loss of empire in America. Then followed the War of "Independence;" and, lastly, a complete tri-

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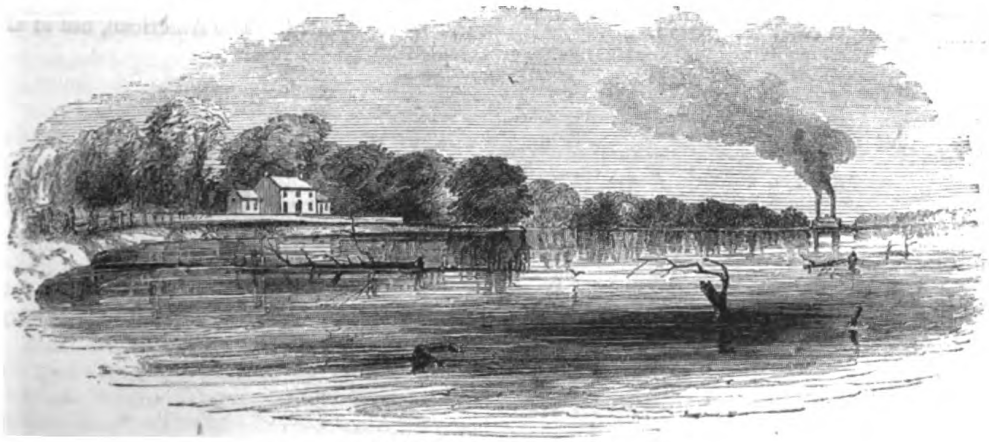


THE MISSISSIPPI AT LOW WATER.

umph over the hostile aboriginal population of the North and West, and for the first time were the pioneers from the Atlantic States enabled to quietly establish themselves in the rich valley of the Ohio and her tributary streams. From this time forward the Mississippi River became a subject of constantly-increasing interest. The vast country it drains, the rapid influx of population into its fertile valleys, the wonderful enterprise of the people, the development of wealth, the triumphs of steam, the progress of empire, have had no precedents in the past, and there can be nothing to equal it in the future.

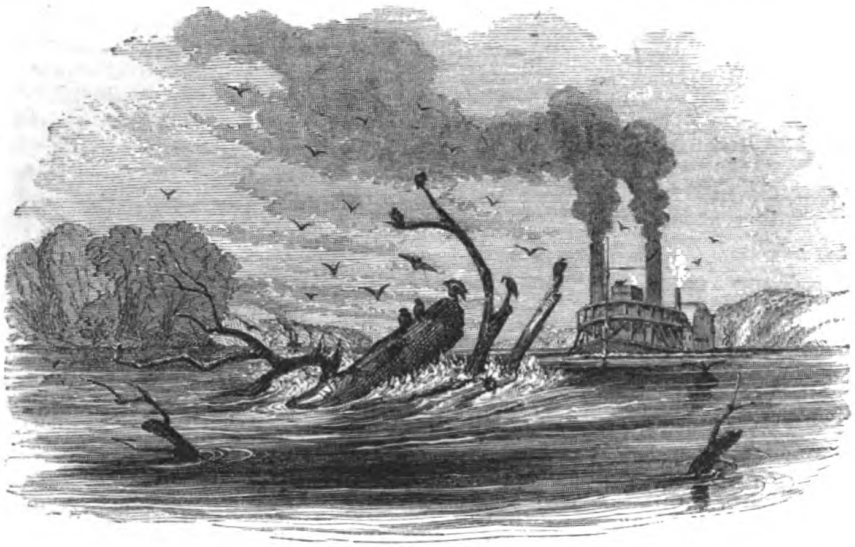
The interest excited by the Mississippi consists not in attractive scenery visible to the eye at any given point, but in the thoughts it suggests: for the most stolid mind is impressed, if it but even dimly comprehends the extent of this great aorta of a mighty continent, affording internal navigation for thirteen States and Territories—a more extensive line of coast to our empire than the Atlantic itself, and far surpassing that ocean in the number of its ports and the value of its commerce. It has been estimated that the commerce of the Mississippi outlet, both ways, is equal to three hundred millions; and the commerce of the lakes, west of Buffalo, is two hundred millions. The value of the commerce carried on in Western steamboats can not be less than five hundred millions! This includes more than one thousand steamers, traversing a distance of fully thirty thousand miles upon the waters of our great rivers and inland lakes.

In natural objects the Mississippi differs from other rivers, more particularly in the extent of its spring floods, its friable banks, primitive forests, its floating trees, its "snags," and its "sawyers." At low water, the voyager perceives the stream comparatively narrow and confined within high banks. If inexperienced, he can scarcely realize that possibly in a few weeks or days, the entire appearance of the country will be changed, that the bed of the river will be full and overflowing, and that houses and plantations, instead of being upon a high bluff, are literally below the usual level of the river, and but for the artificial protection of levees, would be entirely submerged. Untold acres of rich land, form-



SAME SCENE AT HIGH WATER.

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"SNAGS."

ing the banks, annually cave into the stream, unloosing thousands of forest trees, which are, by this means, drifted from the cold regions of the north, to decay prematurely beneath a tropical sun.

The majority of these forest giants, however, accumulate on sand-bars, and in the "short bends," fasten by their roots and limbs to shallow places, and are soon wholly, or in part, covered by the constant deposit—creating in a single year new-born islands, and turning swamp into high land. Others, again, will firmly fasten themselves in the deep channel, with their trunks pointing up-stream, and then shedding their more delicate limbs, they present the long, formidable shafts, known as "snags" in Mississippi navigation. Other trees, again, will fasten themselves in the current with their trunks *down* stream. The ever-rolling tide will force them under, until the tension of the bending roots overcomes the pressure, and they will slowly appear in sight, shake their drifting limbs, and then disappear for awhile in the depths below—such is the dreaded "sawyer." These last-described obstructions were the terror of the early boatmen of the Mississippi—the Scylla and Charybdis of its early navigation.

Among other physical peculiarities is presented the singular phenomenon of a mighty river, as you approach its termination, gradually narrowing within its banks. Soon after you pass New Orleans, the soil begins to grow less firm, and the depth of the river continues to diminish all the way to the sea; in the progress of a hundred miles it becomes lost in the low marshes, and all vegetation, except long rank grass, disappears. Here the current, without any visible reason, divides into three "passes"—almost undistinguishable channels, which cut through the accumulated deposit, the half-formed soil, and reach out into the Gulf. The depth of water in these outlets, unfortunately for the purposes of commerce, is never great, and constantly varies under the influence of wind and storm.

A vessel, many years ago, was built at Pittsburg, and from that town cleared for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the captain produced his papers before the custom-house officer, who would not credit them, observing, that he was well acquainted with the name of every shipping port—that no such place as Pittsburg existed, and that the vessel must be confiscated. The American, not at all



"SAWYERS."

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abashed, laid before the unbelieving receiver of customs a map of the United States, and directing the attention of the functionary to the Gulf of Mexico, pointed out the Belize, and then carried his finger a thousand miles up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio—then proceeding up the last-named river another *thousand miles*, he reached the port whence his vessel cleared. The astonished Italian, in his amazement, devoutly crossed himself, and could have been but little less surprised had the skipper kept on with his "inland navigation" until he reached the north pole itself. He did not know that his fellow-countryman, Columbus, "had discovered so much."

Two classes of people originally crowded into the virgin fields of the West. Marietta, the first permanent settlement on the Ohio, was—characteristically of those times—made up entirely of renowned men of the Revolution: officers and soldiers, who, at the close of seven years' privation and suffering, found themselves turned loose upon the world, their private fortunes ruined, themselves estranged from their early and perhaps desolate homes, and to them all profitable occupation gone. Such men projected cities, opened farms, and laid wide and strong the foundation of future empire.

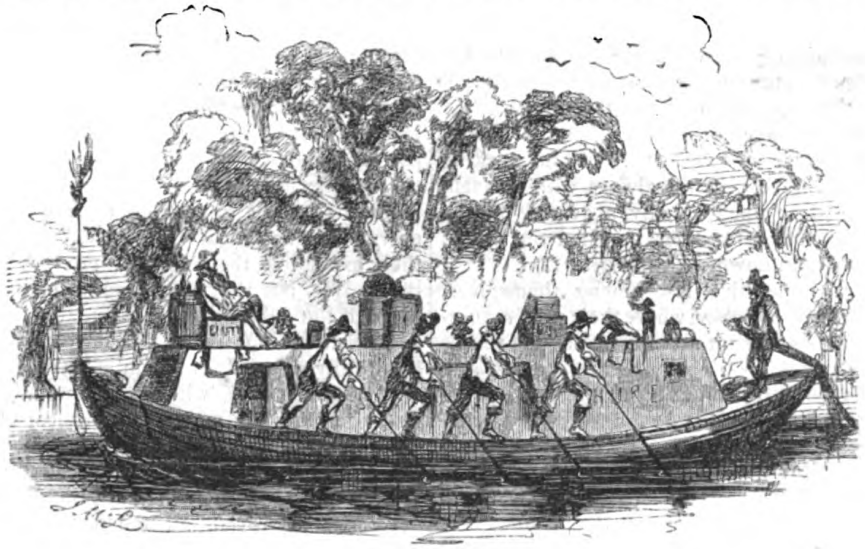
There was another class to whom the excitement of the "war-path" was a necessity, as it was difficult for these rude yet brave men to control themselves so as to perform their allotment of the rough and confining labors of a frontier life. A place, however, was unexpectedly prepared for them, which required all their energy of character to fill, and which blended most happily the labors of civilization with those of the scout and hunter.

The surplus of the rich lands of the West found an active demand, not only at the headwaters of the Ohio, but also among the rich settlements of Florida and Louisiana. A race of gigantic men was required to guide in safety, against a swift-running current, the rude craft laden with rich stores through a perilous voyage of fifteen hundred miles, avoiding whirlpools, "snags," and "sawyers," and exposed to hostile conflict with the savage foe. The demand was supplied by the wild spirits we have alluded to, and thus originated the keel-boatmen of the Mississippi—men more remarkable than any other that ever lived, and whose exaggerations, physical and mental, have given rise to the most genuine originality we can claim as American character.

The keel-boat was long and narrow, sharp at the bow and stern, and of light draft. From fifteen to twenty "hands" were required to propel it along. The crew, divided equally on each side, took their places upon the "walking-boards," extending along the whole length of the craft, and, setting one end of their pole in the bottom of the river, the other was brought to the shoulder, and with body bent forward, they *walked* the boat against the formidable current.

It is not strange that the keel-boatmen, always exercising in the open air, without an idea of the dependence of the laborer in their minds, armed constantly with the deadly rifle, and feeling assured that their strong arms and sure aim would any where gain them a livelihood, should have become, physically, the most powerful of men, and that their minds, often naturally of the highest order, should have elaborated ideas singularly characteristic of the extraordinary scenes and associations with which they were surrounded. Their professional pride was in ascending "rapids." This effort of human strength to overcome natural obstacles was considered *by them* worthy of their steel. The slightest error exposed the craft to be thrown across the current, or to be brought sideways in contact with rocks or other obstructions, which would inevitably destroy it. The hero vaunted "that his boat never swung in the swift current, and never backed from a "shute!"

Their chief amusements were "rough frolics,"



THE KEEL-BOAT.

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dancing, fiddling, and fist-fights. The incredible strength of their pectoral muscles, growing out of their peculiar labor and manner of life, made fights with them a direful necessity—it was an appetite, and, like pressing hunger, had to be appeased. The keel-boatman who boasted that he had never been whipped, stood upon a dangerous eminence, for every aspirant for fame was bound to dispute his claim to such distinction. Occasionally, at some temporary landing-place, a number accidentally came together for a night. From the extreme labors of the day, possibly quietness reigned in "the camp," when, unexpectedly, the repose would be disturbed by some restless fellow crowing forth a defiance in the manner of a game-cock; then, springing into some conspicuous place, and rolling up his sleeves, he would utter his challenge as follows:

"I'm from the Lightning Forks of Roaring River. I'm *all* man, save what is wild cat and extra lightning. I'm as hard to run against as a cypress snag—I never back water. Look at me—a small specimen—harmless as an angle-worm—a remote circumstance—a mere yearling. Cock-a-doodle-doo! I did hold down a bufferlo bull, and tar off his scalp with my teeth, but I can't do it now—I'm too powerful weak, *I am.*"

By this time those within hearing would spring to their feet, and, like the war-horse that smells the battle afar off, inflate their nostrils with expectation. The challenger goes on:

"I'm the man that, single-handed, towed the broadhorn over a sand-bar—the identical infant who girdled a hickory by smiling at the bark, and if any one denies it, let him make his will and pay the expenses of a funeral. I'm the genuine article, tough as bull's hide, keen as a rifle. I can out-swim, out-swar, out-jump, out-drink, and keep soberer than any man at Catfish Bend. I'm painfully ferochus—I'm spiling for some one to whip me—if there's a creeter in this diggin' that wants to be disappointed in trying to do it, let him yell—whoop-hurra!"

Rifle-shooting they brought to perfection—their deadly aim told terribly at the battle of New Orleans. As hunters, the weapon had been their companion, and they never parted with it in their new vocation. While working at the oar or pole, it was always within reach, and if a deer unexpectedly appeared on the banks, or a migratory bear breasted the waves, it was stricken down with unerring aim.

By an imperative law among themselves, they were *idlers on shore*, where their chief amusement was shooting at a mark, or playing severe practical jokes upon each other. They would, with the rifle-ball, and at long distances, cut the pipe out of the hat-band of a fellow-boatman, or unexpectedly upset a cup of whisky that might, at "lunch-time," be for the moment resting on some one's knee. A negro, exciting the ire of one of these men, he at the distance of a hundred yards, with a rifle-ball, cut off the offender's heel, and did this without a thought that the object of his indignation could be more seriously damaged by an unsteady aim.

Cutting off a wild turkey's head with a rifle-ball at a hundred yards' distance, while the bird was in full flight, was not looked upon as an extraordinary feat. At nightfall, they would snuff candles at fifty paces, and do it without extinguishing the light. Many of these extraordinary men became so expert and cool, that in the heat of battle they would announce the place on their enemy they intended to hit, and subsequent examination would prove the certainty of their aim. "Driving the nail," however, was their most favorite amusement. This consisted in sinking a nail two-thirds of its length in the centre of a target, and then at forty paces, with a rifle-ball, driving it home to the head.

If they quarreled among themselves, and then made friends, their test that they bore no malice, was to shoot some small object from each other's heads. Mike Fink, the best shot of all keel-boatmen, lost his life in one of these strange trials of friendship. He had a difficulty with one of his companions, made friends, and agreed to the usual ceremony to show that he bore no ill-will. The man put an apple upon his head, placed himself at the proper distance—Mike fired, and hit, not the inanimate object, but the man, who fell to the ground, apparently dead. Standing by was a brother of this victim either of treachery or hazard, and in an instant of anger he shot Mike through the heart. In a few moments the supposed dead man, without a wound, recovered his feet. Mike had, evidently from mere wantoness, displaced the apple by shooting between it and the skull, in the same way that he would have barked a squirrel from the limb of a tree. The joke, unfortunately, cost the renowned Mike Fink his life.

The glorious point upon the Mississippi for the gathering of the boatmen was "Natchez-under-the-Hill." It was at this landing that the best market was found for the products of the "upper country," and oftentimes there accumulated a mass of richly-laden boats, extending for miles along the shore. The peaceable inhabitants residing on "the bluff" ofttimes looked down with terror upon the wild bands of powerful men, who, having reached the terminus of their journey, were "paid off," and left without restraint to indulge their caprices in every form of reckless "rowdyism." Generally, they expended their animal prowess among themselves, but they would occasionally break through the acknowledged boundaries of their own district, and carry the devoted city, so beautifully situated, by storm. Taking possession of the streets, with equal impunity they rode over the law and every physical obstruction; rare, indeed, was it that the police could make any headway against these mighty men. Having gratified their humors, drank up, or otherwise destroyed, all the whisky in their reach, with yells and war-whoops, that fairly

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wakened the aborigines sleeping beneath the walls of Fort Rosalie, they would retreat down the winding road that leads to the plateau "under the hill," most likely to meet with a number of their own set and engage in a pitched battle, the Herculean force of which finds no parallel, except in Homer's descriptions of the fabulous collisions between the gods.

False, indeed, would be the supposition that these men, lawless as they were, possessed a single trait of character in common with the law-defying wretches of our crowded cities. They committed, it is true, great excesses in villages where their voyages terminated, and when large numbers of them were assembled together. If they defied the law it was not because it was irksome, but because they never felt its restraints. They had their own laws, which they implicitly obeyed. With them "fair play was a jewel." If the crew of a rival boat was to be attacked, only an equal number was detached for the service; if the intruders were worsted, no one interfered for their relief. Whatever was placed in their care for transportation was sacred, and would be defended from harm, if necessary, at the sacrifice of life. They would, from mere recklessness, pilfer the outbuildings of a farm-house, yet they could be intrusted with uncounted sums of money, and if any thing in their possession became damaged or lost, they made restitution to the last farthing. In difficulties between persons, they invariably espoused the cause of the weaker party, and took up the quarrels of the aged, whether in the right or wrong.

As an illustration of their rude code of honor, is remembered the story of "Bill M'Coy." He was a master-spirit, and had successfully disputed for championship upon almost every famous sand-bar visible at low-water. In a terrible row, where blood had been spilled and a dark crime committed, Bill was involved. Momentarily off his guard, he fell into the clutches of the law. The community was excited—a victim was demanded to appease the oft-insulted majesty of justice. Brought before one of the courts holding at Natchez, then just closing its session for the summer vacation, he was fully committed, and nothing but the procurement of enormous bail would keep him from sweltering through the long months of summer in durance vile. It was apparently useless for him to expect any one to go upon his bond; he appealed, however, to those present, dwelt upon the horrors, to him more especially, of a long imprisonment, and solemnly asseverated that he would present himself at the time appointed for trial. At the last moment, Colonel W——, a wealthy, and on the whole rather a cautious citizen, came to the rescue, and agreed to pay ten thousand dollars if M'Coy did not present himself to stand his trial. It was in vain that the Colonel's friends tried to persuade him not to take the responsibility, even "the Court's" suggestion to let the matter alone was unheeded. M'Coy was released—shouldering his rifle, and threading his way through the Indian nation, in due time he reached his home in "Old Kaintuck."

Months rolled on, and the time of trial approached. As a matter of course, the probabilities of M'Coy's return were discussed. The public had doubts—the Colonel had not heard from him since his departure. The morning of the appointed day arrived, but the prisoner did not present himself. The attending crowd and the people of the town became excited—all except the Colonel despaired—evening was moving on apace—the court was on the point of adjourning, when a distant huzza was heard; it was borne on the wings of the wind, and echoed along, each moment growing louder and louder. Finally the exulting cry was caught up by the hangers-on about the seat of justice. Another moment and M'Coy—his beard long and matted, his hands torn to pieces, his eyes haggard, and sun-burnt to a degree that was painful to behold—rushed into the court-room, and from sheer exhaustion fell prostrate upon the floor.

Old Colonel W—— embraced him as he would have done a long-lost brother, and eyes unused to tears filled to overflowing when M'Coy related his simple tale. Starting from Louisville as "a hand on a boat," he found in a few days that, owing to the low stage of water in the river and other unexpected delays, it was impossible for him to reach Natchez at the appointed time by such a mode of conveyance. No other ordinary conveyance, in those early days, presented itself. Not to be thwarted, he abandoned "the flat," and, with his own hands, shaped a canoe out of the trunk of a fallen tree. He had rowed and paddled, almost without cessation, *thirteen hundred miles*, and had thus redeemed his promise almost at the expense of his life. His trial in its progress became a mere form; his chivalrous conduct and the want of any positive testimony won for him a verdict of not guilty, even before it was announced by the jury or affirmed by the judge.

An old resident upon the banks of the lower Mississippi relates an incident strikingly characteristic of the early times. On one occasion, when quite a young man, he was sitting upon the gallery of his house looking out upon the wide expanse of the river. In the far distance was seen, lazily moving with the current, a boat, upon the deck of which was dimly discernible two or three men and a number of women and children, evidently a family of emigrants. While he was mechanically gazing, he observed a rude fellow, just in front of him on the shore, endeavoring, by a series of ridiculous and indecent antics, to attract the attention of the persons on the boat. The effort was quite successful, as one of the men shook his fist threateningly, as an evidence of disapprobation. The landsman continued his performances until he showed a desire to insult the party in the boat. When this was clearly perceived and comprehended, "the man at the sweep" seized his rifle; but the distance from its proposed victim seemed to

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render it harmless, and the offensive conduct was persisted in. A light cloud of smoke and a dull sound followed, when the planter, to his astonishment, saw the reckless landsman press his hand to his side, stagger a pace or two, and fall heavily upon the ground. Hastening to his assistance, he arrived only in time to hear the last sigh of a dying man. The fatal rifle had done its work. The flat, meanwhile, disappeared behind a projecting point, and probably its occupants ever remained ignorant of the extent of the terrible revenge taken upon the thoughtless wretch ashore.

One of the most noted desperadoes of those early times was a man by the name of Mason. He first established himself at the "Cave in Rock"—a remarkable limestone formation about one hundred miles above the mouth of the Ohio—where, under the guise of keeping a store for the accommodation of boatmen and emigrants, he enticed them into his power. After murdering these victims of treachery, he would, by the hands of his confederates, send their boats to New Orleans for sale. He finally disappeared from his old quarters, and established himself on the great "trace" made through the wilderness of Mississippi and Tennessee by the flatboatmen and traders while returning, by land, from New Orleans to their homes in the West. Mason increased in power, and, with his organized band, became so celebrated for his robberies and murders that he was dreaded from the banks of the Mississippi to the high lands of Tennessee. Over all this vast extent of country, if the buzzards were seen high in the air, circling over any particular spot, the remark was made, "Another murder has been committed by Mason and his gang."

Numerous attempts were made to arrest him, but he always managed to escape. A romantic incident is related of one of these unsuccessful forays into his domain: A party of gentlemen, mostly wealthy planters from about the vicinity of Natchez, organized themselves into a party, and went in pursuit of the bold robber. Coming to the banks of Pearl River, "signs" were manifest that his camp was in the vicinity. Before attempting to make the proposed seizure, it was determined to rest the horses and partake of refreshments. These things having been accomplished, two of the party, seduced by the beauty and coolness of the stream, went in to bathe. In the course of their recreation they crossed to the opposite bank, and found themselves in the hands of Mason. The outlaw, aware that he was pursued, determined to effect by stratagem what he did not deem policy to effect by force. It was therefore that he rushed down and seized the two prisoners. The party on the opposite shore saw the manœuvre, and instantly seized their arms. Mason, who had a commanding figure, admirably set off by a hunter's dress, presented a bold front, and announced that any further hostile demonstrations would result in instant death of his helpless captives. He then ordered his pursuers, if they desired to save the lives of their friends, to obey him implicitly and at once—that for the time being he was willing to negotiate for the safety of himself and men. He then ordered the party to stack their arms and deposit their ammunition on the beach, stating that he would send for them, but that any violence offered to his messenger or upon any visible hesitation to obey, he should destroy his prisoners; if otherwise, they were to be set at liberty—Mason pledging his *honor* that he would not take any advantage of his victory.

There was no choice. The weapons were duly deposited as directed, and two of Mason's gang, out of a number who had arrived, dashed into the stream to take possession of them, the prisoners meanwhile standing in full sight with rifles pointing at their heads. The desired property was finally placed in the outlaw's possession, whereupon he released his prisoners, and waving a good-humored farewell, he disappeared in the deep shadows of the surrounding wilderness.

Treachery, however, at last effected what courage and enterprise could not accomplish. A citizen of great respectability, passing with his two sons through the forest, was plundered by the bandits; their lives, however, were spared. The public was aroused. Governor Claiborne, of the Mississippi Territory, offered a large reward for the outlaw, dead or alive. The proclamation was widely distributed—a copy reached Mason, and was to him a source of intense merriment. Two of his band, however, were determined to obtain the reward; and while they were engaged with Mason in counting some money, one of them drove a tomahawk into his brain. His head was severed from the body, and, placed in a sack, borne in triumph to Washington, then the seat of the Territorial Government.

The head of the robber was recognized by many of the citizens who saw it. Large crowds from the surrounding country assembled to assure themselves that their enemy was really dead, and curious to see the individuals whose daring prowess had relieved the country of a scourge. Among the spectators were the two young men, who, unfortunately for the hero-traitors, recognized them as the robbers of their father and themselves. The wretches were seized, tried for their crimes, and hung. And thus ended the last and most noted gang of robbers that infested the "Natchez and Nashville trace."

At the close of the year 1811, the Valley of the Mississippi was agitated by repeated shocks of earthquakes, which continued, with more or less violence, for nearly three months. The country seventy miles below the mouth of the Ohio River seems to have been near the centre of the convulsions, and the locality, for many miles, was seamed with wide chasms, and disfigured with immense subterranean holes, the remains of which are still pointed out. The scenes which occurred during the several days that the shocks continued, are represented as being

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terrible beyond description, and many weeks elapsed before nature resumed her usual quiet sway. During the commotion, sulphureted gases tainted the air, and, for more than a hundred and fifty miles, perceptibly impregnated the rolling floods. The river banks, the sand-bars, and islands dissolved away, engulfing vast tracts of forest. Out of the seething waters rose huge snags and the remains of gigantic trees, which, after resting for ages in the accumulations of the bed of the river, were again born into daylight to become merciless enemies of navigation.

Every shock of the earthquake was accompanied with what seemed to be the discharges of heavy artillery, while every few moments the surface of the river rose and fell many feet. "Finally," records a witness of these strange phenomena, "after escaping many dangers, my boat suddenly swung around in the conflicting currents, and rapidly shot up the river. Looking ahead, I beheld the mighty Mississippi *cut in twain*, and pouring down a vast opening into the bowels of the earth. A moment more and the chasm filled; but the strong sides of the flat-boat were crumbled to pieces in the convulsive efforts of the flood to obtain its wonted level."

New Madrid, at that time a flourishing town, was completely ruined, and the bluff on which it was situated sunk down to the level of the river, and was afterward submerged. Most of the inhabitants would have met with the fate of those of Caracas, a city destroyed at the same time with New Madrid, had their houses been of similar material—heavy stones.

Among the incidents remembered is that of a poor Indian, who, completely bewildered by what he saw, stoically gave himself up to what he deemed to be inevitable destruction. Upon being asked what was the matter, he significantly and solemnly pointed to the heavens, and replied, "Great Spirit—whisky too much." It was on this occasion that a keel-boatman, after escaping a thousand dangers, finally straddled the trunk of a huge tree that had fallen across one of the chasms made by the earthquake, and holding on with commendable pertinacity, looked into the profound depths below. Gaining courage, he advised his companions to take a place at his side, "for he did not think the earthquake was any great shakes after all!"

A few years ago, the Mississippi, from an unusual drought, shrunk within its banks to a comparatively small stream, and, as a consequence, under the protection of a high bank nearly opposite the town of Baton Rouge, there was exposed the wreck of a small boat, the timbers of which, as far as could be ascertained, were in a good state of preservation. No one particularly noticed the object, because such evidences of destruction form one of the most familiar features of the passing scenery; yet there was really an intense interest connected with those blackened but still enduring ribs, for they were the remains of the first steamer that ever dashed its wheels into the waters of the Great West, and awakened new echoes along the then silent shores of the "Father of Waters." This boat was built at Pittsburg by Messrs. Fulton and Livingston. It was launched in the month of March, 1812, and landed at Natchez the following year, where she "loaded with passengers," and proceeded to New Orleans. After running some time in this newly-established trade, and meeting with a variety of misfortunes, she finally "snagged," and sunk in the half-exposed grave we have designated.

The two succeeding years produced the boats named *Comet* and *Vesuvius*, and also the *Enterprise*. This last-named vessel, after making two very successful trips from Pittsburg to Louisville, took in a cargo of ordnance stores, and, on the 1st of December, 1814, under command of Captain H. M. Shreeve, started from New Orleans, and was the first steamer that made the entire passage from that city to Pittsburg. This was considered a great triumph, for it was doubted whether this new power could displace the strong arms of the keel-boatmen in stemming the powerful tide.

On this "return trip" from New Orleans the *Enterprise*, starting for Pittsburg, reached Louisville in *twenty-five days*. The excitement occasioned by this event can not now be imagined. Captain Shreeve was greeted by a public demonstration. Triumphal arches were thrown across the streets, and his appearance every where called forth bursts of enthusiasm. At the public demonstration given in his honor patriotic speeches were made, and it was formally announced that the *Enterprise* had accomplished all that was possible in inland navigation. Nothing tended to dampen the hilarity of the hour but a suggestion of the gallant Captain, "that, under more favorable circumstances, he could make the same trip in twenty days!" This was deemed an impossibility, and his boast was looked upon as the pardonable weakness of a man already intoxicated with unprecedented success.

Thus the dreams of Fulton became realities: as a prophet, he foretold the future glory of the valley of the Mississippi; as more than a seer, his genius provided the means for its realization.

After that time boats continued to increase, their usefulness was acknowledged, and the means for the glorious triumph of Western commerce was complete. As the pioneer of commerce steam aided in opening all the rivers of the West, and its benefits in this respect can not be appreciated. The ascent of the river in keel-boats occupied one hundred and twenty days, and during the dry season and the time of floods it could not be ascended at all. The same journey, by the means of steam, is now accomplished in ten or fifteen days, and at all seasons of the year. The strong arm of muscle has given way to unfeeling and never-tiring machinery—the rude craft is displaced by floating palaces. Who can correctly estimate the mighty tri-

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umphs of steam in the Valley of the Mississippi?

The crowd of passengers ordinarily witnessed on our Mississippi steamers present more than is any where else observable in a small space, the cosmopolitanism of our extraordinary population. Upon their decks are to be seen immigrants from every nationality in Europe; in the cabin are strangely mingled every phase of social life—the aristocratic English lord is intruded upon by the ultra-socialist; the conservative bishop accepts a favor from the graceless gambler; the wealthy planter is heartily amused at the simplicities of a "Northern fanatic;" the farmer from about the arctic regions of Lake Superior exchanges ideas, and discovers consanguinity, with a heretofore unknown person from the everglades of Florida; the frank, open-handed men of the West are charmed with the business-thrift of a party from "down East;" politicians of every stripe, and religionists of all creeds, for the time drop their wranglings in the admiration of lovely women, or find a neutral ground of sympathy in the attractions of a gorgeous sunset.

Upon an examination of the baggage you meet with strange incongruities—a large box of playing-cards supports a very small package of Bibles; a bowie-knife is tied to a life-preserver; and a package of garden seeds rejoices in the same address as a neighboring keg of powder. There is an old black trunk, soiled with the mud of the Lower Nile, and a new carpet-bag direct from Upper California; a collapsed valise of new shirts and antique sermons is jostled by another plethoric with bilious pills and cholera medicines; an elaborate dress, direct from Paris, is in contact with a trapper's Rocky Mountain costume; a gun-case reposes upon a bandbox; and a well-preserved rifle is half-concealed by the folds of an umbrella. The volume of a strange, eventful, and ever-changing life is before you, on the pages of which are impressed phases of original character such as are nowhere else exhibited, nowhere seen, but on the Mississippi.

The passengers being usually together from five to seven days, there is, from necessity, encouraged a desire to be pleased, and many of the happiest reminiscences of well-spent lives are connected with the enjoyments, novelties, and intellectual pleasures of such prolonged trips.

After the "first day out" genial minds naturally gather into sympathetic circles; conversation is relieved by continued change of scene; every "landing-place" suggests a reminiscence of "early times," and varies, without interrupting, the flow of conversation. Groups of persons snugly dispose of themselves under the shady side of the "guards;" among which are often found ladies and gentlemen but recently from the worn-out fields and ruined cities of Central Europe, and they find something particularly inspiring in the surrounding evidences of vitality as exhibited in the rich soil and hopeful "settlements." There are also present persons who have for many years been in some way connected with the river, who have learned its traditions, and love to repeat over the thousand reminiscences that are constantly revived by the moving panorama.

The "social hall" of a Western steamer is the lounging-place, and "the bar" the centre of attraction. However much we may be opposed to the abuse of alcoholic beverages, the opposition is, in intellectual minds, here often neutralized by the professional manner displayed in their indulgence, and is charmed by the entire ignorance that many evince of any possible moral or physical wrong in their use. To make the consumption of intoxicating liquors a business, and its most minute phenomena, as exhibited by personal experience, a close, scientific speculation; and, above all, to devote the entire intellectual faculties and muscular energy to the one single ambition of consuming the largest amount of alcohol while displaying the least possible physical evidence of its effects, is entirely characteristic of no ordinary specimens of the human race; it is in keeping with the highest display of genius, the most brilliant success in concealing art.

One of these specimens was a tall, gaunt, wiry looking man, who could flourish in the malaria of the swamps, and be perfectly insensible to attacks of intermittent fever. He was unmistakably one of those persons who consider "a barrel of whisky a week but a small allowance for a large family without any



SCENE AT THE LANDING.

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THE UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

cow." He took his place beside the bar when "somewhere about the mouth of the Ohio," and maintained his position and his legs, though "constantly liquoring," "all the way down to Orleans." With him alcohol was not an intoxicating liquor; his mind, to be sure, floated about in its mortality like a slice of lemon in a bowl of punch, but the muscles, the hard tendons of the man, were never weakened, never gave way at the joints.

Just before "the end of the trip" there came on the boat an individual physically the very opposite of the hero we have described, for he was short, phlegmatic, and disposed to puff up; his business, however, had been, and was, simply to drink. The two worthies met: it was Napoleon and Wellington for the first time face to face. The social glass now flew fast and furious: genial sympathetic souls had met—the passengers became interested in the joust—it was a sublime exhibition of what outrages the human frame could bear up against. The tall man throughout was "unphased"—the dewy and least compact one surrendered! The defeated one, with regret stamped upon his face, and deep, heart-rending disappointment in his tones, acknowledged himself "at his own game fairly conquered;" and as he sank into unconsciousness, he seized his opponent by the hand and murmured,

"My friend, the boat is coming to the end of its trip and we must part, but don't think, if I had a fair chance, that you can *outdrink* me. No, sir-ee! Take a six days' trip, and see what would become of it; under such circumstances you'd be a mere teetotaller compared with me. In all that pertains to getting tight, I'd pass you under weigh."

Quite different, but equally original in his character, was Bob Lawton. His face was round, and would have been considered rather red, were it not for the violent scarlet tint on the end of his nose, which, by contrast, gave the rest of his countenance a delicate roseate hue. He was rotund in form, and with a place to *lean against*, was graceful to the last degree. It was Bob's theory that there was no poetry in the Western country, and he gave his reasons after this novel fashion:

"Gentlemen, what is poetry but the truth exaggerated? Here it can never arrive at any perfection. What chance is there for exaggeration in the Great West, where the reality is incomprehensible? A territory as large as clas-

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sic Greece annually *caves* into the Mississippi, and who notices it? Things to be poetical must be got up on a small scale. The Tiber, the Seine, the Thames, appear well in poetry, but such streams are overlooked in the West; they don't afford water enough to keep up an expansive duck pond—would be mere drains to a squatter's pre-emption. I have heard of frontiersmen who were poetical, because their minds expanded beyond the surrounding physical grandeur. Books are not yet large enough to contain their ideas—steam is not strong enough to impress them on the historic page. These men have no definite sense of limitation, know of no locality—they sleep not upon a couch, but upon the 'Government lands'—they live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth, and make a drinking-cup of the mighty Mississippi. Settlements within fifty miles of them occasion the feeling of overcrowded population, and they are obliged, if they would exist at all, to penetrate more deeply into the forests—they have an instinctive dread of crowds—with them, civilization means law and calomel."

No one ever saw Bob out of humor—an ache or a pain never visited his body—he is as unimpressive to disease as an alligator's hide is to water. The malaria of the swamps, and the bracing airs of the high lands of Tennessee, equally agree with his constitution; his laugh is catching, his voice exhilarating; the man, generally and particularly, is genial as sunshine. His appearance at all times is glorious, but we once saw him in a moment of particular effulgence.

He was, on the occasion alluded to, reclining with Phidian grace against the shelf of the steamboat bar. In his right hand was a fragrant Havana; his left was occupied with a delicate bouquet of mint, confined in a crystal goblet, and nourished by some Boston ice, refined sugar, and most excellent dark-colored brandy. From among the vernal leaves protruded a golden-tinted straw, which proceeded upward, reposing its extremity upon his under lip. Thus disposed of, he looked out upon the world with a happy, fraternal, patronizing eye, such as might be supposed to peep from under the lids of contentment itself.

While thus poised, a number of "hoosiers," sallow and thin from "agee," came to the bar, and Bob, with his innate hospitality, requested them all to "smile" at his expense. The invitation was accepted, and the ceremony was cordially performed. A variety of small talk ensued, when one of the enraptured "up countrymen" suggested—

"I suppose, stranger, you hail from old Kaintuck?"



BOB LAWTON IN HIS GLORY.

"Not a bit of it!" returned Bob, who was full of State pride. "I'm from Louisiana."

"Wal, I reckon I am sort o' taken back," said the querist, "for I thought people who live so far down the Massissip was thin and yaller."

"No!"—returned Bob, with considerable animation, and at the same time mechanically renewing his "bouquet," and getting his "constituents" to follow his example—"the people in my country are neither thin nor 'yaller,' *except*," and he put great emphasis on the word, "except they get the yaller fever."

"The yaller fever!" exclaimed the crowd in one breath, drawing back, and swallowing the contents of their tumblers as if to prevent contagion.

"The yaller fever," slowly repeated Bob, his face wreathed in smiles, as if the words suggested the pleasantest of ideas.

"You don't mean to say that it is raging, do you?" alarmedly asked a dozen persons at once.

"I say nothing about it, but it is well to be cautious," re-

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turned Bob; and perfectly unconscious of the effect he was producing, he went on:

"It don't take the acclimated nor the 'old uns;' none of you need be afraid of it; but let it catch hold of a crowd of 'Johnny come latelys,' and it plants them at once. Them's the boys that turn saffron-colored about the gills, and go off as easy as 'sazarac' in an election crowd. It's hard on them that's subject to the 'buck agee,' for you see then the constitution doesn't withstand the miasma—even the quarantine can't save 'em."

Bob having thus delivered himself, and most summarily dissipated his audience, he next proceeded to "do something else," and by close attention to it, managed to pleasantly pass away his "valuable time."

The story is familiar of the man who took passage in a flat-boat from Pittsburg bound for New Orleans. He passed many dreary, listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be desponding for want of excitement. Superficially, he was quiet and inoffensive; practically, he was perfectly good-natured and kindly disposed. In course of time the craft upon which he was a passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, "for groceries." At the moment there was a general fight extending all along the "front of the town," which at that time consisted of a single house.

The unhappy passenger, after fidgeting about, and jerking his feet up and down, as if he were walking on hot bricks, turned to a "used-up spectator" and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"

The reply was prompt and to the point: "It ar; and if you wish to go in, don't stand on ceremony."

The wayfarer did "go in," and in less time than we can relate the circumstance he was literally "chawed up." Groping his way down to the flat, his hair gone, his eye closed, his lips swollen, and his face generally "mapped out," he sat himself down on a chicken coop, and soliloquized thus:

"So this is Na-po-le-*on*, is it?—upon my word it's a lively place, and the only one at which I have had any fun since I left home."

Insensible as this man was to wounds and bruises, we think that we once met with a more striking example in a "half-horse, half-alligator" fellow, who by some accident was cut up with twenty dirk-knife wounds at least, some of which, according to his own statement, "reached into the hollow." On our sympathizing with his deplorable condition, he cut us short by remarking:

"Stranger, don't be alarmed about these *scratches*—I've mighty healing flesh."

The negroes of the Mississippi are happy specimens of God's image done up in ebony, and in many lighter colors, and they have frequently a deserved reputation as "deck-hands." It is astonishing what an amount of hard work they will perform, and yet retain their vivacity and spirits. If they have the good fortune to be employed on a "bully boat," they take a lively personal interest in its success, and become as much a part of the propelling machinery as the engines. Their custom of singing at all important landings, has a pleasing and novel effect, and if stimulated by an appreciative audience, they will roll forth a volume of vocal sounds that, for harmony and pathos, sink into obscurity the best performances of "imitative Ethiopians."

With professional flat-boatmen they are always favorites, and at night, when the "old ark" is tied up, their acme of human felicity is a game of "old sledge," enlivened by a fiddle. On such occasions the master of the instrument will touch off the "Arkansas traveler," and then gradually sliding into a "Virginia hoe-down," he will be accompanied by a genuine darkie keeping time, on the light fantastic heel-and-toe tap. It is a curious and exciting struggle between cat-gut and human muscle. It affects not only the performers, but the contagion spreads to the spectators, who display their delight by words of rough encouragement, and exclamations of laughter, which fairly echo along the otherwise silent shores.



THE MAN OF THE FREE FIGHT.

But the glory of the darkie deck-hand is in "wooding up." On a first-class steamer there may be sixty hands engaged in this exciting physical contest. The passengers extend themselves along the guards as spectators, and present a brilliant array. The performance consists in piling on the boat one hundred cords of wood in the shortest possible space of time. The steam-boilers seem to sympathize at the sight of the fuel, and occasionally breathe forth immense sighs of admiration—the pilot increases the noise by unearthly screams on the "alarm whistle." The mate of the boat, for want of

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"VIRGINIA HOE-DOWN."

something better to do, divides his time between exhortations of "Oh, bring them *shavings* along!" "Don't go to sleep at *this* frolic," and by swearing of such monstrous proportions, that even very good men are puzzled to decide whether he is really profane or simply ridiculous. The laborers pursue their calling with the precision of clock-work. Upon the shoulders of each are piled up innumerable sticks of wood, which are thus carried from the land into the capacious bowels of the steamer. The "last loads" are shouldered—the last effort to carry "the largest pile" is indulged in. "Zephyr Sam," amidst the united cheers of the admiring spectators, propels his load, and, for the thousandth time, wins the palm of being a "model darkie," "the prince of deck hands."



ZEPHYR SAM "LOADED UP."

Old Captain Scott, before steamboats were invented, had been a flat-boatman and pilot, and his innumerable trips down the Ohio and Mississippi gave him a perfect knowledge of the dangers of the navigation. He was once heard to say, "that he could look in his hand and imagine that he saw every 'snag,' 'sawyer,' sand bar, and 'cut-off,' from Pittsburg to New Orleans." He never lost his presence of mind but once, and the circumstance is related as follows: One dark night, conceiving that his boat (which was one of the very largest size). was running with unusual risk, he descended from his wonted look-out on the hurricane deck and seated himself on the capstan. From great fatigue he finally fell asleep, when some wags perceiving it, quietly turned the capstan, bringing the captain's face from the bow around to the stern of the boat. On waking, he was greeted, of course, with a view of the fires and boilers of his own steamer. Raising his hands in consternation, he sang out,

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CAPTAIN SCOTT.

"Pilot, for God's sake give the engine a lick back—here's a first-class boat coming right down upon us, and if she, with all her steam on, hits the *Emperor* in the bows, it will smash up every insurance office between h—l and Saint Louis!"

The rafts on the Mississippi are crude masses of cypress timber, which find ready sale at the numerous saw-mills in the vicinity of New Orleans. By an accepted law of the river, every thing is obliged to get out of the way of a raft. We don't know of any persons more independent than the first officers of these primitive flotillas. Their chief unhappiness is occasioned by the sneering remarks made by spectators, relative to the speed of rafts, and allusions to their propensity to leak, and of the necessity of having the bottom pumped dry. The mention of any of these subjects always excites the ire of the raftsmen, and for the ten thousandth time, and for the same cause, they get in a passion and hurl back abuse. They also have their seasons of real trouble; the sand-bars check their onward course, and the swift running "shutes" "suck them" into unknown and impossible-to-get-out-of waters. Their time of triumph, however, arrives when some brisk wind drives them crashing against the sides of a flat-boat, and if they can "put a scare" on a first-class steamer, their joy is complete.

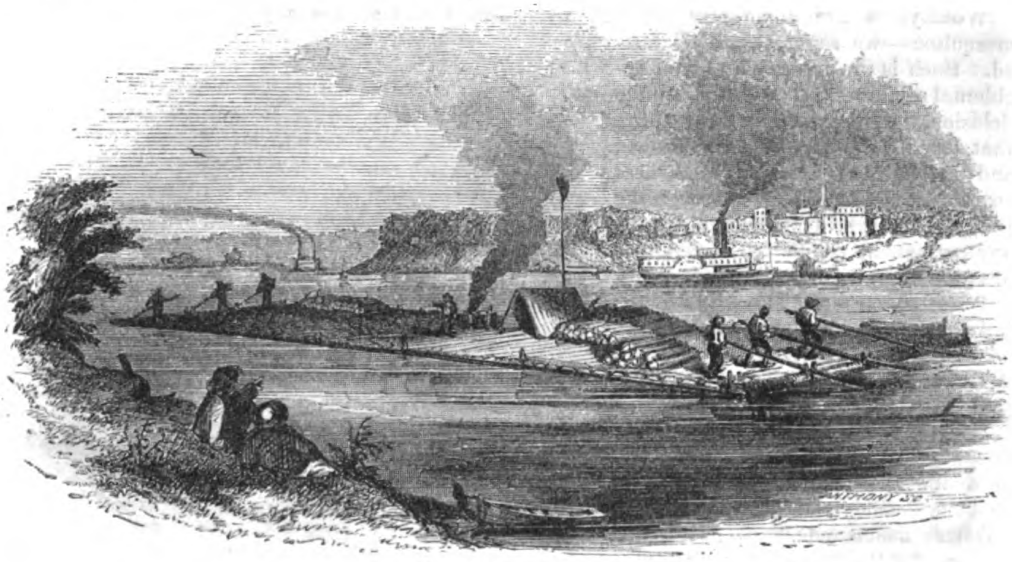
The wood-yards on the Mississippi are sometimes of a size corresponding with the magnitude of their surroundings. We have seen twenty thousand cords of wood in one "pile," the value of which as it lay upon the ground was seventy thousand dollars. We can hardly comprehend what must be the aggregate amount of all the fuel consumed in one year upon the Western waters. These large yards, however, result from a combination of capital and enterprise, and are exceptions rather than characteristic.

It is quite a relief to the traveler, after many days' confinement, to get out at one of these temporary landing-places, and if the chief wood-chopper be at leisure, much valuable information is often obtained. It is a singular fact, that when a steamer hails a wood-yard no direct answer to any question is ever obtained. We believe there has been no exception to this rule even in the memory of the oldest steamboat captain on the river. The steamer is desirous of getting "ash wood," provided it is "seasoned." The captain, as his boat approaches the shore, places his hands to his mouth, and forming them into a tube, calls out,

"What kind of wood is that?" The reply comes back,

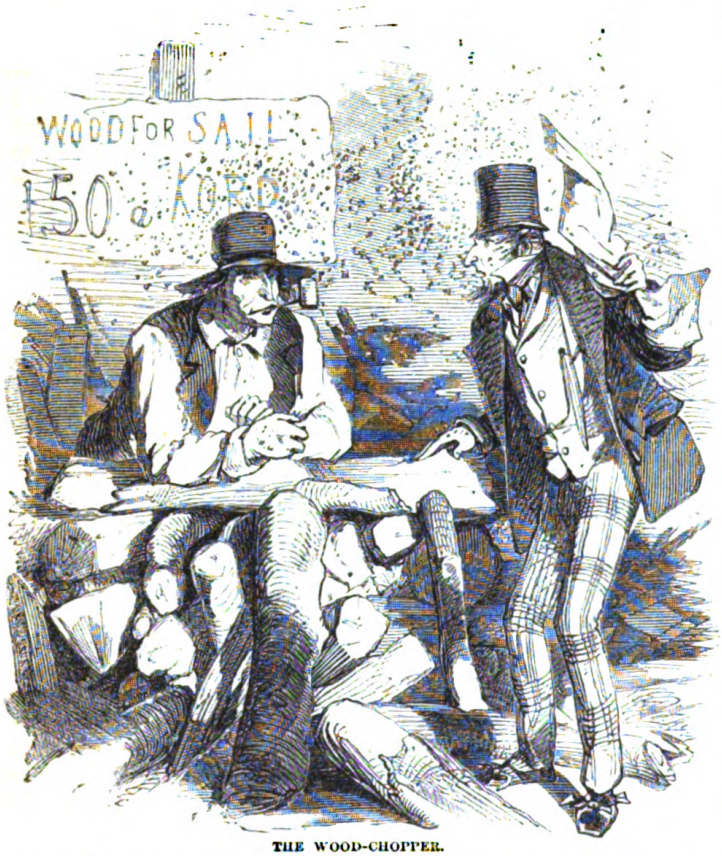
"Cord wood."

The captain, still in pursuit of information



MISSISSIPPI RAFT.

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THE WOOD-CHOPPER.

under difficulties, and desirous of learning if the fuel be dry and fit for his purpose, bawls out,

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet," is the prompt response.

The captain, exceedingly vexed, next inquires, "What do you sell it for?"

"Cash," returns the chopper, replacing the corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and smiling benignly "on his pile."

Wood-yards are apparently infested with mosquitoes—we say *apparently* infested. Such is the impression of all accidental sojourners; but it is a strange delusion, for though one may think that they fill the air, inflame the face and hands, and if of the Arkansas species, penetrate the flesh through the thickest boots, still upon inquiring of any permanent resident if mosquitoes are numerous, the invariable answer is,

"Mosquitoes—no! not about here; but a little way down the river they are awful—*thar* they torment alligators to death, and sting mules right through their hoofs."

Squire Blaze was a model wood-chopper. He settled at "low water" at a place so infested with "snags" that the flat-boatmen christened it the "Devil's Promenade." It lies at the mouth of "Dead Man's Bend," just at the foot of "Gouge-your-eye-out Island." Here he "prospected" a wood-yard, and soon after, exchanged some of his "dry goods" for whisky and tin cups; and then, for the accommodation of travelers, he connected "a grocery" to his other occupation. His early life had been "divarsified," and he gave some of the principal incidents with great zest.

Having served for a long time as first mate on a raft, he grew ambitious for higher distinction. By one of those magical elevations so peculiar to a new country, he got possession of a "starn-wheeler," and entered the "pine-knot business," the pursuit of which took him so high up Red River, that he says "he got sometimes clean out of the way of taxes." His pride was to be called "captain;" his ambition, to run a race. Circumstances occurred that brought about the wished-for consummation. We give the particulars in his own words:

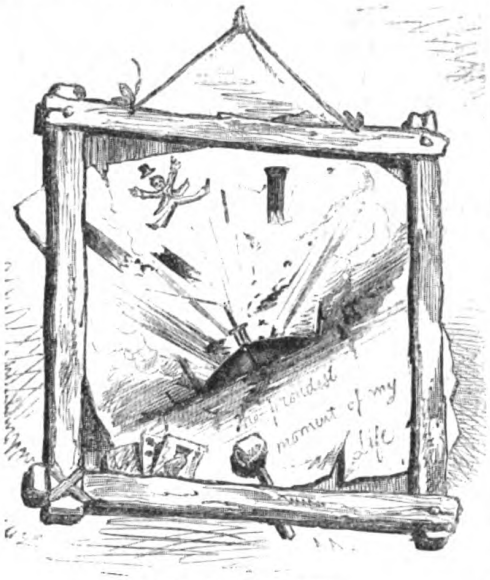
"I was coming down 'Little Crooked' with a full head of steam on, when I overtuck the *Squatter Belle*, loaded, like myself, with pine-knots, and bound for the Massissipp. The race was excitin', a parfect scrouger—the steam yelled and the hands swore; you'd a-thought all the univarse was poundin' sheet-iron. 'Twas no use—I was always a misfortunate man: the



A FRESHET.

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Fairy Queen's ingin (that was my boat) had light weights on the safety-valve, and the furnaces got choked with rosin. The *Squatter Belle* was getting ahead; twice I raised my rifle to shoot her pilot—for you see I didn't like to be beat, when I smelt something *warm*, and the next I knew I was lodged in the limbs of a dead cypress, thirty-two feet six inches from the ground. This was the proudest moment of my life, I arterward got a limner to draw the scene, and when the picter was finished, I chopped out a frame for it myself. What grieves me," continued Squire Blaze, with unusual feeling, "what grieves me is, that my title of 'captain' didn't stick, and I've been called 'squire' ever since."



SQUIRE BLAZE'S PICTURE.

Sadness overspread Squire Blaze's countenance for a moment, as he referred to the unpleasant circumstance of losing his well-earned title of "Captain," but lighting his pipe, with resignation visible upon his intelligent features, he concluded:

"But the wood-choppin' business ain't so bad though; and if it wasn't for the 'freshes' overflowing the 'dryest location' and the 'best landing on the river,' and the low water keeping the steamboats off, I'd have nothing, bless God, to complain of, so long as hog meat is plentiful, and whisky keeps at a price whar a poor man has a chance."

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

BY A BACHELOR.

IT is the fashion to marry. It is the fashion to abuse those who do not. It is the fashion with many who do, to regret that they ever did what can not be undone. But this fashion belongs to the occult mysteries of an institution which was the first of the "Know Nothing" order ever established. Those of the uninitiated are the wiser who mitigate their curiosity, and choose rather

"To bear the ills they have,
Than fly to others which they know not of."

I am a bachelor, and, of course, am not in the fashion. I am an *old* bachelor, and my habits are fixed—fixed as fate, for, of course, I shall never marry now. Since I did not marry when such an act could be carried to the credit of juvenile indiscretion, I shall not verify the coarse proverb, that "There is no fool like an old fool." My experience has been ample and various enough. I am too old to turn over a new leaf.

The common destiny of the race seems to sweep all, or nearly all, into the hymeneal vortex. If I have escaped, is it the wrong I did in escaping that encourages bitterness and calumny against me? Or is it envy that incites the married multitude to speak with affected pity of the unmarried? Do they really despise my loneliness, or, under assumed contempt, do they conceal covetousness of my negative felicity? It is commanded, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." I don't. But do not they covet my *no wife?* They talk of the delights of mutual confidence. But can there be no mutual confidence unless one of the parties wears flowing drapery, and the other is encased in bifurcated continuations? Can not there be friendship—can not there be even love under broadcloth—love of a man for a man, I mean? To deny it is preposterous. There is my old friend James Hayden. I am sure he loves me. I am sure I love him. I am sure he is disinterested, I am disinterested, we are disinterested. There is none of the pounds-shillings-and-pence selfishness of housekeeping between us. There is none of the selfish management and jealousy of the loves of the sexes. We were schooled together. When I was puzzled he telegraphed relief. When he was pauled I signaled the word that unlocked him. We transacted business together. If I lost, his winnings made it up, and *vice versa*. He never betrayed or took any advantage or preference of me. He never deceived me, and he never will. What husband can say that of his wife? What wife can say it of her husband? There is only one venture in which we have not shared. He took a wife. Here could be no joint-stock interest; and I wanted none. I pitied his weakness, and resolved to make allowance for it, though with some misgivings. It is safer to trust one than two. Yet never has my confidence been betrayed; and I am *not* jealous of James's wife, though she is of me. My friend's misfortune has put his virtues in a stronger light. He can be true to friendship in spite of matrimony. My house has always offered him a daily refuge from the storms, which, though they clear the atmosphere of the household, demand a shelter; even as the most welcome "growing rains" are best appreciated under an umbrella.

I am an uncle. All bachelors are uncles. It is their destiny and vocation. Perhaps—I say perhaps—for with my friend James's mel-

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ancholy experience before me, I can not say what might have been my weakness—perhaps had I not been an uncle, I might have been a husband. Here is an old letter—tear-stained, and worn in the folds from frequent opening. It was written by an early love—a true love—an unselfish love—my sister. Read it:

"My dear Brother—I think there is more than a half reproach in the tone in which you answer my invitation. If you only knew what a struggle it cost me to write it! But I would not suffer you to be invited to my wedding with the polite formality in which gilt-edged notes were sent to mere acquaintances. I can not endure that you should think, as you seem to think, that there can be no room in a sister's heart for an only brother, because she has opened it to receive a husband. We are orphans. We have been lonely. Why should we persist in keeping ourselves apart from all the rest of the world? I am sure that when you will permit yourself to know the gentleman for whom you seem to have now no feeling but suspicious distrust, you will love him as a brother should; for, will you not be brothers?" . . . . . .

There is more of it. But though I can not read it without tears, it is not to be expected that others will feel the same interest in it. So I spare the rest. My sister was half grieved, half angry, because I would not be pleased when she was about to surrender her whole life, hopes, happiness to a stranger. How could I be pleased? *I* had never thought of marrying; why should she? But she did. I submitted. I witnessed the ceremony. I even gave away the bride. And I felt, while I did so, that I was giving away — losing — my only sister. And so it proved. Her husband was no better or worse than most men. He died, and left her no wealth save five children.

She was not endued with physical strength to manage such a bequest. The sister whom I had given away I took home again. Heaven forgive me! But I thought less of his death and of her sorrow than of my gain; for my sister was once more under the same roof with me. But my sad pleasure was brief. She followed her husband, and her children became mine entirely.

James Hayden said they were well provided for. So they are. "But," he said, "*if* I had only a wife, now, to be their mother." I came as near quarreling with him as I could for saying such a thing. With such a charge on my hands, what time have I to think of marrying? And how can I be sure that my wife would be *their* mother? The fact seems to be, that some of us must keep our senses to repair the damage done by the loss of their wits in others. I am determined to be a father to my sister's little ones, now my own; and not to risk the distraction of being husband to somebody who might cause me to become recreant to my trust, by making me a father on my own account. I am too old a business man for that, and James Hayden knows it. Haven't we discharged more than one cashier for doing paper in his own behalf? The cases are parallel.

The little rogues have wound themselves round me. They could not be more my own if they wore my name. But all love in this world is troublesome comfort. Such perils as they have exposed me to! Yes, perils; but I have survived them. I am myself still, and will keep so. Such an upsetting of my bachelor *ménage!* Such encounters with teachers, and governesses, and housekeepers! Such mistakes as tradespeople are constantly making! I am continually "fathered" in spite of myself; but that I care nothing about. There is one thing I can not stand. I have sent away six housekeepers, because each was mistaken for the mother of the children, and each was nothing loth, for they all understood what that implied. And so did I. There was but one guess where such mistakes could end—if not corrected. That end I have guarded against by installing Madame Pickle in the housekeeper's room. Nobody could mistake her for the wife of any thing except the kitchen range.

But such a housekeeper is no companion for the children. I asked James Hayden what I should do. He said, engage a governess, and I did. She came highly recommended, and has not belied her good character. The children have improved under her instruction and example. Their manners are subdued and polite. Their progress in the branches they have studied is notable. Their respectful attention to me is most remarkable. Come, now, thought I, after a few months' experience, this being at the head of a family is not so bad a thing after all!

Such pleasant thrice-daily meetings as were our repasts! There was no keeping the children away in the nursery, to feed them like little pensioners, and let their manners form as it pleased fate and the cook. They were brought square to the table, and taught how to demean themselves. And after tea they had always something so pleasant to say to Uncle-pa, as they called me, that their stay was protracted till I gave certain understood signals that I had had enough of them. When I unfolded the paper, or looked at my watch, or put away my tooth-pick, with the air of one who has trifled long enough, and now intends to do something to the purpose, our governess took the hand of the youngest. The rest followed—not without some little rehearsal of Romeo. Parting is such sweet sorrow, that they would have continued it till midnight at least—

"Still signing to go, and still loth to depart."

Miss Amity was sometimes obliged to return for some little matter which the children had forgotten in their prolonged hurry of departure. Politeness would not suffer me to see her enter and depart without a word. The dear children were a never-tiring topic for me; and Miss Amity, while as sensible as I was to their remarkable perfection, never failed to remember to whom they owed it—their kind and paternal uncle. What she said upon this head—rather

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by implication and innuendo than in direct words —I could not but feel the justice of. I feebly parried her praises, and thus gave a pleasant little piquancy and prolongation to the door-knob-in-hand conversation.

And it came to pass that these conversations —at first held occasionally with Miss Amity as a standing interlocutor—became of daily repetition. And then, at my request, Miss Amity ventured to sit a moment, though always in the chair nearest the door. And then, being attracted by something over the fire-place, she advanced to that point to continue her remarks. And then it became natural to her always to stand, with some waif belonging to the dismissed children (it was wonderful how invariably something was left behind when they went out), directly opposite my chair, on the other side of the grate. And then she would unconsciously rest in unrest on the outer edge of a chair, like one ready to flit from a forbidden perch. And then she learned to sit a few moments, gracefully and at ease, as if there were no harm in it. And then—

One night the nurse asked, peeping in at the door, "Please, Miss Amity, mayn't I put the children to bed before you come up? I should like to go out, if you please, miss."

"Oh, yes—no matter—I'll go up now." But the nurse went, and Miss Amity did not make haste to follow. And so, by nice degrees, the nurse was taught to come to the parlor and take away the children herself, and Miss Amity waited till her own hour for retiring—except when the door-bell rang, when she disappeared before the caller was ushered in. And at length some particular friends, like James Hayden, for instance, calling very often, Miss Amity became familiar with their approach, and lost her terror of it. By-and-by another advance was made. Miss Amity paused to bid her patron's friends good-evening before she withdrew. The next amelioration in her condition was to wait and talk with them a moment about education in general and the dear children in particular. When this topic became exhausted we found others, which took up more time; and Miss Amity certainly made a very pleasant impression on all my friends—on James Hayden in particular. He would even inquire for her if she happened not to be present—which inquiry would be a very great liberty in any one else; but he is my most intimate friend, and stands not on conventional etiquette.

Every thing went on delightfully. Never was a better ordered and more quiet house and family. Never had I been so placidly content with bachelorhood; so fixed in my determination that nothing should ever induce me to forego my independence and change my state. Here was perfect comfort. The presence of Miss Amity was sunshine in the house. A perfect being in her manners—delicacy and refinement in her thoughts—virtue incarnate—the best possible guardian for the dear orphans—and so charmingly unsophisticated, childlike, and unobtrusive. And I had to thank James Hayden for it all. Poor fellow—it's a pity he's married! We might make a joint establishment of it; for I have satisfied myself that entire happiness can be secured without matrimonial chains.

The children sallied out for their daily walks or rides so delightfully happy that I once caught myself wishing that they were mine indeed, and that I were father instead of uncle. But I checked my foolish thought at once. Were they not mine? And was not I myself mine, my own, besides, with nobody to claim proprietorship in me, or assert over me any right to domination on the plea of being the mother of my children? Had I not all the comforts of home without any of its disadvantages?

I put the question one day to my old friend James Hayden, who had dined with me. Miss Amity and the children had left us, and we were taking the second cigar. There might have been something of triumph in my tone, for his wife is a little acid, and the subject is a tender one.

"You *are* very comfortable, my dear fellow," he said; and pausing to puff, added, "of course you will soon make permanent arrangements."

"Per-ma-nent ar-range-ments!"

"Don't repeat after me, nor look so wonder-struck. Don't deny to an old friend that you intend to marry Carry—ah—Miss Amity!"

"I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Then your sleep must be very sound indeed," said my friend, laughing. "Every body is full of it, and we only wonder that you have waited so long. It is a very embarrassing situation to keep the young lady in."

"Embarrassing! Why she is only the children's governess. She was educated precisely to that expectation, and I venture to say entertains no other."

My friend whistled, and took his hat. What plague was in it? What had I done? What should I do? After tea came the old comedy. Children dismissed. Me with evening newspaper. Miss Amity opposite. And now behold a new thing under the gas-light! I, so calm the night before, nay, at dinner that day, so free from care or vexation, now perturbed, and with nobody to tell it to. There was no speaking to Miss Amity on that subject, for there was no telling where to begin it, or where it would end. And I could talk of nothing else. And I must speak—or burst. The silent *tête-à-tête* was very awkward—to me. Miss Amity worked away at embroidery or crochet, as unconscious and unconcerned as the spoiled cat on the hearth-rug. As I peeped over my paper at her, I could not help regretting that such a fine *vis-à-vis* as we presented must soon, in all human probability, be spoiled forever.

A caller relieved my perplexity. It was my pertinacious friend, James Hayden. I was always glad to see him—never more so than this very evening. Miss Amity had seemed unusually disposed to stay, and there is no knowing what folly I might have been guilty of. I trem-

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ble now when I think of it; but, thank fortune! the danger is over. I breathe freer and deeper!

Miss Amity soon withdrew after Hayden entered. Though, as I said just now, there was only one thing of which I could think, I was determined not to talk of *that*. I tried Sebastopol. It was stale. I said it never would be taken. James said "He didn't know. Quite as obstinate resistance had been conquered by regular approaches." What did the man mean? I would not see any *equivoque*, and turned the theme to Kansas. But it was of no use. We gabbled commonplaces for a while, till at last our heads drew nearer together, and we talked long and earnestly in an undertone. What we talked of may be inferred from Hayden's parting remarks: "If it is really as you say, and you have no intention of proposing; or if it is not really as you say, though you think it is, but don't know that you do really mean—" I rose, for I was becoming excited. James Hayden abruptly concluded, "In any case, it will not answer for Miss Amity to retain her present position."

"But what is to become of the children?"

"That *is* a difficulty. But there are abundance of good schools in which you can place them, and your house will resume its old comfort and quiet."

Old comfort and quiet! I winced under it. Why did he not tell me to board up the windows, and shut out the day? What is a house good for without children?

"Grant all you say," I replied at length, "grant all you say, and how am I to manage it? How shall I tell that contented and unsuspecting young woman that she must go? What reason shall I give for dismissing her? It will not do to put it upon the ground you state."

"Oh! well," said my friend, "trust to fortune, and wait. You will not need to wait long, I fancy, for female delicacy and tact will get you out of the difficulty, and that soon, or I am mistaken."

"Out of the difficulty!" thought I, as the door closed after him. A plague of these disinterested advisers, who can prescribe with such perfect composure when the blister does not touch their own epidermis! The first disturbed rest which I had endured for years was mine that night. The more I studied my quandary, the more of a quandary it seemed to me, and the less appearance of solution presented itself.

Even the mirth of the children at breakfast did not relieve or inspirit me. They were in delightful spirits—tip-top! Philosophic little rogues—they can enjoy the present, undisturbed either by gloomy retrospections or melancholy forebodings. But Miss Amity: there was an air of constraint over her manner which I had never observed before. It quite spoiled my breakfast. Her charming *naïveté* was gone entirely.

When she rose to leave the table she put in my hands a note. I read the superscription—looked up—and she was gone, children and all. It was a politely-couched notice, advising me that she found herself obliged to desire me to fill her place in a house which she must leave with the deepest regret, and should ever remember with pleasure, etc., etc., etc.

Ubiquitous James Hayden! Why did he drop in just then? Simply to walk down in the city with me, as he has done daily for—no matter how many years. It is well he is not a woman. Had he been female, one of the best old bachelors who ever lived—your humble servant, to wit—would have been nipped in his twenties, if not in his teens. "Now, James," said I, handing him the note, "what's to be done next?"

"What's to be done? Why, it is done! The very thing you were punishing your foolish head about last night is completed to your hand. It's only to inclose her salary, with a remembrance from the children in a tangible form, regret, etc., and there's an end of it. But after dinner will do. Come; we're late."

As we walked through the hall I heard a doleful noise up stairs. The change had been announced, and the children were howling over it. Perhaps they *will* be best at school.

Now, Mr. Harper, I know you don't advertise; but can't you let me say here, that if any lady—fit for nobody's wife, and above the suspicion of fitness—but still fit to teach any body's children, as well in manners and morals as in mind—an attractive piece of feminine repulsiveness, and a repulsive specimen of female loveliness—if such an one wants a situation, in the family of a single gentleman of large family—she may address "Charles," at your office.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—After the foregoing was in type, we received the following. But it is absurd to think our "forms" can be delayed by any whim of our correspondent's. He must settle matters with his *disinterested* friend in the best manner that he can. Instead of suppressing his first communication we print both.]

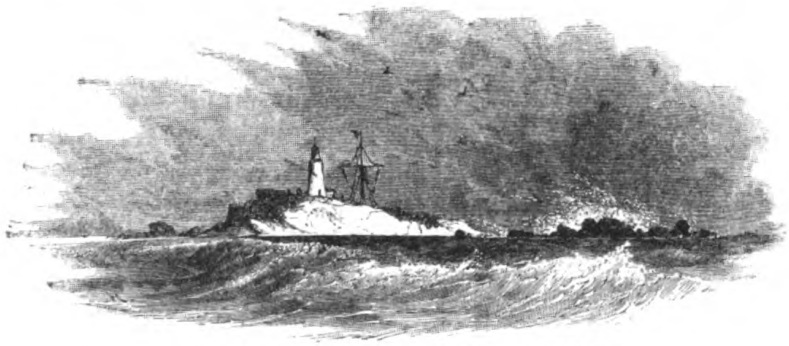
Please don't print my nonsense about our late governess, now the recognized head of the household. Marriage is not so very dreadful, after all:

> "A ring's put on, a prayer or two is said,
> And—nothing more."

My friend, James Hayden, gave away the bride, and I received her. The children could not do without her, and I married merely to please them. It would not do for her to hear *that*, I suppose; but I am new to matrimonial etiquette, and bachelors are proverbially free-spoken. I suppose I must say, with Benedick: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married!"

Our late governess and present lady is of good family. She is James Hayden's niece. It's very remarkable that he never mentioned it while she was a dependent. I did not think so noble a fellow had among his weak points so much foolish pride. Heigho! The *vis-à-vis* is resumed. I can't discharge her now, if I would. Well, I suppose it's destiny, and we must all submit. Perhaps it is better to yield while you are young, with a good grace, than to fight fate till you can't any longer. I am now in the fashion!

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SAMBRO' LIGHT.—ENTRANCE TO HALIFAX HARBOR.

A TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

A BRIGHTER sun never shone upon a happier party than that which beamed upon those who, on board the steamer *James Adger*, left Pier No. 4, North River, on the morning of the seventh of August, 1855. A crowd, composed of the curious, the idle, and the friends of those who were leaving, had gathered on the wharf, and as the moorings were cast loose and the enormous paddle-wheels began to revolve, shout after shout went up from those on shore, lustily returned by the outward-bound, and many a "God-speed!" was sent after us, and many a prayer went up for our success.

We were going to carry out a great enterprise; not to carry hostile messages, nor batter down walls, but to lay the first link of a chain which should eventually bind the nations of the earth together in bonds of amity, and hasten that "good time coming,"

> "When every transfer
> Of earth's natural gifts shall be a commerce
> Of good words and works."

In a word, we were going to lay the cable of the Submarine Telegraph, which is destined to unite the Old World with the New, and by means of which Gothamites and Cockneys shall be placed within speaking-distance of each other. The wire we were about to consign to the bottom of "old ocean" was intended to reach from Port au Basque, Newfoundland, to Cape North, the extremest point of Cape Breton Island—a distance of between sixty and seventy miles—and had been brought from England in the bark *Sarah L. Bryant*, then, as we expected, waiting for us at Port au Basque. We numbered in all sixty passengers, including the officers of the Company whose guests we were, and all on board seemed to have made up their minds not only "to be happy themselves, but to be the cause that happiness should be in others."

As we steamed down our beautiful bay, a light southeast wind greeted us wooingly, and the green shores of Long Island and Staten Island seemed to have put on their holiday looks, as though, by their beauty and freshness, they would make us long, when away over "the deep, deep sea," to return to them once more. The sea, outside Sandy Hook, wore an unruffled surface, and night overtook us off Moriches, where the hull of the *Franklin*, like a huge skeleton, lies a monument of Neptune's might. After admiring a grand display of Nature's pyrotechnics, in the shape of "heat-lightning," all sought the cabin, where an impromptu concert whiled away the hours till midnight. We passed Montauk Point—a locality ever-memorable to many who have yielded compulsory tribute to Neptune there—about 11 P.M. We rounded it, however, without a qualm; and many, who had been rather suspicious of themselves before, finding that they were still "all right," began to think themselves "good sailors," and to talk about "a life on the ocean wave" as something very delightful.

On the eighth we took our last look at the Yankee coast, and were soon off soundings and making our course direct for Cape Sable. Soon after leaving Nantucket shoals, however, the ocean, before so smooth, began to assume a rougher look, and a cross sea soon tried the nerves of our more confident passengers. Its effects were shortly visible in pale faces, while many sought below a relief from strange emotions "entirely beyond their control." The ladies won much credit by the manner in which they bore themselves; and though their lips paled, and the rosy hue departed from their cheeks, they still manfully kept their places upon the paddle-boxes, and with light songs and merry words strove to drive off their "peculiar sensations." During the next day we saw some whales, whose spoutings caused many exclamations of wonder and delight from those who had never before seen these monsters of the deep; and about sunset we came in sight of Seal Island off the southern coast of Nova Scotia. Every telescope through which a more definite view of the low, barren, rock-bound coast could be obtained, was brought into requisition; but nothing of interest was discernible. We soon found ourselves on the fishing-ground, covered with French and Colonial fishing-craft, which, by their picturesque appearance, relieved the dull monotony of the sky and sea.

Threatenings of a coming storm with a strong head-wind destroyed our hopes of making Halifax that night, and when off Sambro' Head at dusk the weather was so thick that it was de-

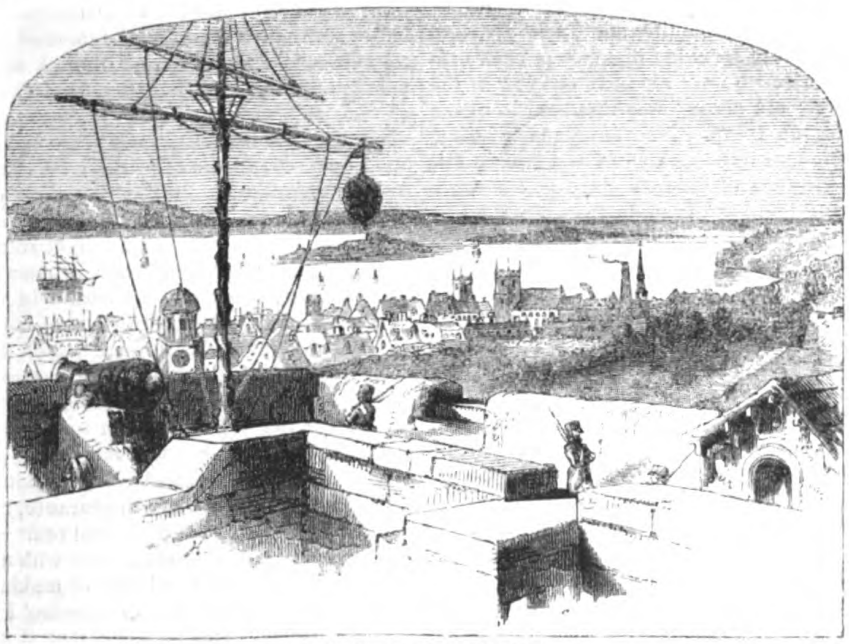
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cided to stand off and on till morning. The sea rose high, the wind blew a gale, and our gallant steamer rolled so heavily that all were forced to retire to their berths. In the morning, which broke clear and beautiful, we found ourselves about twenty-five miles to the south of Sambro' Light, and taking a pilot on board, were soon steaming up the harbor of Halifax, of which the Nova Scotians are so justly proud. The entrance is protected by a fort and martello tower, built on a small island about two miles in circumference, about half a mile from the city, which stands on the side of a hill commanding a splendid view of the harbor. On the summit of the hill a large and apparently impregnable fort is in process of construction. Some six hundred soldiers are already quartered in it.

As soon as our ship touched the wharf, nearly the whole of our party rushed on shore, and immediately spread themselves about the town, bent on seeing all the lions of the place at once, to the no little astonishment of the natives, who regarded our Yankee peculiarities with much curiosity. We soon ransacked the city, visited every public building or place worthy of notice, and by engaging every carriage we could press into our service, obtained in a few hours a pretty clear idea of the place, the people, and their character and condition. Some of our party visited a French frigate lying in the harbor, and were received very kindly by the officers on board. We left Halifax about half past seven in the evening, amidst loud cheering from the people who had gathered on the wharf, which was returned by the party on board the *James Adger* with three times three and a "tiger," which rather astonished them. Before leaving we took on board a pilot thoroughly acquainted with the coast of Cape Breton and Newfoundland, as far as St. John's, the place of our ultimate destination.

We stood directly for Port au Basque, where we expected to find the *Sarah L. Bryant*, with the cable on board; but on reaching that place, on Sunday morning, our anxious gaze was not rewarded by the sight of the bark. She had not yet arrived, although two weeks over-due. This was a great disappointment to all, as the weather was propitious for laying the cable, and it was the intention to commence the task early on Monday morning.

It was for some time a question whether, under the circumstances, we should wait at Port au Basque for the arrival of the *Sarah L. Bryant*, or proceed to St. John's. As we intended to visit the latter place before returning, in order to pay our respects to the authorities of Newfoundland, it was decided to go there at once, and after a short stay return for the *Sarah L. Bryant* at Port au Basque. During the three or four hours we lay outside the harbor, about a dozen of us went on shore, with a view of finding out what manner of men and things the place produced. It is little more than a village, containing some forty or fifty houses, built of wood, most of them two stories high. About a dozen of them are grouped together, while the rest are scattered over an area of over half a mile, giving one an idea that the houses are on bad terms with each other. The site on which this unsociable-looking place is built commands a very fine view of the surrounding country to the distance of six or seven miles. On the north rises the high promontory of Cape Ray, to the height of fifteen hundred feet. The country seems to be almost entirely destitute of vegetation, though a little turf here and there forms a pleasant relief to the general barren aspect, while a few low stunted bushes, bearing a



HALIFAX, FROM THE CITADEL.

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ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

brown berry, are scattered in small clusters at distant intervals. However, what the place lacks in vegetation it makes up in fish. The people fish for a living, and live on fish. Fish for breakfast, fish for dinner, *toujours* fish. There are fish every where, in-doors and out, where they are piled up in immense stacks, looking like ricks of hay, but smelling like any thing but "the perfume of Araby the blest." The people seem neither to know nor care about any thing else than fish, and twist the conversation how you will, it is sure to come back to fish. All is fish that comes to their net, and so long as plenty come, they bother themselves very little about other matters.

After a consultation with Mr. Canning, one of the best engineers in England, who had been engaged by the Telegraph Company to superintend the laying down of the wires, we left Port au Basque for St. John's, where we arrived, without any incident transpiring worthy of note, on the morning of the 14th.

The entrance to the harbor of St. John's and the surrounding scenery are remarkable for their beauty and sublimity. The island is protected on its eastern side by the same bold, mountainous line of coast that characterize the whole southern extremity of it. The rocks rise precipitously to the height of seven or eight hundred feet directly from the water, which is sufficiently deep to enable even the largest ships to pass in safety within a few feet of their rugged and deeply-seamed sides, which are perforated at their base with large caves; and a romantic imagination might find amusement in peopling them with bold smugglers and wild buccaneers.

The entrance to the harbor is so concealed from the view, when but a short distance out at sea, that it was not observable till we had approached within half a mile of it. Signal Hill rises to the right, on the summit of which stands a fortification, while another frowns at its base. Neither of these defenses, however, looked as though they were capable of offering a very strong resistance, but the narrow entrance is amply protected by other works. During the last war a heavy iron chain was stretched across this entrance to prevent the passage of hostile ships, the remains of which, and an old cannon or two, called to our minds the fact that an American ship would not always have been allowed to pass so quietly. Opposite Signal Hill rises another elevation, to the height of about six hundred feet, which bears upon its side a formidable-looking fort, while still another fortification has been erected at its base, from the centre of which rises a light-house. These narrows are less than half a mile broad at their widest part, and about a mile long. When about the middle of this narrow gorge we notified the good people of St. John's of our approach by a salute, which was echoed and re-echoed a hundred times among the hills, making "an awful pother o'er our heads" for some time.

The city of St. John's presents a very picturesque appearance, being built on the side of a hill with a gradual ascent of about two hundred and fifty feet, overlooking the beautiful harbor, which has the appearance of a lake after you have passed the narrow entrance. Large hills rise on every side, upon which the fishermen's huts, each surrounded by a green garden spot, are scattered here and there, taking from the natural wildness of the scene. At the base of these hills are erected the stages, or "flakes," where the codfish are cleaned and cured, preparatory to being packed for market. These stages are made of light poles, and sometimes stand on the sides of steep rocks overlooking the water.

We were most hospitably received by the authorities and citizens of St. John's, who are very anxious to extend their present limited commercial intercourse with us, and regard the

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ASCENT TO A "FLAKE."

Transatlantic Telegraphic enterprise as a powerful means of bringing about such a result. During our stay among them they seemed to vie with each other in paying us attention; every vehicle was put out at our disposal, and pressing invitations poured in upon us from all sides to accept the hospitality of their houses. Our limited stay, however, prevented us from accepting half of them.

There are no public buildings in St. John's that are remarkable, either for their size or architectural beauty, if we except the Catholic Cathedral, which is a magnificent building of fine proportions, and capable of containing at least ten thousand persons. Its cost was over half a million of dollars.

The Colonial Building is a square structure of granite, two stories high. It contains the chambers of the two Legislative branches, the House of Assembly, and the Legislative Council. A short distance from this building stands the Governor's house, where the recently appointed Governor, Mr. Charles H. Darling, resides.

On the evening of the 15th a grand banquet was given on board the steamer to the public authorities of St. John's. The military band from the garrison was in attendance, and about one hundred persons, including the party on board the *James Adger*, participated in the festivities of the occasion. Peter Cooper, Esq., the President of the Telegraph Company, presided, supported by Mr. Field as Vice-President. On this occasion Professor Morse, in reply to a toast in his honor, entered into a brief history of the telegraph, and the many obstacles which were thrown in his way on his first application to Congress for an appropriation to enable him to construct an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. Other speeches were made and listened to, and then we joined the ladies in the saloon, where the song and the dance wound up the evening in the most delightful manner. On the following evening the authorities of St. John's returned the compliment by a splendid ball in our honor in the Colonial Buildings. It was a delightful occasion, and the bright eyes of the fair maids of St. John's left an impression upon the hearts of more than one of the bachelors of our party that will not soon be obliterated. We were to have left for Port au Basque the next morning,



GOVERNMENT HOUSES, ST. JOHN'S.

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ST. JOHN'S, FROM SIGNAL HILL.

but the Telegraph Company, wishing to make some return for the generous hospitality which had been extended to us, postponed our departure till Saturday, and invited two hundred of the principal inhabitants to participate in an excursion on board the *James Adger*. Accordingly, with our guests on board, we proceeded about ten miles outside the harbor. After a delightful day, which will ever be remembered by all who participated in its varied enjoyments, we returned to the harbor, where we bade farewell to our guests, and the hospitable city of St. John's, and steered our course for Port au Basque to join the *Sarah L. Bryant*.

About a mile and a half from St. John's is the small fishing village of Quidi Vidi, where reside those hardy sons of toil whose labors supply the city of St. John's with its great staple, Codfish. The Newfoundland fisheries first grew into importance about the year 1596, and in 1615 England had at Newfoundland 250 ships, and the French, Biscayans, and Portuguese 400 ships. The French always viewed the participation of the English in these fisheries with great jealousy. It was a maxim of the French Government, that the North American fisheries were of more natural value, in regard to navigation and power, than the gold mines

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CLEANING FISH.

of Mexico could have been, if the latter had been possessed by France. The French pursue what is known as the *bultow* system of fishing, and annually 360 vessels are on the Banks, each with 8 to 10,000 fathoms of *bultows* spreading over 500 miles of ground, and baiting over one million of hooks. The annual catch of all the fisheries—the American, French, and Colonial—amounts, in the aggregate, to a total of 4,400,000 quintals of codfish, valued at £3,038,675, or about $15,000,000.

The fishermen are an honest, frank, and generous class of men, for whom the elements seem to have no terrors. Their life is a continuous succession of perils and hardships, yet it has a strong fascination for them, and they rarely voluntarily retire from it till old age or premature decrepitude, arising from its exposure, compel them to do so.

They are, as a general thing, extremely improvident in the disposition of their limited means; which fact destroys, in a great measure, any thing like independence on their part in their dealings with the merchants of St. John's, who are the only purchasers of their fish. A considerable degree of ill feeling grows out of this state of things, and the fishermen would gladly find competitors with the merchants of St. John's for the purchase of their commodity.

After leaving St. John's, we discovered that many additions had been made to the live-stock on board our vessel, in the shape of numerous specimens of the Newfoundland dog. These animals abound in St. John's. You meet them at every step. They are at the door of every house, the entrance to every store, and in every room. Dogs are ever before, beside, and behind you; and though they are not at all fierce or belligerent in their character, still they evidently recognize a stranger in you, and seem to ask, by their looks, what you are about, how you came there, and where you are going. Though there is no question about their being dogs of Newfoundland, it is very questionable whether they are all genuine thorough-bred Newfoundland dogs.

While in St. John's, nearly every one of our party seemed seized with an uncontrollable disposition to possess at least one of these dogs, while others, still more covetous of canine property, purchased whole families, including large litters of pups. The consequence was, that the good steamer, *James Adger*, became, in one sense at least, a regular "doggery." There were dogs on the quarter-deck, dogs forward, and dogs aft. Dogs in every coil of rope, and dogs basking in the heat of the smoke-stacks. Pups in boxes and baskets, pups in berths, puppies in ladies' arms and on ladies' laps. Go where you would, on board the steamer, dogs met you at every turn; and if we had climbed to the main-truck, we should not have been much surprised to have found one of our canine friends there, in the shape of a dog-vane! They yelped, and howled, and whined, and barked, through every note of the gamut; but, as an insane individual on board, given to the despicable practice of making bad jokes, observed, their "bark was on the C," as a general thing. Standing on the quarter-deck, and looking down the length of the vessel, the eye wandered through long vistas of dogs, the wagging of whose tails was enough to make a nervous man uneasy, and affected one like the monotonous ticking of a clock in a still room. Every body, too, that had a dog, imagined his dog better than the dog of any body else, and once, during our return voyage, when about half-way home, the excitement all over, and time hanging rather heavily on our hands, one of the reverend gentlemen on board worked himself into such a state of excitement on the merits of his own peculiar dog, that he proposed to the Captain a general dog fight, in

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which his dog should take the field against all comers.

It is a remarkable fact, that though our canine cargo indulged in their propensity for howling almost continuously, they never so thoroughly exhibited their powers in this way as during the performance of divine service in the cabin. The moment prayers commenced, or a psalm was sung, the rascals began, and kept up one unceasing howl until the act of devotion was over. This roused the superstitious fears of the sailors, who protested that we should never make port, and insisted that the presence of so many dogs and ministers on board would insure our finding our way to Davy Jones's Locker, and that we should all go to the dogs together. From the numerous advertisements which have appeared in the daily papers, announcing dogs for sale, since our return, we are of the opinion that many of those who made extensive purchases have grown sick of their bargains.

As we neared Port au Basque, the greatest anxiety prevailed on board to know whether the *Sarah L. Bryant* had arrived. We came in sight of Cape Ray about five o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and when we were sufficiently near to the place of our destination, every telescope was brought to bear upon the place, all being anxious to make the first announcement of the pleasing intelligence that the object of our search was within the harbor. Some of our company went aloft, and discovered a large vessel lying behind the high rocks at the mouth of the harbor; but, remembering our former disappointment, we did not like to be too sanguine. While we were thus in doubt and fear, a small boat put off from the shore. As soon as it came within hailing distance, the momentous question was asked:

"Has the bark arrived?"

The reply came over the waters amidst a breathless silence:

"She has!"

"When?"

"On Wednesday!"

The enthusiasm of all on board now broke out in such a volley of cheers as the hills on shore never echoed back since the creation. Every face beamed with joy, and every body shook hands with every body else. The very dogs wagged their tails more energetically than ever, as if they sympathized in our joy. Our faith in the success of our enterprise was restored. We should yet be able to lay the first link of the great electric chain, which should make the boasting gasconade of Puck practicable, and enable us "to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

As we neared the entrance to the harbor, the masts of the long-expected vessel hove in sight. On our approach the stars and stripes were run up, and flouted the breeze from the mizzen peak, while a salute from our cannon roused the slumbering echoes of the hills. The little *Victoria* responded again and again, till a cloud of dense smoke almost hid her from our sight. The fisher folks of Port au Basque, the quiet of whose little village had never before been so boisterously intruded upon, hardly knew what to make of all this fuss.

In a short time we were alongside the bark—broadside to broadside—and all was excitement and curiosity. It was soon ascertained that, to give time for necessary preparations, the task of laying the cable could not be commenced for three or four days, so that there would be ample opportunity for us all to gratify our desire to go on shore. The fishing-boats soon put off from the land in great numbers, and in these we left the *James Adger*, and landing, once more stood on *terra firma*. The company divided itself into detached parties; the one to which I attached myself proceeding to the residence of one of the "codfish aristocracy." We were received with great courtesy and hospitality, and were treated



PORTUGAL COVE, FISHING VILLAGE NEAR ST. JOHN'S.

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CAPE RAY. TELEGRAPH HOUSE.

to codfish cooked in every conceivable style. It was exceedingly palatable; and when we had dined heartily from it we did not feel half the sympathy we had formerly conceived for those who lived on it exclusively.

As we were desirous of making the most of our time, and of seeing and enjoying every thing to be seen or enjoyed, all at once set about making preparations for the gratification of their various tastes. Some went fishing, some started for the hills, or paid unsolicited visits to the fishermen's huts, with the view of increasing their stock of knowledge of human nature in general, and the idiosyncrasies of the fishermen of Port au Basque in particular. Others again, inspired thereto most probably by the spirit of the mighty Nimrod, and by their credulity in believing the yarns which were related to them by the natives concerning the abundance of game "a little way back," started on a hunting expedition ten miles into the interior. The fishing parties were remarkably successful; to use the usual expression on such occasions, they caught them "as fast as they could throw in." Large cod, small cod, and codlings, fell an easy prey even to the most inexpert, and one of the party returned with a trophy of his skill—or good fortune—in the shape of a gigantic cod measuring four feet in length, and weighing over thirty-five pounds. Like the man who was the fortunate winner of an elephant at a raffle, however, he was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with his prize, so he hired a young piscator of the village to carry it, while he turned showman and exhibited it to the admiring gaze of the party on board the ship, and the villagers, who rather cooled his enthusiasm and took the edge off of his self-conceit, by looking at it askance, as though "such cod" were taken every day. The hunting party, however, which started off with such high hopes and such glorious visions of fat elk, moose, and deer, and whose greatest difficulty on setting out was to know how they should bring back their game, were not so successful. The waters swarmed with cod, and the merest tyro could take them, but the woods did not swarm with deer, for they could find none, and they came back as unincumbered as they went, and quite chop-fallen at their want of success. Their hearts were heavy but their stomachs were light; for, depending upon the assurances of those who so sadly misled them, they had indulged in pleasing anticipations of a supper of game of their own killing, and neglected to supply themselves with a sufficient quantity of provisions. After a walk of ten miles over rugged rocks and barren beach, during which they saw nothing to shoot, night and hunger overtook them together. There was no fat buck from which to cut a roasting piece or cutlet, not even a rabbit had crossed their path; so, after building a fire, they proceeded to investigate the commissariat department, and found that all their "stores" consisted of a dried codfish of homœopathic proportions, a paper of tobacco, and one ship's biscuit, which a dyspeptic youth of the party had slipped into his pocket before leaving the ship. In this predicament a council of ways and means was held to decide the momentous question, whether the sole codfish should be devoured then and there, and they should start for the ship in the morning breakfastless, or whether they should go supperless that night and eat the codfish in the morning. Opinion was equally divided, so the question had to be decided by chance. A penny was tossed in the air, and the codfish winning, "the innings" were devoured on the spot.

The party spent a cheerless night, protected from the bleak winds by the side of a friendly hill, and the next morning the disappointed hunters started for the village, where they arrived about noon almost famished, to make a general onslaught upon the nearest grocery. All the crackers and cheese which the establishment afforded, hardly served to stay their appetites till dinner time, when it was observed that all the viands in their immediate vicinity disappeared with marvelous celerity.

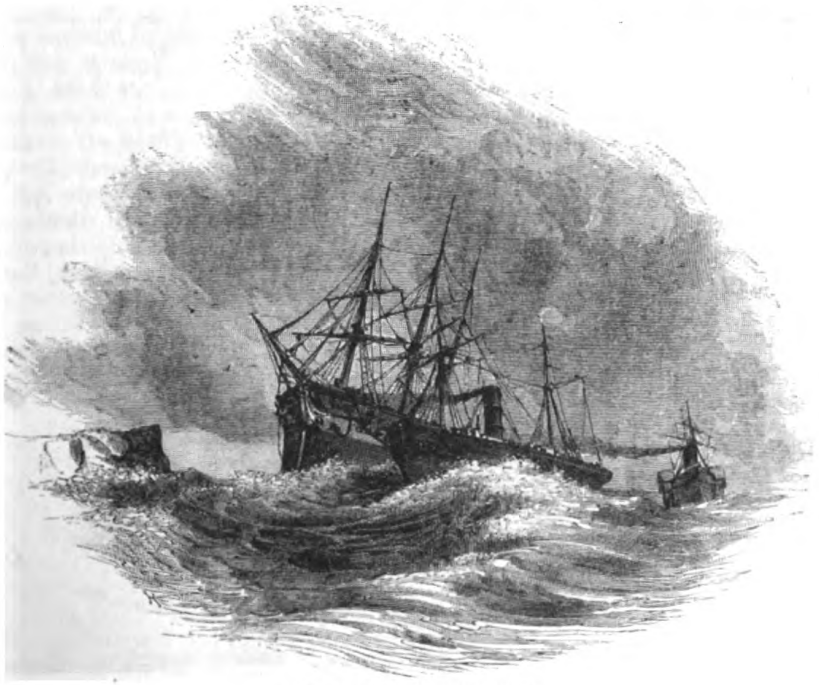
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As the arrangements on board the bark for laying the cable were not completed, it was thought advisable that the steamer should proceed to Cape North, and select the best and nearest point to Cape Ray to make the connection. Mr. Cooper and some twenty or thirty of the passengers accordingly departed in the steamer, while the rest of our party remained at Port au Basque, on board the *Sarah L. Bryant*. We took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to inspect the cable and the mechanical arrangements for paying it out. The cable weighed four hundred tons, and was seventy-four miles in length—thus allowing nine miles for the inequalities of the bottom of the sea, the distance between the points of connection being but sixty-five miles. The cable was stowed in the hold of the vessel, in gigantic coils. The machinery was of a simple kind, but seemed extremely well adapted for its purpose, and was the same as used in laying the Mediterranean cable. The cable passes from the hold over iron rollers, and thence between vertical guide rollers, from which it passes over two other rollers eight feet in diameter. As these revolve, it passes on to a cast iron saddle, and so over the stern of the vessel. The wheels are controlled by four breaks worked by long levers, and two compressors, which are employed to prevent the cable from surging as it passes round the wheels, as well as to prevent its being carried off by its own weight. This plan was found to work most successfully.

It was found that Cape Ray Cove, ten miles distant from Port au Basque, offered more facilities as a point of connection, besides being over five miles nearer to Cape North. The *James Adger* therefore returned on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday the *Sarah L. Bryant* was towed to that point, where a frame telegraph house was put up, the telegraph instruments conveyed, and a battery of one hundred cups erected.

Every thing being thus prepared, the operation of laying the cable was commenced on Friday, the 24th of August.

A sufficient length of cable was taken from the hold, and placed on board a boat to be conveyed to the beach. As soon as the boat approached near enough, the workmen stationed there rushed into the surf, and seizing the end of the cable, bore it to the place fixed upon as the point of connection—the Telegraph House—where it was firmly secured around the capstan under the floor, the three copper wires being placed in connection with the machine. Owing to a kink formed in the cable, while passing over the stern of the bark, it was found, on making the test, that the insulation was not perfect, so a buoy was attached to it at the weak point, in order that at some future time it might be repaired. So much time was thus occupied, that it was thought better not to commence paying out until the next day, on account of the foggy weather. In the morning, a strong breeze from the northwest was blowing, but Mr. Canning, whose experience in laying the Mediterranean cable gave authority to his opinion, decided that the cable could be laid with safety in even a higher sea than that then running, so the order was given to commence operations. The bark was taken in tow by the *James Adger*, with the assistance of the *Victoria*, and after some difficulty in getting under weigh on the part of the bark, we attempted to start. But by this time the sea ran so high, and the wind blew so furiously, that both bark and steamer

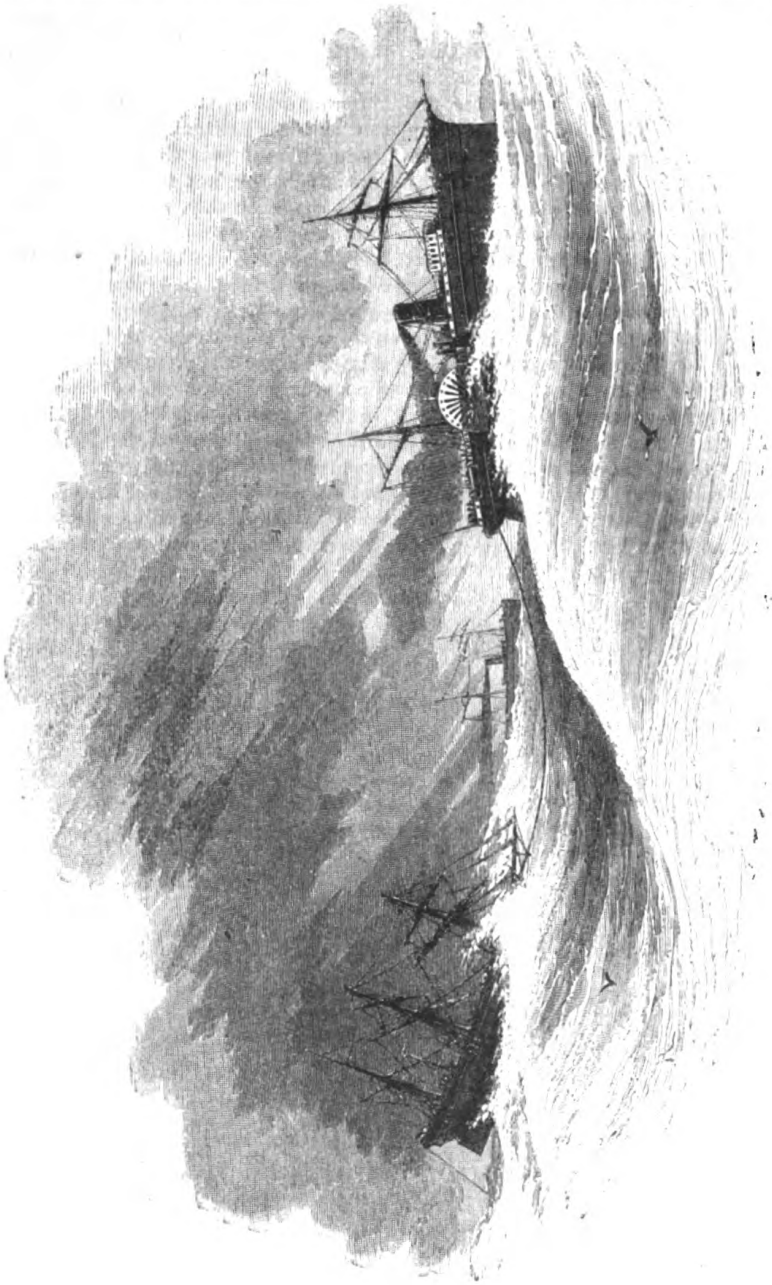


PREPARING TO TOW THE BARK.

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were at the mercy of the elements. In a few moments it was found that the bark was drifting rapidly down upon us, making a collision inevitable. It was a fearful moment, for no one could tell the result of the shock; the bark was coming down upon us stern foremost, and the moment when we should be in contact was looked for with the greatest anxiety. In vain the wheels of the *James Adger* were put in motion; some strange fatality seemed to be hanging over us, and in a moment after the order to "back her!" was given, the two ships struck. The violence of the shock was not so great as we anticipated, and both vessels escaped with very slight injury, which, under the circumstances, seemed almost a miracle. The excitement soon died away, and the ladies, who at the request of our Captain had retired to the cabin, were ignorant of our danger until it was all over. Though out of immediate peril, we were not yet clear of the bark, and it was found necessary to sever the hawser which attached her to us. She then let go her anchor, we doing the same; but shortly after, she hoisted signals of distress, and immediately shaking out her sails, put out to sea, having lost her anchor, and been obliged to cut the submarine cable in order to prevent drifting upon the rocks. We immediately put to sea after her, and in about an hour succeeded, by means of a hawser from our stern, in getting her safely in tow.

The following day being Sunday, we did not



THE GALE PREVIOUS TO LOSING THE CABLE.

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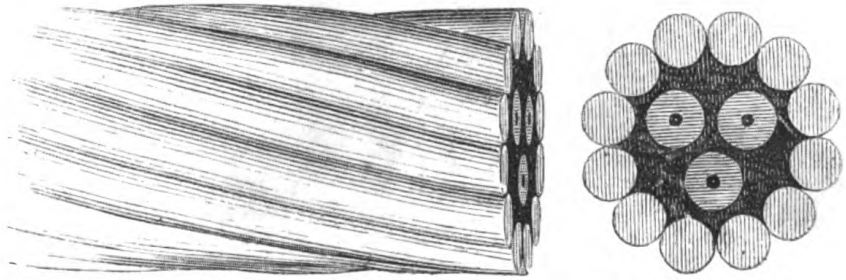
leave the cove, but spent most of the time in repairing damages to the cable, which broke again in a short time, so that there was no other course left but to re-land it and commence all our work over again. Accordingly, on Monday morning, the bark was again towed near the shore, and the end of the cable taken to the Telegraph House by means of boats, and made fast as before. The wind, however, continued to blow with such violence, that we remained at anchor all night, in the hope that the weather would prove more propitious the following morning.

The next morning broke clear and calm; hardly a ripple played upon the surface of the ocean, and our hopes brightened with the sun, which rose without a cloud to mar its splendor. The bark was soon placed *en rapport* by means of a hawser; and the steamer getting under weigh, the work of paying out the cable began in earnest, and with every prospect of success; for, with fair weather, success seemed certain.

For two miles all went well; the machinery worked admirably, and the cable slipped over the rollers without "let or hindrance;" but when that length of cable had been laid, a kink occurred, and it was found necessary to stop the steamer to repair the damage. This occupied only an hour, and then we went on again; but the white flag, which had been agreed upon as a signal for stopping the steamer, soon made its appearance on board the bark, and notice was given that even the slowest speed of the steamer was too fast to allow the workmen on board the *Sarah L. Bryant* to pay out the cable with safety to it and to themselves. We again proceeded as slowly as possible, no accident occurring, though a report reached us at midnight that the cable had parted. This report was altogether without foundation, as we afterward learned that it was only a kink that had occurred, which it was necessary to take entirely out, and splice the cable, which was successfully done. On starting again, all went on favorably till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind, which since 2 o'clock had been gradually increasing, rose to a gale, and it was found impossible to continue the work on board the bark, and another kink occurring in the cable, both vessels were compelled to lay to. The storm now raged with great violence; the sky was wild and threatening, and the ocean was covered with a dense mist, that completely hid from our view the island of St. Paul's, fourteen miles distant. Some forty miles of the cable had already been laid, though the distance in a straight line was several miles less. Under these circumstances, Mr. Canning was forced to abandon the original plan of making Cape North the place of connection, and endeavor to land the cable at the island of St. Paul's, which was considerably nearer. Had the weather continued moderate, our task would have been completed in a few hours; but the fates willed it otherwise, and we were obliged to cease our exertions, and devote all our energies to maintaining our position until the storm should abate.

An attempt was now made to take the kink out of the cable, but the bark pitched so much that it was with the utmost difficulty that the workmen could keep their feet, and to work was impossible. Every one now turned to Mr. Canning, expecting momentarily to hear him give the word to cut the cable, as for some time every hope of saving it had been abandoned, and fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel. But Mr. Canning was loth to give the word which should stamp the enterprise a failure, while there was the slightest possibility of carrying it out successfully. The strength of the cable was severely tested; for, during the height of the storm, both vessels held by it, and it would undoubtedly have held to the end had it been deemed prudent to have tried it so severely. The gale, instead of abating, continued to increase; still the cable held; but, at 6¾ o'clock, the captain of the bark informed Mr. Canning that the safety of his vessel required that the cable should be cut, and that he should himself be obliged to give the fatal word in case Mr. Canning still refused to do so. Under such circumstances, Mr. Canning was forced to submit. A few blows of the ax accomplished the sad work, the vessel pitched forward as though she would bury herself in the waves, and forty miles of the cable lay at the bottom of the ocean. Thus did the war of elements set at naught the energy, enterprise, industry, and ambition so creditably displayed by the projectors of this great work. Thus man proposes, thus God disposes!

The cable, of which we give a sectional view, was manufactured by Messrs. W. Kuper and Co., at their Submarine Cable manufactory,



SECTIONAL AND SIDE VIEW OF CABLE, FULL SIZE.

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London. The copper wire was insulated in gutta percha by the Gutta Percha Company, of City Road, London, under the immediate superintendence of S. Statham, Esq. The process of manufacturing the cable is as follows: The insulated copper wires are first laid round a centre core of hemp, the exterior and spaces between each wire being wormed with hemp yarn so as to form a perfect circular rope or cable. It is then provided with another covering of hemp yarn, the whole of the yarn used being soaked in a preparation of Stockholm tar, pitch, oil, and tallow. It then receives its outside covering of twelve No. 4 guage iron. The whole of this process, except the insulation of the wires, is carried on at one time by extensive and ingenious machinery erected for the purpose, and cables can thus be manufactured of any combined length that can ever be required.

After the cable parted we headed for Sydney, with the bark in tow, where we arrived safely on Thursday afternoon. Here we spent two days and a half in taking in coal and provisions. It is a flourishing place of about five thousand inhabitants. It is the great coal dépôt of Cape Breton, and carries on considerable trade with Boston. The principal mine is situated three miles from the port, and employs about two hundred men and one-fourth as many horses. The coal is raised through a perpendicular shaft three hundred and six feet in depth. The daily product of the mines is about seven hundred tons. A railroad conveys the coal to Sydney.

After being tossed about in the merciless manner we had for so long, the prospect of standing firmly upon our feet again was too alluring not to be at once enjoyed, and the steamer had barely dropped her anchor before every body rushed for the boats. The town itself presented no particular objects of interest; but on the hill which rises above it stood an encampment of the Micmac Indians, and thither the whole of the party soon made their way. The encampment or village consisted of about twenty lodges made of white birch bark, and the Indians numbered, including children, about one hundred. The children formed more than half the population, which, for filthiness and wretchedness, we should think, was without a rival in the civilized or uncivilized world. The men were lounging about, devoting all their energies to doing as little as they could, and yet continue to breathe; while the women, nearly every one of whom was strapped to a pappoose, which in its turn was strapped to a board, were engaged in making baskets, bows and arrows, and little birch canoes, specimens of which were eagerly purchased by their visitors. Every body bought a basket, most of us were provided with an impracticable canoe, and bows and arrows enough were carried off to put out the eyes of the officers, passengers, and crew. In one of the lodges more cleanly than the rest, and showing some slight indications of care and neatness, was seated a young Indian maiden about eighteen years of age. She was very beautiful, both in form and features, and soon became the centre of attraction to all the young men of the party. The baskets and other traps made by her fair hands met with a ready sale. Every one of our Benedics seemed desirous of carrying off with him some token of remembrance of her; and so great was the competition, that the price of her wares soon rose in the market three hundred per cent. Her stock was quickly exhausted; but as she promised to have a fresh supply ready in the morning, the disappointed ones comforted themselves with this assurance. She must have been the most industrious Indian maiden on record, for early in the morning, when the disappointed of the night before visited her lodge, they found the supply even greater than at first. In a single night she had woven dozens of baskets, made a score or two of canoes, and bows and arrows enough to equip her whole tribe for the "war path." This would have been enough to have redeemed her from the charge of idleness which lies against the whole Indian breed, but for the fact that the other lodges were destitute of the wares we had observed in them the night before. The conclusion was forced upon us, that the members of the tribe, seeing what good prices her articles commanded, had consigned



MICMAC INDIANS.

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their whole stock of baskets to her, "for sales and returns," and that she was doing business on commission, and not on her own account. A few miles from Sydney there is another Indian village, where the remainder of the tribe, to the number of three hundred, reside.

Having replenished our stock of coal, we left Sydney on Sunday morning, homeward bound; and though a general feeling of sadness prevailed, on account of the unavoidable failure of our expedition, every heart beat lighter at the thought of home. Our gallant captain participated in this feeling, to some extent at least, as he showed by the manner in which he gave the order to "start her." During the operation of laying the cable his voice was continually heard giving directions to the engineer. We were obliged to proceed at a snail's pace for the reasons before mentioned, and our stoppages were frequent. Whenever we started again, the captain would call out from his place on deck, "Hook her on, Mr. Scott, and let her go slow!" but as soon as we were clear of the wharf at Sydney, and the bows of the steamer were pointed homeward, his clear voice rung in our ears, "Hook her on, Mr. Scott, and let her go fast!" And fast we went! the paddle-wheels fairly spun in the water, and the spray flew from the steamer in a Niagara of foam. While at the top of our speed, the mate was observed looking over the bows with a thoughtful gaze. Thinking something was wrong, a young gentleman with an inquiring mind asked what the matter was. The mate, with a quizzical look, which plainly informed the young gentleman in search of knowledge that he was "sold," answered that he was afraid the friction of the water would set the bows on fire.

Our homeward voyage was marked by no particular incident, if we except a grand fancy-dress ball which took place during the time. It was to a great extent an extempore affair, but none the less delightful on that account. The dresses were varied, none of them particularly splendid, but a more *outré* or grotesque assemblage was never collected. Every thing that could give oddity to expression of face or costume was brought into requisition, and even the waiters' dusters, composed of peacocks' feathers, were pressed into the scene, and served to set off the charms of one of our most beautiful lady passengers to great advantage. Indians, Nuns, Apollos, Cupids, Sultanas, Jim Baggs—all appeared in the saloon, dancing and flirting together in the most amiable manner possible. Jim Baggs found a capital representative in the person of a distinguished artist, and won thunders of applause by his vocal efforts, which were so successful that no one could be tempted to offer him the "shilling," without which he refused to "move on."

We had fair weather during nearly the whole of our return trip, and as the green shores of Staten Island hove in sight, and we passed Sandy Hook, every body commenced their preparations for going on shore. As we were gone longer than we anticipated, many of the passengers had been obliged from necessity to neglect their toilets, and some of the party had presented a very faded appearance for some days; but as we passed the Narrows every body made his or her appearance looking trim and neat. The gentlemen, even those who had during the greater part of the voyage affected red shirts, *à la* "*Mose*," displayed spotless fronts and collars, so that a general feeling of surprise was elicited at the sudden respectable appearance of one another. It seemed that all had saved at least one of those articles of apparel without which no gentleman's wardrobe can be considered complete as a *corps de reserve*, with an idea of "astonishing the Browns," but the general coincidence of a prudential feeling destroyed the singularity of the effect expected to be produced.

We arrived safely at the pier from whence we started on the 5th of September, having been absent just twenty-nine days.

The excursion, though unsuccessful in its principal object, was still rich in delightful incidents, and will be remembered with gratification by all who participated in it. Another attempt to lay the cable will be made next year, which will undoubtedly be successful, as it will be payed out directly from a steamer.

THE KNOCKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOSS AND GAIN: A TALE OF LYNN."

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst."—*Macbeth.*

I PAUSE at the threshold of my story to remember that in the life of every human being there is an experience which seems to be detached from it; an awful and soul-thrilling episode of some unearthly epoch, which was in the world, and yet not of it. Phantom-like and strange, it is shadowed upon the memory. Such an episode is this in my own.

Several years ago I renewed my intimacy with a gentleman and his wife who were then residing in Boston. The gentleman—his name was Paul Barry—had been a schoolmate of mine, and at a later day my friend and companion at college. He left before me, and, contrary to all expectations, entered upon mercantile pursuits. Our friendship was always somewhat anomalous in its character. When we were in each other's society, there could be no friendship more devoted, confiding, and intimate than ours. At separation, it seemed to fail, and reserve its warmth for our next meeting. We never corresponded, and were continually losing sight of each other. For my own part, I believe that I never felt any considerable degree of interest or anxiety for him in his absence. I think his feeling for me was much the same. I do not pretend to explain this. Perhaps it was the result of an idiosyncrasy—a twin peculiarity in our natures; or of mutual habits of concentration, or absorption into our individual pursuits. His life was an

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active one, mine nomadic. Our friendship always renewed itself naturally upon meeting, and in our long intercourse was always frank and earnest, and never marred by any disagreement.

Barry's wife was a singularly beautiful woman. I had known her, too, in my boyhood. We were all, in our young days, residents of the same country village. She was then, as remembrance pictures her, a gentle girl, with a countenance as clear as the light of the morning, and eyes as softly blue as the summer sky. As such she passed into my boyish heart—its graceful image of First Love—the pure seraph that changed with maturer years into a quiet and tender memory, and hallowed its object forever. Our love had never been confessed; it had never thought of confession. It had never dreamed of consummation. It was the highest form of an unimpassioned devotion; it was spiritual, pure, and adoring. The old tale of the sculptor inspired with a divine passion for the holy beauty of the statue, was a symbol of my love for her. But no; mine was even more shadowy.

I am inclined to think that Barry's attachment for her was formed suddenly, within a few months after his departure from college. If it was otherwise, then I knew nothing of it. She never seemed to be an object of peculiar interest to him when we both dwelt in the same village with her, and he was never more than an acquaintance of the relations with whom she resided. They were both orphans, dwelling at opposite extremes of the small hamlet, in the families of their guardians. I heard nothing of his love when we were both at college, though I was then on terms of the closest intimacy with him. After his departure, and during the time that I remained there, I heard nothing of him, except that he was about to engage in business. Immediately after my own emancipation I visited him in Boston, and met with a double surprise; first, in finding him married; and second, in meeting, as his wife, the half-forgotten maiden of my boyish devotion, now lovely in the full bloom of her womanhood. My meeting with her, under the circumstances, was very pleasant. My affection for her, touched with a deeper reverence, was as true as ever. It had been pure and innocent; it could pass into a high and gentle friendship without a pang. The tender beauty that I had once loved as a sweet spring blossom was as dear to me when gathered in its summer loveliness to the bosom of my friend.

It was a very happy reunion. A triad of explanations took place amidst much laughter. Barry was momentarily surprised to hear of my attachment for his wife—only momentarily. He seemed to comprehend, with a fine instinct peculiar to him, the relations we now bore to each other, and subsequently, and in many ways, gave every possible encouragement to our intimacy. He loved me well. I can not better explain the nature of his regard, as I now understand it, than by supposing that when I was absent he gave it all to her, and when I was present shared it between us.

I spent much time with them, at frequent intervals, for many years. My own life was rather vagrant, and passed for a long period unmarked by any unusual event. A man of leisure, with a moderate income, I spent my years with the restless happiness of a butterfly, wandering from place to place as the insect might fly from flower to flower, as carelessly as if the golden summer of existence were eternal, and time were to bring no other season. Yet there was one spot where my nomad wings rested often and longest—where the flowers were sweeter for the one little bud that had grown among them. Our threefold love became four-fold. Barry (when I was present) must needs have divided his regard between myself, his wife, and his child. There was enough for all, for the years brought increase of love to us for each other. The affection that I bore for my friends' baby-girl was as tender as their own. The little being loved me, too, with familiar interest. When I first bent down to look into her tiny face, I saw the softened likeness of her father's dark eyes in hers. As years passed, and she could stand by me, her face revealed itself into a living memory of her mother's gentle beauty, and the mother's soul shone strangely from her soft, dark eyes. So—I used to think—as time takes away the bloom of her youthful loveliness, it will be but to bestow it, with added graces, on her child.

Gradually—I know not why—my affection for the parents seemed to centre in the little girl. A strange and mystic tenderness toward her took possession of me. Thus it continued for a long period. At last, an event occurred which, for a time, seemed to have utterly divorced this mysterious feeling from me. The circumstances of that event led me to another city, and terminated in my marriage.

My wife died a year after our union. A slight cold that she had contracted resulted in a virulent scarlet fever, attended with inflammation; and although every medical attention was paid her, she died, and died in the night, suddenly. All the circumstances of her death were tragical. I can not recall them now without horror. From the moment she died until the body was removed, the house was filled with an overpowering odor of camphor. I do not know what it meant. I was too much stricken to direct any details; but from that moment the smell of camphor became intolerable to me, so closely and terribly was it associated with my fearful calamity.

It was an appalling blow. I shut myself up for weeks, and saw no one. I was stunned with grief. But I recovered soon, for my hour of sorrow had not yet come. The wound closed; it was to open again, in anguish, hereafter. The quick stroke had paralyzed me. Consciousness was to come slowly with other years, and agony and the blackness of spiritual darkness were to follow.

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Before two months had elapsed my bewilderment, my stolid sorrow, passed into a feeling of restlessness. I gave up my house and went from Philadelphia, where all this had happened, to New York city, where I had relatives. As I began to resume a cheerfulness, which was but the pallid ghost of my former tone of mind, a desire to see my friends again stirred within me. The same mysterious feeling for the child, the weird attraction to her, returned with tenfold force. I obeyed it. I went to Boston.

This was the period mentioned in the commencement of my narrative as that in which I renewed my intimacy with the Barrys. It is marked by the incident which I am now to record, and which is impressed on my mind with mournful distinctness. I remember it as one might remember the shadow of a cloud which passed over him at noonday, before some terrible calamity befell him, and which remains in his memory forever as the precursor of his disaster.

One summer day I was at Barry's house. It was the little girl's seventh birthday. She was sitting on my knee, with her dark tresses lying loosely on my arm, and her soft, earnest eyes looking into mine. Mrs. Barry sat at the piano, playing, as she conversed, a lively tune that rippled and tinkled airily from the keys. Her husband was carelessly reclining in a cushioned chair near her, beating time with his fingers on the cover of a book. We had been chatting gayly for some time—the pleasant tune, and the singing of a canary bird in a gilded cage by the window, trilling brilliantly in our light and mirthful talk—when our conversation paused, and a sudden silence, so common and so strange, succeeded. As if that silence was ordained that it might flash upon my brain—clear and strange as if an unearthly voice had spoken it—a singular thought, lighting up a wide range of recollections, revealed them to me, bathed in the wild colors of fatality. I can not determine how these instantaneous mental transitions, which seem to know no intermediate process, are effected. Some bold metaphysicians have thought that there are ideas which are resolved in the mind by mental processes so subtle that they escape cognizance. It may be that this thought, which burst up like a colorless flame, irradiating things long known to me with the pallid tints of supernaturalism, was the residium left by such mental chemistry. I happened to think that my friends had been each only children, and orphans from their infancy! And then the darkness was lifted from the long waste of memory—I remembered more!

Let me endeavor to present the details of a recollection which was seen by me at one glance—whose every relation was comprehended at one view. Barry and his wife were both only children—orphans from their infancy—and brought up under guardianship. Their parents had been also only children, and were also orphans from *their* infancy! How much further this peculiarity reverted to their ancestry, I did not know. I fancied that it indicated a hereditary fatality. I knew of no living relations remaining to my friends. They were then, to me, the sole representatives of their respective families. If there was a hereditary destiny, it centered in the race of Barrys; for the children born to that house had been males for two generations, to my knowledge, and had therefore kept their individuality, whereas the orphan brides whom they had wedded were of different families, and had merged their nominal identity in theirs by marriage—only resembling them in the peculiarity of solitary orphanage and decease at childbirth. It is strange, though common, how things known in youth, and even of peculiar interest to us then, will become blurred or obliterated as we grow to manhood. We strive to trace the images—the effaced inscriptions—the dim dates—upon its surface, and fill the smooth gaps with conjectures; and then — we are uncertain. I remembered, or thought I did, having heard some gossip's tale in my youth, which averred that the Barrys were an old family, whose ancestor—a fugitive Huguenot—had, by some wild sin, entailed the curse of male descent and perpetual orphanage on the line until the offense was expiated. The memory was half-effaced in my mind. I was doubtful whether it was a remembrance or a fancy. Yet it now took plausible form and vague likelihood when I thought of what I knew. Was it accidental coincidence that had for two generations—it might be for more—brought to the solitary children of an ancestral line such a fate as this? Accident! As if, in the majestic order of the universe, there *can* be accident! as if what we *call* accident, is not really the certain effect of a certain cause proceeding from a certain occasion, which is governed by, and proceeds from, Law! Here was coincidence, declaring the existence of a fatal and impassable destiny which hung over the children of an ancient house in obedience to some stern ordinance, which brought to them orphan brides, and then, at every lonely birth, the final shadow, the coffin, and the sepulchre, and guided their solitary scions to unions forever fraught with the same results, and overshadowed by the same doom! How long had this been? *Was* it hereditary retribution for some original evil—some ancient blot on an ancestral scutcheon—a doom involved in the great mystery of some unexpiated sin?

The time had died away—I knew not when. The bird was quiet in his gilded cage. No sound came from the street without. A single ray of yellow sunlight streamed through the curtains, and floated like a golden shadow on the wall. The little girl sat quietly with her head resting on my arm, and her eyes closed. The doom had been revoked—a *female* child had been born to the house of Barry: she had outlived her infancy and was not an orphan: the mystic judgment had not been repeated on her parents. Looking down into her face, as the thoughts crossed my mind, I was conscious of a vague sense of dread to see her eyes unclose, and, for

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an instant, look into mine with a strange brightness, and a startled, supernatural expression that I had never seen in them before. It vanished instantly, and I almost thought at the time that I had fancied it. A breath of air coming, like a sigh, through the open casement, and the motion of a light curtain which waved toward me with a phantom grace, seemed to disenchant the spell of silence. A moment after we were conversing gayly, as though we were unconscious of our pause, and the bird's song, and the silvery music, rippled through our playful talk as before. But for a long time I felt as if I had been in a trance, and dreamed a dream.

The incident made some impression on my mind. At another time I might have regarded it as a premonition, and endeavored to establish its connection. But at that period I was in a state of comparative mental stupefaction. I rather indulged in vague reverie than thought. My intellect was purblind.

Two days afterward I was called away on business to the South. I took leave of my friends for some time, as I did not know how soon I should see them again. It proved that I was absent for seven months. At the expiration of that time I again found myself in Boston.

It was in the mid-winter of the year 1840 that I again visited that city. There was snow on the ground. On the day of my arrival there had been another fall, the last flakes of which were floating in the chill, gray air. The severe cold which had characterized the season had in consequence abated, but at that time was again increasing. My spirits, however, rose as the mercury in the thermometer fell. The pleasure I felt in the anticipation of soon meeting my friends was heightened into exhilaration by the wintry atmosphere. After an hour's rest, I left my hotel and went to the wharf on which Barry's counting-room was located. I remember that I bounded up his stairs—threw open his door, and, entering, closed it behind me—expecting, of course, to see him and grasp his hand. The furniture was unfamiliar; the room, too, had an altered look; a young clerk—a stranger—was at the desk! I uttered an exclamation, apologetic in its character, for I thought, at first, I had blundered into the wrong office. Yet, in a moment, I saw it was the same. I managed to extricate one stammering question from my embarrassment. It was to ask if Mr. Barry was in. When I made the young man comprehend me, I was told that for the preceding three months the office had had another tenant; of its former occupant he knew nothing. I descended the stairs, and entering the basement store, with whose owner I was acquainted, renewed my interrogations. To my utter astonishment, I learned that, within a few months, Barry had met with heavy reverses, and had retired from business! I sank into a chair, and, for a moment, looked at my informant speechless. It was some relief to hear that his losses, although considerable, were far from being total; yet they had been sufficient to place him in comparatively reduced circumstances. Let me say, in a word, all I afterward learned on this subject; namely, that his retirement from business was a voluntary, and not a compulsory act, occasioned by the intense disgust with which he had been inspired by the perpetration of one of those legal frauds, which the law can neither prevent nor remedy, practiced, in this instance, by a mercantile firm with whom he had been connected in trade, and which had clutched away one half his fortune.

I now resolved to waste no time in seeking for further information until I saw him personally. I was about taking leave of my informant, when he asked me if I was aware that Barry had left no clew to his present place of residence? What? Yes; his present place of abode was not known. It was surmised that he still resided in the city, or more probably in some one of the suburban towns; for he had been frequently seen, at the usual hours, on 'Change, and at various haunts familiar to merchants. My informant had not seen him, however, for three days past. He judged that his dwelling-place was unknown, from the fact that Barry had evaded answering a question to that effect, and also from having heard some speculations from different persons on the same topic. The reason for his seclusion was not apprehended. This was the substance and most definite extent of the information I received. Bewildered and saddened, I regained my hotel. What to do I knew not. How to find him in the great labyrinth of a city! I spent the rest of the day at the street-windows of the house, wishing—hoping—that he might pass by. Several times, deceived by some resemblance to him in distant pedestrians, I ran into the street, only to return disappointed. The dull day thickened into night, with a northeast storm of driving snow and hail; and I, fatigued and dispirited, went to rest.

I arose the next day with a vigorous resolution to find him, if any effort of mine could avail. "But *where* shall I find him?" I murmured to myself as I went into the street. The snow had fallen heavily during the night. "*Where* shall I find him?" I repeated to myself at intervals. I could hear the scraping of shovels clearing off the sidewalks—the jingling sleigh-bells—the occasional shouts of derisive mirth, as some passenger received an avalanche from the house-tops. All the bustle of the busy city was loud under a still, gray sky. I was reminded of an interval between my school and college years, when, during a visit to this city, I had passed just such winter days in the dusky studio of an artist-friend of mine, where we had heard the same sounds reaching us in dreamy noises as we lounged on cushions in the warm gloom. In my sadness, and in contrast with the tumult whirling around me, the memory floated out in the past like a perfume. It changed into a desire that impelled me to wander to the building

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within whose cloistral quiet we had once eaten the lotus, and forgotten in the present the future. My artist-friend had since attained celebrity; he was in Rome—I knew I should not find *him* there. I walked, stepping over restless shovels, to the altered street. The old building still remained. Standing on the curb-stone of the sidewalk, near the doorway, where I could look up the stairs into the dim interior, I sank into a mood of reverie whose essence was memory. I remembered the road over which, many nights, I had walked in the artist's company to our home in the adjacent town of Roxbury. There are two avenues to that town, both running parallel with each other. Ours was Washington Street, which, as any person familiar with the locality will recollect, lies through what was then a half-redeemed waste of meadows and marshes, commonly known as the Neck. It is in fact a neck, or strip of land, between Boston and Roxbury. It has been much improved of late years; but, at the time I allude to, it was a barren and desolate place. I had seen it most frequently in the stormy gloaming of winter evenings. Hence it was never associated in my mind with the day or the milder seasons, but only with night, and storm, and winter. Memory kept no picture of the region in any of its other aspects; only those were retained which were tinged with the gloomy hues that made them kindred with the imaginary pictures of haunted moors—enchanted lands—tracts blasted by wizards' curses—the cloudy suffusions of romance which filled the reveries of my youth.

The mile-long walk when the giant city was behind us; the vast rack of stormy clouds drifting over a dreary waste that stretched away into blacker darkness on either side; the few houses edging our solitary way by sullen fields where pirates were once hung; the lurid brand of wintry sunset on the western sky, above the undulated line of the dark hills; these were the features of the place in my mind. Remembrance, journeying by them all, paused before the phantasm of an old, weather-stained, brick mansion, situated near the town of Roxbury, hard by the town line of division, which had acquired, from the reclusive character of its inmates, an air of mystery that had often made it the theme of our speculations, and caused it to be woven round with all the wizard meshes of my fancy. As I dreamily dwelt upon the recollection, I was suddenly startled out of my abstraction by a slide of snow from the roof above, which came full upon me, prostrating me with a force that shook my reveries into nothing. Regaining my physical and moral equilibrium—the latter with some difficulty, owing to the laughter of the passers-by, and a few unnecessary snowballs from the boys—I walked away, fancying that the good genius of my past had, not unkindly, warned me to the duties of the present.

I was somewhat impressed by the occurrence. At least I looked out warily for snow-slides in the course of my perambulations from place to place, seeking some one who might chance to know the whereabouts of Barry. I had concluded that *some* person *must* know, and followed my idea resolutely. My diligence was not rewarded with even a gleam of hope until late in the afternoon, when, meeting a person with whom we had both been acquainted, I heard from him, to my great joy, that Mr. Wadleigh, a commission merchant on India Street, who had had intimate business relations with my friend, could probably inform me. I immediately went to his counting-room, and found him alone. Introducing myself, I frankly mentioned my friendship for Barry, and the circumstances which had caused me to lose traces of him, and requested some clew to his abode. I fairly gasped with delight when he said he could direct me. He was a very methodical man—I saw that while I was addressing him—hence I was not much surprised to see him slowly unfold a city map and lay it before me. He knew I was a stranger to the city—or thought so, at least—and it was considerate. But when pointing with his finger along Washington Street—along the Neck, the scene of my morning's memory—and indicating a street running westward from the main street, he mentioned its name, and told me that my friend's residence was the first corner-house—then I looked at him! For a moment I forgot every thing in a mental effort to establish the connection between my morning's reverie and this disclosure.

Singular—I leave my hotel asking myself audibly, "Where shall I find my friend?" Common sounds apparently divert my mind from its one anxiety, and call up a foreign remembrance. This impels me to wander in my indecision to an old building; there my memory dwells on former travels along the street on which this gentleman has his finger. Before it wanders to aught else, an accident happens to me, and closes the record; and here I am directed, in answer to the same question, along the very route on which, a few hours since, the feet of my remembrance trod! The occurrence of the recollection, then, was a presentiment! As these reflections rapidly crossed my mind, I became aware that I was staring vacantly in Mr. Wadleigh's face, with an intensity which he must have thought, at least, singular. Apologizing, on the plea of abstraction, I observed—in obedience to a sudden query that arose in my mind—that I had formerly been familiar with the locality, but, referring to the map, I saw that streets had been laid out since the date of my recollections and the position of that which he had designated, and its name being unfamiliar to me, it was probably one of these? To this he replied that my observation was undoubtedly correct in these particulars, but that the *house* referred to was an old one, which improvements had spared. As he proceeded to describe its position and appearance, I recognized in his description the mansion that had been curious to me in my youth, and, more than all, the last object in my reverie! The

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final link of coincidence was added to the chain. Without another question I rose, thanked my informant, and left the office. Strange that Barry should have chosen his residence in that house of all others; but oh! how much more strange was all this! The occurrence of my recollection was not only a presentiment, but an *index* to the object of my search. The topographical map that the merchant had opened before me was no clearer to my sight than that which had been previously presented to my mind's eye. My soul had, in her own way, answered the enigma I had pronounced to her. She had said, bringing before me a panorama of memory, "Here shalt thou find him whom thou seekest!" But, with all my worldly wisdom, I had not spiritual understanding. Completely enervated in mind, I reached my hotel.

I resolved to visit Barry that evening. I would have gone immediately, but I was fatigued and prostrated by the travel and occurrences of the day, and needed a few hours' rest. As the afternoon waned the snow began to fall again. It was weather that made me think of New England as the Nova Zembla of an untraveled man. It was very bitter weather even for the North.

Night came, and, muffling myself well, I prepared for my visit. My mercurial temper, which, in the alternate exaltation and depression of the last few days, had emulated the changes of the thermometer, again rose to the height of exhilaration in the glow of my anticipated pleasure. I dispatched a servant for a carriage. There was some delay—it seemed to me, in my impatience, half an hour—before it came. Then the driver hesitated when I gave him the direction: it was a long distance for his horses on such a night, and the snow was falling fast. I had to remove his scruples by the magic promise of a double fare. This done, I entered the hack, which was redolent of the damp straw that thickly covered its floor, and was soon gliding along the phantasmal streets.

The conveyance moved rather slowly through the confused double procession of vehicles that continually passed each other; and I was absorbed in the contemplation of the strange and unreal spectacle which a crowded street, with its silent multitude of muffled figures passing like dark phantoms before the brilliant windows, its looming buildings, and its confused penumbras of flickering lights and shadows presents through the falling snow of a winter night, when there was a shock—a crash—loud cries—a convulsion, and the carriage was overthrown, and I—hurled violently back on the side cushions, from whence I rolled upon the prostrate door, breaking its glass pane—was immediately submerged in the damp straw, which the concussion threw over me. Fortunately I was not hurt; and I could not restrain my hearty laughter when (forgetting that the *width* of the carriage would not allow me to stand upright), scrambling, springing to my feet, I thrust my head and shoulders through the *other* pane, shattering it instantly. It was doubly well that the glass was thin, and that my head was protected by a thick fur cap, or the feat might have been less ludicrous for me; much less had my head chanced to have come in contact with the panel of the door instead of the pane!

It will be understood that the carriage lay upon its side, and I was looking out from the broken window. In this position I at once comprehended the state of affairs. The vehicle had been overturned by a lumbering omnibus, whose driver was looking down from his eminence on the accident; having, with a curious exception to his class, even condescended to stop his horses. I put out my hand, and, throwing back the door, clambered out, amidst the laughter of the crowd, before the coachman came round to me. He was in a high rage, only abated by my mirth into a truculent surliness, which spirted out in broken jets of oaths against the omnibus driver. That person listened in silence, with a stolid and equable composure, and evidently coming to the conclusion that nothing further could be done on his part, drove off. The overthrow of the carriage had been much facilitated by the sinking of the off-runner into a deep rut at the moment of collision. The by-standers aided the driver in righting it; but the shaft was splintered in such a manner as to render further progress impossible. I paid the unwilling driver liberally for his trouble, and proceeded up the street on foot. Before I had gone far an omnibus overtook me, and I stepped in; but wearied before many minutes by its spasmodic plunges over the ruts and snow-drifts, I alighted again, and resolved to walk. It was a wild night for a pedestrian, but I was now just in the mood to have braved any weather, even had I been less securely protected from the storm. If omens meant any thing, I had had enough in one evening to have dissuaded me from my visit. But Roxbury Neck was my Rubicon, and defying auguries, I was resolved to cross it.

The wind had veered from northeast to northwest—a fact of which I was reminded as I reached the first open space below the level of the street, upon which a great, fantastic, circular gas-house still stands—and felt a cold blast sweep by, driving the snow in my face. The gust instantly died away, and yielding to an involuntary feeling of interest at again beholding one of the familiar places of my boyhood, I stood still, resting my arms on the wooden fence that bordered the street, and gazed on the dusky waste, whose confines blended with a dim streak of gray sky which faintly defined the western horizon. I can not, even now, think of the omnious incident which followed my halt without a shudder. The shawl in which the lower part of my face had been enveloped, became loosened and disarranged, and I took it off again to adjust it. I was much heated by my rapid walk, which was, perhaps, the reason that I did not immediately reassume it, but holding it in

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my hand, continued to gaze on the scene before me. I do not know what I was thinking of; my mind was certainly in a pleasant and quiescent mood, when I became sensible that the air around me was impregnated with the strong, stifling scent of *camphor!* I have said before, that the circumstances which followed the death of my wife had inspired me with a deadly, an insuperable disgust, amounting to an absolute hatred for the drug. But now it was *more* than revolting. A sense of dreadful horror swept down upon me like a shadow; a sickening chill stole through my blood, as if I had touched a putrid corpse. The air was silently stricken with an unnatural palsy; the hideous odor alone had motion; it seemed to crawl around me with the writhing and puckering movement of a gigantic grave-worm. I held my breath. There was no one near me; the street was deserted. Some strange meaning haunted the solitude. I felt as if I was verging slowly to some new, some unfathomable abyss of fright. I listened. There was no sound but the audible throbbing of my heart. The snow was dropping silently. Far away in the murky west, a row of sullen lights burned dimly, like funeral lamps upon some dusky road to death. As I listened in the dead hush, the sound of a bell, muffled in the storm, sank upon my ear like a knell. I shuddered. The scent failed, and the wind rushed by me, whirling the snow-flakes wildly in the air. Then a breath—a long sigh arose within me, and my fantastic terrors died. The bell had sounded from a remote steeple; I now heard another, and a nearer, striking the hour of seven. Wrapping my face again in the shawl, I rushed on to my destination.

The occurrence I, of course, conceived to be entirely accidental. It had impressed me vividly for the time; but as I strode on, the observation of the manifest changes which had altered the aspect of the neighborhood since my youth, diverted my mind from dwelling upon it; and when at last I stopped before the old house, with my heart beating joyously, it had faded entirely from my thoughts. I paused for a moment, and surveyed the mansion. The side windows looked on the main street; the back windows were parallel with the new street running westward. It stood alone, for there was no other house on that side of the new street, and but two or three, at unequal distances, on the opposite side. Its western windows, consequently, commanded an uninterrupted view of the marshes beyond, in which the street terminated. The front of the building faced its own precincts—an inclosed court-yard. This was an elevation above the ground-level of the street. A spectral elm, with its giant branches laden with snow, stood within the court-yard, before the hall door. There were two or three leafless elms and poplars at the inner extremity of the inclosure. The house, so far as I could judge in the darkness, was much the same as heretofore. Its side shutters, which faced me as I looked, were closed. The old air of mystery and secrecy still hung about it. Entering the yard I ran quickly up the steps to the front door, grasped the knocker, and gave a double rap. There was a light in the lower room of the right wing, as I saw—for the outer blinds were unshut, and the upper half of the inner shutters was unclosed, leaving a portion of the cornice and ceiling of the chamber visible through the white muslin curtains. As I knocked I saw a shadow that I had noticed on the ceiling suddenly start, and *thought* I heard a slight cry. I waited a few minutes, and was about to knock again, when I heard a footstep behind me, and turning, saw a woman ascending the steps—an Irish servant-girl, with a small parcel in her hand. I immediately asked if Mr. Barry resided in the house? Yes; but he was not at home. Not at home! oh—not come in from the city? No; he was out of town. Out of town! I felt disappointed. I had felt so sure of seeing him, that I had not calculated on his possible absence. Well, no matter, Mrs. Barry was in? Yes. Then I would like to see *her*. The girl opened the door with a latch-key, and admitted me. I produced my card, and handed it to her for her mistress. She waited until I had hung my coat and mufflers on the clothes-tree in the entry, and then ushered me into a parlor on the left side of the passage.

I was too much excited with the anticipation of soon seeing Mrs. Barry and her child to notice any thing about the room, save that it was well lighted, and, to me—heated by my walk—exceedingly close and warm. I had sunk into a cushioned chair, and, in a confusion of mind that I could not explain, was endeavoring to define something that oppressed me—that seemed to intrude between me and my thought of them. It was as if I were returning to something that I ought to remember, and although on the very verge of recollection, was vainly endeavoring to advance. "What is it?" I asked myself. "What is the matter with me?" The room! the air! camphor! Great God! It flashed upon me. *The air of the chamber was thick with the odor of camphor!* I sprang to my feet. The event of a few minutes before whirled on my brain. What does this mean? There was a light, rapid step in the passage—the door flew open, and Mrs. Barry rushed into the room with a cry, and fell fainting in my arms.

My brain reeled, and a deadly sickness overcame me. Summoning my energies with a violent effort, to prevent myself from sinking to the floor, I lifted her in my arms, and laid her on a sofa. I looked about for a bell-rope, and not perceiving one, rushed into the entry and called some name, I knew not what. The servant-girl came running up from below. "Here, my good girl, your mistress has fainted—some water, quick!" I believe the girl fell down stairs in her hurry; she was not hurt, however, for she immediately returned and entered the room with a tumbler. I sprinkled some drops on Mrs. Barry's face, and threw open the window, then kneeling beside her, I took her small

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hands in mine, and gazed into her colorless face. The excitement I had passed through had left me as weak as a child. My actions had proceeded from a desperate instinct rather than reason. I now began to be calm again, and to question the meaning of all this. The camphor—the mere singularity of the coincidence overcame me; she entered, and alarmed me by swooning in my arms. Why should she swoon? Such demonstrations were not in keeping with her: what *could* be the reason? The camphor—was I the sport of coincidence? Why should that accursed odor fill the air when I was a mile from the house? And why should it be here again *in this house?* The last mental question seemed to stun and bewilder me. The preceding thoughts flashed upon my mind with the dazzling brevity of lightning, illuminating the truth, but binding my mental vision to its nature. I felt that I was on the very brink of apprehension; that another, the next gleam of clear reflection, would reveal the form of the mystery. I strove to be calm—to collect my faculties. I gazed intently into her face, pallid as marble—that was the color of the swoon—but then I saw that the cheeks were wan, the eyes sunken. "She has been ill," I murmured; "my sudden visit has perhaps occasioned an excitement too powerful for her feebleness." Yet some inexplicable feeling refused me satisfaction from this conjecture. I suddenly remembered that the servant was standing behind me, and that I might determine my speculations by a question. I was about to make an inquiry to this effect, when a slight motion from Mrs. Barry announced the return of consciousness, and chained my attention to her. A faint flush deepened gradually on the pale face, the eyes slowly unclosed. As they met mine, and the life brightened in them, and a thin smile stole softly, like celestial light, over her features, I thought that I had never seen a face more sadly beautiful. A feeling of tender awe filled my heart. I raised her, a moment after, from her recumbent position, and, with a sigh, the swoon ended. Clinging to my arm with a convulsive grasp, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and tears flowed lightly from her eyes. I assisted her to a deep-cushioned chair. Dismissing, with a motion of my hand, the poor girl who had stood staring at us in silent wonder, and closing the window, I drew a chair near her and sat down.

"Now," I thought, "this will be explained." My first words were spoken with the design of tranquilizing her. She was, however, calm—far calmer than I was. Turning her pale, beauful face toward me—her face was very pale in the softened light of an astral lamp hanging from the ceiling—she spoke of her joy in my presence. I understood from her that she had been very lonely, and that the relief experienced at my unexpected arrival had so agitated her that she had given way. This explanation did not satisfy me. I felt that her agitation was connected with another cause, but I hardly knew how to tell her so. I inquired for Barry. She informed me that urgent business had called him to New York several days before; that he was expected home daily. "Will he never, *never* come!" she added, with an emotion that surprised me. "Is it possible," I thought, "that his absence for a few days can have thus depressed her?" I knew her strength of character so well, that I imagined it improbable.

"Helen," I said, "tell me; you are, or have been ill—is it not true?"

"No," she answered; but I have been very lonely, and he is absent when—"

Her voice faltered; she was silent. I felt my blind foreboding of some evil dilate until my brain was giddy; but I never, at that moment, apprehended the truth, or the shadow of the truth. I endeavored to speak cheerfully—playfully.

"Now, Helen," I said, "how can you have allowed yourself to be lonely and melancholy, when you have your little Helen—my little darling—with you, and—"

I stopped suddenly; I remember these things perfectly. As I mentioned her child's name, a change passed over her face. She trembled, and laid her hand on my arm; her lips moved, as if she was about to speak, but no sound came from them. And then I thought I knew all.

While I had been speaking, I confess there had been but one thought in my mind; and that was of the scent which had surrounded me when I was a mile from the house, and which now oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. If it is thought strange that I did not immediately divine, or at least question more directly, the occasion for its presence in the room, let me answer, that my mind was so entirely occupied and confused by the simple fact of the *coincidence*, that up to that moment I had been endeavoring to account for *that*, and *that* only. Even when I had chanced to ask myself the reason for its being in the house, the mere abstract fact of the coincidence had paralyzed the inquiry; and my unnatural excitement, caused by the unexpected concurrence of circumstances, and augmented by the manner of my reception, had blinded and perplexed my understanding. But now, when I saw her voice fail on her quivering lips at the mention of her child's name, a terrible presentiment of the reason for its being here fell upon me. Yet I feared to ask directly for the child—I feared to hear at once that it was no more. I spoke hurriedly:

"Tell me; why is there so strong a scent of camphor in the room?"

"A vial was broken here a few minutes ago," she replied; "see—here it is."

In fact, a broken vial was on the adjoining table.

"Is it disagreeable to you?"

I did not reply; this was not the answer I had expected.

"Helen!"—I took her hands in mine—"you have something to tell me; is it not so? Do not fear to let me know the worst. Your child is—"

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I feared to say it; then something in her face told me it *was* not—it *could* not be that.

"No?" I inquired.

"No," she said, "not dead, but she is ill."

I was relieved—yes, glad! For a moment I felt a sense of positive exultation. My heart was light to know that the calamity which had befallen was less than I had feared. I inquired, almost mechanically, in the full flush of my gratification, if there was any danger? She answered that the physician who had been called in, and who bore the reputation of being a scientific and skillful practitioner, had assured her that the case was an ordinary one, and gave no cause for alarm. My exultation swelled into a feeling of triumph.

"And what is her malady?" I asked.

"It is the scarlet fever."

I looked at her. A yawning gulf seemed to have opened at my feet for an instant, and closed before I could see what it contained. "The camphor—my wife—the child;" I found myself faintly murmuring these words. I was on the point of telling the hideous details of my wife's death. I paused; I resolved to postpone the narration until a more fitting period. With a strenuous mental effort I dismissed the whole subject from my thoughts, and changed the course of the conversation.

My speculations respecting the unusual excitement of her manner in receiving me, were now, as I thought, finally resolved. Her husband absent—her child ill—and the loneliness and anxiety arising from these circumstances depressing her mind, it was not singular that she should be overpowered by the unexpected arrival of a friend so near to her as I was. For a time I felt perfectly satisfied with this conclusion. Then I again became uneasy and perplexed; for my attention, rendered unusually active by my excitement, was directed to certain peculiarities in her *manner*, which I could not explain, and which half-alarmed me. I noticed first, that she seemed averse to entering into conversation about her child. My questions and remarks relating to the little girl elicited from her only indistinct and brief replies. This would not, perhaps, under different circumstances, have surprised me. I have never met with a woman who, loving deeply and tenderly, had less of the pedantry of affection than Mrs. Barry. But at a time when even morbid prolixity on such a subject might have been expected and pardoned, I could not but observe the want of allusion to it. She was taciturn on that subject only; on any other she conversed readily, and with a feverish, though deliberate, fluency. Then I began to observe something, which I intuitively connected with the topic she seemed so anxious to avoid, and which perplexed me more and more as I continued to notice it. I saw—and knowing, as I did, the utter absence of any morbid nervousness in her temperament, I could not but notice, and wonder at it—that she was unusually susceptible to, and cognizant of, the occurrence of any slight sound in the room. Once, while she was detailing the reasons for Barry's retirement from business, she started suddenly in her chair at a slight noise, made by an unfastened shutter without, swaying in the gust. Again, while she was telling me the causes for their occupation of the present house, I saw her turn pale, and pause in her relation, at a sound occasioned by the falling of an ivory ball from the table to the carpeted floor—the table having been jarred by a movement of mine. I have remembered these two instances, because they convinced me at the time that her mind, which would naturally have been supposed to be intent upon her narration, was preoccupied by another thought, and that she was *listening* for the occurrence of the sounds to which she was so nervously alive. This extreme sensitiveness was so marked, and its manifestations were so frequent, that I was forced to perceive it. I could not suppose that *this* was induced by despondency for her child, by restlessness at her husband's absence, or by over-agitation at my sudden visit. It rather indicated to me that her mind, abstracted and removed by an absorbing interest to some unknown object, was in a condition of vague and passive terror!

Imagining as yet that all this *might* be accidental, I strove to divert her thoughts by relating in an exaggerated and graphic style of humor the series of misadventures that had befallen me in my endeavors to reach the house. I watched her narrowly as I went on, and saw that, even when most interested, she was perfectly cognizant of the slight noises that took place in the room, and evinced the same subdued alarm at their every occurrence. Indeed, the symptoms seemed to increase, as if her mind, diverted at first by my advent, and becoming gradually familiarized with my presence, was resuming a former channel. I noticed on these occasions that her glance rested on the door behind me, with an intensity which had induced me several times to turn my head in order to ascertain what she was looking at. I felt grieved. I did not wish to question her regarding this strange disquietude, for I thought that it would hardly be abated by its cause becoming known to me. Besides, I trusted to my own observation to ultimately satisfy my curiosity. One thing I felt sure of: that her manner was in some way connected with the illness of her child. I was right in my conjecture.

We had been talking in this way for some time, and, with an unkind perversity which was determined to engage her attention to the topic she seemed to avoid, I had spoken for some minutes only upon that, when a knock was heard at the parlor door. At the same time—it may have been, I thought, an accidental motion—I observed that she suddenly placed her hand upon her bosom. Wondering at my own silly stupidity in not divining from her restlessness and frequent glances in that direction, that a visitor was expected, I immediately rose

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from my seat and opened the door. To my astonishment, there was no one there. So certain was I that I had heard a knock, that I stepped into the entry to assure myself that no one was without. The passage was dimly but sufficiently lighted by a swinging lamp depending from the ceiling, sufficiently to convince me at a glance that I had been deceived. Re-entering the parlor, and closing the door, I resumed my seat; observing as I did so, to Mrs. Barry, who sat with her eyes covered by her small, jeweled hand, that "I thought there was a knock." She raised her head, and quietly answered,

"I thought so."

"We were mistaken," I said, "it was some casual noise."

"Yes," she replied, in a tremulous voice, "an accident."

Her face was very pale, and I thought her eyes had a singular expression as she looked directly in my face—an intense earnestness, as if they sought to detect a thought I might be anxious to conceal. The look was only momentary, and she again shaded them with her hand. I did not, at the time, so much observe the expression as to be attracted by it into any speculation, nor even think of it in connection with the knocking. For the latter, though I had distinctly heard it, yet having failed to corroborate an opinion testified to by one sense by the evidence of another, I had come to the conclusion that I had been deceived by some accidental sound, and gave it no further thought.

After some desultory conversation, we rose to visit the bedside of the child. The room in which she lay was on the opposite side of the entry—the same in which I had seen through the window the shadow start on the ceiling. As I entered, I recognized in the furniture and arrangement of the antique chamber a counterpart of that where, a few months before, I had held the little girl in my arms. Whatever involuntary feeling of pleasure the memory awakened was now tempered with melancholy, when I thought of the fallen fortunes of my friends, and when I saw—the only strange object in the chamber—the small carved bed in which the child lay. She was asleep. The red flush of fever was on her face; the lustrous eyes were closed; the beautiful dark tresses had been shorn from the fair head. As I bent over her, a spectral memory of the destiny which hung above her house passed across my mind. Then all the wild love that I bore in my nature for her came up in blinding tears to my eyes, and an aspiration, mighty as a prayer, rose from my soul to God, for a blessing that no mortal words could name.

We sat down near each other—Mrs. Barry and I—and conversed in low tones that did not disturb the hush of the chamber. The shaded lamp gave a dim light that seemed to expand the large proportions of the shadowy room. A few red rays from the smouldering coals in the grate rested on the carpeted floor. Without was the faint wailing of the wind, rising at intervals into a rushing sound, as if something were sweeping through the air around the house, and pausing, to sink into a hushed and mournful sigh. The constant ticking of a small clock of black marble sounded like dropping water. There was no other sound but the low murmur of our voices, whispering together. Gradually these died away, and we were mute. I sat and watched her. She reclined in a low cushioned seat beneath me, in the shadow of the bed, which gave a duskier pallor to her pale, sweet face. The eyes were closed. Only upon her white hands, laid together as if in supplication, fell a faint light from the lamp beyond. It shone upon the jewels, which gleamed like sparks of golden and crystal fire. And thus in my latter years, whenever the tempest broods with night over land and sea, and in the darkness, when the winds are wild and low—with a deeper shadow on a brow made holy with the peace of answered prayer, and holier light resting in promise on her praying hands—she rises in the mists of vision, and sits in my memory forever!

The hours waned slowly away. We had not spoken for some time. The tempest was dying away, and there was no sound but the monotonous ticking of the clock. She had risen quietly from her seat, unknown to me, so deep was the reverie in which I had been lost. I was awakened suddenly to consciousness—and saw her standing by the bed, looking at the sleeping child—by a loud rap at the door. Without reflection, I arose and opened it. I started back with surprise at beholding no one there! Recovering myself instantly, I sprang into the entry. There was no one! I stood amazed, petrified, struck dumb with wonder. Was I dreaming? No—I heard it; distinctly—clearly—plainly heard it. I peered about the entry; there was no place of concealment there; the dim light of the lamp illuminated the entire passage. I was conscious of supernatural fear. I turned and looked into the room. She was standing by the bedside, with her averted face covered by her hands. A secret fire leaped through my veins. I knew then that she had heard it—yes, and heard it before! Chilled and pale, I entered the room, and shutting the door, went to her side and laid my hand on her arm. She turned quickly; her face was white, and large tears stood in her calm eyes. A forced smile played on her colorless lips, as she said,

"How pale you are!"

"Helen!" I screamed, "what is this?"

She looked at me, with the same smile on her pallid face.

"My friend," said she, and her voice was sweet and clear, "be calm; you must be calm!"

She laid her hands in mine, and the tears flowed from her eyes, steadily fixed on my face.

"Come," I said, "come, Helen, into the next room, where we can talk without disturb-

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ing her, and tell me what was on your mind all this evening."

We crossed the passage to the room where we had previously sat, and resumed our former seats. For a few minutes we looked at each other in silence, as if listening for the recurrence of the mysterious noise. At last I spoke, and after asking if she had heard these sounds before my visit, which she answered that she had, I requested her to tell me every thing about them. She complied, without a moment's hesitation. What she told me was substantially as follows:

On the day after her husband's departure, the little Helen, her child, came to her and complained of being unwell. She was sitting in her chair, and the little girl's head rested in her lap, when she heard a knock at the door. She was surprised, for she had not heard the hall door open, and visitors were usually shown by the girl into the opposite parlor—the room in which we were now sitting. Thinking that it might be the servant, although *she* was accustomed to enter the room without formality, Mrs. Barry said, "Come in." The door not opening, she rose, and was still more surprised to find no one without. The sound had been singularly distinct; however, she thought no more of it until a couple of hours afterward, when it again occurred, and the result was the same. She was amazed. Nothing of the kind had been heard during the few months' previous occupation of the house. It was not heard again that day until late in the afternoon, when it came with great plainness. She began to feel uneasy, the more so that the child was becoming seriously ill. She took her up stairs, and, putting her to bed, sent for a physician. He came; pronounced the nature of the disease, prescribed, and went away. That evening, after a long silence, the child suddenly said, "Mother, do you think I am going to die?" As the words were spoken, the mother heard the knock at the door. This, it will be understood, was in a chamber overhead, clearly showing that the noise was not confined in its manifestation to any particular part of the house. The mother did not answer the question. From that moment she instinctively connected the phenomenon with the illness of the child. She remembered that its first evidence was given at the time when the child complained of being unwell. A gloomy and tremulous foreboding filled her mind. That night she did not sleep. The dreadful noises came at intervals during the long vigil, seeming to increase with the delirium of the child. She did not dare to call the servant-girl, fearing that she might hear them, and, becoming alarmed, desert the house and leave her alone. She knew none of the neighbors, and the fear of creating any excitement dissuaded her from summoning strangers. She could only pray for her husband's return.

The physician came again in the morning, and went away, assuring her that there was no danger. She did not mention to him the cause of her anxiety. But the chamber was dreadful to her. Sending out for a porter, she had the bed conveyed down stairs to the room it now occupied. The noises only came at long intervals that day; the very fact made them more ominous. That afternoon she slept a few hours. Toward evening, as she thought of the certainty of another night, thronged with the terrors of that which had passed, the anticipation became almost insupportable. She prayed for relief. She began to hope that the noises might be accidental, or might cease. That evening, as she was bending over the child, a loud knock came, so suddenly that it forced a cry from her. She immediately recovered herself, for she recognized the challenge of a visitor on the hall door, and nothing supernatural. Remembering that the girl was absent on an errand, she was about to go to the door herself, and only paused to regain her composure, when she heard the door open, and the voice of the servant ushering in the visitor. The courage which had upborne her in the trials of the preceding days gave way as she fainted in my arms!

Every thing respecting her nervous manner that evening was now explained. It was *her* cry that I had heard at the hall door; it was *her* shadow that started on the ceiling. I now understood the reason for her attention to the casual noises which took place in the room—which continually reminded her of the sounds mysteriously connected in her mind with the fate of her child—and her frequent glances to the door at their occurrence. She had hoped that my presence was the announcement of their ceasing; and when I had heard the first evidence of their existence that evening, and thought myself deceived, she knew that *she* was not, and her hope had faded. In my remembrance of her pale face, shaded by her hand, when I re-entered the chamber, the tremulous voice in which she had assented to my opinion, and the intense expression of her earnest eyes, seeking to ascertain if I suspected the truth, I now read the reassumption of a former foreboding, already sinking in her mind to the cold resignation of despair. I began to repent having permitted myself to become so agitated and excited, fearing that I might have strengthened her belief in a fatality by evincing a too ready adhesion to the theory that these sounds were the result of a supernatural agency. With this repentance came a hesitating doubt. The sounds had certainly occurred, yet they might have been the singular effect of a vulgar cause, only mysterious because unknown; and the facts of their occurrence at the child's first illness, and apparently in answer to her question regarding the possibility of death, merely casual coincidences. But no; that answered nothing. Even if the (not impossible, but still) monstrous hypothesis were admitted, that a sound, the same in all its peculiarities, can be produced by a simple and natural cause, in several places absolutely removed and apart from each other—and is intelligent, and bears reference to a

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human life—then, at least, it is ominous of a relation that it bears to the law which controls that life. It is not the less terrible because it is the blind vassal of a destiny; it can not have become so by accident; and if it can, it is not the less appalling, for it has ceased to be accident. I shall be accused of superstition, of unintelligent credulity. I repel such accusations with scorn. The phenomenon, so simple, so direct, so palpably removed from uncertainty in its manifestations, was mysterious enough to thrill any one with horror. As I listened to Mrs. Barry's story, I could not but admire the courage which had nerved her to bear such terrors, and the admirable balance of mind which had not tottered from reason. When I myself had been so powerfully excited by a single evening's experience, and in her company, what must have been her feelings, compelled for days of loneliness to hear such sounds, without a single clew to their cause or meaning but one, and that one so dreadful. There was no doubt in my mind, there could be none, of the verity of their occurrence. The raps were on the door, distinctly on the door. They were peculiar, not only in distinctness, but in a deliberate abruptness, as if they were given by an unfaltering hand. They were always double raps, varying in loudness, but never faint or hesitating. Nothing earthly but the human hand could have produced such sounds. I say nothing *earthly;* and I base this opinion upon the conviction acquired by subsequent experience and investigation.

My only course was to assume an indifference that I did not feel, and endeavor to impart it to her, trusting that all this might yet be explained away. A strange idea that I have held at different periods of my life—a shadowy and fluctuating fancy—now took possession of me. I felt a vague confidence, that if she could become strongly informed with the faith that her child would live, it would exert a mystic and magnetic influence on a life which was bound to her own by all the strong affinities of love, and preserve it to her. I said every thing I could to induce this belief in her; but I failed. It was in vain for me to attempt to undermine her conviction of portended death. I could not explain the phenomena on which it rested; and although I did not share her belief as to their meaning, yet there was a strangeness, a homely horror in the manifestations, under the circumstances, that completely awed and bewildered me.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. We were entirely alone. The servant-girl had long since retired, and I resolved to watch with Mrs. Barry by the bedside of her child. She assented to my determination; and after extinguishing the entry lamp, and replenishing the fire in the grate, I prevailed on her to occupy a couch near the bed, where she might sleep, if so inclined; and taking a cushioned chair for myself, sat down to watch the night away.

At two o'clock the sound occurred again, with a distinctness absolutely fearful. We did not hear it again that night. The child awoke once about four, and required attention. She relapsed into a state of relative insensibility without recognizing me. This awakened a sadder feeling in my heart than all that had passed. It haunted me in a chaos of reveries until the dim lamplight began to sicken in the cold gray of the cloudy daybreak. The cheerless dawn melted gradually into my waking dreams, slowly blotting them away, until my mind in its blank consciousness felt that it had something akin to the faded fire smouldering in the dead ashes, and the sallow light of the lamp, paled in the deathly, unnatural morning. Rising from my seat, I softly crossed the room and looked out. The snow lay deeply on the blank street. A naked tree before the house shivered noiselessly as the gust shook its black branches. All was desolate without, and a desolation like death, or the shadow of death, rested heavily within. My heart was sick. Turning from the window my eye fell upon the pale features of Mrs. Barry. She slept. A happy smile, like the light shed from a pleasant dream, was upon her wan and spiritual face, and vailed its seraphic sorrow with an unearthly beauty. A tender and solemn feeling rising in my awed heart, as I gazed upon that sweet and noble countenance, dilated into peaceful hope, and rebuking my doubts and fears, stood within me in deep and unutterable prayer. Softly, very softly, fearing to awaken her, I crossed the room and looked upon the child. Then came the awful knock at the door—low and distinct—thrilling my heart—curdling my blood with its mysterious meaning! I turned—she was sitting up; her slumber had been light, and she had heard it. We looked at each other in silence, with a look that understood each other's thoughts. She sighed heavily, and my eyes grew dim with tears. I turned away to repress them, and bent over the child of our common affection, for whom were our hopes, and prayers, and fears. Then the reality of the day, and the need of courage to sustain it, came upon me, and I grew calm.

My story darkens to a close. Before the maid came down I wrapped myself up and left the house for an early walk through the streets of the adjacent town. I had need of exercise after a long night spent in the sick chamber. The air was warm, and at every step my feet sank deeply in the soft snow. I did not heed the difficulty of my progress. My every thought was absorbed in the fate of the child, and the strange tissue of presentiments in which that fate was involved.

I returned to the house in a couple of hours. The servant answered my summons at the door, and seemed rather surprised at what she undoubtedly supposed was an early visit. I was glad to see that she did not know I had passed the night in the house. As I stood in the entry, divesting myself of my overcoat, the knock occurred very near me, on the right hand door.

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Before I could speak the girl threw it open, supposing that her mistress had summoned her thus from within, and was very much surprised at seeing her standing by the child's bed, at a distance which she could not have attained in the slight interim elapsing between the rap and the opening of the door. I relieved her by saying, with a laugh, that I had made the noise with the heel of my boot on the floor, "in this way," said I. Before I could produce a sound, which, to a fine ear, would have borne no similitude to it, the knock came again on the open door, sounding, of course, *within* the chamber. "So," said I, coolly. The girl looked at me with the most perfect expression of stupefaction that I ever saw on a human countenance. I bore it like a Stoic, although strongly tempted to laugh in earnest, despite the dread I felt at this demoniac jesting—this singular anticipation of my purpose by the unknown cause of the sounds, and by the fear that the noise might occur again while she was watching my motions, or that she might doubt my assertion as it was. Had she done so, I firmly believe she would have left the house instantly, although she was much attached to her mistress. She was not, however, incredulous of my assertion, but wonder-struck at my ability to produce a sound, evidently in another place, on the floor beneath me. My boot heel must have passed into her mind to take place among its strongest conceptions of the miraculous. She never discovered that the house was haunted by such noises, as they were invariably confined to the neighborhood of the child, and she was kept away by Mrs. Barry as much as possible, on the score of the danger of infection.

I entered the room and closed the door behind me. Mrs. Barry still stood by the bed. "It was not you?" she asked, in a gentle voice. I shook my head. She knew that it was not, but the impudence of my assertion to the girl, and the coincidence of the last sound with my intention, had doubtless induced the question. "It was singular," I said, alluding to the last. She assented by a motion of her head—her thoughts were with her child.

The morning grew darker. The leaden sky without had changed to a deeper tint and hung nearer to the earth, and was puckered and ugly, with low, dark, sullen clouds, that crept slowly along, and filtered down a dismal rain upon the fallen snow. A vague mist, which had hung about the distance, gradually deepened, and shrouded every object till its shape was formless. I sat at the window, watching gloomily the cheerless scene, with a heart sinking from deep to deep, and a cold mist gathering in my mind. The slow, monotonous ticking from the black marble clock struck my ear. Tick, tick, tick! and my thought unconsciously fashioned the sound into one warning word, slowly and constantly repeated—Death, death, death!

Yes; it began to be familiar in my mind. Vague and awful—a shadow, slowly gathering form. Haunting me—sullenly dogging my failing hope through every dim avenue of thought—the shrouded angel, terrible and silent, whose dreaded name was Death!

A light hand touched me on the shoulder. I started, and followed her to the adjoining room. We sat down to the table. I could not eat, but I drank cup after cup of strong coffee, until it acted on my nerves with the first effect of opium—only narcotizing unrest, and soothing and strengthening the mind into calm activity. I began to feel more cheerful, and conversed with her tranquilly on indifferent topics. We had finished breakfast, and re-entered the sick chamber, when the physician was announced. He was an old gentleman, grave and kind in his deportment, and with a certain subdued cordiality of manner. He said much to assure Mrs. Barry that her child was in no imminent danger, and after expressing his opinion that the fever was rapidly attaining its crisis, which, safely passed, would terminate all doubt as to the result, and prescribing the usual remedies dictated by the common method of treatment, with some further general directions, he cheerfully left us.

I can not describe the feeling of confidence with which his visit reinspired me. I strove to impart it to her, but she only answered with a sad smile. Her mournful incredulity only gave fresh strength to my reinvigorated hope. The fate of my wife might have warned me to be cautious in my anticipations. It did not, however. I had begun by striving to convince Mrs. Barry of the truth of fables which I did not believe; I ended by deceiving and convincing myself. I now talked extravagantly and buoyantly of the *certainty* of the child's recovery. My hope no longer caught at straws to save it from sinking. It clung to the physician's assurance as to a life-preserver. Alas! like that, its support was only filled with human breath.

The fatal knock came again at the door while I was talking. I cared not; I defied auguries. Yet, after a time, the excitement began to decrease, and the old feeling slowly began to return. I went to the door and examined it. It was of solid oak, old, but utterly free from decay. For an hour I wandered about the passage-way—sounding the walnut wainscots—the floors—trying to discover some plausible natural reason for these noises. It was in vain.

I re-entered the chamber. The child was in a state of partial insensibility, sometimes broken by the low, incoherent wanderings of delirium, and then sinking into brief, uneasy slumber. Every attention that could be bestowed on her was, of course, given by the mother.

As the slow morning crept toward noon, the snow already began to dissolve under the incessant torrents that poured from the heavy clouds. The frantic wind rising, dashed the rain against the streaming panes, shook the elm trees before the window, and swept through the sullen air. The storm was wild without—within all was quiet. So the morning wore away.

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At two o'clock the physician came again. After he had gone I began to think of going to the city to my hotel, so as to return in the early evening, but it rained so furiously that I resolved to wait a couple of hours, hoping that the storm might abate. I earnestly desired, more than all, the return of Barry. We had heard nothing from him. She had sent two letters. When I mentioned to her my anxious wish for his presence, she expressed her conviction that he would not return before all was over. The thought chilled me, and I begged her not to cherish a presentiment so distressing. She only replied with a sad and fatal smile.

The circumstance gave a deeper color to my thoughts. The smile, cold with the unimpassioned grief of despair, haunted me. If she had wept, wildly and bitterly, I could have borne it; but this fatal and prophetic sorrow was dreadful. I could not answer her, and sat in painful silence.

An old remembrance came slowly to me. It gathered form from every object in the room, and brought me back to the day, months before, when I had held the child upon my knee, and seen her eyes unclose in the silence, and a strange, supernatural gaze look from them into mine. I remembered the fatal family tradition. Mrs. Barry was sitting near me.

"Helen," I said, "you were an orphan from your childhood."

"Yes."

I was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," I resumed, "that Paul, like you, was an orphan?"

"I know it," she replied; "we were both orphans from our childhood."

"Yes," I answered; "and his parents were also both orphans."

"It is true," she said; "they were also, like us, only children; so were mine."

"You know it?" I inquired—"you know this to be true?"

"Yes," she answered, "I know it."

"And have you ever thought of it as strange?" I asked.

"Many times," she answered—"and more than strange. We have sometimes wondered if it reverted to our great-grandparents; but we do not know. It is said that some of Paul's family—perhaps his great-grandfather, but *he* thinks an earlier ancestor—lived in this old house before the Revolution."

"What!" I exclaimed—"in this house?"

"In this house," she replied.

"Why did you not tell me before?" I inquired.

She did not answer, nor did I care that she should. Nothing more was said. *I* feared to say more. I rose and looked at the child. The face was hidden in the bedclothes. I did not disturb them, but resumed my chair by the window. For a long time the sound of the storm was confused and dim in my ears. I thought—if my vague reveries can be so termed—of the words I had just heard, and all the mystery and meaning of their theme gathered into one vast, awful sense of coming doom!

The rain did not abate. I prepared to go, promising to return soon. Taking an umbrella, I sallied out. The snow was quite washed away from the streets. Some waste white ridges lay along the gutters, and on portions of the sidewalk a cold, gelid substance, trodden by the feet of many passengers, still remained. There was a breath of fever in the warm, fitful south wind. The rain, whirled about in the currents of air, shaken from the trees, dashed out of the spouts on the black, drenched eaves, was streaming every where. A fever in my veins pulsed with the gust, and a wild spirit in my bosom exulted in the storm.

I reached my destination in less than half an hour. Sitting down in the parlor of the hotel, I wrote a few lines to Barry, imploring him to return immediately. This I dispatched at once to the post-office. What I wrote was earnest enough, God knows; and yet, while I was writing, I felt a singular gayety of mind. When I had finished, and the letter was gone, I was conscious of a still greater exuberance of spirits, accompanied by a slight giddiness, and a dull pain, or rather pressure, in the back of my head. With this feeling increasing, I walked into the reading-room, and took up an evening paper. Glancing down its columns, my eye fell upon this paragraph.

"Sudden Death.—We learn from the New York *Sun* of yesterday, that Mr. Paul Barry, of Boston, who was stopping at the Astor House in that city, fell down suddenly in the reading-room of the hotel, and was taken up dead. An inquest was to be held on his body the same afternoon."

I read this item without emotion of any kind. I read it slowly, carefully, and gravely. This too, I thought, is a reading-room! Then I walked up stairs slowly to my own apartment. On the stairs, I laughed once. I changed my clothes with the utmost deliberation, and without moving a muscle of my face. Having completed my toilet, I walked very slowly up and down the room twice. I laughed again. Then going down stairs into the street, I rushed back to the house with the speed of a whirlwind.

It was nearly six o'clock in the evening when I re-entered the chamber. The child slept. Mrs. Barry was sitting tranquilly by the bed. I took a chair near her, and, seating myself, looked at her with a placid interest. I noticed then, without any sense of sadness, but rather with a feeling of pleasure, how frightfully she had altered within the two preceding days. Her eyes were sunken, and of an unearthly brightness. Her face was very pale and wan, giving a strange brilliance to the sad smile with which she welcomed my reappearance. The hair, arranged in long, dark tresses by her face, made its pallor more apparent. I thought that the face wore a singular—an indescribable look. Its supernatural beauty seemed to vail, and half reveal, another face *within*, whose features were

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those of withered age—old and worn, and seeming to look through the outward countenance. At times—particularly when her eyes were downcast—this appearance of age was more strongly visible; the face wore a secret, blind, meaningless expression, as if the lineaments of another blended with, and partially confused it. In a word, it impressed me as if the countenance was introverted; or as having somewhat the appearance of the *back* of a transparent mask, where the features appear semi-neutralized. I gazed at her quietly. With the same placid, happy feeling, I thought that all this was but the work of a deep inward agony, changing her beauty to premature decay.

Sitting near her, I tried to converse; but our voices soon ceased to murmur. I began to feel an uneasy awe. The sounds had not been heard since the morning. I now feared them. Yet I found myself in a few minutes wishing that they might re-occur. Their cessation gave me uneasiness; it seemed unnatural—it seemed to me that it must predicate evil. I began to feel a morbid propensity to discover shapes in the furniture—to fancy every thing sentient, and imagine it watching me. I thought I must be getting over-excited! To overcome my fancies, I covered my eyes with my hand, and endeavored to abstract my mind from feelings which seemed to be gathering like a crowd of spectres, to surround me before the uprising of some infernal terror.

In this effort I succeeded so far as to lose the impression of sentience in the inanimate objects around me. Then I thought that I would enter upon a calm, a very calm, mental review of the chain of circumstances which had been forced upon my cognizance. I would look at them, one by one. I could not refrain from smiling. I was conscious of a singular expansion in my brain; I was disposed to imagine very strange things; yet I could think very calmly, clearly; the human brain was such a marvelous mechanism! I began to recall the incidents, one by one; the first shadow on my mind, months before, when I remembered the ancestral sin that brought orphan brides, and lonely births, and death to the house of Barry; the look in the eyes of the child; my return to hear of the fallen fortunes of my friend; the warning of the accursed scent of camphor on the black night; the whirl of emotions that greeted my entrance to the haunted house; the illness of the child; the revelation of the warning sounds; the father's absence; the silent agony of the mother; the dreadful repetition of the noises—an invisible, perhaps an ancestral, hand forever challenging at the door; the spectres of the mind; my fear, fright, doubt, and horror, while his cold corpse lies, white and rigid, in a distant city, and all rounds on to the final blackness of the doom!

I look up—a fierce fire in my brain. We sat in silence—an awful silence. No sound but the stormy wailing of the desolate winds, sweeping about the mansion. No sound but the slow ticking of the clock—Death, death, death! A slow whirling in my head—faster—faster! No, no; I am the fool of chimeras—I am yielding to imaginary terrors—I must be calm. Death, death, death!

"Helen, your clock is a good time-keeper—remarkably good."

She looked at me in surprise. I did not look at her, but I knew she was looking at me in surprise. I drew out my watch, and compared it with the clock.

"How very pale you are," she said.

I rose to my feet.

"But your clock—your clock *does* keep good time!"

"Yes; it belonged to my father—why! what is the matter?"

She sprang up and caught my arm. I would have fallen to the floor. She assisted me to my seat.

"A sudden faintness," I said, "nothing but that."

I made a strong effort to compose myself. She left the room. Can I bear this much longer! These thoughts are killing me! Oh! agony, agony!

She returned with a glass of water. I drank it.

"You are ill; what is the matter? Oh! how pale you are!"

"Nothing, Helen," I said, faintly, "positively nothing. I am fatigued—I felt a momentary weakness which nearly overcame me. Do not be alarmed. I am better now—much better."

There was a mirror in the room. I arose and looked in it. Pale; I was livid! I resumed my seat.

"You know, Helen, I did not sleep last night; my fatigue and the warmth of the room brought on a passing faintness."

"Oh! forgive me," she said; "I forgot that you had no sleep; you *must* be wearied. Come, you must go up stairs and rest."

"No, no, Helen; I will not go up stairs. I am quite well. Come," and I tried to laugh, "you must not imagine me so delicate as to be exhausted by one night's vigil!"

"But you are *so* pale," she answered; "you look unwell. At least, if you will not go up stairs, go into the other room and lie down on the sofa. Do not hesitate to leave me here. I will call you if any thing occurs."

I yielded. I was in truth very weary, but I did not intend to sleep. I only wanted to be alone for a few minutes, that I might give vent to the feelings which were becoming insupportable, and regain my composure.

I went into the room, which was well lighted. I turned down the lamp until it only gave a dim light, and throwing myself upon the cushions, covered my face with my hands and wept like a child. Then I grew calmer. I sat in silence for a long time, sad and weak with the storm of feeling which had passed within me. The tempest was at its height without. I drew aside

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the curtains from the western window, and pressing my face close to the cold panes, looked out. There were no houses before me; my eyes rested only on a sullen waste of murky marshes, stretching away until it ended in a curving line of darkness against the faint gray of the horizon. Over this waste rolled a low, drifting rack of stormy clouds, with a dim, phosphorescent light, revealing their gray edges. The rain had ceased; only the wild, despairing winds raged over the waste fields. Opening the window, I let the cool air blow on my forehead and lift my hair. There was a strange, sweet odor on the night. As its spicy breath played on my brow, a tenderer feeling awoke within me. The phantom of the happier hours of my childhood, filled with hope and blessing, floated out from the darkness of the Past upon the gloom, and murmured—Peace. The present sorrow grew dim. I closed the window gently and sat down.

Soon a feeling of weariness stole upon me. I reclined on the ottoman, and listened to the wailing and shrieking of the frantic winds—sinking at intervals into mad whispering and gibbering, and then rising with low moanings into deep, sonorous, drowning cries. Gradually their hoarse and howling voices seemed to die entirely away, and I slept.

I awoke slowly to a vague consciousness that my slumbers had been long and deep. I had a faint remembrance of having heard the winds jarring a shutter during my sleep. They were silent now; the tempest was over. There was a soft, luminous dimness in the chamber, which I could not account for. The lamp burned very low, giving really no light. I felt startled. Could I have slept until morning? I looked at my watch. No—it was just twelve o'clock; I had slept four hours. I arose, and lifting the curtain looked out. The mystery was then apparent. The sky was a floating mass of vapor, illuminated by a misty, yellow moon, which hung, large and gibbous, below the zenith, descending to the west, and diffused a drowsy light over the dead waste below. The night was very still. The very essence of Lethe drugged the air of the chamber, and drowsed my senses. Sinking down on the cushions, I again slept.

My sleep this time was troubled. I was haunted by a vague sense of hearing the winds blowing about the house, and again jarring the shutter. Then it seemed to me that the shutter was beating in the wall of the mansion, and with a feeling of alarm, I tried to awake. I was in the midst of an uneasy and ineffectual struggle to shake off the spell which held me, during which the shutter, I thought, was beating more furiously, and the wall was beginning to totter, when I felt a touch, and immediately started up, perfectly aroused. Mrs. Barry stood before me with a lamp in her hand. Her unbound hair hung in heavy black masses by her face, fearfully relieving its ghastly pallor. I saw her white lips move, and heard her voice, low and clear, and seeming to reach me from an immeasurable distance:

"Helen is dying!"

My eyes were bound to hers. I felt no alarm—I was not startled—only a cold thrill stole slowly through my blood.

"Hush!" said she.

We stood and listened in the dead silence. I noticed the yellow moonlight that lay in a sluggish pool upon the floor.

"Have you heard them?"

"No," I answered. I remembered my dreams.

"They have been loud, very loud, for the last hour. Hark!"

No sound in the silence but the beating of my heart. My watch lay on the cushion. I took it up; it was an hour past midnight—the hands pointed to one.

"And he is dead!" she resumed in the same low, clear voice, still seeming to reach me from an immeasurable distance, but now filled with an awful tenderness; "he is dead; my Paul—my light of life—soul of my soul—heart of my heart—my husband! He is cold and dead!"

"Who has told you?" I murmured dreamily, without emotion, watching the unearthly calmness of her white face.

"*They* have told me," she slowly answered; "they have been loud—very loud. My heart has told me. Come!"

The hollow tones seemed to linger and reverberate on the strange quiet of the air. I followed her. We softly entered the room where the child lay. I bent over her and listened to her faint, heavy breathing, broken only by low moans. I lifted her in my arms, and pressed her close to my heart. As I held her thus, the knock came, low and secret, at the door. I listened with the feeling of desperation for minutes. The ticking of the clock! I laid her again on the pillow and sat down, feeling like one in a dream.

The mother lifted her in her arms and spoke her name. There was no answer; she lay passively, without any motion—without any sound but an occasional moan. Gradually the moaning ceased; only a faint, unsteady breathing denoted that she lived. Then the mother laid her down, still holding her in her arms; and bending over her, she pressed her lips to the face in the last kiss of agonized love, and her dark tresses fell upon the pillow like a vail.

A quarter of an hour had passed. I sat listening to the slow, measured ticking of the clock. Death! death! death! clear as if a low voice was repeating it. No other voice on the stillness—no other sense in the mind.

The mother rose from her position. Her face was wet with tears, but calm and nearly stern. I took her hands in mine—I could not speak. She returned the pressure, and said, "It will end soon." Then she retired to a little distance. I understood by her position that she had taken her farewell of the child, and was listening and waiting for the last.

I stood silently by the bedside. I listened to

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the low voice whispering slowly in the shadows of the room—Death! The ticking of the clock began to excite me. So slow—so monotonous; it numbed my brain; it grew louder, beat by beat. Formless things, with a terrible smoothness to their surface—with a terrible silence in their motion, began to whirl and dilate in my mind, revolving with an awful velocity, but silently—silently; and I grew giddy with their dreadful speed, and although marble-calm without, became frantic within, and longed to burst out in shrieks and wild raving. I looked at the dial; the hands pointed to half past one. I sighed. Something seemed to mimic the sigh. There were two small key-holes in the circular white face. They became strange eyes, and looked at me quietly—very quietly! I looked away. Every object in the room assumed some wild form, and all were watching me. There was an oblong table, covered with books and other articles, standing near the centre of the chamber. The lamp, which had been placed for some reason on the floor, threw its shadow upon the wall in the exact semblance of a coffin! Not an outline was wanting to complete the likeness. I watched it, and with every thought and emotion rushing frantically with the silent current of that awful whirl in my mind, I watched it calmly. The small lid of the coffin opening over the face of the dead, was counterfeited in the mocking shadow by a book which stood on end upon the table. The shadowy lid was, of course, uplifted. I moved to the table, standing between it and the lamp, and saw my own shadow on the wall, bending over the coffin, in the attitude of one looking on the face of a corpse within. I felt a demoniac interest in the contemplation of the dread phantasma. Slowly—impelled by a desire which I could not control—I laid down the book upon the table. Slowly the spectral lid sank, under the touch of the shadowy hand, into the level plane of the coffin. I stood, and looked, and listened to the faint respiration of the child. Timing with its low breathing—timing with the gigantic eddying sweep of that tremendous lunacy of size and motion in my mind, I still heard the ticking of the clock, the low word that left no echo on the air—Death! death! It grew louder—louder—with no accompanying increase of quickness, but steady and slow, till it seemed to swell into a roar, and stunned my brain with the appalling thunder-strokes of that word—Death! death! death! I could bear it no longer. I fixed my burning eyes upon the dial. The hands pointed to a quarter of two. A thought leaped to my mind; I obeyed it. I went over and stopped them. A blessed silence followed. The phantoms faded. I felt a sense of exultation and relief. Although still in a state of powerful abnormal excitement, a reactionary movement had commenced; I was regaining my self-command.

I resumed my place by the bedside. The mother had taken no notice of my actions; she had not once changed her position—her attitude was still that of a listener. I drew out my watch, and hung it on one of the carvings of the bed, where I could note the time. The child scarcely breathed. As I took notice of this decrease of consciousness, a wild sense of the approaching moment which would end the life so dear to me swelled in my heart until it became agony. I took the little form in my arms and held it to my bosom. Every tender emotion, every fading hope and gentle memory linked with her, melted into one agonizing fervor of affection, and held her there, as if to be retained forever. Over that last embrace the slow minutes passed away. An icy torpor succeeded; my soul grew blank and desolate, and a dull despair gathered over it, like a frigid sky. I laid her on the pillow—withdrawing my arms from her body—and looked quietly on her face.

The hands of my watch indicated the hour of two. As I noticed them, a sudden motion from Mrs. Barry startling me from my apathy, caused me to look round. At one glance I saw her with her hand upraised, looking at the child, and listening! In that brief, rapid view, her colorless face, livid by contrast with the ebony tresses—with its white lips, partly open, and its strange, unhuman expression, made more appalling by the dim, distorted light and shadow of the chamber—was so dreadful, that instantly—instinctively—I averted my eyes. At the same moment—our action had been almost simultaneous—the hideous knock, loud and violent, struck upon the door, and—great God!—the eyes of the child suddenly unclosed, and for an instant looked directly into mine with that wild, unearthly brightness, that supernatural meaning which I had never but once seen in them before! The past and present, in that look, were linked with a shock. I was petrified with terror. My blood curdled—a cold sweat started on my forehead—a stifled shriek rose in my throat—my reason swooned upon its throne! I looked away. For a moment of awful horror, in which the very silence became more still, I held my breath, and did not dare to move. Fearfully, at last, I looked round, and saw that the eyelids were closed. I laid my trembling hand upon her heart. Then darkness rushed with a roar upon my brain, and I sank slowly down. Every sensation with me became, for a time, mercifully lost. The child was dead.

THE SENSES.

I.—TASTE.

"Our mouth shall show forth Thy praise."

WHEN Turandot, the far-famed princess of the East, who gave her lovers riddles to solve, and took their lives if they failed, saw one more favored suitor near victory, she suddenly asked him, "What is that palace that even the poorest possess, and the richest can no further adorn? Its portals are hung with crimson curtains of wondrous fabric; they fall upon gates of whitest ivory, carved with subtle cunning, firm and fast as the mountains, and

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yet opening and shutting with lightning's speed. Within are hid man's costliest jewels, and from the depths of that palace cometh forth a voice that ruleth the world?"

The reply was instantaneous: "It is the Mouth of Man."

Three features there are in the human face, representing as many great organs of the senses, which constitute the noblest part of the body of man as he was made after the image of God. They are at the same time the most active instruments of the soul, and therefore placed in such prominence that without any one of them the countenance is not only disfigured, but the divine impress seems to have vanished. They are eyes, nose, and mouth. Of these, the mouth would seem to be by far the most important, for its principal duties alone in the marvelous household of the human structure are four-fold. One it has, in man in common with all animals, that of receiving the necessary food, solid or liquid, and of thus supporting the earth-born body. The mouth becomes thus the great gate of all material supplies which enter through the two portals, the lips, and repeats, in its anatomical structure in the head, the whole lower-digestive apparatus, as the nose repeats there, in like manner, though on a much reduced scale, the organs of respiration. Nor can this be claimed as a high prerogative in man. Among the Buddhists the custom prevails to this day that the priest of Brahma can not eat from a vessel that has been used by an Indian of lower caste, nor must he suffer himself to be seen eating by human eye. In like manner there is upon earth a whole numerous class of beauteous beings who hold their meals in secret, far from the eye of man, and never take food from the plate of others. This is the great kingdom of Plants. The tree hides his food-imbibing root in the dark depths of the earth, and neither the eye of man nor the sharp senses of the keenest of animals can discern the faint vapors that feed the majestic agave, as it raises its magnificent candelabra high into the air, and crowns them with gorgeous flowers.

But among animals, almost without exception, the table is set, as with the monarchs of former days, in the open light of heaven, and all the world may come and witness their daily meals. Not that they all sit at the same table, or feed in the same manner. For here, also, we find that our great mother Earth brings herself the required food to the young and the helpless. Tiny birds, lying weak and wingless in their dark nests, are fed by loving parents; and other animals, that have no parents in the sense of this world, and yet can not move, are cared for by a love higher and stronger than all earthly love. The poor oyster is chained to the rock in the midst of the moving waves; it has neither eyes to see nor hands to grasp its daily bread—nothing but a mouth that ever craves food, a stomach that needs being filled without ceasing. Yet it has but to open its shell, lined with the brilliant colors of the rainbow, and ample supplies are always at hand. The helpless, diminutive worm in the hazel-nut can hardly move on its imperfect legs, and knows not at first where to seek for food. But—like the boy of the German story-teller, who was shut up in a mountain made of pancakes, and lived upon its savory walls until he had made an opening through which he beheld the light of heaven—the worm sits in the very heart of the sweet kernel, and has only to bite and to eat without moving from the spot.

There are some animals in the very lowest classes who either really take no food at all, or so secretly that it has as yet escaped the eye of man and the powers of the microscope. The mouth of certain insects, for instance, is, during their perfect state, as *imago*, actually closed, and apparently no food at all can be taken. But there is at least one animal—the Notommata—which, from the day of its birth, when it leaves the egg, to the moment of death, never takes the slightest nutriment. It has neither mouth nor digestive apparatus; it is built up by the gradual absorption of the stores laid up for it by bountiful Nature in the egg itself, and its life, moreover, is only of short duration.

In the higher animals food is generally introduced through a single orifice, which has, significantly, in most languages a name different from that which designates the mouth in man. Here, however, the greatest variety prevails; what is single in one class is a thousandfold multiplied in another, and numerous families exist endowed with almost countless openings or pores, which all empty into a common centre. Even the size and the form of the single orifices differ greatly, and present some most beautiful instances of God's marvelous creations. Some insects are destined to feed on the sweet juices of flowers, which the large expanse of their wings prevents them from entering. Most of these have, like the butterflies generally, a long tube, which lies snugly coiled up under the head when it is not used, but can be extended in the twinkling of an eye, and with unerring precision sucks up the honey from the bottom of deep blossoms, while the insect itself rests lightly on the outer edges. Among the most beautiful of such contrivances are the long, straight suckers of the most of the hated tobacco-worms. The proboscis of one of this class, living at the Cape of Good Hope, is three inches long, while the whole animal measures but eight lines! Others again have, as is well known, a most elaborate set of instruments for the purpose of making incisions into the skin, and thus flies, fleas, gnats, and mosquitoes feast royally upon our life's-blood.

When food consists of solid matter, nature generally adds to the simple opening new means of seizing the desired morsel. The simplest of these are hair-like cilia, which, by their incessant and violent vibration, cause a current richly laden with varied stores to enter the mouth. Such is the case in most mollusks; nor are the very giants of the earth exempted from such

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most humble operations. The colossal whale must thus race from icy Greenland to the tropics in search of his diminutive, almost invisible food. The huge animal gulps continually enormous volumes of water into his capacious mouth, and then ejects them again through his blowholes, straining, as it were, through his exquisite whalebone sieve, all the small fishes and marine animals which the water may have contained.

In the simplest animals the passage of food to the mouth is direct and almost instantaneous; then follow more and more ingenious mechanisms to convey it there; and lastly, special organs are given, independent of the mouth, to seize food and to carry it to the head.

Mastication itself, and the whole inner organism of the mouth are almost always concealed by Nature. Even among men there is often a certain shyness perceptible as to performing the humble act of feeding the earth-born body in public. In some nations—and those frequently the most barbarous—it is considered a disgrace to be seen eating; and even in highly civilized countries, one sex has not rarely a reluctance to admit the other as witnesses of the unpoetical process. Even the great Goethe could not escape many a bitter sarcasm, when he introduced sentimental, delicate Lotte, on her first meeting with Werther, as distributing bread and butter to hungry children, leaving the lurking suspicion in the mind of the reader that she herself was not a stranger to such enjoyment.

The second great duty of the mouth of man is to render indispensable aid in taking in and giving out the breath of life. It is true that respiration can be carried on without such assistance by the nostrils only; but our daily experience, and still more so an exceptionable climate, disease, or a death-laden atmosphere, convince us at once of the important services which the mouth always renders us in breathing.

Both these purposes, however, the mouth of man fulfills only in like manner with that of all animal creation. But in man it has loftier duties assigned it, and greater ends to achieve. Free from all sensual necessity or enjoyment, it serves, in the third place, to modulate the air of heaven so as to assume the form of language and song. Thus the mouth becomes the beautiful organ through which man rules and reigns supreme upon this earth; it fashions for him, out of matter that can not be seen nor felt, the word—that word which is master of this world, which connects man with his God on high and creation below, which holds in its marvelous mysterious power the blessing and the curse, the weal and the woe of all mankind.

Nor must we, lastly, omit the sexual functions of the mouth; its secret power to give, by the simple touch of lip and lip, pleasures for which men are willing to sacrifice all other things earthly; to send a thrill through the body, and to raise the enraptured soul to a bliss than which this world can give none higher nor purer.

It is this wonderful, four-fold duty, and the vast importance of the mouth with regard to all the inner life of man, as well as to his outward existence, which make this feature so specially expressive in our face, so strangely suggestive to the student of the human countenance. What higher praise can we bestow upon the most intelligent eyes than that they "speak"? Brow, eye, and nose, have been found to refer more to the theoretic and intellectual in man, while the mouth represents more fully and directly what is ethical in him—his character, in fact. The distinctive mark of the human head, whose roundness and symmetry depend mainly upon this one great feature, it is large and prominent in animals; but in man, it stands back and leaves the main power and the strongest impression to the upper part—not in vain placed above it—the lofty brow and the bright, speaking eyes, the organs of the higher life in God-like man.

It strikes the more careful observer at the first glance, that the fine human mouth, resting on delicate, finely-traced jaws, and displaying the symmetrically arranged teeth in a semi-circle within, is not like the mouth of animals, intended for grazing on herbs, or seizing and tearing bloody prey. It has here no menial, degrading labor to perform; it but receives the food handed up by its obedient servants, the hands, and at once shows that, besides this humble and unavoidable purpose, it possesses the higher power and fulfills the loftier duty of uttering speech. Hence the German poet, Herder, could say with justice, "A well-cut, delicate mouth is perhaps the best recommendation in life, for as we find the portal to be, so we expect will also be the guest that steps forth from it, the Word, coming from the heart and the soul."

Even its lowest and humblest part, the chin, so simple in appearance, so insignificant in comparison with other features, is here made in a manner peculiar to man, and in this, its genuine form, not met with among animals. With us, it is formed by the two arms of the lower jaw, which elsewhere separated, or, as in beetles and crawfish, lying horizontally, are in man grown together. It thus becomes, of itself, one of the most striking characteristics of the human figure. In animals, generally, the skull is developed more lengthways, and the lower part of the head, with the mouth, predominates largely. This indicates clearly the superiority of sensual necessities and enjoyments over the intellect, by the preponderance of the feeding apparatus over the upper parts of the head with the brain and its more immediate organs. In man the reverse takes place. Here the lower part withdraws modestly and leaves room and expression to the broad brow, the seat of intellect, with its life-sparkling eyes. The great physiognomist, Lavater, used therefore to

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say, "The more chin, the more man:" referring, of course, to the original formation of bones and muscles, and not to the fat, which often accumulates there in masses. Both extremes of size, however, are, in the chin as elsewhere, equally objectionable and repugnant to our finer and often unconscious sensibilities, in precise proportion as they approach corresponding forms in animals. A prominent lower jaw, which always causes the upper one likewise to protrude, has invariably the effect of giving a more or less animal appearance to the human head. Hence its almost unfailing increase of size among the lower races, where it becomes a distinctive mark, and its striking effect on the head of individuals. It is necessarily accompanied by an inferior development of the skull behind and above, its own substance having been obtained at the expense of these parts, thus giving an expression of deficient energy and intellectuality to the whole. But as a large chin always indicates greater strength and energy of life, and is therefore more frequently met with in man, so a lower jaw of too small dimensions gives a childish appearance to the head. This is very natural, though we may not all be aware of the cause, as the jaw is in children but very small, and develops itself perhaps more slowly than any other feature, the nose only excepted. Hence also the diminished size of the chin in very old men, with whom it becomes, from the loss of teeth and the shrinking of fat, once more as small as it was in early infancy, and suggests, among other sad symptoms of the kind, the coming of the "second childhood." A scanty chin is never considered a favorable sign of particular strength of mind, and even a deficiency of flesh and fat, allowing the bone formation to become too prominent, is apt to leave a painful impression. The exuberant chin, it is true, is said to indicate a phlegmatic, Bœotian nature, given to sensual enjoyments, and little troubled with scrupulous cares. The *mentum subquadratum* of the ancients is in all parts fully developed, and suggests, thus, perfection within, as it seems to be perfect without. But they disliked scantiness even more than exuberance; a very small chin in men they considered unnatural and a very bad omen, suggesting that its owner was "false, and given to lying like serpents." With us, also, a lean and very pointed chin is considered either a sign of old age, or, in youth, of a narrow character, such as we find in the miser or the bigot.

It is well known that the action of the mouth rests mainly upon the movable lower jaw, the upper part having but a very limited play. But their combined power is truly enormous, thanks to certain muscles which belong to the strongest of the human structure. The nerves of volition, in their secret throne behind, send their order along the mysterious channels that lead from the spine to the forward parts, and, like the flash of lightning, seen only to vanish in an instant, the two jaws meet with a force far exceeding that of the most powerful engines. How small, how diminutive appear these muscles, even when laid bare by the scalpel, in comparison with the whole size and power of the body, and yet their strength exceeds that which the whole frame, working by pressure, could ever produce. To crush a peach stone a mass of several hundred weights is required, and yet every healthy person can break it in a moment!

The lips are, as we have seen, the beautiful gates through which pass both earthly material food and the word, that is and was spirit. While all other parts of our mouth are more or less exclusively instruments used for the physical life, the lips are far more important in their intimate connection with mind and soul. Among animals, where hands and feet are encased in hoofs, single or cloven, or hid amidst thick fur and unsightly coverings, so that they serve not for the sense of touch, the lips become the almost exclusive seat of that sense, especially when they or the nostrils are prolonged, as in the pig, the mole, and the elephant. But how inferior are they even there, with all their astonishing power and marvelous adaptation, in comparison with the exquisite delicacy of the lips of man? If any part of the face may be called *articulate*, it is surely this part of the mouth, repeating, as it does, in strange beauty, the general contrast between the upper part of the countenance, the intellectual, and the lower, the sensual or practical features. This is seen even in the outlines; the upper lip, shaped like an arrow bent in the middle, thus reproduces the two main lines of the eyes, their upper arches, while the lower lip repeats the roundness of the chin—a correspondence seen in this also, that the motions of both these features invariably go together, so that if the eyebrows are raised in joy or astonishment, the mouth also opens; if the eyes droop and are dejected, the corners of the mouth also are drawn downward, conveying at once the expression of sorrow.

There prevails here also, of course, a great variety of forms, and not in individuals only, but in whole races. A remarkable instance of this is shown in the difference between the Negro and the Caucasian races. With the former the lips are thick, fleshy, and protruding, and indicate thus, at once, a much duller, more material nature of mind and of senses, than is suggested by the firmly drawn and finely cut lips of more favored nations. But even among the noblest of our kind there are differences, broad and striking, in the varied forms of the mouth. Strongly marked and fully developed lips belong to men of strong will, endowed with abounding energy. Too full and too large, overfed and overhanging, they betray still more clearly that their main use has been to seize and convey food, and thus cause us to suspect the owner as a *gourmet*, or a person of great indolence. In dry, heartless men, where the intellect has been fostered and developed at the expense of the heart, they are apt to be large, but lean and drawn in, and as an exuberance

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of material indicated coarseness and gross sensuality, so we seldom err if we suspect the heart hid behind very narrow, pale lips, to be cold, avaricious, or wicked. Where they are peculiarly soft and beautifully shaped, they rarely fail to belong to a noble, perhaps slightly sensual, but always poetical mind; and the finer and the more delicate they appear under such favorable circumstances, the more we fancy they are used and adapted for man's highest prerogative, speech. Of the two lips the upper decides as to the tastes and the affections of man. Pride and wrath curve it, often painfully; good-humor and love round it in pleasing outlines; and on it hang, in mysterious attraction, love and desire, the kiss imprinted, and the longing desire. Hence, also, the great attention that painters and sculptors give to the proper connection of this part of the mouth with the nose. Classic beauty in Greek sculpture, and in the ideal heads of Raphael, shows it to us ever short and fine, when a noble, sensitive character is to be represented. Physiognomists tell us that the effect is produced by thus placing the mouth nearer and closer to the regions of intellect in the face, and it is certain that a long and generally slightly bulging upper lip is only met with in coarse individuals, and in low, uncivilized nations.

The lower lip embraces and bears up the upper one like "a cushion of roses, on which rests the crown of dominion," but it serves always more to receive food, and is consequently less in psychological expression. Hence a truly noble face must necessarily show us the upper lip overhanging and overruling the lower—if the latter protrude, even but slightly, vulgarity or wickedness are instantly there depicted.

Pierced by some savages to receive barbarous ornaments, painted and tattooed by others, the lips attain their highest beauty among us by their exquisite delicacy of expression. What can equal the subtlety and the speaking power of the nervous tremor of the upper lip as occasionally seen in highly sensitive persons? To express scorn and contempt we raise the eyebrows and "turn up our nose," but intense disgust finds its highest expression at last in the raised lower lip. Vanity and supercilious pride, often mere haughty ignorance, repeat the same motion, and give finally a permanent bend to the lip, and with it a painful, because irritating, expression to the whole face. A similar remarkable power is given to the corners of the mouth where the lips meet. Drawn up or down, they alter instantaneously the expression of the countenance, and change perhaps, more swiftly than any other feature, with each new whim of the ever-changing mind. They droop in the weary, the grieved, and the suffering; they rise with cheerful hopes and heartfelt joy; hence we raise them when we laugh, and let them sink when we are weeping. As one or the other tendency prevails in our mind, the frequent repetition of either of these effects gives, here also, finally a fixed position to this feature, and thus to the whole face a permanent expression. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the best judges of men have ever most carefully watched the delicate and unconscious play of the lips, while the owner was speaking, and thus professed to obtain the most accurate and reliable insight into his character.

Passing through these truly "eloquent gates," we meet at first the formidable instruments that serve to destroy solid food, and to prepare it for the much narrower gate through which it will soon have to pass when swallowed. Here also nature has combined most beauteous forms with highest utility. The well-rounded lines of the lips open slightly to show us behind the square massive teeth, whose straight and perpendicular lines contrast not less harmoniously with the round lines near them, than the ruby of the lips with their own immaculate whiteness.

Where fluids only are taken as food by animals, teeth are utterly wanting, as in diminutive insects or gigantic fishes, like the sturgeon. In birds and other insects they would make the head too heavy for their aerial flight, and so they have been transferred nearer to the centre of gravity, and assume the shape of gizzards. Among the higher animals the ant-eater is the only one who is entirely without them. In the lower orders, on the other hand, they abound, and are even found in the stomach, where the food is finally ground and crushed, while some fish, like the trout and pike, possess a marvelous number and variety of teeth, now blunt and now sharp, and of all possible forms and sizes. Mastication itself is, however, here carried on not in the mouth but in the funnel-like entrance to the gullet. It is well known that their arrangement and structure, in their wonderful adaptation to food and habitation, are among the most striking evidences of the agency of a Divine Will in the creation. Hence their almost paramount importance in the study of the animal kingdom, and the certainty with which Cuvier could, even in his dreams, scorn the Devil's threat to eat him, because cloven feet and incisors showed Satan unable to take animal food!

With man they lie in two close parabolic ranks, and are all on a level; the two protruding corner-teeth, which give so decided a character to animals, as expressive signs of rude, physical force, are here missing, because they are not needed. The upper teeth are beautifully grouped around the palate, which separates the mouth from the inner cavern of the nose; the lower are, in like manner, arranged around the tongue. In this, all races agree, though not in the minor details; for in some nations the two rows fall just one upon another, so that all the front teeth are gradually worn away horizontally, as we observe in the skulls of the old Egyptians, the Esquimaux, and most of the first inhabitants of Northern Europe, whose remains have been discovered in the famous "giants' barrows" accompanied by stone utensils. In other races the upper teeth slightly project beyond the lower; here the pressure is

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better distributed, each tooth falling commonly upon two, so as to lessen the wear and tear considerably.

The peculiar structure of the teeth, which was first discovered by the celebrated Leuwenhoek —though he knew no Latin, and worked with a microscope consisting of drops of molten glass— is calculated to excite unbounded astonishment and admiration. In the second month of existence the double provision for teeth is observed in the head, although the second set rarely appears before the eighth year, or later! The microscopic researches of our own day have only revealed new wonders and heightened the marvel.

Teeth have, of course, different forms according to the different purposes which they are made to serve. The boar and the elephant have two especially developed for defense; the narwhal has only one, to break through the thick layer of ice that covers his home in the great ocean; and the walrus employs his to detach the mussels, on which he feeds, from their rocky resting-places. In gnawing animals the teeth do not meet, but work as scissors do, and thus are always kept sharp, being covered only on one side with enamel. They must, however, be used, or they grow out to an unnatural length —as is not rarely the case in mice and rats— when they bend back again into the mouth, so that the poor creatures die of starvation.

Man has, as we know, thirty-two, but the last appear only at an advanced age, when the jaws have, with the whole skeleton, grown sufficiently large to hold the entire number. The front teeth, or incisors, take the food, and with their fine sharp edges cut and mince it delicately; what is thus prepared next reaches the tip of the tongue, which is waiting close behind ready to receive and forward the morsel. The harder parts of the food go at once to the sides of the mouth, where the molars grind them, their milling surface becoming more and more powerful as they stand farther backward. Between these two are the canine teeth, so large in carnivorous animals, which both pierce and cut their food, and submit it to the molars. Thus every new tool has its new action, and our food is carved by the front teeth, pierced by the middle, and ground down by the molar teeth, until it is reduced to a pulp and all the nutricious juices have been set free.

We consider teeth most beautiful when they are not too large, are closely set, and of a pure, but not dazzling white. Barbarous nations find pleasure and beauty in mutilating them; they file them until they assume the form of a saw; they grind them to the gum, or dye them a deep black. The ancients considered strong and close teeth a sign of great strength and boldness. The great master Porta, following Scotus, considered such to be a good omen for a long life, and predicted to those with small and isolated teeth a short and sickly life. Experience, however, does not always confirm this opinion. In phthisis, where the innate imperfection of the respiratory organs necessarily hastens the dissolution of the body, long and very white teeth are not unfrequent, while in scrofulous persons they are often imperfectly developed, and quickly destroyed without serious danger.

Protected by these double gates, the rosy lips and the ivory teeth, there lies behind them the palate, covered with a thin, exquisitly sensitive skin. In the rear its upper part, forming, as it were, the floor of the inner cavity of the nose, and its lower skin, the ceiling of the mouth, unite in the so-called soft palate. There we find one of the most marvelous structures in this "wonderfully and strangely made" body of ours, a delicate double curtain, held back on both sides by peculiarly powerful muscles. As we swallow, they are drawn together, by an unconscious action and with the rapidity of lightning, to protect the windpipe that lies open beneath them. This is instantaneous; for as long as they are closed all within is shut off from mouth or ear, and we are prevented from breathing. Hence the movement is so wondrously rapid, that it remained unknown to anatomists until within some twenty years, when it was first discovered by Professor Dzondi. So little do we know of our own body—so wide is the vast field yet open for research and discovery!

This is, at the same time, the first of a series of actions over which man no longer exercises dominion. So far, all has been subject to his will; now, however, begins the instinctive, independent part of the great process of feeding man. As long as the food is yet in our mouth, we feel it, we taste it, we handle it just as we choose. Jaws, and teeth, and tongue are all subject to our will. By touch we judge of the time when the morsel is ready for swallowing; as soon as the feast of the tongue is over, we roll it up into a tiny ball and drive it backward, aiding the movement by saliva or the fluids we may have taken. But the instant the pellet touches those mysterious curtains, it is beyond our control, and, under ordinary circumstances, becomes even lost to our consciousness. A faint impression of taste is all that lingers behind.

Few steps in the great process of life are more strikingly eloquent of the beautiful, self-acting mechanism of the human body. We touch one tiny nerve or a bundle of nerves, and in a moment a whole system begins silently but industriously to perform its various duties. A morsel of bread is no sooner seized by the lips than the chewing muscles begin instantly to stretch and to move; saliva gathers, we know not whence, and moistens the food; other muscles follow, each one exciting the neighbor, and the whole play of nerves is restlessly active until the morsel is changed into nutritious pulp, and distributed all over the system. Whatever thoughts may in the mean time engage our mind, whatever impulses the ten thousand muscles of our body may follow, the process is faithfully going on, and no part rests until the whole duty is well performed.

Within the silent realm of the palate dwells that wondrous "little member that no man can

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tame," and in whose "power are death and life" —the Tongue. There is many a mystery yet connected with that powerful instrument, even as far as its mere physical nature may be concerned. It is evidently the most sensual part of the sensual regions of the mouth, hence it is carefully concealed from the observation of man, and to show it without necessity is a vulgarity above all others, and an unpardonable insult. And yet what can surpass the intensity of affection when tongue meets tongue in a long-drawn kiss? Nor is it without interest that of the four handmaids of the senses which man has in common with animals, that is most perfectly developed which is generally least known and appreciated. Many animals surpass us in the acuteness of other senses, but man stands supreme in the delicacy of his perception through taste. This arises probably from two sources. Among animals the skin on the surface of the tongue is often very thick and hard, evidently little adapted to perform the duties of taste; in some it is even covered with warts, changed, as in cats, into little hooks turned backward. Their prey and food are generally bloody, and the tongue serves less to enjoy than to aid in destroying the solid tissue of animal fibres. The lion's tongue, when caressing the hand of a painter who had become the friend of the royal beast, took the whole skin away with it, such was the force of the small spines and hard eminences with which it is furnished. All animals are, secondly, in their choice of food, much more guided by smell than by taste; most of them only apply their nose to the food, and instantly swallow the morsel. We learn thus that, with them, the tongue is simply a mechanical instrument for seizing their food; but even in this humble capacity it exhibits a fullness of forms and a variety of structures as beautiful as they are striking. The ant-lion, for instance, has it shaped in the form of a long, thin worm, which, by the aid of a sweet, odorous juice with which it is covered, attracts the tiny insects, and returns to the mouth laden with countless victims. Our common woodpeckers have a sharply-pointed tongue, which they suddenly dart out from their bill by a most violent effort, and thus transfix the unlucky insect whose dwelling they have laid open. The frog has but a soft valve grown on to the lower jaw; while the chameleon boasts of a tongue in the shape of an elastic ribbon, rolled up like a spiral spring in a thick, cylindrical cover. This curious instrument is held back in a state of rest by most powerful sinews, but the animal can unloosen them with great rapidity, and then displays an organ longer than its whole body, and furnished at the end with a prehensory tip, resembling the finger of the elephant's trunk. The tongue of snakes is forked, and ever moving; that of crocodiles never stirs from the part of the huge mouth to which it is immutably fastened.

Even here, however, the tongue of man surpasses, in the beauty of the contrivance and the perfection of mechanism, that of all beings endowed alike. In its humblest merely sensual capacity, it stands like a faithful watchman at the door of entrance to the inner part of our body, to test all that goes in by taste before it goes farther on to be swallowed, where another watchman—the soft palate—stands guard, to measure its size, and thus its right of admission. But what has been much overlooked even by physiologists is the three-fold duty which the tongue of man has to perform, corresponding to the three distinct capacities of motion, touch, and taste, with which it has been endowed by its heavenly Maker. Its marvelous mobility fits it peculiarly for service as one of the organs of speech. Without the tongue there are sounds, but no words; hence *tongue* and *language* are synonymous. The velocity of the "unruly member" far surpasses that of any other muscular movement in animals. It is quicker than the arrow-like flight of the bird, and more enduring than the well-trained race-horse or the powerful lion. The muscles in the wing of the swiftest bird under heaven move but five or six hundred times each second; those in the tongue of man eight hundred times. The sinews of a race-horse contract about seventy times in the second, and can continue the same motion but for a short time; the little world of diminutive organs of speech connected with our tongue continue their infinitely quicker and more frequent motion for hours, without fatigue or danger.

The other two faculties of touch and taste are, however, more intimately connected with the sense, to which the tongue serves as organ. By the first it decides on the inequalities of the food introduced, whether it be hard or soft, sharp or mild, and on the temperature of solids and liquids. By taste proper it decides not the material, but the chemical nature of food, and hence this peculiar sensation is given only to the hindmost part of the tongue, and a portion of the palate is endowed with the same power. The two functions are so entirely distinct, that the tongue may feel without tasting, and taste without feeling. Cruel experiments have taught us that when certain nerves are cut, a red-hot needle may be passed through the tongue without causing pain, and food may be placed on it without any effect on the adjoining nerves and muscles, because it does not feel the contact. But taste remains in full vigor, and the insensible tongue will show, and cause symptoms of suffering when a drop of bitter quassia is suffered to fall on its surface. Trials made as to the delicacy of the sense of touch on this organ have shown it to be the most exquisitely sensitive, far surpassing that of the special organs of touch, the tips of the fingers. This marvelous subtlety is, moreover, combined with not less surprising strength. While it is covered with a vast number of nerves coming from all parts of the face to endow it with touch and taste, it is powerfully suspended by at least three well-secured bones, and hence, although so supple and soft, endowed with uncommon mechanical power. Taste itself is not, as many believe,

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merely an abstract notion, a vague, arbitrary, or imaginary sensation, but the result of an actual absorption of food. For the tongue adds to its many strange functions that of being the first of the many absorbing organs which are employed in nutrition. Wine and other fluids, merely held over it in the mouth and not swallowed, recruit the nervous and bodily powers of the body; water retained there refreshes in like manner. The tongue thus obtains, at once, its reward for doing its duty; it enjoys and consumes its share of the food, and only sends on what is fit exclusively for the lower organs of digestion.

For taste was evidently given to man in proportion to the higher development and the greater refinement of his physical structure. It has been argued that the highest and finest organization must needs also be most exposed to pain and suffering, and that hence man might have hesitated to maintain his poor, earth-born body, preferring to let the heaven-born soul escape to the realms from whence it came. But an all-merciful God taking pity on feeble man, and willing to aid the soul through the body, added a feeling of pleasure, a sense of enjoyment to the irksome task, and blessed the "eating of bread in the sweat of our face." Thus the faithful performance of the duty we owe our body was secured by a new sense which derives from good, appropriate food a pleasing and exhilarating impression, and rapidly diffuses it through the whole system. Hence the remarkable fact that taste, and especially its pleasures, are most lively and powerful in early years. The young citizen of this world, when as yet unconscious of the lofty purposes for which he was sent hither, is thus induced to build up his house on earth, and to prepare ample and proper material for the future. Later, when the temple is raised, "which is holy, which we are," the perceptions of this sense become less powerful, but, on the other hand, much more refined and fastidious, as if they also had been gradually spiritualized, so that now, when the high aim of our earthly life is understood and appreciated, a finer discrimination of food suggests also the best and safest means for maintaining the decaying structure.

As to the nature of the sensation itself, it is contended that it is neither a mechanical softening of the skin, and of its countless little warts, as some have thought, nor a chemical change, but an electric or galvanic action. A proof of this is found in the fact that not only fluids endowed with chemical powers produce this effect, but a mere contact with the insoluble metals, nay, the slightest galvanic current brought in contact with the tongue. Every body knows that the taste of tin is very different from that of clay, and that we need only place a piece of copper under the tongue, and a piece of tin upon it, to perceive, when the two metals meet, a decided acid taste. This extreme delicacy, and almost incomprehensible subtlety of instantaneous impressions explains also, at once, the astonishing differences in the taste, not only of different persons, but even of the same individual at various periods of life. The sense of taste is, in this respect, more subjective than any other, and all nations abound in proverbs like the French *Chacun son goût*.

But it ought not to be forgotten, that the tongue is an organ of the sense of touch as well as of taste, and that hence the latter will invariably be much heightened by motion. The food, thus moved about, is constantly brought in contact with new parts of the sensitive surface, and the sensation both multiplied and strengthened by each one of the almost countless little tongues on the great parent tongue. This has led to an opinion that motion is indispensable to taste. It is certain that when the tongue is only touched, the taste produced is very faint and almost imperceptible; the moment, however, that a motion is made to swallow or the tongue moves, the taste becomes clear and decided. The tip of the tongue feels most distinctly, but tastes imperfectly; sugar and aloes, for instance, produce no impression. The end of our fingers can, with equal accuracy, distinguish whether we touch oil or water. On the other hand, we find that the sense of taste is most developed in the root of the tongue; hence connoisseurs, when trying wines, let the liquid go as far back as can be done without swallowing. Touch is thus gradually and almost imperceptibly passing into taste; the change begins at the extremities of the lips, it extends inside toward the root of the teeth, and then from the tip of the tongue to the last part of the palate.

Although taste is a sense excited, like touch, by contact, it is of a vastly more refined nature, giving us a knowledge of properties of which touch knows nothing. The process itself is as marvelously subtle as it is precise. A single atom of an acid, an oil, or a salt, conveys at the instant in which it touches the delicate surface of the tongue, and especially the nerve-covered little warts upon it, a decided perception to the nerves that lie behind, and which in reality give effect to the taste. The dainty tongue absorbs and sends the fairy gifts to the aerial regions of the brain, and there causes pleasure or disgust. The degree and the variety of perceptions of taste in animals are necessarily unknown, as we have no standard by which we could judge. Even with man, we find that the savors are as numerous as the odors. What pleases us, sickens others. The aphrodisiacal *durion*, the delight of men and women in India, has the odor of a spoilt onion, and the Greenlander drinks the putrid oil of the whale with as much real pleasure as the son of the East his skillfully perfumed sherbets. How many elderly men prefer an "advanced" cheese to the fresh milk which was the delight of their young days! But our taste may be trained, like all the other senses, as is shown by the exquisite delicacy and acuteness of professional wine-tasters and tea-tasters, who distinguish the nicest shades in the flavor of different kinds of wine and tea,

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and affix their relative value to each with great accuracy. A quick succession of such experiments, however, blunts the sense, and after many repetitions even sweet and bitter taste alike. Anomalous tastes are daily met with, and arise mostly from disorder in the body. Certain diseases produce regular changes; fever gives often a sour, affections of the lungs a salty, and hemorrhage of the lungs a sweetish taste.

As most senses stand in a peculiar mutual relation to each other, so also taste and smell. Hence it is a familiar remedy against the bad odor of medicines, to prevent the nose from smelling; and hence, also, the curious fact, proved by the careful experiments of Dr. Rousseau, that it is impossible to distinguish different kinds of wine with bandaged eyes and firmly compressed nostrils.

Taste has no memory, such as smell has. How vividly does not the fragrance of a flower, passing on the light breeze, or a favorite perfume, at once conjure up the images of distant friends, or the scenes of long-forgotten events! But these sudden and vivid, though rare, recollections excepted, our memory rests exclusively upon light and hearing. Taste has as little memory as touch, because it has no nerves assigned to its exclusive uses, but shares them only with other senses. Hence we may recollect having had a certain taste, but we can not, by any effort of recollection or fancy, conjure up and actually perceive that taste, as we can, at will, paint on the eye scenes of all lands, and hear in our ear melodies by which we have once been charmed or saddened.

On the other hand, we find that taste has sympathies as strong and as active as any other sense. The whole delicate system of glands, in palate, eye, and stomach, stand in closest connection with the organs of taste. The latter has sensations so very disgusting, that they cause almost instantaneously nausea and violent emotion. Others, again, are so pleasing, that the saliva begins to collect in abundance, and, by an as yet unexplained co-operation of the adjoining organs of smell, tears also flow in profusion.

Such are only a few of the wonders of this one of the many senses with which our heavenly Father has endowed us; but surely enough has been said to remind us of the words of the Psalmist: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

WINIFRED'S VOW.

WINIFRED JAMES sat in the autumn moonlight by the sea-shore with her friend Grace Wilson. The heavy dew had soaked through Grace's thin muslin gown, so that it clung dank and close about her; her hair lay uncurled on her bosom, and her wan face looked paler and sadder than ever in the waning light of the pallid autumn moon. There were no tears in her sunken eyes looking mournfully out on the dark waves, but they were full of a deeper sorrow than is ever told or lightened by tears. Her thin hands lay listlessly in her lap, and their palms, curved inward, were burning as if on fire; her lips were drawn and hard, and the veins on her brow were blue and swollen: no hope, no joy, no energy, no life was round her; there was nothing but the dull oppression of despair, the quiet of a sorrow which can only be dissolved by death.

Winifred had often tried to understand the strange mystery which of late had hung round Grace. For she had not always been the broken-hearted creature she looked to-night. But excepting a promise that she would tell her sometime, Grace used to change the subject as soon as her friend approached it. However, to-night she let her say what she would. Either the time fixed by herself for her confession had arrived, or she was conquered by the tenderness and love and quiet strength of Winifred. Suddenly taking her hand, she placed it on her waist; and, leaning forward, whispered something in her ear which made Winifred shrink and start, and cover her face with both her hands, trembling.

"Now you will hate me," said Grace, in a hollow voice, letting her hand fall dead in her lap. "Like all the rest, when they know—you too will despise and desert me. I deserve it!"

"Never! never!" said Winifred passionately, looking up through her tears and kissing her. "Never, Grace!"

"Nor it?" said Grace. "When I am dead will you take care of it?"

"No; nor it—and I will take care of it. But you will not die, Grace! You can not die, then! When you hear that little voice your soul will come back again to earth, were it at the very gates of heaven."

"Heaven? For me?" said Grace. "No, Winifred, my birth-right on earth and my hope of heaven lie in the same grave with my honor. Do not wish me to live as I am now. Why should I? What have I but to support eternal shame myself, and to see all that I love—all that belong to me—cast into the deep shadow of my disgrace? It were better for us all that I and it should die together. For when I am gone, who will be its mother? Poor baby! What wrong has it done to be born to an inheritance of sorrow and infamy?"

"I will be its mother, Grace," said Winifred. "I will love it, and care for it, all my life. If you leave it—if you die—it shall never feel that it has lost its mother. While I live, it shall have one in me."

"You swear this, dear Winifred?"

"I swear it!" said the girl, solemnly, raising her hand to heaven.

"Now I shall die happy," said Grace, kissing her cheek. "Death has no pang for me, now that I feel I shall not leave my poor child wholly motherless. A pang? No! Death is my best friend, my only hope, truly an angel messenger from God! Oh, Winifred, how can I thank you for your goodness! You little know

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the heavy burden of sorrow I lay down, by this desolate sea-shore, to-night—a burden unclasped by your hands. But you will not be unrewarded. The God who punishes, recompenses; the hand which has stricken me will strengthen you. Now, let us go home. I am weary, Winifred, and my heart is very full. I must go and pray—not for myself; I dare not pray for myself; but for you and this innocent unborn life, I may; and God will not refuse to hear me when I ask His blessing for you!"

Weeks passed away, and Winifred stood by Grace's dying bed. The supreme moment had come; and, as she had foretold, the hour which gave life to her child closed her own—mercifully for her. Winifred did not forget her vow. She took that child of sorrow, shame, and death, and carried it to her own home, as tenderly as if its birth had been the well-spring of a nation's joy. Her mother, a kind, good, weak woman, sanctioned the unusual position she adopted; at least, by silence. She did not condemn, if she did not commend, but let things take their own course. She only lifted up her hands and eyes, saying, "Grace Wilson, who'd have thought it!" and so the sad story passed without further comment. But in time there were not wanting many who ridiculed the idea of such devotion, and who hinted plainly that little Mary was nearer to Winifred than a mere adopted child. It was all very well, they said, for Mrs. James to be so complaisant, and Winifred so generous, but they had better reasons than a romantic morality between them. Depend upon it, when folks gave themselves out for better than the rest of the world, they were sure to be a precious deal worse. Grace Wilson was dead, and queer things were said of her; but who knew whether they were true or not? And wasn't Miss Winifred away out of sight for a long time, too? So the cloud darkening the tomb of poor Grace fell over Winifred as well; and the fatal truth that no wrong is finite, but that the influence of evil spreads and multiplies forever, rested like a blight on the young foster-mother and her child.

It was striking the change which this adoption worked in Winifred. No, not change, so much as development. Always a girl of deep feelings and an earnest nature, the terrible story of one who had been like her own sister, her mournful death, and now this adoption of her child, brought out all that was most serious in her character, and subdued whatever girlishness she might have had. But this change in her only made her character more beautiful. Always good, she was now admirable; always conscientious, she was now heroic. And how she loved that little one!

It was a dear little baby, too, lovable for itself, if for nothing else more touching. It was one of those round, fat, curly things, that laugh, and cry, and kick up, and crow all day long—a thing of unrest and appetite, forever fighting with its fat, foolish arms, and senseless hands doubled into rosy balls, striking wide, and hitting its own eyes or nose in the spasmodic way of babyhood; when it wanted to suck that doubled fist, making insane attempts before it could reach its rosy, wet, wide-open mouth, and generally obliged to take both hands before it could accomplish that first feat of infancy; a restless, passionate, insatiable baby, that had strong notions of its own importance, and required at least one slave in perpetual attendance; an unreasonable baby; a willful baby; but a baby after a woman's own heart. So to this little life Winifred devoted herself, never heeding the cold looks and slighting words of the world without, and never thinking that a day might come when any other love could step in between her child and herself.

Louis Blake was Winifred's great friend. They were like brother and sister, and inseparable. Louis was exactly Winifred's own age—five-and-twenty; the little Mary about three years old now. It was circumstance and opportunity that made them such fast allies; for by nature they had not many points of sympathy together. Louis was a brave, energetic, honorable man, but essentially a man of the world—ambitious, clever, and eminently unromantic. That in him which pleased Winifred was his manliness. Tall, handsome, powerful, and practical, he was the ideal of masculine strength; while the materialism and worldly pride which marred his character were not brought out in the circumstances of a quiet country life. The only side now seen was his undeniable common sense and personal dignity; and these were graces, not defects, in their present proportion.

They were together a great deal, walking, riding, sitting by the same dark sea which had borne away poor Grace's tears; reading together, thinking, talking, studying; until at last the conditions of their daily lives grew so closely interlaced, that neither thought it possible to separate them. Winifred had thought so little at any time about love, that it never occurred to her to ask herself whether this were love or friendship; and Louis knew too well how large his own ambition was, and how it filled his heart, to dream it possible he could give place to any other passion. So they went on in the old sweet way of descent, and believed they were standing on the high plain above.

But Louis began to think more of Winifred than he liked to acknowledge to himself; and he began to think, too, how he could arrange his life if he married her. If this should ever be, he thought the first thing he would do would be to send little Mary to the Foundling Hospital, or put her out to nurse, and afterward to school. At any rate he would have her taken from Winifred. Louis thought this the best thing for the girl herself; and as for Mary's happiness, she must take the consequences of her painful position. Her birth was an accident, certainly, and it seemed hard to punish her for it; but the birth of a royal duke was an accident too, and yet he got the benefit of it.

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So Louis reasoned, smoking his cigar in the evening, and believing that he reasoned judiciously and well.

Things went on in the same way for many months, until at last a letter came, demanding the immediate presence of the young student in London, on matters of great consequence connected with his future career. Louis was pleased at the prospect of immediate employment; it was the first round of the great ladder won, and was the best practical news he could hear. But he was more than grieved to leave Winifred and South Shore. He had solved the problem, and found that love and ambition could exist together. His next lesson would be on their proportions.

"Winifred," he said, "I have bad news for us—though good for me too."

"What is it, Louis?" said the girl, looking up from the ground where she was sitting, playing with the little Mary.

"Leave that child to herself for a moment, if you can," he said, almost pettishly, "and come with me into the garden."

Winifred gathered up her black hair, which had fallen below her waist, and, sending Mary to her nurse, went out with her friend. They walked some time in silence; Louis pale and agitated, his arms crossed, and biting his forefinger.

"What is the matter, dear Louis?" said Winifred at last, laying her hand on his shoulder as a sister might have done. "You are so pale—and—why, Louis, you are trembling! Oh! what has happened to you?"

"I am grieved, Winny," he said, affectionately, taking her hand from his shoulder to hold it between his own. "I did not think I should have felt it so much."

"Felt what, Louis?"

"Leaving South Shore."

"Leaving us? Oh! are you going to leave us!" cried poor Winifred, bursting into tears. "What shall I do without you, Louis—my friend—my brother—my own dear Louis!"

"And are you so sorry, Winifred?" said Louis, in a low voice, holding her tenderly pressed to his heart.

"How can you ask, Louis! What will be my life without you? I can not even imagine it without you to share it! Louis! Louis! what shall I do when you have left me?"

"Winifred"—and Louis trembled, so that he could scarcely speak—"do you then really love me; love me as my wife should?"

The girl started back; she flung off his hands, and looked at him with a wild, frightened look. Her color went and came; her heart throbbed violently; her eyes were dim, and she could scarcely see. At first she was about to deny, and then to leave him—to rush from him to the end of the earth, if that were possible; and then these two impulses passed, and something broke and something rose within her. She went back to her old place, threw her arms round his neck, and, sobbing on his shoulder, said, "Oh, Louis, I believe this is love!"

There was no time then for explanations. Louis could make no conditions, Winifred oppose no conflicting duties. The dream must go on for a short time; and, though the pain of separation mingled with the first joy of their love, yet this could well be borne when helped out with such divine stimulant.

Months passed before Louis even spoke of return, and months again before he could execute his wish. In all, it was between two and three years before they met again. In the mean time he had been in the heart of the world—in the midst of London life—struggling, fighting, conquering, so far; but in the struggle his ambition and all his worldly passions were roused and excited. He had been, too, with conventional people; and had got more than ever of that conventional honor and morality which are the farthest possible removed from truth. His object in life was success—by all fair means, and honorable. And though he would not have sacrificed love entirely, yet that love must be as compatible and as helpful as might be to the future he had marked out for himself. To Winifred herself there was no kind of objection. She had fortune; she was of good family; and her reputation, even through the undeserved reproaches sought to be cast on it, was yet grand and noble. But his objection was to the child. So long as Mary was with Winifred, she was no wife for him. For so long as she kept the little one by her side, and gave her her name, there would be still the scandal and the sneer; and his wife must be not only pure before God, but blameless before men. No; she must choose between her love for him and the little one. They could not exist together.

This was the feeling, then, that Louis brought with him to South Shore, when he returned, after more than two years' absence, to arrange for their wedding. And these were the reflections with which he overwhelmed Winifred in the first days of his arrival.

"You are not serious, Louis?" she said, turning pale.

"Never more serious in my life! My dear girl, we must have a little common sense in this world! We can not always act solely on impulse against our best interests."

"But dishonor and perjury can never be our interest, Louis," said Winifred. "Not to speak of their intrinsic wrong, they are even bad stepping-stones to fortune."

"Dishonor and perjury are hard words, Winifred."

"But true ones, dear."

"That may be. But, dishonor or not," said Louis, rather angrily, "it must be done. Once, now and forever, I distinctly refuse to sanction this absurd adoption of yours; nor do I recognize your duty or your right in maintaining it. Let the child be sent to school. I do not wish her to go to the workhouse, or to come to harm;

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but I wish absolutely that my house shall be free of her, and your name dissociated from her."

"Don't say that, Louis," said Winifred, trembling. "Do not say that I am to desert my child, for that means I am to lose you. I could not break my vow, Louis, though I might break my heart."

"Folly! The heated fancy of an enthusiastic girl! Is this to be put in competition with my love, Winifred?"

"Oh, Louis, nothing in the world can be put in competition with that," cried Winifred, "but duty!"

"A mere play on words. Your duty is to me."

"And to the helpless and the dead," said Winifred, softly.

"Then you don't love me, Winifred?"

"More than my life, Louis," cried Winifred, passionately.

"But not more than this senseless child?"

"Not more than my honor, my duty, and my vow," she said, weeping.

"Let us talk no more of it," said Louis, rising. "I leave your fate, and mine too, in your hands. Think well before you decide; and remember, that you have to choose between a superstitious literalism or my love, my happiness, and my life."

And he left the room, sternly.

This was the first of a long series of conversations, all in the same tone, and all on the same point; Louis becoming angry, and Winifred sorrowful; but both firm, and with each discussion less than ever disposed to give way. At last Louis, one day, more passionately than usual, even swore he would not marry any woman in the world who refused the condition he had made; and Winifred said firmly, she would not buy either her own happiness or his by desertion and treachery. So Louis went to London, and the day after wrote, so that Winifred could only reply by releasing him from his engagement. This release he accepted with ardent sorrow, but yet with decision; feeling that he had now given up all chance of peaceful happiness, and that he must make his life out of ambition.

So the lives which should have been united forever, became not only separate and distinct, but estranged. But though Louis went back to the world and to the strife he loved, he was not happy; for he was not at peace with himself. Even now, while he still hoped all things from ambition, and while flushed with the passion and the eagerness of the combat, he had misgivings—indistinct and infrequent, but not the less real; while Winifred sank into a silent, sorrowful, prematurely aged woman, whose only joy was in the love which had cost her all her happiness. Without Mary, she would probably have died in the first years of her widowhood—for it was a true widowhood for her, so friendless as she was. But the strength which had enabled her to make the sacrifice enabled her to support it; and the love which had demanded it rewarded her.

Winifred's mother died not long after this, and Winifred left South Shore with the child. They went into Devonshire, where they took a house in the most beautiful part of the county, and where they lived peaceful and retired—Mary's education the occupation of Winifred's life. Bearing the same name, Mary passed there for Winifred's niece, and even the motherly way in which she spoke to her, and Mary's calling her "Mamma Winny," did not bring suspicion on them; for, as people said, if there had been any thing to conceal, why did they not conceal it? And why did they come as strangers to a place advertising themselves as unworthy of notice, when they might so easily have avoided all suspicion? So that Winifred found her life pass more easily here than even in her old house; and gradually her spirits gained, if not joyousness, at least peace.

Mary was now a beautiful girl of about eighteen or nineteen—a noble, animated creature, all life and love, and enthusiasm, and innocence. Just, free-spirited, with bright eyes and bright hair, a bright, quick color, and a voice that was like a silver bell; seeing all things through the clear air of her own hope and love, making a very sunshine round her path, and wherever she went taking joy and smiles with her; the true ideal of a glad-hearted girl. This was the development of that turbulent baby kicking in its cradle nineteen years ago. She seemed to have robbed Winifred of all her life, so exuberant was her own, so pale and depreciated her poor foster-mother's. All Winifred's beauty had gone with her youth. Her black hair had grown thin and gray, her laughing eyes were dim; her lips had lost their tint, her cheeks were pale and hollow; not a trace of any possible beauty in the past was left on her face; and no one who saw her for the first time would believe that as a young girl she had been even more than ordinarily pretty. But it had been a beauty merely of youth, passing with the bright skin and the happy smile of youth, and leaving the ill-formed features, with all their want of regularity, exaggerated and unsoftened.

In the midst of his ambition Louis Blake still remembered Winifred. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and as time gave its romance to the past, it seemed as if he had loved her even more ardently than was true. He had gained all he had striven for in life; he was rich and powerful, and his highest flights of ambition were realized. But his heart was empty; his home was solitary. He blamed himself for the part he had acted; and, secure of his position now, thought he had been even unwise in not associating Winifred and all her life with him. He would have been strong enough to have borne them up the ladder with him, and she would have lived down the petty calumny that endeavored to destroy her beautiful action. For it was beautiful; yes, he recognized that now. Full of these thoughts, and just at the age when the man who has been ambitious in his youth wishes to be domestic in his

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maturity, he made inquiries about Winifred at her old home; and learning her address there, he set off suddenly to Devonshire, to renew his acquaintance—perhaps his love, who knows?—with his former friend and *fiancée*. But Louis made one fatal mistake. He did not realize the years that had passed since he parted with Winifred. It was always the same Winifred whom he left sitting on the ground, playing with a baby girl—her black hair falling far below her waist, and her dark eyes bright and clear—whom he expected to find again. All the world told him—and he knew without vanity, that it was true—that time had been his friend. His curly chestnut hair, a little worn about the temples, had not a silver line in it; his bearing was more manly, and his figure better developed than when Winifred saw him last; success had given him a certain commanding manner which might easily pass for majesty; and constant intercourse with the world a profound insight into human nature. He was eminently one of the present generation—one of the men whose mind and character influence their whole circle. Handsome, noble, and capable, he was a very king and hero to the minds of most women; against whom not the most beautiful youth in the world, were he Apollo himself, would have had a chance of success; and who, like a veritable monarch, might have chosen his queen wheresoever he listed. And he thought that time, which had so beautified him, would have done the same for Winifred. It would be a matured, ennobled, glorified woman that he should meet, but still the same that he had left; it would be the nymph become the goddess. And thinking, hoping, believing this, it was with all the fervor of his old affection that he knocked at the door of the cottage where they had told him Miss James lived.

A beautiful girl came hurriedly and rather noisily into the room, almost as soon as he had entered. She did not know of his visit, and a deep blush broke over her brilliant face. Louis forgot all about baby Mary, and never remembered the possibility of this glorious creature being the butterfly from that cradled chrysalis; he only said to himself, that dear Winifred had just as much sweetness as ever, and as little vanity, else she never would have dared the presence of such a beautiful girl as this. He asked for her, however, smiling; and Mary went out of the room to call her, glad enough to get away.

Winifred came down almost immediately, bringing Mary with her. When she saw Louis, she stood for a moment—stupefied, as if she had seen a ghost from the grave before her; then uttering a low cry, she staggered, turned deadly pale, and holding out her withered hands toward him, cried, "Louis! Louis!" and "My love!" and then fell fainting to the ground.

In her fainting the last chance of illusion vanished. Oh! why had he come? Why had he not been content to live on the pleasant romance of memory and faith?

Winifred's faintness soon passed; and with it her weakness. When she recovered she held out her hand, smiling; saying, in a firm tone, "It was such a surprise to see you, Louis, that I was overcome." And then she began to talk of former days with as calm a countenance as if they had parted but last week, and had never met in love. She thus put them both into a true position, which they had nearly lost, and left the future unembarrassed by any fetters of the past. Louis could not but love the woman's delicacy and tact, and saying to himself, "I shall soon get accustomed to the loss of her beauty," believed that he would love her as of old, and that all would go smoothly and happily for them both. He was glad now that he had come. After all, what did a little prettiness signify? Winifred was just as good as, perhaps even better than, she used to be; and what did it matter if she were less beautiful? Louis was philosophical—as men are when they deceive themselves.

He remained in Devonshire for nearly a month, and at the end of that time began to grow perplexed and confused in his mind. In the first days he had made Winifred understand that he loved her still; he had told her why he had come to Devonshire; he had spoken much of the softening and beautiful influence that her memory had been to him all his life, and of how he had hoped and trusted in the future; he had called back all her former love to him, and had awakened her sleeping hopes; he had poured fresh life into her heart—he had given her back her youth. He had spoken of her to herself as a being to be worshiped for goodness, and, in speaking thus, had pressed a kiss on her withered cheek; and, when he had done all this, and had compromised his honor as well as his compassion, he found out that she was old and faded; that she was a mother, not a wife; that, considering her age, love-passages between them were ridiculous. If she had been Mary now!

Mary was much struck with Louis Blake. His grand kind of bearing, his position, the dazzling qualities of his mind, all filled her with admiration so intense, that it was almost worship. But worship tinged with awe. And, thus—she changed too. Her frank and childish manners became fitful and reserved; her causeless tears, her wild excitement, her passionate manner to Winifred, embracing her often and eagerly, as she used when as a child she wanted her forgiveness for an unconfessed, but silently recognized fault; her bashfulness when Louis spoke to her; her restless wretchedness when he passed her in silence; her eager watching for his eye and smile, and her blushes when she was rewarded; all gave the key to Winifred, so far as she was concerned; though as yet she did not know that this key opened another heart as well. But she began to feel a change, gradual, and perceptible, and sure, in Louis. He grew cold in his manner to her, and sometimes irritable; he avoided her when she was alone, and he spoke no more of the past;

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he was constrained, he was harsh—he no longer loved her, and this was what he was teaching her. His manner to Mary was as fitful as her own. Now tender and fatherly, now hard and cruel; sometimes so absorbed in watching her, or talking with her, that he forgot all the world beside, and sometimes seeming to forget her and her very existence in the room. Winifred saw it all. She was the first to give the true name to this perplexity, and factitious attempts to reconcile impossible feelings; and when once enlightened she accepted her position with dignity and grandeur. There was no middle way. Louis no longer even fancied that he loved her, and she could not hold him to the promise made when under the illusion of that fancy. She must again judge between duty and self, and again ascend to the altar of sacrifice. He loved her child; and Mary—and Winifred wept as she said it low in her own chamber, kneeling by her bed, half-sobbing and half-praying—Mary loved him. Yes, the child she had cared for as her own, and for whom she would have given her life, now demanded more than her life. And she should have it.

It was in the gray evening when Winifred went down stairs, passing through the low French windows of the drawing-room, and on to the lawn, where Louis and Mary were standing near the cistus-tree. But not speaking. A word too tender, a look too true, had just passed between them, and Louis was still struggling with the impulse which bid him say all, look all, and leave the issue to fate. Mary was trembling, tears in her eyes, and a strange feeling of disappointment stealing over her; though she could not have said why, for she did not know what she had expected. Winifred walked gently over the grass, and was by their side before they knew that she had left the house. Mary gave a heavy sob, and flung herself on her neck, saying,

"Darling Winny! How glad I am you have come!"

Louis turned away, painfully agitated.

"Why do you turn from me, Louis?" said Winifred. "Are you afraid of your friend? Do you fear that you can not trust her love?"

"What do you mean, Winifred?" said poor Louis, passionately. "For God's sake, no enigmas! Oh, forgive me, dearest friend, I am harsh and hard to you; but I am mad—mad!"

"Poor suffering heart, that suffers because of its unbelief," said Winifred tenderly; and taking his hand she placed it in Mary's. Clasping them both between her own, "See, dear Louis," she said, the tears falling gently over her furrowed cheeks, "my hand is no barrier between you and your love. Rather a tie the more. Love each other, dear ones, if therein lies your happiness! For me, mine rests with you, in your joy and your virtue. And when, in the future, you think of Winifred, my Mary will remember the foster-mother who loved her beyond her own life, and Louis will say he once knew one who kept her vow to the last."

A BASKET OF THUNDER-BOLTS.

WHEN it was ascertained that the orbit of Biela's comet intersects that of the earth, a few very worthy persons prepared for the destruction of the world by a collision between the two. It was shown that if the earth's progress had been hastened, or the comet delayed one month, in the year 1832, the shock would have been inevitable; and though the earth is a model of punctuality, comets, as is well known, are subject to a variety of disturbing causes which might seemingly retard or accelerate their velocity. Tradition depicted comets as agents of mischief or messengers of evil. Antiquity viewed them as awful manifestations of the Divine displeasure, and portents of disaster to man. Louis the First of France was so terrified by the comet of 837, which approached within 2,000,000 miles of the earth, that he emptied his treasury to build churches and convents. Armies have been smitten with panic at the sight of a comet, and cunning demagogues have turned their apparition to excellent account. Even so late as a couple of centuries ago, signs in the heaven—"comets with fiery streaming hair"—were regarded by the pious people of New England as symptoms of the Divine wrath, which it was proper to appease by a revival of the austerities of Puritan discipline. In the wake of such goodly examples, men of imaginative minds quaked as they watched for the return of Biela's comet. If philosophers had ceased to see fiery horsemen in the heavens waving two-edged swords—if Congress legislated none the more strictly because stars had fallen or auroras gleamed—if the world called them superstitious because they set their house in order and prepared for eternity—were not these evidences of blindness and obstinacy plainly foretold?

Science, meanwhile, pursuing its steady path, unrolls the map of the heavens, and, while it strips many a dreaded apparition of its horrors, discovers in the wondrous space above new beauties, it is true, but likewise new causes for apprehension and affright. Eight millions of comets, according to Arago, may revolve within our system; six hundred have been actually observed. More than one of these cross the earth's orbit in their usual journey through space; others, we know, are liable to be disturbed by the attraction of the larger planets and each other; and thus, in the language of Humboldt, "from being apparently harmless, have been rendered dangerous bodies." Was there not once a planet between Mars and Jupiter, and what mighty force shattered it into asteroids? Was it a collision with the solid nucleus of some other cosmical body—a huge comet? Did a day dawn for the inhabitants of that orb "in the which the heavens passed away with a great noise, and the elements melted with fervent heat, their earth also and the works which were therein were burned up?"

Fifty persons, in round numbers, are killed every year in the United States by lightning. In the single month of July, 1854, thirty-seven

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persons were struck dead within the limits of the Atlantic States. Ancient mythology contained nothing so terrifying as these colorless statistics. The ancients dreaded Jove's thunder-bolt; but their awe was mingled with a devotional sentiment which could not have been devoid of a certain sense of pleasure. The pastoral Etruscan rejoiced when the lightning played harmlessly over the horizon, for he knew that his prayers had been heard. Even when it flashed overhead, and perhaps clove some tall tree to the earth, he was not dismayed; his religion told him that the gods had assembled, and that a decree of the divine council had gone forth to authorize Jupiter to launch his bolts. He bowed his head, abandoned the enterprise on which he was engaged, and cheerfully sacrificed a bullock. It was a happy day in the Greek camp when Calchas saw the lightning illuminate the heavens on his right hand, and fearlessly did the heroes go down to battle. Nor was all hope lost when the divine token lit up the skies on the left. It meant that more altars must be erected, and inexorable justice meted out to the guilty: the gods were irritated, but their wrath was not unappeasable. There is no terror in the soul of Job when he proclaims that "God made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder."

Faded was the prestige of the Olympic gods when the Athenians began to treat lightning as a terrestrial phenomenon. Fled was their poetic fancy when they could stand at their doors in a thunder-storm, and fill the air with hissing sounds, in the foolish belief that the flashing fire would be thus averted. And where were the augurs, when the Roman knights encased their bodies in stout seal-skins, which, according to the science of the Augustan age, the lightning could not perforate? When the gods fell, all was foolishness until Franklin came. Augustus—like the modern Emperors of Japan—fled into a deep cellar at the first rumbling of the thunder, and bewailed himself that he could not, so frail was his constitution, drown his fears with his courtiers in draughts of Falernian or Cæcuban. Cowardice, conspiring with ignorance, has ascribed to fifty different substances and agencies the power of averting lightning-strokes. Feathers were long believed to be an infallible protection. Even in our day, timid girls creep into bed and draw the pillow over their faces when the thunder roars; though it is well known that several persons have been killed in bed, and that in one case at least—in New York, on the 1st of August, 1854—lightning has set fire to a mattress without visible flash or audible thunder. A whole host of trees have been honored as lightning-proof. Tiberius, conscience smitten at the approach of a storm, would crown his brow with a wreath of laurel. The Chinese flock for shelter to the mulberry-tree. Columella believed that a large vine growing over a house afforded complete security, and not without some shadow of reason. The peasants of the time of Charlemagne found that tall poles erected in their fields near their house afforded protection; but the pole was of no use unless it was crowned with a magic scroll. Sailors have believed from time immemorial that frequent discharges of cannon prevent or dissipate thunder-storms. It happens that some of the heaviest cannonades remembered—such as the bombardment of Rio Janeiro, by the French, in 1711, and the bombardment of Sebastopol, by the Allies, last September—were immediately followed by lightning, thunder, and rain. The ringing of church bells was long regarded as a specific against lightning. Wynckeu de Worde, an old English writer, says: "The evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre doubte moche when they here the belles ringen; and this is the cause why the belles ringen when it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the end that the feinds and wycked spirytes should ben abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." In France, when the priests blessed a new set of church bells they prayed: "Whenever they ring, may they drive far off the malign influences of evil spirits, whirlwinds, thunder-bolts, and the devastations which they cause, the calamities of hurricanes and tempests!" And the pious peasantry, at the first approach of a storm, would bid the ringer tug at the bell-rope till the very thunder could hardly make itself heard. The Academy of Sciences denounced the practice, and a church has now and then been struck by lightning while the bell was pealing its loudest; but still, in parts of Brittany, when dark clouds gather, and swallows groundward fly, the traveler is startled by the solemn tolling of the parish bell, which sounds like a mournful appeal to Providence for mercy.

Curious to see how generation after generation will run its nose against an important discovery, walk round it, perhaps pick it up and throw it down again, never dreaming of its value till the right man comes and appropriates it. A trifle over a century has elapsed since Franklin gave to the world the lightning-rod, and we honor him as its inventor. Yet Columella's vine was nothing but a conductor, if a bad one; and the poles, with mystic inscriptions, which the French peasants used to set up in the fields, what were they but lightning-rods? Even these were more distant approaches to the discovery than the Temple at Jerusalem, which was provided with as complete an apparatus of conductors as could be constructed to-day. The roof, which was "overlaid with gold," bristled with gilt iron lances, and metallic pipes led from it to large cisterns in the court, in which the rain was collected. The object of the Israelites in erecting the lances was to prevent birds from settling on their holy edifice; but they served so admirably the purpose of lightning-rods that, in a country where thunder-storms were common and violent, the temple stood a thousand years without being struck once.

Of late years Franklin's conductor has had to stand some criticism. There are builders

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who deny its efficacy. Some people fancy it attracts the lightning. It is well to know, when these opinions are afloat, that the late Monsieur Arago considered it an infallible protector against lightning, and even went so far as to state that the modern improvements which have been made in its form, etc., have rather injured than improved the original conductor as devised by Franklin. It fell to his duty to examine and report upon several buildings—among others, a Government powder-magazine—which, though provided with conductors, had notwithstanding been struck by lightning. In every one of these cases he traced the accident to defects in the construction of the conductor. As Monsieur Arago was in his lifetime the highest authority on questions of meteorology, his opinion is entitled to weight. Indeed, until it is shown to be at variance with indisputable facts, it is quite safe to abide by it without reference to other scientific theories.

Considering that fifty persons at least are killed annually by lightning in the United States, sixty-nine in France, and twenty-two in England, it is strange that no one has ever devised a conductor to be carried on the person. Franklin certainly did hint that it was rather advantageous than otherwise to be drenched during a storm. But by this he intended merely to deny the popular fallacy that a wet skin increased the danger. A moist coat and breeches might act as a conductor; but few people would be willing to use them as such without a trifle more isolation from the epidermis. Monsieur Arago threw out a few suggestions on the subject. A crowd, he considered, was more likely to be struck in a storm than an individual, because perspiration and respiration create an ascending column of vapor which is a better conductor than the surrounding air. It has long been known that lightning invariably makes for elevated points: hence the two most dangerous situations for an individual to occupy during a storm are, first, the close neighborhood of a tree, church steeple, or other similar object; and, secondly, the centre of a level plain. Winthrop—whose advice is still excellent—recommends persons caught in the fields by a storm to station themselves between two tall trees, at a distance of some twenty feet from each. It has been imagined that running increases the danger, because, according to Arago, a body passing rapidly through space leaves a partial vacuum, which is a better conductor than the air. But as railway trains are hardly ever struck, it may be taken for granted that this maxim has more theoretical than practical value.

A few years ago, it used to be considered very dangerous to carry pieces of metal, such as keys or penknife in the pocket, or even to wear rings or bracelets during a thunder-storm. Latterly this apprehension has lost ground. Some very curious facts are, however, cited in its support. A flash of lightning struck a group of persons in the prison of Biberach, in Swabia; it killed one only, the chief of a famous band of robbers, who was chained by the waist. A lady put her hand out of a window to close it; a flash of lightning melted a bracelet she wore, injuring her arm but slightly. Another lady—a friend of the traveler Brydone—was caught in a thunder-storm, and her hat, the frame of which was of thin metallic wire, was burnt to ashes without injuring her head. It is perhaps safe to consider these as exceptional cases. At all events, when we remember how much iron and metal surrounds us on every side, we shall hardly expect that a bunch of keys or a bracelet can exercise much attraction as a conductor. "Avoid fire-places," said Franklin; "sit in the middle of the room, unless a chandelier hang there; avoid metallic substances, and surround yourself rather with glass, feathers, silk." But does any one believe that a thunder-storm would have driven the philosopher from his printer's "case," if it had been of moment that he should stay there?

After all, as we must die, what objection can there be to the speediest, perhaps to the least painful form of death? There is no trace of agony in the face of a lightning-struck corpse. A black speck or two where the fluid entered, another where it found an exit, and perhaps a dark line or furrow marking its path, are all the evidence of the catastrophe. It has happened that lightning has crushed the bones of its victim as though a celestial giant had felled him with a monstrous club. But on the other hand, men have been found dead without external sign of injury, and lightning has only been suspected of the murder when pieces of metal found on the body were perceived to be magnetic. Men live who have been struck blind or deaf by a lightning-stroke; others, whose limbs have been paralyzed by the same cause. These make cheap acquaintance with the dread destroyer; for they generally recover from the injury, and, by way of compensation, nature usually grants them better health afterward. Rheumatism and nervous complaints seldom survive a smart lightning-shock. Sometimes, when no shock is experienced, persons who have been exposed to a thunder-storm find their hair and beard loose next morning, and in a few days become bald. How are all these effects produced? Science is mute. The doctors can only say that lightning kills by destroying the vital principle—just as their predecessors, in the time of Molière, announced that *opium facit dormire, quia est in eo virtus dormitiva.*

When Thomas Oliver, who was struck by lightning, and remained senseless for several hours, recovered his wits, he sprang up in his bed, and inquired, with the pugnacity of a true Briton, who knocked him down? Ladies, who start and close your beautiful eyes at a flash of lightning, the story was intended for you. A fatal flash is never seen by its victim. He is struck, and the lightning has gone to its home in the unknown depths of the earth, before he perceives that the clouds have spoken. For the

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quickest eye can not mark periods of time much shorter than a quarter of a second; whereas the lightning which God shoots forth to the ends of the earth, lasts not for the thousandth part of a second. Long before the ray of light reaches the eye it is gone. It flashes, and the roar of the thunder sets out toward our ear with the wonderful velocity of thirteen miles in a minute, but does not reach us till ten, twenty, thirty, ay even fifty seconds have elapsed; it flashes, and the bright image starts at the inconceivable speed of seven millions of miles in a minute, but does not strike the retina till long after the celestial flame is extinguished, and the clouds are at rest.

Savages have worshiped the thunder. 'Tis our slave. Lightning comes at our call, carries our messages, gilds our plate, prints these lines. More yet it can and must do. On the summits of the Alps and Cordilleras gleam beautiful patches of enamel, sometimes gray, sometimes yellow, sometimes olive-green. On the sandy shores of Brazil, in the sandy deserts of Silesia, and on many a sandy beach where young swimmers love to bathe, round holes have been found in the earth, fringed round with beautiful hard glass. They are the mouth-pieces of tubes which penetrate through the sand and clay to a depth of many feet. So delicate and fragile are these tubes that it has never been possible to extract them entire; but we know that their inner coating is like their orifice, bright pure glass. It was once supposed that they were vegetables; then it was suggested that they might be the holes of serpents. A higher office is now ascribed to them. They are the homes of lightning flashes. Again and again, when the storms burst, and the black night is lit up by lightning, the forked flash glides through the heavens, and seeks rest in these tubes, fusing the sand into the most perfect glass. No human eye sees these mysteries of its private life; but the record of its visits to the bleak Alpine tops, and its journeyings to the dark abyss where it dwells, is written in characters which man can not counterfeit.

Where shall its usefulness stop? Shall it glaze—shall it create the most lovely enamel for the delight of the reptile and the eagle only? If the flash which bursts over a dwelling-house, and follows the bell-wire from story to story, fuses it as it goes, shall this wonderful power be used in mere play? Earth is not rich enough to throw away such treasures, nor man blind enough to neglect them.

Plutarch, moralizing on superstition to the best of his knowledge and belief, exclaimed: "He who stirs not from home does not fear highway robbers, nor does the dweller in Ethiopia dread thunder." Some Egyptian had misled the Cheronean philosopher; storms are not unfrequent in the region he called Ethiopia. But substitute Lima, and the reflection will be scientifically correct. In Lower Peru, and on many points of the Pacific coast of South America, it never thunders or lightens. Nature, dividing her favors with impartial hand, has allotted to one region earthquakes, to another thunder-storms. The Liman sees his house totter and quiver with a smiling face; but he can not comprehend the courage of the men of the North who can watch a thunder-storm without terror. In Spitzbergen, and the polar regions north of the 75th parallel of latitude, no lightning ever bursts through the four months' night; the distant roar which startles Arctic explorers is not the sound of thunder, but of icebergs gnashing their sides, and grating angrily against each other. It is in the tropics that the celestial fires burn with the greatest splendor. Districts in Central America take pride in being the seat of tremendous storms, and rival villages have been known to dispute with each other fiercely the honor of having "the mightiest thunder in the country."

Till very lately no attempt was ever made to guage the annual quota of thunder-storms in various places. Any table of meteorological phenomena must therefore be based on insufficient and possibly erroneous data. The late Monsieur Arago, with more boldness than probable accuracy, classed several well-known sites, according to the frequency of their storms, from the best information he could obtain. His list begins as follows:

1. Calcutta averages.....	60	days of thunder per year.
2. Patna (India) supposed to average.....	53	" " "
3. Rio Janeiro averages...	50·6	" " "
4. Maryland (U. S.) supposed to average.....	41	" " "
5. Martinique averages...	39	" " "
6. Abyssinia supposed to average	38	" " "
7. Guadaloupe averages...	37	" " "
8. Viviers (France) averages	24·7	" " "
9. Quebec averages.....	23·3	" " "
10. Buenos Ayres averages.	22·5	" " "
11. Denainvilliers (France) averages	20·6	" " "

The lowest average he gives is that of Cairo in Egypt, three days of thunder per annum. That of Paris and most of the European cities is about fifteen days; he estimates the days of thunder at New York to be about the same. It is probable that they are much more numerous.

When the good ship Argo—so runs the legend—had cleared from Colchos with the golden fleece, and Jason was proudly bearing away his bride, a storm arose, a fierce Black Sea storm, which sorely vexed the bold craft. Higher and higher rose the waves; the oars snapped, and the sails tore themselves free. In the depth of despair, clasping the fair Medea to his breast, Jason acknowledged that his science was exhausted. He sat him down by the creaking mast, and prepared for death. Then up sprang his faithful Orpheus, and bade his master be of good cheer, as with inspired hand he drew from his lyre a moving prayer to the gods. Above the roaring of the wind and the groaning of the ship rose those sweet sounds, and Jupiter, seated high on Olympus, heard them and was touched. Two swift messengers, bright pink flames, sped through cloud and rain, and rested on the heads

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of the statues of Castor and Pollux. The pious Argonauts accepted the omen, and gave thanks. They were still in prayer when the wind abated, the sea fell, and the danger passed away. In memory of that happy escape, antiquity gratefully gave the names of Castor and Pollux to the lambent flames which appear on the tops of masts and other elevated points during storms. When Christian saints succeeded to the honors of the heathen demi-gods, the inheritance of the twin brothers fell to the lot of the good Saint Elmo. He it was who, when a fierce hurricane assailed Columbus, and his vessel travailed in the trough of the sea, "appeared at the mast head with seven lighted tapers. . . . Litanies, prayers, and thanksgivings were then heard all over the ship, for, as sailors believe, as soon as Saint Elmo appears, the dangers of the tempest are past." Sad that science should demolish so pretty a fancy! But the worthy saint can not be allowed to maintain a reputation as a harbinger of fair weather for the simple reason that he is obliged to be on duty during all storms, from first to last, on sea or on shore. He has been seen on steeples and on tree-tops; he has perched on the bayonet of a sentinel and on the chimney of a private house; travelers caught in a storm have even been favored with his visits, and have started at seeing their companions' heads fringed with fire. A quiet, harmless saint at all times; never known to have been guilty of mischief; if not entitled to the honors vouchsafed to him by antiquity, at least claiming our admiration as one of the beautiful storm-signs which can be contemplated without dread.

How different those other heavenly visitors, which the old poets named thunder-bolts, and this prosaic age of science knows as aerolites! When Jupiter was wearied by the perversity of man, he seized his three-pronged thunder-bolt, and hurled it at the earth. The fiery missile blazed through space, lighting up the darkest night, and filling the air with bright coruscations; when it struck, the earth trembled, and mankind acknowledged the sovereignty of Jove. Greek altars rose on the spot it had touched; fences with pious inscriptions warned the Roman not to adventure a sacrilegious foot on the ground which Jupiter had deemed worthy to receive his messenger of wrath. When the Israelites saw "the hail, and fire mingled with the hail"—fire which "ran upon the ground," they thanked God, who would deliver them out of the hand of Pharaoh. Long and long afterward they remembered it, and their Psalmist sang: "He gave up their cattle to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunder-bolts."

Whence came these fiery visitors? "From the sun," said the skeptic Anaxagoras. "He is the centre of fire; whatever is heated must proceed from him." "From the moon," said the philosophers of the last century. "A little knowledge" had shown them the lunar volcanoes, and they questioned not but that thunder-bolts had been originally projected from thence, had traveled a quarter of a million of miles, and finally sought rest on the earth. Even such acute minds as Laplace and Berzelius allowed themselves to believe that the force of those huge gaping volcanoes in the moon was such that they could project a body beyond the limits of its attraction.

Meanwhile science dug and delved, and new discoveries shed further light on the question. On bright nights, observers of the stars watched meteors flash across the sky and disappear into unknown darkness. Twice a year—about the tenth of August and the middle of November—these meteors were so numerous that the old priests piously suggested that the saints, whose natal days occurred at that period, must be weeping for the sins of mankind. Then some renowned philosopher announced that he had seen a ball of fire, equal in size to the moon, roll swiftly across the heavens, and disappear with a sort of explosion. The ice broken, several other persons declared that they had seen similar balls, some red, some white, some blue, some green. In one or two instances the fall of thunder-bolts was simultaneous with the appearance of these fire-balls. The great thunder-bolt at Ægos Potamos, which fell in the year 470 B.C., and was described as being equal to a full wagon-load, was certainly accompanied by such a globe of fire. When Livy recounts how "heavy rains of stones fell from heaven," he mentions likewise that strange balls of fire appeared in the sky.

It was with these data to guide him that the great Olbers undertook his calculations. He proved that a body set free in space between the moon and the earth, or the sun and the earth, would not fall to the latter, but would revolve in a regular orbit round the sun, like the planets. On this law rests the modern theory that shooting-stars and fire-balls are in fact independent bodies, moving through space in orbits of their own; that the latter occasionally pass so close to the earth that fragments of their substance, in the shape of aerolites, fall within its attraction, plunge through the atmosphere, and sink to rest on the soil or in the sea.

The boy who picks up a meteoric stone in the fields—as who has not?—seldom realizes the wonderful story that stone could tell. A rude heavy mass—mostly composed of iron, with a little nickel and olivine, with a smooth black crust, marking where the metal has cooled soonest—it lies peaceably a few inches under the soil, or on the out-crop of a stratum of rock, as though that were its birth-place. But that stone is an alien. Alone of all the objects that human hands have handled, it was born beyond the outermost limits of this world. Where its cradle was no man can tell; but this we know, that it is not of this earth. It is a link—the only one—between us and the worlds without. To grasp it in the hand is the next thing to visiting a planet or one of the other cosmical bodies. That huge thunder-bolt which fell at Ægos Potamos, and of which a careless world has actu-

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ally lost all trace—that other mighty stone which lies on a mountain slope in Brazil, and weighs seven tons, and all the other aerolites scattered in every region from the Pole to the Equator, would tell us, if they could speak, of strange spaces where the earth has never been, where human eye has never penetrated.

One almost forgets the grandeur of their history in the purely human contemplation of the mischief they might do. These fire-balls, which are supposed to launch them earthward, seem far more dangerous neighbors than the comets. With a diameter exceeding a mile, they whirl past us at a distance sometimes not greater than thirty and even twenty miles. Some have been seen to explode like a rocket; oftener they sink into night as noiselessly as they came. Seven hundred of them, according to Olbers, fly close to us every year, and hurl some ponderous fragment contemptuously as they pass. Woe to the man or the house it strikes! "They were more," said Joshua, "which died with the hail-stones, than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword." That deaths were not uncommonly caused in ancient times by thunder-bolts, is proved by the frequent mention of such catastrophes in the Greek and Roman poets. A couple of centuries ago, a monk was struck dead by an aerolite in Italy: one or two other cases of similar deaths have been placed on record since modern history began. Houses have frequently been set on fire by these heated visitors, and ships are said to have been destroyed by the same means. But how trifling the injury actually inflicted in comparison with that which might be caused by seven hundred incandescent missiles, varying from a ton to a few pounds in weight, and falling with a force which, in the case of the larger ones, would shatter the strongest fort in the world!

Shooting stars—perhaps the most beautiful phenomenon of the celestial world—have no terrors for man. Similes fail to render any adequate idea of these splendid meteors; there is nothing in nature worthy of being compared with them. The lonely star which shoots mournfully downward, threading its way through the heavenly host, and disappearing, apparently without reason, at some point above the horizon, is a sight which fills the sensitive mind with gloom; but the gorgeous star-shower, like a heavy fall of snow, which Humboldt saw in Central America in November, 1799, or that still more famous one which every one in this country watched with rapture in November, 1833, is a spectacle which exhilarates instead of depressing the mind, and fills the soul with joyfulness at the glorious majesty of the Creator. Every November the scene is renewed. On the nights of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, the heavens are traversed by thousands of shooting-stars, which almost eclipse the fixed constellations. But it is only once in thirty-four years that the earth passes through the great stream of stars which Humboldt has compared to snow-flakes. Those of us who live till November, 1867, will doubtless witness it again—unless some new and mysterious change in the laws of these eccentric bodies—and such changes are constantly taking place in obedience to a higher law yet unlearned by man—should hasten or retard their journey through space.

Whence do meteors come? To say that they are ponderable bodies revolving round the sun, and becoming luminous when they approach within a certain distance of the earth, is to tell us little of their character or origin. Are they star-seed, revolving patiently through space in expectation of the fiat which shall condense them into a planet? Are they wretched fragments of some shattered orb, wheeling sadly in its vacant path, and suffering gradual absorption into the larger bodies of the universe? Or have they no future to hope for, no past to regret? In their simple phrase, the old philosophers said that "Nature abhors a vacuum." We know that every particle of space within and upon the globe is inhabited; that the solid rock has its lodgers, and the polar ice a race of insect inhabitants which die when the temperature rises above zero. Is it so with the heavens? Beyond this petty globe of ours, in the vast, measureless depths in which the insect planets float, is space wasted, or has every possible orbit its tenant, far beyond the power of telescopes to discover? A few years ago, it was disgraceful not to know that there were seven planets in our system; now, those only who keep the closest watch on the periodical reports of astronomical societies can venture to say how many companions we have. Nature, be it remembered, knows no capricious beginnings, or abrupt endings. Every thing in her economy is graduated from the infinitesimally small to the infinitely great. A gigantic Jupiter implied a tiny Flora; the latter may suppose myriads of aerolites, mere star-dust, yet endowed with orbs, volume, and orbits, and even peopled with new forms of life, as perfect of their kind as any with which we are acquainted.

SISTER ANNE.

SISTER ANNE sat in the porch watching the sunset. The luminary whom old-fashioned poets have baptized with all sorts of names, sooner than degrade their verses with the fine old Saxon word "sun"—this planet of many aliases was never more splendid than on the present occasion. There was a purple edge of hill on which he was hovering, red and enormous, as if he was reconnoitering the huge steeps down which he was about to plunge. On the serrated crest of the purple hill waved a few plumy trees, standing blackly against the fiery glow, like watching warriors thrown out against the flame of some besieged and burning fortress. All along the meadows and creeks that stretched from the base of the purple hill to the porch where Sister Anne was sitting, a tide of golden light was slowly ebbing. A moment ago it was rippling over the garden-

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walks, making, like a second Pactolus, the very gravel valuable, and now it has receded and washes the edges of the green meadow below, and trickles through the thin, transparent leaves of the motionless maple. Now the old stranded boat on the shore of the narrow creek suddenly glitters like Cleopatra's galley, as the waves of light dash silently over it; and lo! an instant passes, the galley is gone, and the splitting planks and mouldering keel again lie sadly on the sands. So ebbs this wondrous tide, silently but swiftly, until it reaches the base of the purple hill; then, trembling an instant on the grass and rocks, it suddenly sinks, or evaporates, or disappears like a fairy sea, and the shores it washed are cold, and gray, and dull.

Sister Anne loved sunsets. There was an indolent splendor about the hour of evening that suited her temperament—an atmosphere of opiate vapor that seemingly emanated from the retiring planet, lulling her into a dreamy repose. The truth is, that Sister Anne was lazy. When other girls were hemming the edges of mysterious garments, or cutting geometric figures out of linen, or stitching at patterns dimly seen through cambric fastened over the paper on which they were traced; while industrious maidens were doing all these useful and ornamental things, Sister Anne was used to sit in the window if it was summer, and by the fire if it was winter, and dream. She had the air of a dreamer. Her features were still and regular; her eyes large and dark; and when she moved there was a drowsy pliancy in her limbs that made her seem as if she had lived by the fairy lake on the shores of which Tennyson's Lotos Eaters dreamed life delightfully away. Her two sisters looked on Sister Anne as utterly lost. She was altogether useless, and did not contribute one jot to the general fund of labor. There was not on all Long Island so lazy a maiden. She knew not how to make pastry or butter. Her sewing was wretchedly crooked and uneven; and as to knowing any thing about cutting out a dress, why Sister Anne might as soon be expected to draw out the plan of a fortification as to perform that nice and intricate branch of female mechanics. She loved the woods, however, and the green leaves, and was very industrious in the line of gathering wild flowers and attending on the birds. Sister Anne was a slave to the feathered tribe. She was not black, nor did she wear gold rings on her ankles or any other sign of serfdom, still she was as much a slave as if she was copper-colored and fettered with gold. She followed the oriole from tree to tree anxiously and timidly, as a courtier haunting the presence of his king. For hours together she would lie in the high grass of the fields watching the blackbird with his crimson epaulets, keeping watch from a lofty tree over his wife as she sat in her nest built in the swaying forks of the golden rod. The cat-bird was to her a source of singular and endless delight and admiration. His elegant shape, his jaunty swagger, his splendid confidence, his immense vocal genius, all captivated her, and she would hide behind a tree and hour after hour watch his gambols in the branches. I will not say that the birds knew Sister Anne. She was no bird-tamer, like the charming dream-girl in George Sand's romance of Teverino, and I doubt if she called ever so long whether any of her feathered friends would attend to her; but still I think the birds felt, by a rare instinct, as indescribable as any of the strange spiritual phenomena that are disclosing themselves nowadays, that Sister Anne was their worshiper. Cat-bird and oriole, it seems to me, permitted the young girl to come closer than any other idler in the fields.

It may be supposed that these erratic habits were not very much relished by Sister Anne's family. She was generally up a tree when she should have been mending stockings, and those wild-wood sports of hers did not produce a very favorable effect upon her toilet. Her gowns were sadly rent, and her shoes wore out with the most astonishing rapidity; while the marks of thorns on her small, delicate hands, and the tan on her quiet, dreamy face were not the most favorable additions to her personal appearance. She was a moral weed in a family of thriving and useful plants; a toy in the midst of a whole factory full of industrial machines. In vain did mother and sisters remonstrate; in vain did they point to baskets full of awful shirts yet unsewn, and terrible handkerchiefs yet unhemmed. Sister Anne turned a lazy glance and deaf ear to all, and fled to the fields, when the singing of the birds and the breath of the flowers consoled her for all her troubles.

So Sister Anne sat in the porch and dreamed. Was it of her friend the cat-bird, or her comrade the oriole? Did flowers dance before her mind's eye, or did she wander amidst visionary forests? Something tells me that Sister Anne dreamed of none of these, much as she loved them. But two summers ago, a tall young fellow, with blue bright eyes, and long dark hair, came to board for three months at the house, bringing with him a small valise and a large sketch-book. He, too, like Sister Anne, wandered all day in the woods and fields, and it often happened that they wandered together. They explored the pleasant beaches that lie along the Sound opposite to the hazy Norwalk shore. They watched the gambols of the sunshine upon the blue waters and the plumy woods; and that summer Sister Anne heard sweeter music than the song of birds, and had other companions than the oriole and cat-bird. The young artist, Stephen Basque, was a new revelation to the young girl. For the first time she had found one who understood her love of nature, and did not look upon her adoration of birds and flowers as mere folly. He talked of art and beauty, and Sister Anne awakened to poetry, until then a divinity unknown. He lent her a couple of volumes of Tennyson, and she

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beheld how, by a magic art, life and substance, and all the passion and beauty of earth, could be transferred into print and paper to live forever. In the midst of this delightful dream—dream far more delicious than all her bird and forest visions, Stephen Basque packed up his small valise and large sketch-book, and went off to New York city to pursue his art. Poor Sister Anne was left doubly alone; and when she went out into the fields for the first time after his departure, it seemed as if the birds no longer knew her as of old. She wandered now less than of yore, but shut herself up in her room, which soon began to be littered with bits of paper scrawled all over. Her mother and sisters grumbled in vain; her little room was to her a sanctuary, and she fled there from persecution. It seems then to me, that at the moment I allude to Sister Anne sat in the porch and dreamed of Stephen Basque.

"As usual—idle! Will you never do any thing useful, child?" cried Mrs. Plymott, Sister Anne's excellent mother. "Look at your sisters busy on father's shirts, and you—you do nothing but sit like a lady all day long, with your hands before you."

"I can't work mother," answered Sister Anne, starting from her reverie with an expression of sudden pain, as the old lady emerged from the cottage door, her large hands parboiled with washing. "I know I am very useless to you, but it pains me to sew."

"Pains? trash!" cried Mrs. Plymott. "You are the skit of the whole village. Do you know what they call you? You don't! well they call you Mother Plymott's Duchess."

Sister Anne smiled sadly.

"We have no titles in America," she said, "so they are wrong."

"Oh! its easy for you to turn it into a jest, but I tell you it's no joke for me to have a child that is not able to earn a cent for herself, or save one for me. What would you do, Miss," the old woman continued with a savage sneer, "if father and I were to die? How would you earn your bread, eh?"

"I don't know exactly," said Anne, "but I don't suppose that God would allow me to die of starvation any more than he allows the robin and the chipping-bird."

Mrs. Plymott burst into a loud coarse laugh.

"So you'd live on berries, and sleep in the hedges, my pretty little robin, would you? Oh! how pleasant you'd find it! I'll lay in a lot of poke-berries for you this fall, and your feeding will be cheap during the winter."

"Does my feeding cost you much, mother?" asked Sister Anne, mildly.

"More than you are worth," was the brutal reply.

"Then it shan't cost you any thing for the future," answered the young girl, whose dreamy face lit up for a moment with a flash of insulted pride.

"Oh! we're offended, are we? we are going to earn our own living! Good luck to you child! Let us see how long this good resolution will last."

"Longer than you imagine, mother," said Sister Anne, retreating quietly to her room.

She had taken on a sudden a strange resolution. Her arrangements were quickly made. She packed up a few things in a small bundle, examined her pockets, which she found contained exactly the sum of eight and sixpence. This done, she sat herself down to her little table and continued to write on several slips of paper until late in the night.

The next morning Sister Anne was up by daylight, reinspecting her little bundle of clothes, and making up her slips of paper into a small parcel. This done, she slipped into the breakfast parlor, and sat down to breakfast calmly, as usual.

"Well, are you going to idle to-day, as usual?" said her sister Mary.

"No," answered Sister Anne, with a queer smile, "I am going to be very industrious."

Then as soon as breakfast was concluded, she stole out unobserved by her industrious family, and, bundle in hand, set off for the railway station, which was distant about two miles. As she walked along the scrubby plain the lazy dreamer seemed to have vanished. She ran and skipped along, and tossed her bundle aloft, and sang vague melodies to herself. The face so still and calm seemed on fire with bold resolve. Assuredly Sister Anne had some great scheme in her little head.

She reached the station, paid from out of her eight shillings for a ticket to New York, and seated herself timidly in a vacant chair. It was the first time in her life that Sister Anne had been on a railroad, and it was with much wonder and alarm that she beheld herself whirled along until trees, and fields, and houses seemed to melt into a confused mass. Ere she had ceased to tremble and wonder the cars went more and more slowly, and she was informed that she had arrived at Brooklyn. She hurried out, and following the stream, found herself on board a ferry-boat, and in a few seconds across the river, and in the great city. Never having been in New York but once before, Sister Anne knew nothing whatever of the huge town, but being a stout little body, and having learned a sort of fearless freedom from her friends the birds, she asked the first person she met to direct her to the office of the *Aloe* daily newspaper. The man said he was going in that direction, and that if she would keep him in sight he would point out the very door. So Sister Anne, with her precious bundle in her hand, trotted off after her civil guide until they reached that cluster of streets that all merge into the Park, and where newspaper offices are as thick as blackberries.

"There Miss," said the man, pointing to a tall, dirty-looking building, "there is the office of the *Daily Aloe*. Editor's rooms are on the third story."

"Thank you, Sir," answered Sister Anne,

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with a little bird-like nod of the head, and in a moment she was climbing up the steep stairs, dimly lighted, leading to the editor's room.

No one seemed to take the slightest notice of her as she entered. Seven or eight men were all sitting at desks, cutting up newspapers, writing as if by steam, turning over new books, amidst a horrible litter of papers and pens, and all the paraphernalia of an editorial room. Sister Anne timidly inquired if the editor could be seen. The scratching of pens ceased for an instant—one of the men looked up, pointed with his pen to an inner door, and went on writing again. In the inner room the child found a handsome bearded gentleman alone, and very busy writing. She stood for some time a little inside the door, expecting that he would look up. He seemed, however, as unconscious of her presence as if she did not exist.

"Please, Sir!" said Sister Anne, after waiting to be spoken to as long as she thought was reasonable.

The gentleman looked quickly up.

"What can I do for you?" said he, kindly enough, but still looking as if he wished that she had not interrupted him.

"Please, Sir," said the intruder, "I'm Filbert!"

This singular announcemen seemed to cause immense surprise to the editor of the *Aloe*. He opened his eyes very wide, and looked with an incredulous smile at the childish figure before him.

"You Filbert!" he cried. "You the author of those charming poems that have appeared from time to time in the *Aloe*? why it's impossible! You can't be more than fourteen!"

"I'm fifteen," answered Sister Anne, "and indeed, Sir, I'm Filbert."

"Sit down," said the editor, "and tell me what I can do for you."

Sister Anne took a seat, and put her hand her pocket, from which she extracted a paper bundle. "Here," she said, "are ten more poems, Sir. I think they are as good as the first ones."

The editor took them with a smile, glanced at the handwriting, seemed convinced of the little authoress's identity, and said:

"Who taught you to write such charming poetry?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered Sister Anne, flushing, "but I think I learned it in the fields, and from the birds and trees."

"And your name is—"

"Anne Plymott, Sir. I live on Long Island, but I have come to New York to see if I can earn some money by writing."

"It's a hard trade," answered the editor, gloomily.

"All trades are hard," said Sister Anne, with a hopeful smile, "but people succeed in making money by them."

"Yes," answered the man of letters, "but a cabinet-maker has a better chance than a bookmaker. There is a greater call for mahogany than for mind."

"But my poems are surely worth something," said the innocent, with a confident glance.

"Of that there is no doubt. But you won't get any one to give you any thing for them."

"What!" exclaimed Sister Anne. "Don't *you* pay for poetry?"

"My dear young lady," answered the editor of the *Aloe*, "we only pay for news and valuable matter."

"So you won't pay me for any of my poems?"

"It would, I assure you, be a deviation from our established rule."

"If they are not valuable, why, then, did you publish them?" asked Sister Anne, with untaught logic.

"Because we thought them good, and some of our readers like good poetry."

"Then if your readers like it, it is worth paying for."

The editor of the *Aloe* smiled compassionately at this innocent poetess, who expected to receive money in return for her labor and her mind. It was certainly a very absurd expectation.

"Give me my poems, Sir," said Sister Anne, very brusquely, "I can't afford to give them for nothing."

"And we can't afford to buy them," answered the editor, very courteously handing back the bundle of manuscript.

Sister Anne bowed majestically, took her bundle, and stalked indignantly out of the office. When she got into the street, however, a sick, hopeless sensation seemed to crawl over her heart. All her anticipations were destroyed at a single blow. The poems which she had labored at in secret, and which, when she saw them published, had given birth to such wild hopes, were then of no actual value, and all her expectations of making money and supporting herself were at an end. She would have given worlds to have gone back into the office, and asked the editor's advice as to what she should do, but her pride was wounded, and she would not stoop to ask a favor of one who she thought had treated her so badly. Oh! if she could only meet Mr. Stephen Basque. So she walked on through the crowded streets, where she was jostled and pushed about by the eager throng of people, each bent on the same money-getting errand as herself; and she rested a little in one of the parks, and took a cheap meal in a restaurant, which consumed all her remaining money except a few cents, and then as evening came on, she felt as if she would gladly have encountered death sooner than face the great heartless city by night.

Poor Sister Anne was completely bewildered. What was she to do? No friends, no money, no place to sleep. It was terrible; and she now began to regret having stalked off so majestically from that practical editor who would not pay for poetry.

She was looking in through the window of a brilliantly lighted print-shop, and admiring the splendid engravings, in spite of the tears that

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stood in her eyes, when she observed a young man stop and look at her very attentively. It was not difficult to frighten Sister Anne now. It was night, and her friends the birds, however bold by day, were timorous indeed at night, and she was like them; so the steady gaze of this young man alarmed her. She immediately moved away, but to her great dismay he followed, and presently addressed her. He said that it was a beautiful night, but Sister Anne only quickened her pace. He next ventured on a remonstrance about her running away so quickly from him, and coolly passed his arm under hers. Poor Sister Anne thought she would sink into the earth.

"Go away! Please to go away, Sir!" she cried, half fainting. "I don't know you! I don't wish you to follow me!"

"But really I can not be so ungallant as to let you walk alone," said the young man, pertinaciously. "Pray let me see you home."

"I have no home!" cried Sister Anne, in an agony of fear.

"Oh, ho!" cried her companion; "so that's it. Let me offer you one, then."

"Oh!" murmured the poor girl, "if Stephen Basque was only here!"

"Who calls for Stephen Basque?" said a passer-by, suddenly catching the words, and stopping.

"I—I!" cried Sister Anne, rushing toward the new-comer. "Do you know him?"

"Why, Sister Anne! Is it possible that this is you?" cried Stephen himself, winding a protecting arm around her. "What's the row?"

"That man—that man!" sobbed Sister Anne, pointing to a respectable-looking, fat old gentleman, who had just stopped, attracted by the scene.

Stephen marched up to him instantly.

"What did you mean, Sir," said he, "by insulting this lady?"

"Me!" exclaimed the man. "I never saw her before in my life!"

"Oh, it isn't him!" cried Anne, who by this time had recovered her senses; then looking round for the true delinquent, it was found that he had vanished. Stephen, of course, offered his apologies to the bewildered old gentleman, and explained the mistake; then making Sister Anne take his arm, he burst through the little crowd that had already formed around them, and marched up the street.

"I knew you were in the city," he said to his companion, as soon as they were clear of the throng: "the editor of the *Aloe* related to me a curious interview he had with you to-day. Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere," said Sister Anne, red with shame.

"Why, how is that?"

"I have no money. I expected to be paid for my poems," and the poor child sobbed bitterly.

"That, indeed, was expecting much. So you really wrote those delightful poems! Why, Sister Anne, or Filbert, you are a genius!"

"That's very little good to me if I can't make money," said Filbert, still sobbing.

"Not by poetry, certainly. But has it never entered your little head that there is a style of composition named prose. People always pay for prose."

Sister Anne lifted her head. There was a gleam of hope in this.

"Do you think I could write prose?" she said, timidly.

"If you try hard, I think you might. I know a very respectable old lady who keeps a nice boarding-house in Fourth Avenue. You shall go there to-night. In the morning I will see if I can not get some newspaper to give you an engagement to write some pretty country sketches. You can call them 'Dried Leaves,' or some other vegetable title, and they will be sure to succeed."

"Sister Anne said nothing, but gratefully pressed Stephen's arm; and that night, when she was installed at old Mrs. Britton's boarding-house, she blessed the young fellow with a virgin prayer.

So, after all, Sister Anne staid in New York, and set up for herself. Stephen got her an engagement on the *Weekly Gong*, and very soon some sensation began to be created by her series of sketches entitled "Lichens," under the signature of "Matilda Moss." She was paid for these tolerably well, and had the triumph of writing home to her family that she was now supporting herself.

After she had been six months in the city, and had been asked to Miss Ransack's literary *soirées*, and actually was on the eve of publishing a book, Stephen Basque came into her room one day with dancing eyes.

"Filbert!" he cried, "I want you to come and pay a visit with me."

"Where?" said Filbert, raising her head from her desk on which she was writing.

"At a lady's," answered Stephen, with an exulting smile.

"What lady's?" and Sister Anne felt a foreshadowing of evil.

"Well, Filbert, the fact is, I'm going to be married, and— Why, Filbert, what's the matter?"

Poor Filbert was as pale as death. She bent her head over her desk, and her whole frame quivered. Poor child! she had loved the young fellow silently for two long years, and now he was going to take another to be his darling. It was very hard for her to bear.

"Filbert! are you ill?" cried Stephen, lifting her head gently.

"No, no!" she cried impatiently, shrinking from his touch. "It was only a pain produced by stooping so long. I am ready, Stephen; let us go and see your bride!" And Sister Anne rose with a steady countenance, and proceeded to put on her bonnet.

"You will not have to go far," cried Stephen,

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with a strange, joyous twinkle in his eyes. "She is waiting round at my studio."

"Come!" said Sister Anne, marching to her martyrdom with sublime resolution. "Tell me, Stephen, is she pretty?"

"Lovely as the dawn!"

"Young?"

"About seventeen."

"Clever!"

"Well, yes. She is rather silent, however, but she looks intellectual."

"May God bless you and her!" cried Sister Anne, clasping his hand convulsively as they reached the door of the studio.

"Amen!" answered Stephen fervently, returning the pressure.

The door opened and they entered. The room was empty.

"She is gone—tired of waiting perhaps," murmured poor Anne, with a sigh of relief.

"No, she is behind this curtain," answered Stephen, stepping up to a red merino curtain that hung across one side of the studio. "Filbert, allow me to present to you Miss Anne Plymott."

He drew the curtain suddenly aside, and lo! there in a huge gold frame, Filbert saw a full-length portrait of herself. She uttered a cry of joy and running to Stephen, hid her blushing cheeks on his breast.

"You surely are not surprised, Filbert?" said Stephen, half reproachfully.

"I am," she answered. "I never dreamed of being so happy. What made you paint this picture, though?"

"It was my way of asking you whether you would have me. You have not answered yet though, Filbert?"

Filbert took the young artist by the hand, and leading him up to the picture, said, "There, Sir, is your bride. Why don't you kiss her?"

"True," said Stephen, "I forgot that;" but instead of kissing the picture he kissed the original, who screamed a little, blushed more, called him hard names, and then nestled up closer to him than ever.

"Filbert," said Stephen after a pause, "I intend to ask the editor of the *Aloe* to be my bridesman."

"I consent," cried Filbert gayly. "If he had paid me for my poems I should not have met you that night, and—"

"I should not have painted your picture!"

"Tell your friend the editor, Stephen, that I have forsaken poetry for ever."

"But you have not—"

"I have. Am I not going to be married?"

BELLOT.

HIS ADVENTURES AND DEATH IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

NOW that Dr. Kane has returned safe, the history of another heroic explorer of the Arctic desert is interesting without being cruel to relate. It will be remembered by all who felt an interest in the American Arctic expeditions, that when Dr. Kane decided to undertake his last voyage, he was left free to select his officers and a crew. It was a matter of great importance that the former, especially, should be men on whom reliance could be placed. Dr. Kane, after due reflection, offered the post of second in command to a young French naval officer, Lieutenant Bellot. Had that offer been accepted, the people of New York would doubtless have been engaged at the present time in the pleasing task of fêting one of the noblest and most promising young men this century has produced. It was declined; and instead of honors and fame in America, an obelisk of granite on the banks of the Thames bears testimony to the virtues and the services of Bellot.

His is a very simple story. Some eighteen years ago, a poor blacksmith, living at Rochefort, on the Charente, discovered that his son Joseph was a boy of unusual talent. It was the father's dearest wish that the boy should go to school and college; but, after many an anxious calculation, he found that he could not possibly afford it. The blacksmith had almost given up hope, when the City Government generously offered to defray the expense of the lad's education. Deeply grateful for the boon, young Joseph Réné Bellot entered college; wrought as boys will work when their object is really the acquisition of knowledge; became, at twelve years of age, a sort of tutor to an idle schoolfellow; and with his first twenty-franc piece in his hand, ran to his father—"Here, father, you said we must put by money for your journey to Paris: here are twenty francs." Through college with honor; then to Brest, where, after the usual probation, he embarked on board the corvette *Berceau*, an *élève de marine*, assigning half his meagre pay to his family.

"I must keep watch over myself," wrote this lad of eighteen in his private journal, "or I shall fall into the greatest sloth. The desire of showing gratitude for all that has been done for me, ought of itself to constitute a very sufficient motive for me. Ought I not also to reflect that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope? I am considered ambitious, it is true; but is ambition ignoble? Perhaps there is too much self-love in all my schemes. . . . I too often forget what I have been; I do not reflect that my father is a poor workman with a large family; that he has made great sacrifices for me." This, be it noted, when his captain was reporting him as an officer "whose post was wherever there was a good example to follow or a danger to brave;" when he was leading the sailors and being wounded at the attack on Tamatave; when the government of Louis Philippe was creating him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Very soon, the admiral of the station bearing witness that he was "the most distinguished *élève* under his command for his high intelligence, his character, and his conduct," he obtained a step, and made his second cruise to

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the coast of South America as *enseigne* or passed midshipman.

A sorry life, however, that of an *enseigne de vaisseau* in peace time, for a young man who was "considered ambitious." He had long thought, he wrote to a friend on his return to France, of a voyage to the Polar Seas; and by way of preparing his body for the climate, had slept all winter without a blanket. Lady Franklin was fitting out an expedition of her own to continue the search for her lost husband. Bellot—burning with enthusiasm and admiration for so hallowed an enterprise—obtained permission from the French Minister of Marine, and volunteered as second in command on board her vessel, the *Prince Albert*. Lady Franklin visited, and all obstacles overcome, the young officer wrote, like an old Roman, to his family: "I recommend to you courage rather than resignation." On the 3d June, 1851, the *Prince Albert* weighed anchor at Stromness, and Bellot took his leave of Lady Franklin, who could only say in her tears, "My poor boy, take care of yourself!"

The *Prince Albert* was a small schooner, ill rigged, and ill built. She pitched and tossed so violently that Bellot, though an old sailor, complained that he invariably got out of his berth bruised and aching. Her captain, Mr. Kennedy, of the Hudson Bay Company's service, was a man of remarkable energy and large experience. His religious faith and piety appeared wonderful to the young Frenchman. His ultimate aim in life was to found a fishing establishment on the coast of Labrador, not so much to catch fish as to convert the natives. When Bellot began to copy the official instructions which had been given to Captain Kennedy, he noticed with surprise that they were interleaved with prayers; and inferred that the writer knew it was the only way of making the reading of the document attractive to the captain. The boatswain, Grate, was likewise something of a theologian: he had a theory of his own about Judas Iscariot, whom he considered to be a much-injured man; and assured Bellot that a new translation of the Bible was needed, as was evident from such phrases as that about "passing through the eye of a needle," where "camel" had evidently been substituted ignorantly for "cable." Bellot himself had a deep sense of religion. He was not a strict Catholic, and in his journal often expresses his admiration for the Protestant belief. On board ship he read a sermon to the crew every Sunday; when left in charge exacted Sabbath observance as strictly as Kennedy himself, and set the example by devoting the day to religious study and prayer. The men were all earnest in their religious belief, and steady, good hands. The young Frenchman soon became a favorite among them, and all vied in trying to win his regard.

At first he had much bodily suffering to endure. Teetotalism was the rule of the expedition—a very irksome one to the young Frenchman, who had been always used to drink wine at meals. To train his body to hardship, he slept almost without covering on a bed with a single apology for a mattress. His eyes, which had always been weak, were attacked by ophthalmia, and for many weeks he expected that the disease would terminate in blindness. No one had thought of providing acetate of lead, which alone could cure him. Happily the energy of his mind enabled him to surmount these ills, and not only to perform his duty with alacrity, but to write up his journal in a cheerful tone.

Nineteen days' sailing and tossing, and they sight Cape Farewell, the most southerly point of Greenland. Then—as the schooner enters Baffin's Bay—calmer seas, and plenty of ice in bergs and sheets. "The first berg" he sees "looks like a light block of ice," and he is disposed to think the crew are hoaxing him. "Wait a while," say they, "we are ten miles from it yet." Two hours afterward he calls it a mountain, and shudders as it passes the vessel. They soon become familiar neighbors. Huge masses, half a mile long and twice as high as the vessel, seem to wage incessant warfare with their mother, the sea, which roars and "charges them, spreading over them like a tongue of flame;" they, meanwhile, "proud and insensible children, resist without flinching; sustained by their imposing mass, they brave the impotent attempts of their angry mother." Others, less solidly built, "oscillate under the shocks like drunken men, but like those habitual drunkards to whom a familiar want has imparted an instinct of equilibrium, they always recover their centre of gravity." Some bergs fly the combat, and seek refuge in shallows near the shore. One, near Cape Farewell, has stood ten years in the same spot, aground, and bids fair to rival the land in longevity. Fancy exhausts itself in seeking comparisons for their shapes. Here is an island with creeks, bays, promontories; there a gigantic tent, from which one expects every moment to see the Ice-King emerge to welcome the visitor; on this side a splendid architectural pile; on that a colossal ruin, with toppling wall and shattered tower.

Through these the *Prince Albert* picks her way to Uppernavik, the great rendezvous for Arctic explorers. Commander Hartstein's recent narrative has made every body familiar with the ladies of Uppernavik, who dance so well in breeches. M. Bellot was not so favorably impressed by them as our countrymen. He visits an Esquimaux hut, and with the help of a by-stander crawls through the door, which is two feet high. The first thing he sees is "half a seal, from which the fat has been removed, but the bloody flesh remains, trampled under foot, at hand whenever the inmates of the hut feel disposed to eat." On one side is "an old woman, nearly blind, with grizzly locks, bare-legged and bare-armed, sewing skins. Her red eyelids, contrasting with her *bistre* skin, seem more prominent from her extraordinary leanness. At the further end a young woman, near-

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ly naked, is suckling a naked child. . . . . Two lamps, fed with fetid oil, do the double service of lighting and warming the apartment. There is no opening for the escape of smoke. A single hole near the entrance, glazed with thin intestinal membranes, alone allows it to be seen that there is an outer world." The young Frenchman gasps, rushes out, and wonders how human beings can live in such a condition. Poor creatures! They of Uppernavik, in their filthy hovel, are incomparably better off than the rest of the race. The Hudson Bay Company's hunters often find them dead, evidently of hunger. One camp has been seen containing fourteen corpses. One of them, that of a man of strong build, was whole; the others were stripped of flesh, showing how the survivor had sustained life until even cannibalism failed him. An old Esquimaux told Captain Kennedy, with tears, that he had last winter "eaten his wife and children, having nothing else left."

In point of intellect they are far inferior to the more southern tribes of Indians. Though they can draw an accurate representation of a ship, and seem to enjoy music exceedingly, they have never learned English from the whalers they meet so often. With singular stupidity for woodsmen, they will kill game at all seasons and in reckless profusion, excusing themselves by saying that they seek to be revenged on the deer or fowl because they were so scarce last season. Though without religion, they are blindly superstitious. When an Esquimaux who was picked up at sea returned to his family, they took him for a ghost, asked him what he wanted, and would have nothing to say to him. On one occasion a trader in the Hudson Bay Company's service was much annoyed by the Esquimaux dogs. He summoned their owners, and told them gravely that on such a day God would cross the river at the Post, but that he had an insurmountable objection to dogs. The Esquimaux went out immediately and killed all their dogs. When the day came they assembled to meet the "Great Spirit," but as it happened to be very bad weather, the knavish trader informed them that he had postponed his visit for the present, and they went away satisfied.

Sir John Franklin's story of the old Esquimaux affords a criterion of their intelligence. The Indian was asked how old he was, but said he did not know. Sir John then asked him, "How old were you when guns were introduced?" "Oh, I had long left off hunting when this old man's grandfather was alive! I was a man almost before he was born." "Well, then, at the time the whites settled here?" (thirty years before.) "I was as old as I am now."

On leaving Uppernavik the *Prince Albert* steered to the north, and fell in with De Haven's ships in Melville Bay. Bellot now began to experience the delights of Arctic navigation. Every second day the ship was locked in the ice. They sailed north, south, and west, in the hope of finding a passage through the pack, but in vain. "Net results of the cruise," says he, in his journal, "nothing but obscure and inglorious dangers, in return for many tribulations." Intercourse with the Americans is his only solace. He likes them; discovers that the word "impossible" is not in their dictionary, and derives useful information from Dr. Kane on every subject started in conversation. They—Kennedy, Kane, and Bellot—spend many a pleasant day together roaming over the ice, and many a queer adventure do they relate of those merry cruises. "I must admit," says Dr. Kane, in his book on the Grinnell Expedition, "on the evidence of my shipmates, that, treated as a group, the effect is unique of a couple of human beings slipping heels up on an ice margin, while they are holding up a third by the strap of his shot-pouch." The couple were Kennedy and Kane; the hero of the shot-belt poor Bellot. But even these pleasures are short-lived. De Haven resolves to try to find a northern passage round the pack to Lancaster Straits. Leask, the sailing master of the *Prince Albert*, determines more wisely to seek a southern channel. The new friends part with many expressions of regret. Bellot is inconsolable at the loss of Kane; how the latter esteemed the young Frenchman we know from his published work and his subsequent offer to him.

The labor of crossing the pack was prodigious. It was twenty miles wide, and not an hour elapsed during the passage without an alarm that the ship would be caught. Bellot, restored in health, works like a galley-slave with the men; he "can not see men straining all their strength and not give them a hand." They get through at last, and sight the western shore of Baffin's Bay. Esquimaux board them; their hearts sink when they hear there is no news of Sir John. On they push, through loose ice and clear water, into Lancaster Sound, and thence into Prince Regent's Inlet. They had intended to advance as far as Griffith's Island, but the ice blocked the way. The next best thing was to explore the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet, and to this they devote their energies. Many days they toss about from side to side, watching for an opportunity to reach Port Leopold, where provisions and letters had been left for Franklin.

An occasional bear-hunt relieves the monotony of their life. They had seen bears before in Baffin's Bay, and chased them. One brute, which seemed as large as an ox, yawned at their approach, and stared at them in surprise till a bullet informed her of their business. Not judging proper to fight, she scampered off with wonderful agility over the moving pieces of ice. Occasionally they will take to the water, dive toward a boat, and knock a hole in it with their paws; on which occasions the *rôles* are reversed and the bear becomes the hunter. Another day, when they were in company with De Haven's vessels, Kennedy, Dr. Kane, and Bellot discov-

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er a bear on an iceberg. In great excitement the three sailors divide into two parties, and run round the berg in opposite directions, so as to catch the bear between two fires. Bellot, who is so agitated that he hardly notices it when he falls into the water, comes within sight of the animal at a distance of a hundred yards. There he sits on his rump, looking queerly at the ships, sniffing the scent of flesh, and wagging his tail in a meditative way. Bellot has no powder-flask, and therefore resolves to fire at shorter range. While he advances, however, Kennedy, on the other side, lets fly, and the bear starts. Unable to contain himself Bellot fires too, and all give chase at top speed. Away goes the bear, running by leaps like a greyhound, and though the men do not spare themselves, the distance between them increases very rapidly. In a few minutes, in fact, Bruin is out of harm's way, and the baffled hunters have the satisfaction of perceiving by his tracks that he had not hurried himself, but had fled leisurely. Bellot is consoled by Dr. Kane, who assures him that the bear gave a little jump when he fired, and that the wound will probably prove mortal.

In the Inlet they are more successful. A bear is seen swimming across the bay. The boat is instantly launched, and pulls toward him so as to cut off his retreat. In a few minutes a couple of guns are fired, and Bruin bobs under water. But there are no ice lumps round which he can dodge. The boat lies quietly across the track he must take to reach the shore, and the distance between it and him is too great for the bear to reach them by diving. They watch, breathless, for the sight of a yellowish-gray tuft of hair on the surface. At last it reappears, and pop go the guns again. Down dives Bruin once more, steering in the direction of the boat. But, poor fellow! he has nothing but water in his stomach, as they discover afterward, and four balls impede his agility. He must rise to breathe. The moment his head looms up, a fifth ball skips over the water, and puts an end to the battle. He is very fat, though he has not had a meal for some time, and measures eight feet six inches from snout to tail, and six feet four round the body.

The hunters are not often as fortunate as on this occasion. Rarely will the bears allow them to approach within shooting distance; and even when they do so, a couple of balls hardly disturb Bruin's composure. Nor are the seals easier to shoot. Bellot hunts them in the most approved manner; crawls on hands and knees by the hour, sings his most siren-like songs; but it is all of no use; the seal usually takes one look at him, then dives to unknown hiding-places.

On the 9th September the schooner is only half a mile from land, and Captain Kennedy goes ashore in a boat to explore. He has hardly left the vessel when the wind veers round, and the ice begins to drive in a southerly direction, carrying the ship with it. Away they drift, helplessly, leaving Kennedy and his men behind; can not anchor till they reach Batty Bay, on the east shore of New Somerset. This appalling disaster rouses Bellot's courage. The moment the vessel is moored, he starts with three men to march to Leopold Island; but after great sufferings, a heavy snow-storm comes on, and they are forced to return to the vessel. Bellot's anxiety is intolerable. If Kennedy did not reach Port Leopold in three days, he is already dead of cold and hunger. If, having reached it, he has left it in search of the ship, the chances are fearfully against his finding it, and the same fate must befall him. Bellot sets out again with a party, better provided than before; but the ice breaks under them, they narrowly escape drifting out to sea, and their stores and baggage are wet, and soon freeze solid. "With God's help," says Bellot, "we must make a third attempt." And so he does. The cold has deprived him of the sense of hearing, his feet and hands are covered with chilblains, he has pains in every limb; but he gives the men no rest until they start once more on their perilous journey. This time they are successful. Kennedy has gained the shore, and Bellot finds him after three days' march.

The Arctic night was already beginning, and the travelers had but little time to prepare for it. Banking up the ship's sides with snow, building store-houses, enlarging the cabins by removing all useless partitions, and providing for the entrance of fresh air into their close retreat, occupied every moment. The thermometer soon fell to nearly 40° below zero, and tremendous snow-storms kept the voyagers close prisoners for days together in the cabin. When the storms abated, Bellot ventured on shore. Any thing so desolating as the prospect he there beheld he had never conceived. He had seen on his voyage to Uppernavik the glorious Arctic day, when for weeks together he could read all night without lamp or candle. The Arctic night had now begun. The sky wore a slaty hue, infinitely sad to behold. All objects at a little distance were confounded in a funereal, leaden gray. The moon, seen through the pall of heavy snow, looked like a light shining into a cellar through a loop-hole. Weary work it was to toil to the top of the ice-hills on the beach, and look vainly round for some object which might break the monotony of the endless snow, or to scan the southern horizon for the reddish gleam which would betoken the approach of day once more!

With the first return of twilight Bellot started with a small party of men on an exploring excursion to Fury Beach. Nothing puzzled him so much as the optical delusions caused by refraction and the reflection of the snow. Objects twenty miles off seemed close by. A man raised his foot to step, as he thought, on a hillock, and found he had plunged into a hole. Another stepped off a hummock, apparently a few inches high, and tumbled ten feet. Dr. Kane relates that a party of sailors once saw, as they thought, a man of gigantic height coming toward

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them; they advanced to meet him, and found it was a bird. Bellot made mistakes as laughable on his way to Fury Beach. They reached Somerset House in safety, and found it precisely as it had been left by Sir John Ross. No trace of Franklin or his men. A second excursion in a different direction had nearly proved fatal to the young Frenchman. He and his men were caught in a snow-storm and lost their way. It was so dark when they reached Batty Bay on their return home, that they could not see the ship or even the hills on shore, and for five hours they wandered about in the storm, ready to drop from exhaustion, and obliged, every five minutes, to stop and rub their faces with snow to prevent frost-bites. How they escaped perishing that night was a mystery to themselves.

At length, on the 15th February, a hearty cheer from the crew welcomed the reappearance of the sun over the hills. From that hour all was bustle and preparation for the land journey Kennedy and Bellot had planned, to occupy the winter months. Early in March they started, with the bulk of the crew, and, as they considered, ample supplies of pemmican. They hoped that, if they did not fall in with Sir John Franklin or any of his men, they would at least meet with some Esquimaux who could give them information respecting him. Traveling southward from Batty Bay, they coasted New Somerset as far south as Brentford Bay; then turned, crossed the land to the west shore of the promontory, and marched round to Cape Reserve, on its northwest extremity. But fate was adverse. They met no white men or Esquimaux, found no traces, lost inestimable time through fogs, and missed their way. Near Cape Walker they explore a virgin coast, which they proceed to baptize according to custom. The land is christened Prince Albert's Land, the inlet Grinnell's Inlet, and Bellot's own name is given to the cape on which they encamp. These are the only fruits of their expedition.

One morning Mr. Webb discovers blue spots on his legs: fears it is scurvy. His companions rally him on so absurd a supposition, and privately examine their own legs. Before long, all find the same evidence of the dreaded disease. Their provisions run short, owing to the delays they have experienced. Further explorations to the westward are abandoned, to the poignant grief of Bellot; and their own fate becomes a matter of uncertainty. Tea and pemmican are doled out more sparingly. They begin to dream —as starving men always do—of sumptuous repasts, and see in fancy piles on piles of succulent viands. One or two out of the number find it very hard work to keep up with their comrades in the day's march. It is evident that they can not hold out much longer; all idea of returning direct to the vessel is given up. In this trying position, pious Kennedy—the greatest sufferer of the party—reminds Bellot that they are in the hands of Providence. "True," says the Frenchman, "but we must help ourselves." Not that Kennedy—as brave a fellow as ever stepped—needed such advice. In spite of his sufferings, he is the first to lead the way, and it is he at last who discovers a *caché*, or dépôt of provisions, at Cape M'Clintock.

For three days after the discovery, the poor famished travelers do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep. Then they think of their legs, lay in lime-juice, and hobble about on crutches. By the end of May the strongest among them walk to the vessel, which has weathered the last two months in safety. June and July are spent drearily, nine-tenths of the crew being in the doctor's hands. August comes, and the *Prince Albert* is still fast in the ice. There is no time to be lost; snow falls, and water freezes at night and sometimes in the day. Ice-saws and canisters for blasting are called into requisition. The prospect of home gives strength and courage to the feeblest, and in a few days a passage through the ice sets the schooner at liberty. A little more labor, and in October, 1852, the *Prince Albert* anchors in the port of Aberdeen.

It was a proud day for Bellot when the generous people of England welcomed him home, and the Government signified officially its approval of his conduct, and Sir Roderick Murchison addressed him words of thanks and compliment in the Hall of the Royal Geographical Society. A happy man was he as he hastened homeward to meet those dear friends who had never been absent from his memory for a day during his voyage, and whose names, coupled with touching expressions of love, occur in every page of his diary. Well might his father be proud of so gallant and so affectionate a son. All goes well with him now. The French Minister of Marine sends him his brevet of Lieutenant, and details him on the grateful duty of describing what he has seen. "I will write books," says he, "which shall be marriage-portions for my sisters." And he begins, accordingly, to prepare a narrative of his voyage for the press.

But the idea that Sir John Franklin may still be wandering through the Polar wilderness haunts him. His patriotism revolts at the recollection that France alone of the four great nations has done nothing for the cause of Arctic discovery. Friends assure him that if the matter is properly stirred, the Government may yet consent to send an expedition to the Arctic seas. He determines to try. Hints—trial-balloons he called them—are adroitly thrown out in the newspapers, and one or two articles from his pen appear in the periodicals. When the public mind, as he judges, is prepared, he addresses the Minister officially on the subject. Shortly before, Dr. Kane had offered him the post of second in command on board the *Advance*, and he had declined it in the hope that he would succeed in his French scheme. Lady Franklin had proposed to him to take the command of the *Isabella* steamer; and his old captain, Kennedy, had actually offered to sail under his orders to the Polar seas once more. But Bellot,

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with beautiful delicacy, feared that Lady Franklin's hold upon the mind of her countrymen might be weakened by an exhibition of so marked a preference for a foreigner, and declined this offer likewise. The French Government was not convinced by his reasoning, and did not notice his suggestion. He then applied for leave to sail under Captain Inglefield in the *Phenix*, and this request was granted.

The *Phenix* sailed in May, 1853. In August, on the eighth, he wrote a letter full of hope and spirit to his friend M. Emile de Bray, who had just volunteered on the same service on board a British man-of-war. He was then on board the *Phenix* in Erebus and Terror Bay. Captain Inglefield was absent, on a search for Captain Pullen of the *North Star*. The latter returning during Inglefield's absence, Bellot conceived it to be his duty to set out in person to try to find Sir Edward Belcher, for whom he had Admiralty dispatches of the highest importance. He left the ship on the 12th, and proceeded in the direction of Wellington Channel. His own judgment would have prompted him to keep the middle of the channel; but his captain's orders were to follow the coast at a couple of miles distance, and he obeyed them. On the night of the 14th he proposed to encamp on shore. Two of his men crossed from the ice to the coast in the India rubber canoe, and fixed a pass rope. Three trips were made in safety; a fourth was about to be attempted, when the ice suddenly started and began to move. Bellot shouted to let go the rope, but before the men could obey, the floe had swept them out of reach. "I watched them," said Madden, one of the sailors who had landed, "from the top of a hill till I lost sight of them. M. Bellot was then standing on the top of the hummock. They seemed to be on a very solid piece of ice. At that moment the wind was blowing hard from the southeast, and it was snowing." "M. Bellot," added one of the men who was carried off with him, and was picked up afterward, "sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. He said: 'When the Lord protects us, not a hair of our head shall be touched.' I then asked him what o'clock it was? He said, 'About a quarter past eight A.M.,' and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes, when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him. On returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out 'M. Bellot!' but no answer—at this time blowing very heavy. After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his southwester being tied down he could not rise."

When the Esquimaux heard of his death, they shed tears, and cried, "Poor Bellot! Poor Bellot!" Two years before, he had seen an Esquimaux dragging himself painfully over the ice with a broken leg. To call the carpenter, give him directions to make a wooden leg for the Indian, and to teach him to walk with it, were matters of course for the generous young Frenchman; but they were unusual kindness for a white man to show to an Esquimaux, and the simple-hearted people remembered it, when they cried "Poor Bellot!" Had they known more of the world, their pity would have been bestowed upon us who have lost him.

EVERY INCH A KING.

A CENTURY ago there was a very "sick man," and wealthy withal, living upon the banks of the Ganges. England had set herself down to watch by the bedside of this invalid Indian gentleman, who was called the "Great Mogul," with a tender assiduity equaled only by that manifested by the Russian Czar toward the poor ailing Sultan of Turkey. One by one the possessions of this Indian invalid fell into the hands of his devoted watcher, who could not be reasonably expected to wait by his dying couch for nothing,

When the Great Mogul finally died, such of his estates as had not been appropriated by England were divided among his heirs. Among these was a fine territory, perhaps twice as large as England, called Oude, lying far up toward the Himalaya mountains, near the head-waters of the Ganges. This fell to the share of a gentleman named Asoph-ul-Dowlah, who bore the title of Nawab of Oude.

His Highness the Nawab kept on the best of terms with his English neighbors, who kindly rendered him sundry services, for which they one day asked him to be good enough to pay them eight or ten millions of dollars. The Nawab protested that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to settle this little bill; but really he himself was quite out of funds; there were, however, in his capital a couple of old ladies, the Begums, one the widow and the other the mother of his predecessor, who had a great deal more money than they knew what to do with; the Begums, moreover, his Highness insinuated, were not as fond of the English as he himself was. Now if Mr. Warren Hastings, the Governor-General of India, would make use of the proper arguments, there was no doubt that these old ladies could be induced to part with a portion of their spare funds. The arguments suggested by his Highness the Nawab as likely to prove efficacious, were of that stringent species by which the Inquisition is wont to convince obstinate heretics of the unsoundness of their theological dogmas.

But Mr. Hastings was a very mild and gentlemanly personage, who could not think of applying the rack and thumb-screws to the persons of two ladies of royal rank. He even had some scruples about shutting them up in their apartments, with a very limited supply of food. Still the money must be forthcoming; the Nawab

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had none, and the Begums had an abundance. Since Mr. Hastings objected to arguing the matter personally with them, in the manner suggested, perhaps they might be convinced in some other way of the expediency of parting with their money.

Where there is a will there is a way, is a proverb as true in India as in England. Among the attendants of the Begums were a couple of old men of that peculiar class from which Oriental monarchs have always chosen the guardians of their seraglios. The Begums reposed the utmost confidence in these eunuchs; and if they could be convinced that the money should be paid, very likely their mistresses would accept their conclusions, though they themselves had not felt the force of the arguments employed.

Mr. Hastings could see no possible objection to this course. The favorites of the Begums were seized and shut up in the prison of Lucknow, the capital of Oude, where the proposed discussion took place. They were very obstinate, and for a long time refused to yield to the force of the arguments employed, which were pressed upon them in the most urgent manner, and in every possible shape. After a very long debate the eunuchs at length suffered themselves to be convinced. To make the assent of the Begums more certain, they had in the mean time been confined to their houses, and kept upon short allowance of food during the two months that the proceedings lasted. As had been anticipated, they were guided by the conclusions of the eunuchs, and agreed to surrender their treasures. Unfortunately, however, these were far less than had been anticipated. Though they gave up every thing they had, even to their common household utensils, the whole amounted to only three millions of dollars, hardly a third of what Mr. Hastings demanded. Still he managed to make this sum answer his immediate purpose; he was enabled to pay his troops, and thus the British dominion in India was secured.

It is painful to say that Mr. Hastings's conduct was not properly appreciated at home. He was subjected to impeachment, and a long and vexatious prosecution ensued. A couple of gentlemen named Burke and Sheridan, at that time members of Parliament, took a prominent part in these proceedings against him, and animadverted in very severe terms upon his conduct in this affair as well as others. If any reader wishes to know precisely what view they took of the transaction, he can be satisfied by referring to Professor Goodrich's admirable work entitled "British Eloquence."

It is, however, consoling to reflect that Mr. Hastings was at length honorably acquitted; and when many years later, to borrow the language of Alison, "he was called from this checkered scene, his statue was, with general consent, placed among those of the illustrious men who had founded and enlarged the Empire of the East. . . . . Bright indeed," exclaims the historian in a burst of enthusiasm, "is the memory of the statesman who has statues erected to his memory forty years after his power has terminated."

In the mean while his Highness the Nawab retained his friendship with the English, who lent him their armies to repel his enemies and keep his refractory subjects in order. It is doubtless pleasant for a monarch to be protected by his neighbors, but it is not so pleasant to pay them for it. The Nawab found so many uses for all the money he could wring from his subjects, that he grew culpably remiss in his payments to the English, and suffered his indebtedness to accumulate to a large amount. At length Lord Wellesley, who was now Governor-General, presented a formidable bill of arrearages; and as there was no money in his Highness's treasury, and no more rich Begums to plunder, his Lordship suggested that the Nawab should surrender a portion—say only about one half—of his territories to the English, on condition that his arrearages should be canceled, and an army maintained for him in future at their expense. "The Nawab," says Mr. Alison, "evinced the utmost repugnance to make the proposed cession; but at length his scruples were overcome by the firmness of the British diplomatic agent, and a treaty was concluded by which his Highness ceded to the British Government all the frontier provinces of Oude, containing 32,000 square miles, or three-fourths of the area of England."

If the advantages to all parties were so great as appears from the statement of the philosophic historian, one can but wonder at the hesitation of the Nawab. "Though the revenue of the ceded districts," says he, "at the time of the treaty, was considerably less than the Nawab was bound to pay for the subsidiary force, yet the British Government was amply indemnified for this temporary loss by the value of the ceded districts, which soon arose to triple its former amount; while the native prince obtained the benefit of an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Company, and a permanent force of 13,000 men to defend his remaining territories; and the inhabitants of the transferred territories received the inestimable advantage of exchanging a corrupt and oppressive native, for an honest and energetic European, government."

The next Nawab happened to be of an economic disposition, and as his army was maintained for him at the charge of the Company, he contrived to save a large amount. The British Government in India has always been afflicted with a chronic want of cash. Longing glances were cast at the overflowing treasury of the Nawab. In consideration of the sum of ten millions of dollars, a barren tract, just conquered from Nepaul by the English, was made over to Oude, and its ruler was invested with royal rank. His Highness Ghazi-u-deen thus became his Majesty the King of Oude, and would have been entitled to address Queen Victoria, the Emperor Nicholas, and Louis Napoleon, had they then occupied their thrones, as his "good cousins."

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This took place in 1819. His Majesty Ghazi-u-deen enjoyed his regal dignity for eight years, during which he managed to fill his treasury again; and then died, leaving his wealth and his dignity to his son Nussir-u-deen, "the Refuge of the World," with whom we propose to make our readers somewhat acquainted—thanks to an English gentleman who had the honor of acting for some years as one of the household of his Majesty.

This gentleman, who modestly refrains from affixing his name to his book, "The Private Memoirs of an Eastern King," happened to visit Lucknow, the capital of Oude, about a score of years ago. He was curious to see what an Indian king was like, and solicited an audience from his Majesty. He was favorably received, and an intimation was given to him that there was a vacant post in the royal household very much at his service.

Now the King of Oude, though an independent monarch, with full power to act as he pleases toward his Indian subjects, is not allowed to have intercourse with Europeans without the consent of the English Government, which is represented at his court by a quiet gentleman with the modest title of "Resident." This gentleman being applied to, graciously consented that the King should take the newcomer into his service, upon condition that he should not intermeddle with affairs of state.

He was soon honored with a private reception in the royal garden. Taking his station bareheaded in the broiling sun, he awaited the approach of the King. His hands were crossed before him, the left palm supporting the right, which was covered with a cambric handkerchief, upon which rested five golden *mohurs* (a coin worth about eight dollars), by way of *nuzza*, or present, without which no one must come into the presence of an Eastern monarch. The King approached. He was a slight, dark-skinned, dark-eyed young man, dressed in European costume, black coat and trowsers, patent-leather boots, and round hat—very like a well-got-up lounger sauntering down the shady side of Broadway.

He smiled as he approached his new servant, and touched the gold coin with the tips of his fingers, in token that he acknowledged the gift.

"So you have decided on entering my service?" he said.

"I have, your Majesty."

"We shall be good friends," was the reply of his Majesty, as he passed slowly on.

The new servant put his money back into his pocket, for the offer of it was but a mere form, and followed his master into the palace, a recognized member of the royal household. He soon found that he was regularly installed as one of the five Europeans who were the King's special confidants. These were his Barber, his Tutor, the Captain of his body-guard, his Portrait-painter, and his Librarian. He sedulously avoids specifying which of these posts was the one filled by himself; but from intimations scattered here and there, we learn that it was neither of the three first above mentioned, and we have the choice between the two latter. We shall probably not err if we set our narrator down as Librarian to his Majesty.

First and foremost of these five was the Barber. He was by all odds the greatest man in Lucknow. His power exceeded that of Rooshun, the native Prime Minister, his son, the Commander-in-chief, and Buktar Singh, the General of the army, or more properly, the Chief of the Police, all combined. What Oliver le Dain was to Louis XI., this Barber was to Nussir-u-deen. He was a fat, ungainly little fellow, who had been brought up as a hair-dresser in London. He came out to Calcutta as a cabin-boy, resumed his old profession, and after a while made his way up the river to Lucknow. It happened that the English Governor-General was blessed with a profusion of curling hair. Ringlets were of course the fashion all over India. The Resident at Lucknow was anxious that his lank locks should imitate the curls of the Governor; and, thanks to the skill of our knight of the curling-tongs, his desire was accomplished.

His Majesty was delighted with the transformation wrought in the appearance of the Resident, and submitted the straight wiry locks on his own royal head to the miraculous manipulations of the Barber. His skill rose to the greatness of the occasion. The wiry locks assumed the form of cork-screws. The monarch was delighted, and the Barber was rewarded. The title of *Sofraz Khan*—"Illustrious Chief"—was bestowed upon him, with a salary sufficient to maintain his new dignity. There were no bounds to the honors heaped upon him. He was a regular guest at the royal table; and was soon appointed purveyor of wines and beer to his Majesty. Not a bottle of wine—and the King was a great drunkard and jolly boon companion—came to the table that was not purchased by the Barber, who also drank the first glass, to assure his master that it was not poisoned. He was, moreover, appointed superintendent of the royal park and menagerie, all the expenditures for which passed through his hands; and of course he made a liberal commission upon his business. Our narrator was present upon one occasion when he rendered his monthly account, which amounted to nearly fifty thousand dollars.

"Sofraz Khan is robbing your Majesty," suggested an influential courtier one day.

"If I choose to make him a rich man, is it any thing to you?" was the royal retort. "I know his bills are exorbitant. Let them be so; it is my pleasure. He shall be rich."

In India all purses are open to the King's favorite. Every one who has a point to gain expects to pay for it. What with bribery, the overcharges on his monthly bills, and his liberal salary, it is no wonder that the Barber grew rich. When, a few years subsequent, he was forced

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to leave Lucknow, he took with him something like a million and a quarter of dollars.

The King was very desirous of speaking English, and valorously resolved to devote an hour a day to study; and for that purpose he employed a tutor with a salary of seven or eight thousand dollars a year.

"Now, Master," he would say when the hour for study arrived, "let us begin in earnest."

A few sentences would be read by the tutor, and repeated by his royal pupil.

"*Bobbery bopp*, heigh-ho! This is dry work, Master. Let us have a glass of wine." And so the lesson would come to a close, at the end of ten minutes.

Let us invite ourselves to dinner with his Majesty of Oude. Not one of the grand state dinners which he gives every month to the Resident and his officers; for these are dull affairs enough, as the "Refuge of the World" feelingly confesses. "Thank God they are all gone!" he exclaims, when his state-guests have departed. "Bobbery bopp, how stupid these things are! Now let us have a glass of wine in peace!" and he tosses his jeweled cup to the other end of the room, like a school-boy just set loose. But our dinner is a select one, in a private apartment. The King occupies a gilt arm-chair slightly elevated in the centre of the table. The guests are placed on both sides of him, leaving the other side of the table unoccupied, so that his Majesty may have a full view of the entertainments with which the repast is accompanied. His Majesty no sooner takes his seat than half a dozen female attendants glide noiselessly from behind a gauze screen. They are of rare beauty. The outlines of their voluptuous busts and gracefully-rounded arms gleam dimly through a thin gauze covering, which is met at the waist by *pyjamas*, or Turkish trowsers, of crimson satin, whose full folds are confined at the ankles and waist by golden clasps. Their dark hair is thrown back, and twisted in fanciful folds, and ornamented with pearls and silver pins. They are the favorites of his harem, and etiquette requires that we should not appear to be conscious of their presence. By a convenient fiction, they are supposed to be, now as ever, religiously secluded in the retirement of the *zenana*, invisible to the eyes of mortals of the other sex. They take their stations behind the King's chair waving long feathery fans, with a slow and graceful motion, above his head, or filling his hookah as it is exhausted, in perfect silence, regarding us apparently as little as we appear to regard them.

The cook is a Frenchman, and has presided over the cuisine of the Bengal Club, which is sufficient warrant for the superlative quality of his dishes. The Barber has *carte blanche* as to the cost of the wines, and as he must partake of every bottle, we may be sure of the choicest vintages, and that they are iced to a charm."

Mussulman though he be, the Refuge of the World has no scruples about partaking of the juice of the grape, notwithstanding the Prophet's stringent prohibition. He has a private interpretation of this original "Maine Law," which allows him the exercise of the largest liberty in the matter. "The Prophet could not have intended to forbid the use—only the abuse—of the fruit of the vine."

The soups and curries, the fish and joints having been discussed, dessert is brought in. With it are introduced the dancers and singers, or whatever other entertainment has been provided for the evening. The nautch-girls glide through the voluptuous mazes of the dance, the singers and players exhibit their best skill, the puppet-master works his automata as dexterously as he may. We have been told that sometimes these refined entertainments do not afford his Majesty as much entertainment as is to be desired. He finds nothing new in them. The truth is, the Refuge of the World is *blasé*. It were worth any body's while to invent something new for his amusement. The one who should do this would be richly rewarded, as happened one evening not many months ago.

On that particular evening his Majesty took even less delight than usual in the dancing and singing, until a new performer was introduced. She was a girl from Cashmere, of wonderful beauty, with large dreamy eyes, and a figure like a Venus. She sang her native songs with a plaintive pathos which arrested the attention of his Majesty.

"*Shavash! shavash!* Brava! brava!" he exclaimed. "You shall have a thousand rupees, Nuna, for this night's singing!"

The more Nuna sang, and the deeper the King drank, the higher rose his admiration.

"You shall have two thousand rupees," he cried, at the close of another song.

A thousand dollars for singing a single evening! Truly America is not the only country where singers and dancers can coin their notes and *poses* into gold. Might it not be well for some of the *artistes* who leave us in disappointment at the failure of their reasonable expectation of making a half million in six months, to try their fortune at Lucknow?

"I will build you a house of gold, Nuna. You shall be my *Padsha Begum*, my Queen, some day," exclaimed the Refuge of the World, as his admiration and intoxication reached their climax.

For a short time Nuna was the reigning favorite. Many looked forward to the time when she should be regularly installed as chief wife to the King, and perhaps become the mother of a line of princes. Stranger things than this have happened in India.

But soon the new toy lost its novelty. The King yawned when she sang, and interrupted her dancing by ordering a quail-fight. Nuna was in disgrace, and the attendants made up by scorn and insult for their former obsequiousness. She appeared no more at the King's dinner parties. Some said she had been given to one of the Begums as a slave. But nobody

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knew and nobody cared. In Oude a fallen favorite has no friends. Perhaps it is otherwise with us.

Our dinner, meanwhile, goes on swimmingly. As the Refuge of the World verges toward intoxication he grows doubly affectionate toward us, his five European "friends."

"I have always loved Europeans," he says, in a somewhat husky voice. "But the natives hate me. My family would poison me if they could. But they are afraid of me too. Wallah! how they do fear me!"

"Your Majesty has made them fear you," suggests the Barber.

"So I have—so I have. You see the people of Lucknow fighting with each other, and killing each other sometimes, don't you?"

"We do indeed, your Majesty."

"But they don't touch you. No. The wretches know that I would exterminate them if they did. They know that I love the Europeans, and that makes them wary."

The Refuge of the World is decidedly drunk. Two eunuchs assist the female attendants in carrying him away, and he disappears behind the curtain. "There is a divinity that doth hedge about a king;" and his Majesty Nussir-u-deen is every inch a king; yet when he is drunk it is wonderful to see how much he looks like any other drunken fellow.

His Majesty is very fond of playing chess, and draughts, and billiards; but it is contrary to etiquette for any one to beat him, and as he is a very poor player, it needs all his opponent's skill to avoid coming off conqueror. He likes to challenge us to play for a hundred gold *mohurs*, and as we must lose, his winnings would apparently make a sensible diminution in our incomes. But to do his Majesty justice, he does not often take advantage of his success.

"You owe me a hundred mohurs," said he to his Tutor at the end of one of these games.

"I do, your Majesty. I shall bring them this evening.

"Be sure not to forget."

Evening comes, and we five are as usual dining with his Majesty, for that has by this time come to be the regular custom.

"Well, Master, have you brought the gold mohurs?" inquires the King.

"I have, your Majesty. They are below in my palanquin. Shall I bring them here?"

"Nonsense! Keep them. Do you think I want them?"

Still it will not be quite safe for one who is not in favor with his Majesty to play for a high stake with him; for he now and then takes it into his head to vex the officers of the Company's army, for whom he has no great liking, by retaining his winnings. "Kings," said the Duke of Argyle, "are ticklish animals to shoe behind." They will sometimes give most unexpected kicks.

His Majesty is fond of the royal sport of hunting, and not unfrequently makes grand excursions to the districts where game abounds. The villagers along the route are in the utmost consternation when the royal retinue approaches. His servants plunder and maltreat them at pleasure. If it appears desirable that a new road be constructed, men, women, and children are turned out to make it, and the only pay they receive is blows and abuse, if their task is not executed as rapidly as is wished.

Deer are sometimes hunted with the *cheetah*, a species of leopard; this furnishes very exciting sport. They have also tame stags trained to hunt. These are taken to the skirt of the wood where wild deer abound. The boldest of the wild herd advance to meet the new-comers, with whom they soon become engaged in fierce conflict. So deeply engrossed are the combatants that they pay no attention to the Indian hunters, who creep cautiously behind the wild deer and hamstring them, rendering them powerless. The tame ones are then called off, and the poor victims are ruthlessly butchered. This is a mode of hunting that is nowhere else, as far as we know, employed.

Our narrator was present at one of these hunting expeditions, upon a scale of unusual magnitude. The King all at once grew weary of the sport, and returned to the capital in haste, leaving a part of his train behind. The villagers who had been plundered, took occasion to attack the half-deserted camp. When the tidings of this attack were brought to the King, his anger knew no bounds.

"To think," he exclaimed, "of the wretches daring to lay their defiling hands upon the clothes worn by me and my wives! By my father's head, they shall pay for it!"

"The Nawab has seized some of the principal offenders," said the Barber.

In fact he had seized a dozen of the first villagers he encountered, though it was an even chance whether they were or were not concerned in the attack. The prisoners were brought up, each bound upon a rude stretcher, with his wounds undressed.

"They shall die!" exclaimed the Refuge of the World, "every one of them. No power on earth shall save them."

And they were all beheaded the same day, without the slightest inquiry into their actual participation in the assault. Justice is executed in a summary manner in Oude. Out of Lucknow jails are unknown. If a native is apprehended upon any charge, and the swearing is hard enough to make out a case, off goes his head at once.

In his conduct toward Europeans, his Majesty of Oude stood in wholesome awe of the Resident. But the life and fortune of the most powerful native was at the mercy of the slightest momentary whim of the sovereign; and his moods were so capricious that no one could be sure of safety for a moment.

After his European "friends," his prime favorite was Rajah Buktar Singh, the general of his army; or in strictness, the chief of the police. He was not unfrequently present at the

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pleasant little dinners, given by his Majesty, and entered into all the tricks of buffoonery with which the King solaced his royal leisure. Buktar Singh was to Nussir-u-deen what Beau Brummell was to George the Magnificent; and like that audacious Dandy, he paid dearly for a harmless jest.

It happened that at one of their jolly evenings the King thrust his thumb through the crown of his European hat.

"There's a hole in your Majesty's crown," said the Rajah, laughing.

There had been disturbances at the time of his Majesty's accession, and he was sensitive to any allusion to the somewhat precarious tenure of the crown. The *double-entendre* in the word *crown* is the same in Hindustanee as in English. The King took the allusion in an offensive sense.

"Ha! did you hear the traitor? Seize him, and off with his head forthwith!" cried his Majesty, dashing his hat to the ground, and stamping upon it in his rage.

"We heard it," said the Nawab, who was no friend to the General, and would gladly see him ruined.

"He shall die! No power on earth shall prevent his dying! His head shall be cut off before it is dark!"

By dexterously falling in with his humor, and adroitly insinuating that in case of such an insult the King of England would order the offender to be formally tried, the European attendants succeeded in inducing the King to postpone the immediate execution of the sentence. The Rajah was, however, thrust into prison; all his rich garments were stripped off, and he was left naked, with the exception of a scanty rag tied about his loins. His aged father, his wives, and children, were subjected to the same treatment. The King was bent upon wreaking a common vengeance upon them all.

In the mean while the English Resident had been induced to interfere. A hint was given to the Prime Minister that he would be held responsible to the Company for the lives of the family of the Rajah. The Nawab was alarmed, and thought it expedient to intercede for the life of Buktar Singh as well.

"Let it be so, then," said the King at last. "Let the traitor escape with life. But let his property be confiscated, and let him be kept in a cage in perpetual imprisonment. But he must be disgraced. Let his turban and dress be brought—his sword and pistols."

According to Hindoo ideas any indignity offered to the turban is considered as endured by the wearer in person. A scavenger was summoned, and ordered to defile the turban and dress. The sword and pistols were broken into fragments. The Rajah had been subjected to a depth of ignominy and indignity for which there is no equivalent in our Western ideas.

That evening "Nussir-u-deen" gave one of his pleasant little private suppers. Nobody spoke, or seemed to think of the fate of their late jovial associate the Rajah. The King quaffed his Champagne with even more zest than usual, and outdid himself in boisterous hilarity.

A year passed and no allusion was made at court to the fate of Buktar Singh. In the mean while the harvests had been deficient. In India a single bad harvest brings millions to the verge of starvation. Discontent arose; there were disturbances in the bazaars. Famine will infuse something like courage even into the feeble Hindoos.

The Refuge of the World was alarmed. "There is evidently something wrong. I never knew the discontent continue so long before."

The Nawab hinted something about the crops having been bad.

"Bah!" exclaimed his Majesty. "Don't talk to me about the crops. I tell you there's something wrong. What do you think about it, master?"

"I think, your Majesty, there must be some mismanagement in the bazaars," replied the Tutor.

"You are right. Let us go this very evening and inquire into it. Let us go in disguise. I will go too. It will be useful and agreeable."

The whim took fast hold upon the royal mind. Go to the bazaars he would. A strong body of his attendants, disguised like the ordinary loungers of the place, were posted around. His Majesty elbowed his way, all unknown, through the crowd, and listened, like another Haroun-al-Raschid, to the talk of the people. There was discontent enough. Every body was complaining.

"Another attack upon the rice-stores this morning," said one.

"Yes; one can't sell his goods for what he likes, without running the risk of having them destroyed."

"Ah! bad times, bad times! It was not so once."

"No; when Rajah Buktar was minister he kept the bazaars in order."

"Ah, yes! so he did. Rajah Buktar kept the bazaars in order, as you say. Bad times these! Bad times!"

A new idea had entered the King's mind. There was discontent now; and in India nobody knows how soon discontent may become revolution. But when Buktar Singh was in power there was no discontent. He kept the bazaars in order. A valuable man was the Rajah.

In a couple of months from that day Buktar Singh had been taken out from his cage and re-instated in his old office. Royal favor washed out the stain of the indignities he had endured. Luckily the next harvests were abundant, so that the Rajah found it easy to keep the bazaars in order, and was in higher favor with his master than ever.

The native nobles could not be pleased at the favor enjoyed by the Barber and his European companions. The Nawab once thought that he had a fair occasion to supplant them.

"It is not right for these gentlemen," said he,

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"to enter the royal presence with their boots on. Your father would never have suffered it."

Now in the East it is a mark of respect to uncover the feet, as it is with us to bare the head. "Put off the shoes from thy feet," was the command to Moses, "for the place upon which thou standest is holy ground." On the the contrary, to remove the turban is a mark of ignominy. "May my father's head be uncovered, if I do," is the strongest expression of deprecation.

The King saw the force of the insinuation of the minister, and met it effectually.

"Am I a greater sovereign than the King of England?" he asked.

"The Refuge of the World is the greatest king in India. May he live a thousand years."

"But am I greater than the King of England?"

"It is not for your Majesty's servant to say that any one is greater than his lord," replied the courtier.

"Listen to me. The King of England is my master; and these gentlemen would enter his presence with their boots on. But do they come into my presence with their hats on? Answer me that."

"They do not, your Majesty. They remove their hats."

"That is their way of showing respect. They take off their hats; you take off your shoes. Now I will get them to take off their shoes, as you do, if you will take off your turban, as they do."

Solomon himself could not have more effectually silenced the discontented minister.

One of the favorite amusements at the Court of Oude is the fighting of various animals. Dog-fights, bull-fights, cock-fights, and the like humane exhibitions are not so unusual even among us, that we can afford to plume ourselves overmuch upon our superiority in this respect. But at Oude they have given their whole minds to the subject, and have attained a much wider range than we have done in the list of combatants. At the pleasant little dinner parties to which his Majesty has so often invited us, we have often seen the dishes and decanters removed, and a couple of partridges, duly trained and scientifically gaffed, set to fighting upon the table. When this contest has been decided, we can have our choice of a quail-fight, a crow-fight, or a cock-fight upon the same arena. These will serve to pass the time agreeably when the Refuge of the World is not in a humor to enjoy the performances of the dancing-girls.

These are all pleasant after-dinner amusements; but they are nothing to the grand entertainments got up on special occasions. As we are special favorites of his Majesty, we can have just what we please, by speaking a good word to our friend and associate the Barber. Shall it be a fight of antelopes or of camels, or of tigers, or of rhinoceroses, or of elephants, or shall any one of these animals be matched against any other? The beautiful little antelopes of the Himalayas, they tell us, afford capital sport; they make up in spirit what they lack in size and strength. A camel-fight is a disgusting affair. They are peaceful animals by nature, and when trained to fight, they do it with a bad grace. They stand for a while spitting their acrid saliva into each other's eyes, and then one manages to seize the long lip of the other in his teeth, and lacerates it fearfully; and after all, neither is injured except about the mouth and eyes. It put us somehow in mind of a fight between two women—spiteful enough, but disgusting even to the patrons of the ring.

The rhinoceros is sometimes matched with the elephant, but it is a slow affair. Both animals are too unwieldy to make good sport. To be sure, should the elephant manage to throw the rhinoceros from his legs, he thrusts his tusks through and through him in fine style. But it is more likely to happen that the rhinoceros gets his snout between the elephant's fore-legs, and rips him up with a single jerk; while the elephant can do no more than belabor his antagonist with his trunk. After all, the rhinoceros is prevented by the elephant's protruding tusks from getting his head far enough under to reach a vital place, so that the chances are that neither animal is seriously harmed.

Much more exciting, and consequently a greater favorite with his Majesty, is a fight between a rhinoceros and a tiger. It is a fair contest between strength and activity. It is worth while to see the tiger spring again and again upon his huge antagonist, and tumble to the ground, unable to fix his claws into his thick hide. But by-and-by, perhaps, the rhinoceros manages to get a chance for a dash with his horn at the tiger as he lies sprawling upon the ground, and this finishes the fight. Or perhaps the tiger by a fiercer spring than usual overthrows his antagonist by the sheer impetus of his leap. It is then all over with the rhinoceros. The mail-like covering that protects his back and sides is wanting on his belly; and the tiger goes to work, with tooth and claw, upon this undefended spot, and the entrails of the huge beast are soon strown over the arena.

Quite different, but still more exciting, is a fight between two tigers. The antagonists have been kept for a few days without food or drink, in order to excite them to the last degree of ferocity. Their cages are set opposite to each other, so that each may get accustomed to the sight of the other; for the tiger is a coward, and if brought unexpectedly into the presence of danger, is apt to slink away. But as they stand growling and snarling at each other, rage gets the better of fear, and they grow eager for the fight. Up go the gates of the cages, and both beasts leap out with a bound. Yet with the cat-like instinct of their race, neither approaches the other in a direct line. They go circling about, but in constantly diminishing rounds. Sudden as thought, one makes a spring. His antagonist is on the alert, and the two brightly-streaked bodies are so interlaced that one can

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scarcely be distinguished from the other. At last, with jaws buried deep in each other's throat, and claws clenched in each other's shoulders, they rise upon their hind-legs, fast locked together. What a straining and tugging and wrestling! It is for life and death. The one who is thrown will probably lose his hold. One is down. Has he lost his hold? No! His jaws are set like a vice, while he strikes out furiously with his claws. The betting is fast and furious. It is an even chance, and each spectator has his favorite. Ha! what a stroke was that! The undermost beast has by a random blow sunk his claw into the eye of the other, and drags it from its socket. Blinded and in agony, the other loses his hold and tries to break loose. In vain. The teeth of his antagonist are too firmly fixed. Once or twice he is dragged around the circuit of the arena. Then with a spring the position of the creatures is reversed. The victor thrusts one paw under the jaw of his victim, forcing the head still further back, in order to get a new and deeper hold of the throat. The victory is decided, and the King has bet on the wrong beast. He orders the tigers to be separated. Red-hot irons are thrust at them through the bars of the inclosure, which is filled with the sickening smell of burning flesh. But it is no easy matter to make the conqueror relinquish his grasp. At length the torture overmasters his ferocity, and he sullenly retreats. The doors of the cages are opened; the vanquished, torn and bleeding, creeps stealthily in and hides himself in the furthest corner, while the victor stalks proudly back to his own.

A fight between two elephants is a grand affair, and is the favorite sport of our friend the King. That was a splendid fight exhibited a while ago in honor of a visit of the English Commander-in-chief. His Majesty has a hundred and fifty elephants, but the pride of the whole stud is a gigantic black fellow named Malleer, who has been victor in a hundred fights. He has now but one tusk, the other having been broken off, piece by piece, in his numerous combats. Malleer was matched against an opponent worthy of his prowess. The scene of the contest was an open park upon the banks of the narrow river. On the opposite side was one of the royal palaces, the terrace of which commanded a full view of the park. The elephants are brought into the park. A cord is passed over the back of each from the tail to the neck, to afford a hold for the Mahout who directs the fight. This is a post of danger as well as of glory; but Nelson would as soon have abandoned the quarter-deck of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, or Perry have left the *Niagara* as she bôre down upon the foe on Lake Erie, as a Mahout would forego riding his elephant into battle.

The moment Malleer and his opponent caught sight of each other each flung his huge trunk and tail into the air, and trumpeting out a shrill note of defiance, rushed to the onset. Their heads came in contact, with a sound like the hammer of a pile-driver. Head to head, tusk locked in tusk, feet firmly braced, huge bodies writhing and swaying, the gigantic beasts pushed upon each other. The Mahouts were wild with excitement. Holding fast by one hand upon the rope, with the other they wielded their iron prods, hammering furiously away upon the skulls of the elephants, shouting and screaming at the top of their lungs. The victory hung in even scales. It seemed as though the victor of a hundred fights had found his equal, perhaps his superior. Not an inch was lost or won. It was the French and Russians at Eylau. Was the battle to be an Austerlitz or a Waterloo? Slowly at last the scale began to incline. One foot of Malleer's opponent was raised dubiously: was it to advance or to retreat? It was to retreat. The other foot was raised in like manner, and lowered to the rear. Malleer's Mahout saw the movement. More fiercely than ever he shouted—hammered more furiously. Malleer needed no incitement. Slowly but surely he pressed his opponent back, step by step, toward the river. Should he succeed in overthrowing him, his fate was certain. The one tusk would be plunged like a rapier into his side as he lay prostrate. Still he kept his feet; but he could not hold his ground, nor turn to fly. Just as he reached the bank, he gave a sudden spring backward, and flung himself bodily into the water. He was vanquished, though unhurt. Malleer stared in rage at his antagonist, swimming away in safety. But he knew that it was useless to pursue.

Not so the Mahout. Mad with rage he drove his iron prod deep into the neck of the beast, urging him to follow. In his eagerness he lost his hold, and fell at the very feet of Malleer, who had been goaded to frenzy. The Mahout lay helpless upon his back, his limbs sprawling wildly about. One huge foot was placed upon his chest; down it came. There was a sound of breaking bones, and the body of the Mahout was crushed into a shapeless mass. Still keeping his foot on the corpse, the elephant wound his trunk about one arm, and tore it from the body; then flung it aloft, the blood spouting from vein and artery.

It was the work of an instant. Before the horrified spectators could draw breath, a woman, bearing a child in her arms, rushed madly before the elephant. They were the wife and child of the slaughtered Mahout.

"Oh, Malleer!" she cried, "you have killed my husband, now kill me and his son!"

All looked to see her torn from limb to limb. But the beast, as though struck with remorse, removed his foot from the shapeless mass which had once been his Mahout, and stood motionless, with downcast head and drooping ears, his long trunk lowered and swaying idly before him. The woman flung herself lamenting upon the crushed and mutilated corpse, while the unconscious child clasped his arms about the trunk of Malleer. He had doubtless played with him thus a hundred times before.

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The mounted spearmen advanced to drive the elephant away; they pricked him with their spears. His fury was again aroused, and he charged madly upon them.

"Let the woman call him off!" shouted the King.

At her voice the infuriated animal came back like a spaniel at the call of his master. She ordered him to kneel; he obeyed. She mounted his neck. At a signal, he gently picked up first the body, and then the infant, and quietly bore them away.

From that day he would endure no keeper except the woman. In his wildest fits of rage, a word or touch from her would calm him. So ended the last battle of Malleer, the hero of a hundred fights.

We will not order an elephant-fight, though his Majesty, our friend, would grant us one. Luckily we are saved from the embarrassment of making a selection. While we are deliberating, word has been brought to the King that "Man-Eater" has broken loose and has killed three or four people.

"Man-Eater" is a horse, belonging to one of the troopers, who has acquired that name from his fierceness. He has several times before broken loose, and has killed a number of persons, mutilating them fearfully with his teeth. However, he has now been secured again.

"I have heard of Man-Eater," remarks the King. "He must be a furious beast."

"He is fiercer than a tiger, your Majesty."

"A tiger—good! He shall fight a tiger. We will see what impression Burrhea will make upon him."

Burrhea was the most beautiful tiger in his Majesty's menagerie. The fight is appointed for to-morrow. Meanwhile Burrhea is to be kept fasting to make him more fierce.

The morrow comes. The fight is to take place in a large court-yard surrounded by buildings which afford a capital view of the scene. Man-Eater has been introduced before the royal party had taken their places. When we are fairly seated, the door of the cage is opened, and out bounds Burrhea. He is a noble beast, beautifully marked, the perfection of strength and agility. He steals, with a slow, gliding, cat-like motion, round the arena, his fierce eyes fixed upon Man-Eater, who has taken his station in the centre. The horse manifests no fear of his formidable adversary. He stands in an easy attitude, one paw slightly advanced, the head a little lowered, turning slowly around so as always to face the tiger as he paces around the circuit. Burrhea's velvet paws fall noiselessly; not a sound is heard except the slight crunching of the gravel as Man-Eater shifts his position. For ten minutes this monotonous motion continues. All at once a bright ball glances through the air with the suddenness of an electric flash. Not a growl had announced the tiger's intention to make the leap. He had aimed at Man-Eater's head and fore-quarters. But the horse was not surprised. He made a slight diving motion of his head and shoulders, and Burrhea just missed the spot aimed at, but buried his fore-claws deeply in the muscular haunches behind, where he hung, vainly grasping with his hinder-claws at the fore-legs of the horse. But before he could secure his position, Man-Eater lashed up with his hind-heels, and in a moment Burrhea was flung like a tennis-ball, sprawling against the wall of the inclosure.

Up he sprang, and again commenced the gliding sweep around. Again, without an instant's warning, the leap was made, with the same aim as before. Again Man-Eater caught him upon his hind-haunches, so that the head and part of the body protruded behind; but he had managed to sink his hind-claws in the horse's breast, where he held for a moment. Man-Eater lashed up with his hind-feet still more furiously than before. It seemed as though he would turn a complete sommersault. But he can not fling the tiger off. Another tremendous spring: a dull sound is heard, like the blow of a mallet. The horse's iron-shod heel has struck the tiger full on the jaw. No toughness of bone can withstand such a blow; the jaw is shattered like an egg-shell; and shrieking with pain he lets go his hold, tumbles to the ground, and sneaks off with his tail between his legs, like a whipped spaniel.

The tiger has had enough. At a signal from the King, the door of his cage is raised and he creeps in and crouches in the furthest corner.

The King is frantic with rage. His pet tiger has been ruined. "Let another tiger be set at him!" he shouts.

The keeper fears that no one will attack the horse, for they have all been gorged with food.

"You shall go in to the Man-Eater yourself, if the tiger will not attack him."

Another cage is brought. The door is raised and a huge tiger stalks leisurely out. Man-Eater is ready for the assault as before; but the gorged tiger shows no disposition to attack him. They prick him with sharp spears, and burn him with hot irons, but all in vain. He snatches at the spears, and tears madly at the railing, but will not approach the horse. We tremble for the fate of the poor keeper. But his Majesty has forgotten his threat, and shouts that Man-Eater is a brave fellow, and deserves his life.

"I will have an iron cage made for him, and he shall be taken care of. By my father's head, he is a brave fellow!"

And so it was done. A strong cage, as large as a moderate-sized house, was prepared for the horse, and Man-Eater became one of the lions of Lucknow.

Our amiable friend, Nussir-u-deen, is not altogether a pleasant man in his family relations. His father, Ghazi-u-deen the Magnificent, hated him, as kings are apt to hate their heirs, and determined to put him to death, rather than to suffer him to stand waiting for the succession. The Begum, his mother, armed her attendants, and protected her son. When Nussir came to the throne, he manifested a like tender regard

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for his own son. But the brave old Begum took her grandson under her protection, as she had done her son, and the father's attempt miscarried. A significant hint from the British Resident put a stop to any further proceedings against the lad's life. But Nussir did what he could. He solemnly pronounced his son illegitimate, and thus incapable of becoming his successor.

The Refuge of the World had not ascended the throne in quietness. Two of his uncles had disputed the succession. These were now old men, and not being considered any longer dangerous, they were suffered to live; and his Majesty found great pleasure in annoying and insulting them. He was especially fond of inviting them to dine with him, forcing them, with mock politeness, to drink themselves drunk, and then practicing every indignity upon them. Upon one occasion, he caused one of these aged men to be stripped stark naked in the midst of the dancing-girls, who were performing for his amusement and that of his guests.

Another time, and this proved to be the turning-point in the fortunes of his Majesty, he invited the other uncle, the older and more infirm of the two, to his table, and plied him so keenly with wine that the poor old fellow became almost senseless.

"His mustache wants arranging," said the King to the Barber. "Go, good Khan, and settle it."

The Barber fulfilled the order in its spirit. He seized the long wiry hairs, and twitched the poor old man's head this way and that, to the great delight of the King.

The Europeans at table, all save the Barber, remonstrated, half rising from their chairs.

"Leave your seats at your peril!" shouted the King. "Is not the old pig my uncle? I and the Khan will do with him as we please."

By-and-by he was left to himself, and sank into an uneasy slumber, his head nodding from side to side, so as to obstruct the King's view of the dancing-girls.

"His head must be kept quiet!" cried the King, with a furious oath.

Up sprang the Barber, and producing a fine cord, he tied it firmly to each side of the grisly mustache of the poor old man, and fastened the other end to the arms of the chair. The Barber then left the apartment. Soon returning with a bundle of fire-works, he placed them under the chair, and set fire to them. The old man's legs were severely burned, and he sprang up, suddenly awakened from his drunken stupor. Two locks of hair were torn from his lips, bearing with them a portion of the skin. The King laughed with delight at the agony of his uncle.

This was too much. The indignation of the European officers was aroused against the Barber, and they joined together to procure his disgrace. But it was all in vain. The Barber was too powerful. He had made himself too great a favorite to be displaced. The officers who had conspired against him, among whom was the narrator from whose work we have drawn our facts, were dismissed from the Court.

Affairs went on from bad to worse. The power of the Barber became greater than ever. All decency was thrown to the winds, and the palace became the scene of the most horrid orgies. At length the British Resident was compelled to interfere. His potent influence procured the dismissal of the Barber, who bore his immense treasures from Lucknow. The palace was filled with the intrigues of the King's family. Nussir-u-deen was poisoned. His son was passed over, and one of those uncles whom Nussir had so abused was placed upon the throne of Oude.

This change of administration wrought no permanent improvement in the government. The present King of Oude is worthy to be a successor to the Refuge of the World. If Nussir-u-deen placed his barber at the head of affairs, the new monarch appointed one of his fiddlers Chief Justice. Government is, in fact, but a complicated machine for forcing money from the people. The taxes are farmed out in large districts to *amils*, who undertake to collect them from the *zemindars*, or land-holders, who in turn exact them from the *ryots*, or cultivators. Of course the enormous sum that finds its way into the royal coffers bears no proportion to that wrung from the people. It frequently happens that the zemindars, after having collected the tax from the ryots, entrench themselves in their mud-forts, and refuse to pay it over to the amils. The royal forces are then called in to bring the recusants to terms. A member of the British Parliament stated not long since, that while making a tour through Oude, for nine successive days he was never out of hearing of the sound of artillery thus employed in aiding the amils to collect the revenue. When this means fails to extort the money from the zemindars, the poor ryots are seized and sold into slavery to raise the money. Thus between the upper and lower millstones the poor cultivators are ground to powder. The troops of the Company protect the King from foreign attacks, leaving his own army to be employed in crushing his subjects; while in case of insurrection the British are bound by treaty to aid the government.

Symptoms begin to manifest themselves that the Company is tired of supporting this army for which they receive nothing. To be sure they are bound by treaty to do so; but it is gravely questioned how far public faith, which has been pledged to uphold the native government, should be observed, at the expense of the misery of millions. The English journals may any day contain a paragraph of a dozen lines announcing that Oude has been formally "annexed" to the British Empire. It is well that it should be so; for bad as is the government of the English in India, their rule is every way better than that of the best native sovereigns who have ever reigned—to say nothing of such as was his late Majesty, Nussir-u-deen, the Refuge of the World.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

LOCAL Elections have taken place in several States since our last Record; although they were for State officers, their influence on national politics gave them unusual interest and importance. In New York, where there were four State tickets in the field, the American candidates have probably been elected by a small plurality.—In Massachusetts, Governor Gardner, the candidate of the same party, has been re-elected; and in Louisiana the same organization has carried the State.—In Ohio, the election terminated in the election of Salmon P. Chase, who was the candidate of the Republican party, and supported also by the Americans. His vote was 146,106; while Medill, the Democratic candidate, received 130,887; and Trimble, Whig, 24,237. The new Senate consists of 29 Republicans and 6 Democrats; the House of Representatives 80 Republicans, and 31 Democrats.—In Pennsylvania, the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, Arnold Plumer, was elected, receiving 150,000 votes; Nicholson, the Republican candidate, receiving 138,000; and all others about 13,500.—The official returns of the Tennessee election show that Johnson, Democrat, received 67,499 votes; and Gentry, Whig, 65,342.—In Georgia, Johnson, Democrat, was elected Governor, receiving 54,023 votes; Andrews, American, 42,548; and Overby, the Temperance candidate, 6198.—In Kansas, there have been two canvasses for a delegate to Congress—one, fixed by the Legislature, which took place on the 1st; and the other, fixed by the people's proclamation, which took place on the 9th of October. At the former the pro-slavery party alone voted, and their candidate, Whitfield, received 2760 votes. At the latter the Free-soilers voted, and claim to have polled a larger number of votes for Reeder than had been given to Whitfield. It will be for the next House of Representatives to decide which of the two is the real representative of the people of Kansas. A Territorial Convention, called by the Free-soil party, for the purpose of forming a State Constitution, and applying for admission as a State into the Union, met on the 27th of October, and was organized by the election of Colonel Lane as President.——The general history of the past month has not been varied by events of much importance. In the case of Passmore Williamson, to which we have on several occasions adverted, the defendant was, on the 2d of November, brought before the United States District Court, on his petition to be allowed to purge himself from the contempt for which he was imprisoned. In answer to an interrogatory as to whether he had endeavored to comply with the writ of Habeas Corpus, Williamson replied that he had only sought to obey the writ by answering it truly, as the slaves of Mr. Wheeler were never in his possession or under his control. The Judge then decided that the contempt was purged, and the defendant was accordingly released.——A grand National, and, as it proved to be, a very successful Agricultural Fair was held at Boston, from the 23d to the 27th of October. Over twenty thousand people, on an average, were in attendance daily, and on one occasion the spectators present amounted to some eighty thousand persons. The specimens of cattle—cows, bulls, sheep, and horses—brought from all parts of the country were magnificent. The exhibition was concluded with an Agricultural Banquet, which was honored by many distinguished guests. A large list of premiums was awarded to the successful competitors. The receipts of the fair amounted to nearly $50,000.——The complicity of Mr. Crampton, British Minister at Washington, in the violation of the Neutrality Laws, to which we referred in our last Record, has been made the subject-matter of remonstrance from our own Government to that of Great Britain. What action the latter will take in the premises has not yet been made known, but it is generally believed that Mr. Crampton will be recalled.——The public has been gratified by the intelligence that, by the decision of the President, General Scott will receive his back-pay as Lieutenant-General up to the 1st of October last. The sum to which the General is entitled amounts to about $10,000. No allowance, however, is made for the eight months during which he commanded the Eastern division of the army in Mexico.——No little excitement was created in New York by the breaking up of a club for the discussion of Socialistic theories. On the evening of the 18th of October the club was holding one of its regular semi-weekly sessions, when the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the police, and several prominent members were arrested. The case subsequently underwent legal examination, but the Judge decided that the arrests were not warranted by the facts presented.——We have also to record another terrible railroad accident. An excursion train, consisting of eleven cars, left St. Louis on the 1st of November, to celebrate the opening of the Pacific Railroad to Jefferson City. While the train was crossing the Gasconade River, about one hundred miles from St. Louis, the bridge fell, precipitating ten cars, a distance of thirty feet, into the water. Upward of seven hundred persons were on the train, and out of these some twenty were killed and about forty badly wounded.——In consequence of the numerous murders that have recently been committed in Wisconsin, the people of that State are agitating for the restoration of capital punishment.

We have news from *Utah* to the 1st of September. The grasshoppers had done great damage to the crops, but the corn and potatoes throughout the northern part of the Territory gave promise of a fair yield. John M. Boernhisel had been re-elected delegate to Congress without opposition.——From *New Mexico* we learn that the election of delegate to Congress has terminated in the success of Gallegos by a majority of ninety-nine. Great efforts were made by Orthro's friends, but there was a strong Anti-American feeling in the country. It is understood that the election of Gallegos will be contested on the ground of illegality in some of the counties. Indian troubles had nearly ceased. On the 13th of September Governor Merriwether held a council with the hostile Indians at Albuquerque. The chiefs of the Jicarilla Apaches were present, and made peaceful proposals. They promised to keep their people in subjection for the future, and a treaty was, on this condition, concluded with them.

We have advices from *California* to the 5th of October. The elections have resulted in the complete victory of the Know Nothings. They will

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have seventy-two members in the new Legislature against thirty-nine Democrats and two Whigs, making a majority of four in the Senate and nineteen in the Assembly. The Prohibitory Liquor Law, which was submitted to the people, had been defeated by a majority of about four thousand.——Cholera has been making sad havoc among the passengers on board the Pacific steamers. The *Uncle Sam*, during her trip from San Juan to San Francisco, in the early part of September, lost five cabin, one hundred and six steerage passengers, and three of her crew, besides several others who died in hospital after the vessel arrived in port. The same dreadful disease had broken out to a frightful extent in the steamer *Sierra Nevada*, of the Nicaragua line, with the passengers who left New York on the 5th of September. The vessel put into Acapulco in distress for water, and it was then reported that seventy-one deaths had occurred. Twenty-four others died in port. The authorities refused to let the passengers bring their dead on shore, or even bury them in the harbor, so they were compelled to keep them until they could get out to sea again.——Accounts from Oregon state that the Indians have been again so troublesome that a general war is anticipated. Murders of Whites by Indians, and Indians by Whites, were frequently taking place. The last outrage on record is the murder of eight Whites by Indians on the route from Puget Sound to the Colville mines. The reports from these mines continue favorable. Gold diggers are represented as doing well. In Washington Territory J. Patten Anderson, Democrat, has been elected delegate to Congress. The Liquor Law was defeated there by a small majority.

By way of San Francisco, we learn that two American merchants, who sailed in the early part of the year for Japan, with the intention of establishing a business-house in that empire, were prevented from doing so by the authorities. The news of this event at first created some excitement, as it was supposed that the Japanese had repudiated the treaty with the United States lately obtained by Commodore Perry. This, however, was not the case; and the Government at Washington has sustained the Japanese in their interpretation of the treaty, which only permits Americans to reside *temporarily* in the country, instead of *permanently*, as was generally believed before the document was translated and made known to the public. A quantity of merchandise was recently brought by American traders from Japan to San Francisco, and being sold at auction in that city realized about eight times its original value. A charge of violating the Neutrality Laws had been made against the owners of the bark *William Penn* for conveying some shipwrecked Russian soldiers from Petropaulovski to San Francisco, and thence across the Ochotsk Sea to the main-land. Legal proceedings had been instituted in the United States District Court at San Francisco, but the Administration holds that no violation of neutrality had been committed in the premises.

MEXICO.

Political affairs in Mexico still continue in the most troubled state. Upon the resignation of Carrera, noticed in our last Record, the general Government was left without a head, and the command of the district of Mexico devolved upon General de la Vega, who immediately selected a cabinet, and declared his determination to adhere to the plan of Ayutla, the Revolutionary Programme. The Presidential election, which followed soon after, resulted in favor of General Alvarez. At latest dates Alvarez was at Cuernavaca, some fifty miles from the capital, in company with his officers and the representatives of foreign powers. Some remarks had been made on the action of General Gadsden, the United States Minister, who, it was alleged, had refused to recognize the Government of Carrera, but had shown the utmost alacrity in acknowledging that of Alvarez. Rumors were prevalent that Alvarez intended to resign the Presidency in favor of Comonfort, finding himself unable, from his advanced years and feeble health, to attend to the duties of so responsible an office. The difference between the Tamariz faction and the supporters of the plan of Ayutla had been settled.

From Northern Mexico intelligence has reached us that Matamoras has, after a most protracted siege, surrendered to the Revolutionists without a blow. There had been more fighting at San Luis Potosi, but neither party, seemingly, had gained any decisive advantage.——A battle had been fought between Texan Rangers and the Lipan Indians, on the southern side of the Rio Grande, near the city of San Fernando. The Indians were completely routed and many of them were killed. Of the Texans four were killed, and several more or less dangerously wounded.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The news from *Nicaragua* is of the most stirring nature. Colonel Walker, who has assumed the title of General, having received large reinforcements from California, determined to attack the capital. On the night of the 12th of October, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, he embarked at Virgin Bay, and before daylight landed within four miles of Granada. A rapid march soon brought him to the city, and the garrison, being taken by surprise, surrendered at his approach without any serious resistance. As soon as order was restored, the citizens of Granada held a public meeting, and offered the Presidency of the Republic to Walker, but he declined to accept the office, on the ground that it more properly belonged to General Corral, the leader of the Government troops. On the 22d of October, Corral surrendered in due form, and a treaty of peace between him and Walker was thereupon signed and ratified. The natives, however, were not so easily reconciled to the change that had taken place in the governmental affairs of the republic, and but too successfully wreaked their vengeance on the innocent California passengers who happened to come within their reach. When the steamer *San Carlos*, with New York passengers, arrived before the fort at the junction of the river San Juan and Fort Nicaragua, the natives fired into her with a thirty-two pounder, killing a lady and child, and seriously injuring the machinery of the boat. Previous to this, an attack was made by the Government forces upon the returning Californians at Virgin Bay, by which four persons were killed and eight severely wounded.——The accounts from the Kinney Colony represent it to be in the most flourishing condition. The Governor has promised to exert his influence at Washington to obtain indemnification for the parties who suffered from the late bombardment at Greytown.——A difficulty had occurred between Mr. Ward, the United States Consul at Panama and the New Granadian Government. The former, in making representations to the latter

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touching the release of an American citizen convicted of robbery, addressed the wrong official, and his letter was therefore returned unopened. The Consul, regarding this act as an insult, took down his flag and waited instructions from home. The Government at Washington, it is understood, has sent out instructions to Mr. Ward to hoist his flag again, and has censured him for his hasty conduct.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From the whole South Pacific coast complaints reach us of a great scarcity in breadstuffs — so much so, that in several States the propriety of reducing, or altogether abolishing, the import taxes, is being seriously discussed. At Valparaiso a dreadful accident occurred on the 12th of September. An English bark, laden with gunpowder, blew up, killing some three or four men, and severely wounding nine others.——According to the Chilian census, recently taken, there is in the republic a proportion of one foreigner to seventy-two natives. The whole population is given at 1,419,451. Our dates from Valparaiso are to the 1st of October, at which time the Congress had dissolved, after establishing a national bank. The bill had received the approbation of the Executive.——Another revolution in *Bolivia* had broken out. Dr. Linares, who was lately a candidate for the Presidency, and Santa Cruz, an old man of seventy, formerly President, are at the head of the movement. It was initiated in the province of Pucarani, but had been suppressed there at the date of our last advices. In other places Linares had been proclaimed.——In *Peru*, the Convention, of which we have previously spoken, was still in session. The right of universal suffrage had been adopted, with the proviso that the voters must be over twenty-one years of age, be able to read and write, or be proprietors of landed property. Some excitement had been created in consequence of the passage of a bill granting religious liberty. Four priests attacked one of the deputies, and attempted to assassinate him, on account of what they called his opposition to their holy religion.——The Legislative Chambers of *Ecuador* met on the 16th of October. Señor Bustamente was elected President of the Senate, and Basquez Speaker of the House of Representatives.——In *Guayaquil* there were great complaints of the scarcity of food.

From *Brazil*, statistics show that the export trade of coffee in 1855 is more active than it was in 1854. In Rio de Janeiro, sixty persons were dying daily from cholera during the latter part of September. The scourge also prevailed to a great extent throughout the country, particularly at Breganca, Pernambuco, and Bahia.——At *Buenos Ayres* business had been dull.——At *Monterideo*, Flores, who was driven from his post on the 28th of August, had hoisted the banner of another legal Presidency; and from all accounts, great fears are entertained for the future peace of that country.

THE EASTERN WAR.

For some time after the fall of Southern Sebastopol—which important event we chronicled in our last Record—the belligerent armies displayed but little inclination to resume active hostilities. Gortchakoff was busy entrenching himself in the northern forts, and the Allies were clearing away "the blood-stained ruins" bequeathed to them, in order to open an attack on their beleagured enemy. A sullen fire was kept up from Forts Nicholas and Quarantine, which the Russians had left intact in their retreat, but no great damage was done. According to latest advices, however, one hundred and twenty mortars had been established in position, and a cannonade opened, which, it was expected, would render the north forts untenable. These anticipations have not as yet been realized. The Russian version of the storming of the Malakoff, and the subsequent evacuation of the city, has come to hand. It does not differ materially from the account given by Marshal Pelissier. The Russian General admitted to have suffered the fearful loss of from 500 to 1000 men per day during the last month of the siege. Immense stores, consisting of cannon, powder, shot, and other *materiel of* war had been discovered in Sebastopol, and a military commission was in session to estimate their value and divide them among the victors. The Allies had determined to destroy the splendid docks, arsenals, and ship-building yards of the city, and uproot the place as a naval stronghold.

At length an increased activity, combined with the movements and countermovements of large bodies of men, gave unmistakable signs of a renewal of hostilities. An expedition, composed of fifteen thousand French and four thousand British troops, secretly set sail from Balaclava. The destination of this armament was unknown at first, and when it subsequently appeared before Odessa, it was generally believed that a bombardment of that city was contemplated. Later dispatches, however, announced that the fleet, having made a feint before Odessa, effected, on the 15th of October, a descent upon the Spit of Kinburn, and successfully bombarded that fortress. The garrison, to the number of 1500, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and the neighboring fortress on Oczakoff Point was destroyed by the Russians to prevent its sharing a similar fate. Kinburn and Oczakoff are situated at the extreme end of the lake formed out of the waters of the Dneiper and the Bug, and it is alleged that, with these strongholds in their possession, the Allies will be enabled to blockade Kherson and Nicolaieff—the former a great commercial emporium, and the latter one of the Czar's most important naval arsenals—and thus intercept the communications that now exist between the Crimea and the Western Provinces of Russia. Another detachment of the fleet had lately been destroying Russian towns in the Straits of Kertch. On land, there was every symptom that the opposing armies would shortly meet. Early in October, Prince Gortchakoff reported that large masses of the allied troops were threatening the left wing of the Russian army, while another force was making demonstrations against its right wing from Eupatoria. A cavalry battle had occurred near the latter place, in which the Russians were defeated, and reinforcements were being sent there with the view of cutting off the Russian retreat to Perekop. The very latest news comes from Prince Gortchakoff, who telegraphs that the Allies continued their demonstrations on the Upper Belbec, and that their advanced posts were within five leagues of Baktchi Serai. A battle in this quarter was generally supposed to be inevitable, if Liprandi persisted in maintaining his ground. Thus, it will be seen that the policy aimed at by the Allies is, if possible, to surround the Russians, and force them to decide the fate of the campaign before the winter sets in and prevents further hostilities. The rumor again prevails that General Simpson had been recalled. While these events were transpiring in the Crimea, others of as great

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importance have taken place in Asia. On the 29th of September the Russians attacked Kars in great force. At first they were successful, and captured two batteries; but before they had time to turn round the guns, the Turks charged them with such impetuosity that they regained possession of their batteries, and decided the fortune of the day. The Russians fell back in disorder, and the Turks, rushing from the fortress at the moment, massacred them in large numbers. The conflict lasted seven hours, and the Russians left four thousand of their dead under the walls of Kars. On the side of the Turks the loss was comparatively small. According to the Russian account, the blockade of Kars had been re-established. From the Baltic we have nothing new. Winter was setting in rapidly, and a large portion of the fleet was on its way home. The allied gun-boats had made a demonstration against Riga, bombarding and injuring one of the forts.——We have received intelligence concerning the movements and operations of the allied fleets in the North Pacific. The squadron had sailed from the dismantled fortress of Petropaulovski to the Amoor, but on arriving there found no trace of the enemy. Subsequently, however, the Russian fleet was discovered in the Bay of Castre, and was surrounded by the Allies; but, during a thick fog, every vessel succeeded in effecting its escape.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT.

The financial news of the month is of the utmost importance. The Bank of England had successively announced an increase in the rate of discount from five to five and a half, and six per cent. for sixty days' bills, and to seven per cent for paper of a longer date. The alarm in commercial circles had been great, though it had in some measure subsided, and at one time a suspension of the Restrictive clause in the Bank Bill, and the issue of some kind of paper money, were looked for. The Bank of France had also raised its rate of discount to six per cent., and its action was beginning to be felt in almost every branch of trade.——The probability of a matrimonial alliance between the Princess Royal of England and Prince Napoleon was openly discussed in the London journals.——Sir William Molesworth, Secretary of the Colonies, and one of England's greatest reform statesmen, died on the 22d of October.——From Denmark we learn that the Danish Government is in favor of submitting the Sound dues question to a Congress of States, and will abide by the result. The matter has every prospect of being amicably settled.——The international association for securing a uniform system of coins, weights, and measures, assembled on the 17th of October at the Exhibition Palace in Paris. A permanent international committee was constituted.——A concordat has been concluded between Austria and the Holy See, which gives most important privileges to the latter.——Kossuth, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin, have issued a stirring appeal to the European democracy, urging insurrection.——The Czar had been to Moscow. and had traveled thence to Nicolaieff, where he was, at the date of our last advices, inspecting its fortifications, dock-yards, and arsenals.——Several French Socialist refugees have been expelled from the Island of Jersey by the authorities, for abusing the Queen of England in a paper called *L'Homme*.

CHINA.

Late advices from the Celestial Empire affirm that the Imperialists continue to put their unfortunate prisoners to death by hundreds in the most barbarous manner.——Accounts have been published of a brisk engagement that had taken place between the boats of the U. S. frigate *Powhatan* and H. B. M. ship *Rattler* and a large fleet of Chinese pirates, in which the latter were most signally defeated, and received such a lesson as will deter them from renewing their depredations for some time to come.

Literary Notices.

The Song of Hiawatha, by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (Boston: Ticknor and Fields.) In this poem Mr. Longfellow has applied his love of legendary lore to the embellishment of the aboriginal traditions of the American forest. With the materials furnished by Schoolcraft, Heckerwelder, and other writers on Indian antiquities, he has embodied some of the most poetical features of the primeval sylvan life in a series of vivid portraitures. We think he has so far exhausted the subject that few subsequent writers will venture to tread in the same path. He has brought the resources of a versatile fancy, keen sympathies with nature, a sweet and tender vein of sentiment, and a delicate quaintness of versification to the accomplishment of a task which labored under peculiar inherent difficulties, and which few poets could have completed with such considerable success.

The leading character in the story is a mythological personage named Hiawatha, who is celebrated in the traditions of various Indian tribes for his miraculous birth, his eminent practical gifts, and his endeavor to introduce the pacific and useful arts among his people. Connected with his marvelous history, the most striking Indian legends are wrought up into a picturesque narrative illustrating the religious faith, social customs, and prevailing character of the American savage. Many of these episodes are indebted to the poet for singular beauty of costume, although, in the main, he adheres with admirable fidelity to the spirit and native coloring of the original traditions.

According to the old legend, Hiawatha was the son of the lovely maiden Wenonah, who, in her rambles over the flowery prairies, was wooed by the terrible Mudjikeewis, and died in giving birth to her child of love and sorrow. He was placed under the care of his grandmother, Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, in whose wigwam, between the water and the forest, he passed a happy childhood, instructed in the wonders of the skies, the language of the birds and beasts, and all the mysteries of sylvan nature. As he reached the borders of early manhood, he observed the customary fast of that period, and after a severe novitiate, was inaugurated as the prophet and benefactor of his race. From his wrestling with Mandomin, he receives the gift of maize, which he made known to the people as their national food forever. This is one of the most picturesque fancies of Indian tradition, and under the plastic shaping of the poet is expanded into an episode of wild and striking beauty. The subsequent life of Hiawatha is diversified with an abundance of

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fabulous adventures, which Mr. Longfellow adorns with the brightest hues of his imagination. In point of diction, the poem is marked by an elaborate simplicity—the Indian names are curiously wrought into the exquisite finish of the verse—and though some passages are almost prosaic in their bareness of embellishment, the whole texture of the composition shows the dainty fastidiousness for which the author is remarkable. We do not think that Hiawatha will be cherished as a favorite specimen of Mr. Longfellow's genius by the admirers of "Evangeline" and the "Building of the Ship;" but it affords a noble illustration of his fine poetic instinct, the purity and sweetness of his imagination, and his artistic nicety and versatility of expression.

Lily, by the author of "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman," will be welcomed by the readers of her former production, as carrying the promise of a brilliant and spicy story. She wields a singularly versatile pen, which will gain in reputation from the present admirable work. It is a fictitious narrative, embracing incidents in the society both of the city and the plantation, in each of which positions the writer is equally at home. The charm of the story consists in its delicate portraitures of character, which are drawn with singular fineness and subtlety, and in the piquant vivacity of its dialogue, which shows great dramatic power. The writer, whose name is not given on the title-page, is evidently a lady of excellent feminine accomplishments, with a keen and racy intellect, and a gift of artistic construction to which her power of expression never fails to be adequate. If she is destined to a literary career, we are sure that it will be a fortunate one for herself and her readers. (Harper and Brothers.)

Mexico and its Religion, by ROBERT A. WILSON (Harper and Brothers), is a record of Mexican travel during the past four years, describing, with great good-humor, a variety of rich adventures both in the capital and interior, but with no rose-colored recollections of the manners or morals of the people. The writer is a stanch American in his principles and views, and was often grossly scandalized by the spectacle of a social state so widely at variance with his previous habits and feelings. He indulges in frequent criticisms of the influence of the Catholic religion on the popular character, and usually fortifies his remarks by apposite facts. A good deal of interesting information is given concerning the silver mines of Mexico, which the author believes have not received the attention which their importance demands. He often gives vent to speculations as to the probable fate of Mexico which many readers will deem visionary, but the narrative portions of his work will be found to be equally amusing and informing. His style, though careless and often diffuse, is lively, and on the whole well adapted to matter-of-fact description.

A Child's History of the United States, by JOHN BONNER. (Harper and Brothers.) The idea of this work was suggested by Dickens's "Child's History of England," and without indulging in superfluous comparisons, we may say, that the American author has performed his task with a beauty, naturalness, and vivacity, not unworthy of the original model. The progress of American history, from the discovery of the country to the present time, is illustrated in a clear, flowing, and familiar narrative, which, in felicity of arrangement and gracefulness of diction, has seldom been surpassed by the most accomplished writers for the young. Nor is the interest of the work confined to juvenile readers. Abounding in historical anecdote, in lively descriptive sketches, and in graphic portraitures of character, it presents a fascination to persons of every age, and will meet with as warm a welcome in the family circle as in the schoolroom. The sympathies of the writer with what he regards as the pure American idea may sometimes influence his judgments, and lead him to expressions of enthusiasm which will meet with different responses, according to the political sentiments of the reader. But he has evidently aimed to be fair and impartial, and, as a general rule, we think he has succeeded in doing justice to the conflicting interests and parties which enter into the composition of his narrative. At all events, no one can follow the lively delineations of the author without refreshing his own knowledge of the course of our national history, and of the relative position and services of the eminent men who figure in its annals.

An Outline of the General Principles of English Grammar, edited and enlarged by the Rev. J. GRAEFF BARTON (Harper and Brothers), is an improved edition of a popular English work, designed to exhibit the first principles of grammar, and their manifold applications to the written and spoken vernacular, in a form adapted to popular comprehension. It has been used for a few years past in the Free Academy of this city with very decided success. Although it aims at general utility, and is simple and lucid in its various details, the work is of a highly philosophical character, containing many admirable suggestions which may be profitably consulted by the advanced student of philology. One of its peculiar merits is the light it throws on the idiomatic difficulties of our language, and another is its preference of the Saxon elements over those of Latin origin. The apposite quotations from English classical writers, which are made to illustrate the theoretical discussions of the work, form a useful and attractive feature. We think no curious student of his mother tongue can fail to derive satisfaction and advantage from its perusal, while its value as a practical class-book has been amply tested by experience.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new and thoroughly-revised edition of FOWLER'S *English Grammar*, a work which embodies the latest improvements in English philology, and presents a rich store of curious and valuable information to the student of language.

A new edition of ABBOTT'S *Hoaryhead* and *M'Donner*, forming a volume of "The Young Christian Series," is published by the same house. The story is one of touching interest as a narrative, and is intended to illustrate some of the leading points of the Christian faith.

In the latest volumes of *Harper's Classical Library* we have translations of *Cicero's Offices*, and other miscellaneous ethical essays, by C. R. EDMONDS, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and *Xenophon's Anabasis*, by WATSON, with a Geographical Commentary by AINSWORTH, presenting a literal version of those standard authors for the use of beginners in classical studies. Each volume is illustrated by appropriate explanatory notes, which afford a rich fund of philological and antiquarian knowledge.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of *The Works* of CHARLES LAMB, with Sir Thomas Talfourd's Sketch of his Life and Final Memorials.

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The edition is in two neat duodecimo volumes, and contains the complete productions of the delightful author both in prose and verse.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Works of John C. Calhoun*, edited by RICHARD K. CRALLE, containing the Reports and Public Letters of the illustrious Carolinian statesman. The important correspondence between Mr. Calhoun and General Jackson, in regard to the action of the Government on the occurrences of the Seminole War, is given in the last volume. Apart from its personal interest, this collection of political papers possesses a permanent value in connection with the civil history of the United States.

The National History of the United States, by BENSON J. LOSSING and EDWIN WILLIAMS (E. Walker), comprises a rapid sketch of colonial history prior to the Revolution, a full and graphic narrative of the War of Independence, and complete biographies of the Presidents of the United States, together with an ample collection of public documents, statistical reports, descriptive articles, and other papers in illustration of the condition and progress of the American Republic. It presents a mass of accurate and valuable information, arranged in a convenient order, adapted to popular use, and embodied in an attractive form, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find elsewhere within the same compass. The work is issued in two elegant octavo volumes, and is well adapted to the American family library.

A new edition of *The American Odd Fellow's Museum* is published by Edward Walker, in two superb octavo volumes, with numerous elegant pictorial embellishments. It consists of selections from the choicest portions of "The Odd Fellows' Offering," with several original papers of general interest. Among the contributors to this work we notice the names of some of the most distinguished writers in this country, who have furnished it with articles every way worthy of their reputation.

Durrie and Peck have brought out the second edition of *Baxter's Select Works*, edited by the Rev. Dr. BACON, of New Haven. The selections in these volumes have been made from such works of Baxter as are not familiar to the religious public, and are intended to bear a practical rather than a polemic character. Upon the original appearance of this work, several years since, it received the highest commendations from many leading divines, and it will still be welcome to all readers who preserve a relish for the pungent and stirring appeals of the sinewy old Puritan. The life of Baxter, by the American editor, presents an animated picture of his public career and his private virtues, and contains many details of peculiar interest.

Illustrations of Scripture, by HORATIO B. HACKETT. (Boston: Heath and Graves.) The writer of this volume, a distinguished Professor in Newton Theological Institution, made an extensive tour in Egypt and Palestine about three years since, and from the incidents and facts which fell under his personal notice, has selected such as seemed adapted to the purpose of promoting a more earnest and intelligent study of the Holy Scriptures. His work does not aim to give a connected view of the geography of Palestine, but to describe the peculiar features of the East which illustrate the accuracy of the Bible in its allusions, customs, narratives, and geographical notices. The volume is constructed on a highly judicious plan, and in its general arrangement and execution Professor Hackett has exhibited both sound information and admirable taste. His descriptions are vivid and forcible, without any excess of coloring, and are evidently founded on exact observation or equally authentic sources of knowledge. They tend to place the reader, to a certain extent, on the same point of view with the sacred writers, thus imparting a fresh naturalness and vigor to their words. For the use of families and of Sunday-schools the volume can scarcely be commended in too high terms.

The Funeral Sermon on the death of the Rev. Dr. Cone, preached in the First Baptist Church of this city, by the Rev. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D., gives a just and feeling sketch of the life and services of that eminent divine. Dr. Cone was a man of rare personal qualities. He was one of the most decided originals that can be named in the walks of professional life. You could not meet him in the street—where his expressive and venerable figure was well known—without a feeling of his marked individuality. Singularly intrepid in his disposition, earnest in his convictions, of the loftiest moral principle, of deep religious sentiments, and of a bold executive temperament, he identified belief and action in a living, practical union. Once persuaded, he could never hesitate. He loved truth more than he served public opinion. With him, to follow the path of duty was instantly consequent on his knowing it. He pursued the light of conscience with the same unerring necessity with which the needle turns to the north. His intellect was of a high order—more spontaneous than reflective, imaginative rather than logical, but lucid in its deductions, and consistent in its results. In the present discourse Dr. Armitage has exhibited an admirable view of the character of its lamented subject, with a variety of valuable biographical details. His statements, in the main, coincide with the slight sketch just given, though our impressions were received from personal observation of Dr. Cone's public career.

A fine illustrated edition of CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope* is published by Bangs Brother and Co., with numerous highly-finished engravings, from designs by Foster, Thomas, and Weir. In respect to typography, binding, and embellishment, the volume shows a superior style of execution, and will doubtless prove one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

Little, Brown, and Co. have issued four volumes of CHALMERS'S *British Essayists*, containing "The Tattler," from the London edition of 1823, of which it is an accurate fac-simile. It is printed on clear, legible type, in neat duodecimo volumes, and for the convenience of its form and the beauty of its finish claims a favorite place in the library of connoisseurs.

Early Religious Education, by WILLIAM G. ELIOT (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co.), is an essay by the pastor of the Unitarian Church in St. Louis, calling the attention of parents to the duty of religious education, as the divinely-appointed means for attaining the graces of the Christian life. The subject is treated in a practical spirit, without immediate reference to refined doctrinal distinctions. In point of style, the volume is more remarkable for purity and ease than for boldness and vigor.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have published a new volume of psalmody, entitled *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes*, with the name of HENRY WARD BEECHER as principal editor. It contains more

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than thirteen hundred hymns and three hundred and sixty-seven tunes, selected from a great variety of sources, and intended to promote the custom of congregational singing. With the difficulty of finding sacred poetry at once sound in thought and fervent in expression, combining unction and taste in equal degrees, meeting the wants of mental culture and religious feeling, without sacrificing the one to the other, it must be conceded that this work has been executed with uncommon success, and will commend itself to the lovers of devotional music as a valuable aid to the interest and beauty of public worship.

The Glory of the Redeemer, by OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. (Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston), is an earnest and glowing exposition of the character of Christ in the various offices of redemption, presenting the leading points of the Christian faith with the eloquence of profound conviction. Free from the garish splendors of fashionable rhetoric, it has something of the quaintness, with all the solemnity, of the great masters of theology in the times of the Puritans.

Letters to a Young Physician, by JAMES JACKSON, M.D., LL.D. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) A peculiar school of medical literature has its head-quarters in the venerable city of Boston. It is distinguished for its freedom from theory, its reliance on the processes of nature, its coolness and discrimination of statement, its general intellectual culture, and its chasteness and elegance of style. The productions of this school exhibit comparatively few technicalities, and reward the attention of the general reader as well as the professional student. Among its brightest ornaments very conspicuous are the names of Warren, Channing, Bigelow, Hayward, Ware, and last but not least, of the author of this admirable volume. For many years he has been the favorite adviser of invalids, especially of literary men, from almost every quarter of the United States. His wisdom and urbanity, no less than his age, make him the Nestor of the medical profession in New England. In this volume he has concentrated the fruits of wide experience, great natural sagacity, extensive research, and a singularly well-balanced intellect. It is written with beautiful clearness and simplicity, occasionally relieved by a touch of dry humor, but always dignified and impressive. The judicious counsels which it imparts for the preservation of health are probably of equal value with any of the drugs of the pharmacopœia, and certainly far more agreeable.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued a *New French Instructor*, by S. P. ANDREWS and G. BATCHELOR, combining the peculiar features of Manesca and Ollendorff's system with the necessary theoretical expositions belonging to the synthetic method. The instruction consists of several courses of practical lessons, embodying the characteristic idioms of the French language in every department of speech, together with a lucid statement of its general grammatical principles, in a series of philological observations. The great excellence of this manual is found in the natural order of its arrangement, which leads the student to an acquaintance with the essential connecting terms of discourse, while at the same time he is becoming familiar with the special inflections, on which his progress in the language depends. In the construction of the exercises great ingenuity and care are manifest, and they afford to the diligent student uncommon facilities in the acquisition of a language which is now a social necessity.

Scenes in the Practice of a New York Surgeon, by EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D. (Dewitt and Davenport.) In this record of professional experience the writer has adorned the scenes of daily occurrence in an extensive city practice with the embellishments of a lively imagination. He has brought to light the hidden sufferings that lurk beneath the surface of modern society, and presented incidents of household sorrow that challenge the sympathies of the reader without appealing to a morbid sensitiveness. Several valuable papers in illustration of Western and Southern life are contributed by other eminent physicians. In connection with the vivid descriptive sketches which compose the major part of the volume, are essays on various medical and hygienic topics, presenting salutary suggestions in regard to the treatment of disease and the preservation of health. The work is illustrated by numerous appropriate engravings from the spirited designs of Darley.

Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original, by N. L. FROTHINGHAM. (Boston: Crosby and Nichols.) The author of this volume possesses the accomplishment of verse in no ordinary degree, and has won an enviable reputation by the fugitive pieces with which he has graced the pages of different periodicals. With an excess of modesty, he has heretofore refrained from collecting his productions in a permanent form, but his fastidiousness has at last relented, and the public is enriched with these specimens of his rare and beautiful genius. They consist of translations from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and German, with a variety of original compositions in several kinds of poetry. The translations, in many cases, illustrate the curious scholarship of the author, and his passion for unfamiliar and choice treasures of literature. Thus, he has bestowed no little care on the old Greek poem of Aratus on the Appearance of the Stars, which, though furnishing an enticing morceau to several ancient and modern critics, had never before been translated into the English language. His translations from the German, also, were made at a time when the poets of Germany were comparatively unknown to English scholars, and in each of them, with a single exception, he supposed himself to be the first on the field. They are remarkable for their great verbal fidelity to the originals, as well as for the preservation of their most exquisite aromas, for the admirable poetic instinct with which he has secured their essential form and spirit, and for the sweetness, grace, and polish of the versification. In the original pieces the writer betrays the innate refinement of his mind (sometimes approaching the borders of ingenious subtlety), the delicate play of his fancy, and his exquisite culture. If their scholar-like finish, their prevailing temperance of thought and *retenu* of expression, in some degree remove them from the sphere of popular sympathy, they will be welcome to readers of taste as artistic studies.

R. Carter and Brothers have issued for the Christmas holidays a superb edition of COWPER'S *Task*, with a profusion of beautiful illustrations from designs by Birket Foster. Few poems are more fertile in suggestions with regard to the choicest features of English landscape, and in this edition the artist has vied with the author in reproducing many of the most delightful specimens of its scenery. It is seldom that pictorial embellishments are in such

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exquisite keeping with the original theme as in the present attractive volume.

An ornamental edition of KEBLE'S *Christian Year* is published by E. H. Butler and Co., with numerous appropriate illustrations by Schmolze. The high merits of this collection of religious poetry are universally acknowledged, and it is here brought out in a style of chaste elegance which adapts it for a souvenir during the approaching festive season.

The Red Eagle, by A. B. MEEK (D. Appleton and Co.), is a spirited historical poem by a Southern writer, founded on incidents in the Creek War of 1813. The hero of the story is the celebrated Indian Chief from whom the poem takes its name, and who is said to have been pre-eminent among our aboriginal tribes for his eloquence and valor. He was the principal leader of the Creek Indians in the war which succeeded the massacre at Fort Mimms, where nearly five hundred persons lost their lives. A series of sanguinary battles ensued, which almost depopulated the nation. The writer has selected some of the most striking incidents of this struggle as the materials for poetical composition, and has succeeded in clothing them in graceful verse. The measure is principally octosyllabic, but its "fatal facility" has not seduced the author into indolence or carelessness, and his frequent vivid pictures of nature exhibit an enviable power of accurate description. We know of few more faithful delineations of Southern scenery than are given in many passages of this poem. The plot is one of varied interest, and is well sustained throughout, though it exhibits the nobler elements of the Indian character in a more favorable light than is often verified by history.

The New Purchase, by ROBERT CARLTON, is a reprint by J. R. Numacher, New Albany, Indiana, of a Western story which, on its first publication in this city some ten years since, was received with a degree of excitement which at that point in the history of the "trade" was somewhat uncommon. Its circulation was, however, chiefly confined to the Eastern States, and the frequent demand for it in the West, with the difficulty of obtaining a copy, has induced the publisher to issue the present edition. Consisting of reminiscences of the author's life during a period of about eight years, for a portion of which he was connected with a Western university, it presents a series of lively portraitures of social, domestic, and public life on the frontier, including sketches of several well-known living celebrities, both in politics and letters. The incidents of the book are derived from actual experience, and if occasionally they are painted with colors borrowed from the imagination, they show a prevailing air of verisimilitude. With the gay and sparkling humor that gives a perpetual zest to the volume, a tone of pathetic sentiment is often combined, and no touch of grossness or vulgarity ever vitiates the gushing mirth which is the most congenial element of the author. His work can not fail to afford delight to every reader who has a taste for humorous description, and is not afraid of a little exuberant fun.

The Prison of Weltevredin, by WALTER M. GIBSON. (J. C. Riker.) Mr. Gibson's odd adventures in the East Indian Archipelago are matters of public notoriety. After visiting many small islands in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, he resided for some time in the interior of Sumatra, studying the literature, religion, laws, and social habits of the people, when he was interrupted by the jealousy of Dutch officials, and confined for fifteen months in the prison of Weltevredin, on the island of Java. Here he became the victim of an oppressive prosecution on the part of the government of Netherland India, but meeting with a series of strange and romantic incidents in his prison cell he was enabled finally to effect his escape, though at the hazard of his life. The volume now published contains a copious narrative of his extraordinary adventures, with a profusion of descriptive sketches illustrating many of the peculiar features of Oriental society. We can not vouch for the historical accuracy of all its details, some of which read very much like a chapter of Munchausen; but we can not question the power of the writer to relate marvelous events in a captivating manner.

The great event in the English publishing world is the approaching issue of the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's History of England. Forty thousand copies are said to have been subscribed for in advance, although the price is four and a half dollars a volume. Other additions to historical literature, of great value, most of which are the completion of works already commenced, are promised. Prominent among these are the concluding volume of Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks; Thirlwall's History of the Romans under the Empire; Grote's History of Greece; and Milman's History of Latin Christianity.

In Biography are announced: Guizot's Life of Richard Cromwell; new volumes of the Life of James Montgomery; the concluding volumes of the interminable Life and Correspondence of Moore, and of Charles James Fox, by Lord John Russell; the final volumes of James Silk Buckingham's Autobiography; and the Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre.

Voyages, travels, and adventures, are well represented by Dr. Barth's Travels in Africa; the ubiquitous Madame Ida Pfeiffer's Second Voyage Round the World; Lieutenant Burton's Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, those sacred places of Islam which so few Christians have ever succeeded in reaching; Captain M'Clure's Arctic Voyage and Discovery of the North Pole; and Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon, by the sworn elephant-hunter, S. W. Baker.

M. Ubicini, the standard authority upon Ottoman affairs, is about to put forth a work upon Turkey and its Inhabitants which can not fail to be valuable. From Mr. Erskine Perry's Bird's-Eye View of India, we may hope for some further light upon the condition and prospects of that country. The author was Judge of the Supreme Court at Bombay, from 1841 to 1852, and is now a Member of Parliament.

The plan and purport of Dickens's "Little Dorrit" is kept a profound secret. Whether the title is the name of a place or a person is unknown. From the fact that Dickens will pass the winter and spring in Paris, some of the London journalists predict that the scene of the new story will partly be laid in France. It has been stated that the profits of "Bleak House," with an average circulation of 35,000 a month, fell little short of £13,000, or £7800 a year. "Little Dorrit," like most of its predecessors, will be illustrated by "Phiz"—H. K. Brown.

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Editor's Table.

CHANGES IN THE DIRECTION OF TALENT IN THE UNITED STATES.—The career of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent opened under circumstances that had never before surrounded a people educated in the higher offices of civilization, and refined by the agency of Christianity. The world of the savage, which he occupied without possessing, passed into its hands as a fresh gift from Nature. There was no conflict with the institutions of a rival society. There were no memorials of a past age to be removed, so that our forefathers might find a foundation for their new economy. The wandering Indian had nothing but the lower forms of brute force with which to oppose the progress of the new race; and, apart from this, the physical laws of soil and climate were the only obstacles which were to be encountered. It was the first time that cultivated mind, in the maturity of its faculties and the fullness of enterprise, had been returned to the primary condition of material nature. The original decree was then promulgated again; the earth was to be subdued and replenished; and man, restored to the sovereignty with which the Creator had once invested him, was to reassume his position in the world, and fulfill his destiny on a wider and more imposing scale.

Agreeably to this fact, our early industry was simply the industry of colonization. It was an industry that sought to provide homes for an emigrant race, overcome the severe rigors of the seasons, secure the necessaries of food and clothing, and perpetuate existence in the midst of circumstances that taxed the resources of action and the utmost limits of enduring fortitude. It was an industry that used only the plainest implements—the ax to level the forest, and the plow to open the soil—with such machinery as an age ignorant of the wonders of mechanical science scantily afforded. Man was not then the master of those mighty auxiliaries which now multiply his skill and muscles a hundred-fold, nor had he discovered the great secret of compelling material nature to manage nature itself. The sunshine was not expected to do more than give light to his pathway; nor did the evaporating dew-drop teach him where he was to seek the most successful agent of modern intelligence. Confined within a narrow sphere, his ideas of labor were mainly occupied with a provision for want and a safeguard against death. It was life as a pioneer, struggling for a place rather than a palace—as a combatant, fighting for a truce that might give time to recruit the needful means, rather than for a final and complete victory. And yet, amidst all its disadvantages, it was better that this state of things should exist. Brought into direct contact with a virgin wilderness, and with little outside of themselves on which to lean, our forefathers had their sagacity and strength developed in the most effective manner. It was well that they were not rich and powerful in the external aids of civilization. It was well that art and science did not follow in their footsteps, and the patronage of Kings and Queens foster them in its enervating embrace. Founders of States are only great as they stand alone. The self-creating process must not be interrupted, or it is at once vitiated. And hence it is a striking proof of the presence of Providence, that the original direction of talent and industry in this country was so independent of foreign control. The transatlantic world tried in vain to speculate on their activity, and to determine its channels. It was controlled by a higher impulse; and, consequently, long before the idea of a political separation from Great Britain had entered the minds of the colonists, they had been unconsciously working out a practical divorce from its authority by the course adopted in colonizing a new world. Muscle taught intellect how to be free; and by the same steps that an era in the industrial and social pursuits of the people was inaugurated, a liberal and enlightened government was rendered inevitable. The victory of the ax and the plow was the ordained antecedent to the victory of the sword; and the triumph over Nature was the divine prophecy of the prostration of tyranny. A world that toil and sacrifice had won from the forest, the wild beast, and the degraded savage, could not be the property of another, nor could any institutions rise upon its broad surface except such as were the natural outgrowth of those virtues which had reclaimed it to the use and comfort of civilized men.

But the exercise of our talent and industry in the colonial era was chiefly preparatory. Mind and muscle were then busy on the scaffolding of that magnificent structure which has since risen in such massive strength and beautiful proportions. Our power was in training for future achievements; and it is scarcely possible for us to imagine a better field for its disciplinary exertion. How could we have been more readily skilled in the art of war than in those campaigns which were directed against French and Indians? How could the foundations of American commerce have been better laid than in the Newfoundland fisheries, that nursery of the hardiest and noblest sailors? Or what could have been more fortunate than our occupancy of the Atlantic slope, by which so much of the intercourse and business of the Colonies was connected with the ocean? Our physical position, marked by peculiar features, was of signal advantage. A strip of Colonies, extending along an unusual stretch of shore-line, had a mountainous barrier raised against its western side; and thus the Alleghany range, reaching nearly the whole length of our country, served to restrain a westwardly movement, and determine the progress of colonization in lines parallel to the Atlantic. One hardly knows which to prize the more highly—those causes which stimulated the intellect and energy of the country within certain limits, or those which prevented its expansion beyond these boundaries. Viewing the whole subject in the light of history, it would appear that the physical connections of early American colonization—its simple industry—its trials and dangers—its incipient commerce—and above all, its confinement within a narrow territory, stretching north and south in accordance with the configuration of the continent—had a most salutary influence in giving the first direction to American mind and determining the outgrowth of American institutions. Let it not be forgotten that abstract sentiments rarely give form and shape to social organizations. Man is a complex creature. The wants of his lower nature are constantly pressing themselves on his attention, and impelling him

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to seek the guidance of providential laws. The facts of physical geography are divine ordinances that he must obey; and only so far as he executes the hidden will in them, can he attain to the power which he so earnestly covets.

The social condition of the American people after the Revolution—if its capacity for progress be considered—was extremely fortunate. It was a condition of virtue and integrity, of honest and truthful devotion to great principles, of sincere and fervent patriotism. Poor, indeed, we were; but this was far from being a serious evil. The poverty under which we labored was not the poverty which crushes the heart in hopeless subjection to sorrow and suffering, but that which commands its own means of deliverance, and cheers the hand to endure the hardships of toil. We were left in a state to repair our losses, not merely by the material resources of the country, but by the active presence of that intelligence and industry which make the wealth of nations. Our people looked to themselves; and it is not a little surprising that Franklin, who was the first exponent of the practical tendencies of the American people, should have originated what may be termed the Literature of Economical Life. The influence of his genius, employed before and after the Revolution to direct the habits of his countrymen toward the improvement of their circumstances, left its lasting impress on the industry of the country. By degrees, the resources of our nation began to be appreciated; ideas expanded; capacity was felt by being exerted; and, as if drawn by an invisible attraction, the thought and energy of the new people moved toward the end which Providence had placed before them.

It will be the aim of this article to delineate the progress of American Mind within the last fifty years, and especially to point out, as far as space will allow, the changes which have marked its development. Conscious of his inability to do more than to open glimpses of this great subject, the writer would fain hope that the general indications of our intellect and character, as presaging our future, and its relation to humanity, may be so presented as to encourage others to further investigation. Our history has been a history of sentiment as well as of action; and hence it will be our purpose to trace the operations of those intellectual and moral agencies which have had so much influence in determining our line of movement.

The history of our Statesmanship, commencing under circumstances of peculiar significance, and progressing through a period which has witnessed the most fearful conflict of opinion and interest, must be closely considered, if we would comprehend the intellectual and social changes through which we have passed. Our great constitutional principles remain as our fathers left them; our national identity has been preserved; but, nevertheless, there have been modifications of doctrine and policy that are worthy of careful study. First of all, then, it may be affirmed that the spirit of American Statesmanship has risen to a loftier consciousness of its powers and purposes. Its own distinctive idea, so long obscured even to the ardent advocates of popular institutions, has defined itself in sharper outline and broader scope. It has shown a constant tendency to liberate itself from those false relations in which it was involved, and to determine, by its instinctive force, a proper line of policy. The cautious wisdom of our fathers dictated restraints both of sentiment and action that were just and noble. Placed under new and responsible circumstances, it was impossible for them not to feel that the experiment in popular liberty was hazardous, and that hence they ought to defer to the past, follow the ancient guides of political economy, and risk nothing which their sagacity could not foresee, and their strength sustain. But the lesson which time and experience taught surpassed their expectations. The progress of the country stimulated its statesmanship, infused courage and confidence into its heart, expanded its aims, and aroused its ambition. In brief, the institutions of republicanism exerted their legitimate sway in bringing up our Statesmanship to their level. Never before, in the history of the world, has there been so striking an illustration of the influence of government in developing the sympathies of its subjects; never before so impressive a proof that its offices are intellectual and social, as well as civil and political.

But this is not all. The circumstances that have characterized the last three quarters of a century have operated most potently on American mind, in its relations to republicanism. Almost every movement abroad, as well as prosperity at home, has tended to liberalize the Federal Government, and to enhance the practical value of State sovereignty. Trade and commerce have been effective agents in producing this grand result. The direct interest of the separate States in their own affairs has grown rapidly, and, as a necessary consequence, the action of their statesmanship has proved a valuable check on the General Government. Not merely our growth in wealth, but the peculiarities of climate, the diversities of industry, and the various features of our social life, moulded by different instincts and directed to sectional advancement, have exerted a tremendous power in controlling the policy of the country. Corn and cotton, grain and rice, manufactures and mining, have done as much as political principles and governmental creeds to make our freedom a practical thing, and to preserve our statesmanship from the dangers that threatened it with a timid, hesitating, uncertain policy. Looking, then, at the past and present position of American statesmanship, as affected by the causes which have been enumerated, it must be evident that it has been brought into a closer and more cordial union with the spirit of our institutions. It has learned to lean less on traditional authority, and more on its own instinctive foresight. It has cultivated a political economy as well as a political philosophy of its own. It has studied its wants as the creature of a new age, a new science, a new world; and its growing impulse has been to decide issues as they have been proposed, on their own independent merits. Once it was apprehensive of the people; now its highest boast is their entire trustworthiness. Once it favored a strong and consolidated government; now it is jealous of the slightest excess of Federal authority. Our isolated situation, with an ocean between Europe and ourselves, was an argument that danger suggested and weakness enforced; but, to-day, alive with the burning impulses of the age, and inspired by the consciousness of a glorious destiny, we indulge in the magnificent vision of centralizing the commerce of the world in our ports. Territorial expansion was once thought antagonistic to Federal unity, but experience has demonstrated their perfect harmony. If, indeed, we may

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discriminate between the various legitimate offices of government, it can scarcely be doubted that the spread of our domain has called into exercise the agency of Federal power in just such relations as are calculated to repress every tendency to evil, and discipline its integrity. Nor do these views limit the contemplation. A more remarkable change than any yet noted is found in the mighty growth of those formative and controlling influences which encircle our country with a body-guard of truth and purity. The official statesmanship of the nation debating measures of public good, concluding treaties, and devising vast schemes of patriotic wisdom, deserves our generous sympathy. But whence is it fed? Whence originate its noblest ideas and largest plans? Compare the thinking done in Congress with the thinking done out of it; aggregate the ability there, and measure it with the gigantic mass of intellect all abroad among the people, and we soon see where the national statesmanship is located. Nothing is more certain than that as our country has progressed, *the most important steps of the government have started outside of the government itself.* The private mind of the country is really its unrecognized Congress; and whether the postal system is to be reconstructed, or steam-vessels introduced into navy service, or exploring expeditions initiated, the leader of opinion springs up among the masses. It was not so fifty years, or even thirty years since; for at that time the working of our system developed the statesman as an original and independent thinker, but now it develops the people. The days of towering intellect in public service—such intellect as shone so splendidly in Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster—can not be expected to return as the fruit of American political life. If it appear at all, it will be the effect of causes that are not found in the organic structure of our society. But this ought to awaken no regret. The mind of the people, roused to the watchful care of momentous interests, and intent on the guardianship of its own priceless freedom, is a much nobler spectacle than the individual renown of statesmanship; and until this point is gained, social institutions are never incorporated into the machinery of Providence, and made the instruments of promoting the welfare of the human race.

Another marked change in the progress and direction of American mind has been effected by the rapid settlement of new States. The singular features of our frontier life are so well known as not to require a formal repetition here. But its agency in quickening national intellect has not been fully considered. It must be obvious to every thinking man that so large a body of active, energetic, intelligent people as has emigrated from the older States into the broad prairies of the West and Southwest, has left its impress on our civilization. It could not be otherwise. The physical man must feel the wonderful transition from cleared fields to dense forests—from gardens to wilds—from one climate to another; and the intellectual, moral, and social man must be still more sensitive to the novel circumstances. Pioneers, if they are compelled to struggle with solitary hardship and adverse circumstances, are easily degenerated. But in this instance it was emigrant life in its freedom, animation, and picturesqueness, without its demoralizing connections. It was the renewal of our youth, extending through several generations, and yet singularly free from that waste of robust power and mature virtue which so generally scandalizes the history of a newly-opened country. The spirit of enterprise was thus excited; golden opportunities flashed their visions on eyes familiar with dull routine and oppressive drudgery; and the future, wearing the charms of an enchantment, offered a full reward for honest industry. Never before did labor enter on such a scene. Toil itself was a speculation, amidst a multitude of chances in its favor, and poverty could lie down among its fruitful fields and dream of a bright to-morrow. It was a valley-world. No such expanse, gentle in its undulations, sunny in its slopes, and diversified in its aspects, could be found on the earth. Far away to the north and the northeast, a chain of gigantic lakes stretched their wedded waves, and the everlasting roar of Niagara thundered their nuptial salutation to the sea. Plains that awaited the drapery of the purpling vine; hills holding the secrets of centuries in store for the use of man; coal-fields in which the imprisoned sunbeam was reserved to gladden the firesides of rejoicing homes; marble on which nature had sculptured the mystic emblems of an unknown past; the ancient miracles of fire and flood, where chaos had been transfixed in its primeval heavings—where the footsteps of the traveler rested on the genesis of the globe, and the exodus of the world started its long procession of pomp and splendor—all these were here, subject to the mighty mastery which man was to exert over them. The institutions of civilized life, the simple habits of Christian freemen, the usages and maxims of our forefathers, were carried with our migratory population; and, side by side with their cabins, rose the school and the church—symbols of our power and purity. None can estimate the wonderful effect of this vast movement on the prosperity of the country. It was equal to the infusion of the blood of a new race into our veins. It stretched our capacity for effort and enterprise to the farthest limit. To the industry of the nation it was what California subsequently was to its currency and commerce, lifting the feet of men to a higher point of departure, and pressing them forward on a path of triumphant conquest. Had there been no other effect, the simple fact that it inaugurated the era of domestic statesmanship in the United States would stamp it as one of the prominent events of our history. Such a thing as state-policy separate and distinct from mere politics—a system of internal improvements—was scarcely known before the magnificent West offered its prizes to the Atlantic. It was then seen that the wealth of the country was destined to occupy the Valley of the Mississippi, and the problem was to make it tributary to the sea-board States. Outlets that should drain it engaged the attention of Washington and Jefferson. It was the leading topic of our domestic statesmanship, and the genius of De Witt Clinton alone proved itself equal to the accomplishment of the task.

One event produces another. The effect of to-day, flowing from a distant source, becomes the cause of to-morrow, and starts a new series of extending actions. The vast wilderness of the West was no sooner opened, than the impossibility of its occupancy and cultivation by our native population was demonstrated. Fortunately for us, foreign immigration, though much needed on some accounts, was slow and cautious. It gave us time to organize our institutions according to our in-

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herent ideas; to establish the working-machinery of republican States, and, above all, to create that assimilative power which must be exerted over an extraneous population. The number of foreigners and their descendants living in our country in 1853 was estimated at about 3,000,000. Nearly four-fifths of the number have arrived since 1830, and more than one-half since 1840. About 40 per cent. of the Irish have settled in our large cities, and over 36 per cent. of the Germans and Prussians. The effect of this immense immigration—acting as it has done on every department of society, and especially on its industrial interests—has been too marked to escape attention. It has formed a massive addition to the muscle of the country; and not only was it needed to build our great works of intercommunication, but still more to liberate our lower classes and open opportunities of improvement to them. The humbler tasks of service—the menial drudgery of life—passed into their hands by those equalizing laws which never fail to operate where industry determines its own position. Our native population rose to a higher condition. About the same time that this immigration was largest, the fruits of our free-schools began to appear in the advancing intellect of the American masses; and hence they were prepared to enter on such pursuits as required skill and education. The consequence of this remarkable movement has been that a greater proportion of our own people have risen to wealth and influence during the last twenty years than at any other period, and that class of intellect which had previously contributed nothing beyond its ordinary share to the ingenuity and science of the country, has recently distinguished itself by promoting our national advancement. Certain it is that our gain in this respect, within the period named, has been unprecedented. The most prominent feature of our late history has been this sudden and general awakening of the working classes, and it can scarcely be doubted that it has resulted chiefly from the relief which immigration has afforded from servile toil, and the quickening impulse of new and better circumstances.

One of the most interesting views of our subject is that connected with the growth of literature and science. If our national literature is tried by the standard of the older European nations, it unquestionably falls short of their measure of high excellence. But practically, this is not a fair method of judgment. The only just criterion must be drawn from our position and opportunities. Our starting-point, too, has been peculiar, and it must be considered if a proper estimate is formed. The literature of transatlantic nations grew out of traditions, ancestry, ballads, and kindred causes. But our literature could have no such germs. The past was not available to our mind; and hence to-day could supply the only materials. The singular fact of our literature, therefore, is this, viz.: *it has sprung from newspapers.* Aristocracy may, indeed, smile at such an origin, and poet-laureates may affect to despise so ignoble a birth; but our firm conviction is, that a literature for the people—a literature for their mind and heart—a literature of general power and utility in distinction from a literature of caste and patronage—must have such a beginning. A great many of our popular books—full of genuine merit—are nothing more than improved editions of newspapers. The intellect appearing in them is simply the intellect of the newspaper—the same type, the same pithy directness and close combat with the matter in hand—the intellect of the press idealized. But what man of sense can fail to see a most significant hope in this truth? A literature, born in this way right out of the bosom of the people, speaking their language, cherishing their sympathies, and *growing as they grow*, must eventually transcend all other literature. Let us briefly illustrate this fact. What has educated American statesmanship, and won for it the praise of the world? It is not a profession, an abstract, isolated study, a pursuit of one chosen class. How, then, has it attained its commanding intelligence and influence? Simply by its contact with the people—by its open sympathies, gathering thought and wisdom from every quarter—by free discussion—by unrestricted intercourse of mind with mind. The single habit of stump-speaking has done more to educate our statesmen than any thing else, and hence there has always been a decided superiority in the general average of statesmanship in those sections of the Union where this practice has most prevailed. Now, literature will finally reap the same sort of benefit from its connection with the people. The effect is already apparent. No observing man will hesitate to say that books have more power in the United States than any where else; and that, all circumstances considered, writers are better appreciated. Every child in this country is fast becoming a patron of genius. Boys in Virgil, and girls in Algebra, are enthusiastic readers, and their young hearts are throbbing with delight over "Sketches of Life and Incidents of Travel." Can Europe match this with a similar scene? And what a nation of thinkers, writers, and readers must a few generations produce? Depend upon it, the time has come for the people to give law, dignity, impulse, and success to every thing. Go back eighteen hundred years, and see Peter, John, and James cast aside their fisher's nets, and enter on the great work of reforming the world. A glorious prophecy was uttered then that all time has been fulfilling. It was the prophecy that the intellect of the people should rule the thought and direct the strength of the human race. If Christianity could draw its select apostleship from the people, crowning its brow with the chosen symbol of flame, and touching its lips with the wondrous miracle of universal speech, surely all art and science, all statesmanship and authority, all genius and influence, shall follow in its inspired train. *One of the people!* was not Luther such? *One of the people!* was not Washington such? *One of the people!* were not Columbus and Cook, Newton and Galileo, Angelo and Canova, Davy and Watt such? And now that literature has imbibed the same genial spirit, warming its heart by that great central fire which a divine breath has kindled, let us rest in the hope that in our country it will fulfill its highest, noblest task.

The increased interest in science affords another instance of the change in the direction of American mind. There are more than fifty periodicals in the United States devoted to the discussion of scientific subjects, and the diffusion of scientific intelligence. Large convocations are annually held for the promotion of scientific objects, and throughout the country a sympathetic disposition among leading minds to combine their efforts in organized action has been eminently serviceable in giving an impulse to this noble pursuit. The value of science to a country, in its economic relations, is much

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more highly appreciated, and not only the Federal Government, but the States themselves, have evinced a most commendable anxiety to encourage its investigations. It would be difficult to specify any department of life that is not a debtor to American science. If we turn to mechanical and manufacturing industry, we see its agency in various forms of machinery that substitute automatic action for individual labor, and multiply muscle a hundred-fold. The fields of the farmer bear testimony both to the chemistry and mechanical ingenuity of the day. Our architecture and civil engineering begin to indicate grand results, while on the sea commerce exults in the genius of Lieutenant Maury as having introduced a new era in navigation. Our system of surveys and the encouragement given to exploration by the Government, directing our talent and enterprise into most important channels, and awakening public attention to subjects of fresh interest, have produced a marked effect on general intellect. Statistical science, too, has rapidly advanced; and, as an instance of it, we have only to name the late Compendium of the Census, prepared under the supervision of Professor De Bow. If the labors of the Patent Office be compared with what they were twenty years since, we see the amazing progress which our countrymen have made in scientific modes of thought, and the growing desire to apply the best intelligence to the industrial pursuits of the age. Our science has not yet, indeed, taken its wider range, nor won the reputation of a triumph on the more magnificent fields of immortal discovery. But this is not to be deplored. American science has followed the same law of development as government, industry, and literature. It has been a birth and a growth among the people, and it has been singularly successful in interpreting the wants of the day, and serving popular welfare. In due time its other advantages will not fail to appear; and science, trained in the humbler, domestic service of man, will rise from the forest, the field, the ocean, to penetrate the more wondrous mysteries of the universe, and fulfill its moral destiny.

If our space permitted, we should be glad to dwell on the tokens of advancing taste which various aspects of American life present. No man of observation can fail to see the evident marks of improvement that begin to appear in æsthetic culture, and the growing desire, manifested in so many forms, to enjoy the beautiful. Sensibility to refined and graceful objects is not wanting to our countrymen, but circumstances have hitherto restrained its exercise. A more auspicious period has now dawned; the spirit of art is working within our mind, and producing its earlier fruits in our outward life. Who that remembers the indifference to architecture, landscape gardening, and similar provinces of taste and beauty, that formerly characterized us, and marks the interest now exhibited in cemeteries and other public and private works, can doubt the great change which is in progress? But what is far more important than direct and ostensible proofs in confirmation of this fact, it is apparent that our daily existence is escaping from the severer service of utility, and ascending to the region in which ideality ministers to our better nature. Of this advancement there are various illustrations. One accustomed to watch the great trains of thought that come forth on special public occasions, must have noticed how much more frequently such topics as relate to æsthetic culture are now discussed. Above all, we are becoming a more cheerful, animated, happy people. The social ascetism that used to prevail is fast disappearing, and the other extreme, equally fatal to the ideal growth of a nation—a low and shameful dissipation, loving carnal grossness and bestializing the spirit—is also decreasing. How eager we are for summer-travel! How swiftly we fly to the nooks of the mountains, and to the sweeping shore of the ocean, and call these welcome retreats by the gentle names that poetry or religion gives! The most attractive feature of this change is, that the class of persons seeking these enjoyments is not the old aristocracy of talent and fashion, but the industrial portion of society. And then, our children! The garden of literature is thickly sown with violets for them, and the heart of tenderness, glowing in the ragged school as warmly as in the princely mansion, cherishes their blessedness as one of the divinest vocations of the day. Childhood never had the meaning in our country that it now has; earth and heaven were never so linked in holy union for its sweetness and sanctity. It is almost a social transfiguration. Last May we took special pains to notice the accounts of festivals for children. Throughout the country, and particularly over the whole South, it seemed as if childhood and youth had touched the portals of the millennium. And how can these things fail to make a powerful impression on us in the elevation of character, the refinement of habits and pursuits?

One other point is too significant to be overlooked. It is this; viz., there is far more breadth of view, openness of sympathy, cordial hospitality of intellect in American life than ever before. The most encouraging aspect of our national mind is, that its own consciousness is beginning to determine its action. It is writing down on marble tables the law for its tongue, for its pen, for its conduct. The lower forms of self-reliance that have enacted such wonders in labor, enterprise, and politics are now emerging into the higher forms of self-trust; and truth, courage, and love exult in the hallowed ascension. What then? Go read "*E Pluribus Unum*" in the serene light that now shines upon it. Is it merely the proclamation of the union of these States? Is it the eloquence only of a common blood, a common heritage, a common joy? *One of many*, has a sublimer import. *One of many* is the prophet-thought of the age, declaring to us and to the world that our mind shall gather into itself the richest contributions of all ages, and the choicest gifts of all nations, and be ONE OF MANY in art, science, literature, and life.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE other afternoon, as we were slowly plodding up Broadway in the drizzle, we heard a loud noise, which apparently proceeded from an angry man. Looking in at the doors and up at the windows we could see nothing, and so supposed that we were mistaken, and that no man was angry. But after the noise had been repeated several times at intervals, and no one had turned to remark it or ascertain the cause, we supposed, of course, that it was a disagreeable ringing in our ears. At length a woman, evidently very weary, stopped an omnibus and stepped off the sidewalk, in the mud and bustle of the street, to take her place.

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Then we heard again, and from the inside of the omnibus, the same sudden, short cry, which sounded like an Indian "Ugh!" but which really was "Full!" pronounced in very loud and imperative tones. The weary woman stood in the mud at the foot of the steps, and looked into the omnibus. "Full!" shouted another passenger with unshrinking firmness. It was raining, and the woman was wet. The omnibus was full of dry men. "Full!" shouted another chorus. The driver drew the door to with a slam. The omnibus drove off, and the woman crept through the mud and rain back to the sidewalk again.

Do you suppose if Sir Walter Raleigh, or Sir Philip Sidney, or the Chevalier Bayard, or Sir Roger de Coverley had been in that stage, that the woman would have crept back to the sidewalk in the mud and rain? Do you suppose that the members of the chorus inside, who shouted "Full!" with such unanimity, although they had each a good sixpence in pocket to pay for his seat, and meant honestly to pay, were gentlemen in the sense of the men whose names decorate any page upon which they appear? It may be difficult for the members of the chorus to see that they will none of them ever become stars, nor play nor sing any solo part in the consideration and respect of the community, until they have a breadth of style and a generosity of method which they have not yet betrayed.

This is the old story. The Easy Chair remembers very well having preached sermons from this text before. But remember that in this sinful world the churches are open twice every Sunday, and there is a perpetual sermon-battery against many things which yet are very Malakoffs, and do not fall. Therefore they must be cannonaded until they do. If we act as boors and are not reproved, we may come to imagine that the world does not notice our coarseness and selfishness. The ostrich, you remember, hides its head and believes that it has effectually concealed itself.

It is in the details of life that character is shown. A man may go out very bravely to be beheaded if the world looks on in pity or interest, but he may be a very disagreeable companion if the cobbler has left a peg in his shoe. A man may also be very courteous at his table to guests whom he has invited, and has reasons for honoring. How is he to the servant behind his chair? How was he to the woman who looked into the full omnibus?

It is the opinion of the respectable Gunnybags, who rides a great deal in the omnibus, that women should not be allowed to stop full stages, or that, if the driver is weak and holds up, the woman should be taught that she shall not boldly presume to turn honest men out into the rain and cold, while the mutton is even now cooking or scorching at home. Gunnybags suggests separate stages. It is intolerable, in his opinion, that women should thrust themselves in and upset all the arrangements of society. Fat women with babies and bundles and baskets—three or four women, when there is only place for one—fussy women with flounces, and fine women with hoops. Gunnybags has fully made up his mind to shout "Full!" at every such invasion. People may twaddle about politeness until they are red in the face; it is all gammon. Why are not the women polite? Why may not a man be as tired as a woman? Why have women no consideration? Why don't they see when a stage is full, and have the decency not to stop it? Why should we be imposed upon by women? "Full!" shouts Gunnybags, and leans both hands upon the top of his cane, and fixes his mouth like the mouth of Jupiter Ammon, and looking at the piteous woman in the rain, shouts again with the austerest morality—"Full!"

Gunnybags has an idea that life is a ledger account, and is to be arranged as other accounts are. When he pays for a thing—a share in the Gunnybags Screw and Bore Company (of which he is President, and owns most of the stock), for instance, or a seat in an omnibus—he has a perfect right to it. But there happening to be other things in the world besides rights, he has not settled the account yet. It is a duty of Gunnybags to be gentle, and courteous, and humane. If Gunnybags had been in Paradise he would have answered that he was not his brother's keeper, and he would have heard it thundered in reply that he was. You can not shake off your duties by shouting "Full!" to an omnibus-driver. The very fury and resolution with which you do it, shows that in your heart you are conscious that you ought not to do so.

It is very Quixotic to step out and give up your place, perhaps to a frowsy woman, red in the face, and with large hands, holding unsightly bundles. It is very Quixotic, but the best things go by hard names. A man who believes that men are not only not brutes but have a touch of the angel, and may be treated accordingly, is called a dreamer and a Utopian. Even the word poet is in bad odor. If a man says something to you, and you reply, "but you are such a poet," he understands, and with some reason, that you are elegantly telling him he lies. Besides, the giving up your place to a young and lovely woman is not a matter upon which you can very well plume your politeness. Courtesy is not personal to the object but to the subject. If you would smilingly surrender your seat to Queen Victoria or to Miss Demesne (of the first circles, and only daughter of Billion Demesne, Esquire), and not to Miss Demesne's washerwoman, you are only a snob and a flunky, and not worthy to touch the fringe of the lovely Demesne's lowest flounce. When Charles Lamb's friend gallantly handed an apple-woman over the gutter, the act was finer than when Sir Walter Raleigh threw his gay cloak in the mud before Queen Elizabeth. The beauty of Raleigh's action is in his character, and we applaud it because we know he would have done the same thing to the apple-woman.

Quixotic things are the very things that ought to be done. Utopia is the very country in whose discovery we are all interested. For if, as is the inference, in Utopia men are as courteous as women are fair, how do you think it compares with a world in which twelve healthy men sit safe in an omnibus and shout "Full!" when a forlorn woman, or any kind of woman, shows herself in the rain at the door?

Mr. Mumm, the great lecturer, came in the other day very much excited. He pulled out his tablets, and was lost in intricate calculations. "Why, O Mumm, this perturbation?" was the natural question we addressed to the eminent public instructor.

"I will tell you why," said he. "If you were ambling quietly along in your slippers, making your comfortable five miles a day, how would you like to have a great fellow come swinging by in

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his seven-league boots, and securing the hottest steaks and the softest beds at the tavern?"

"We should certainly grumble, O Mumm," returned we.

"That is just what I am doing," said he. "No sooner have we little gentlemen, 'distinguished orators,' 'eloquent divines,' 'graceful speakers,' and men of 'fine, clear minds,' loaded our pop-guns and made ourselves ready to startle the quietest villages, than there comes Briareus Thwackaway with a four-headed club, across the sea, which he will brandish up and down the country, felling cities, and villages, and towns—and where shall we and our pop-guns be? However, there is one consolation. I have been reckoning that there must be at least two thousand lyceums in the country; and, thank Heaven! as there are not two thousand nights in the year, some of the others of us will have a chance."

Mumm departed, satisfied. But who would not yield to Achilles? Of all lecturers we have ever heard—and in lecturing and be-lectured America are they not many?—two men, very unlike each other, please us most. They are Emerson and Thackeray. Emerson is a poet chanting, and Thackeray is a man of the world chatting. Yet, by 'man of the world' we mean nothing small. Shakspeare was a man of the world in the sense we mean, and Fielding, and Raphael. The man of the world is he who sees the facts clearly and takes them. He does not twist things to a theory, and think it so much the worse for the facts if they do not conform. He has a fine eye and a warm heart. The moral of his life is charity and good-will. His sermon is toleration. His politics are democracy. When such a man lectures upon the world, or upon that aspect of it which is called society, we naturally all want to go and hear. If Robinson Crusoe had lectured upon Desert Islands, or upon Men Fridays, who would not have rushed for a front seat? There is a satisfaction, too, in seeing the men to whom we owe so much pleasure, so much wisdom, as we do to the novelists and poets. Dickens sometimes goes to Birmingham or Manchester and reads in public one of his smaller stories. Dickens does in England what Homer did in Greece. Would you not go to the next town to hear Scott read a chapter of Ivanhoe? When the writers of great and good books, which are printed and read with delight, write little good books which are not printed, but which they read aloud to all who will come to hear, can there be any purer pleasure? In that way they taste directly the fame they have justly earned, but of which they usually get only a distant and indirect recognition. The aspect of a man, his voice, his manner, help interpret him. You understand his books better when you know him. Perhaps he puts the best part of himself into his books. Perhaps he has personal weaknesses and affectations which he himself sees and despises, and will not allow to taint what he writes. But a man's personality is always entire. Nobody is purely sincere in soul and a little affected in manner. Manners are not superficial. Their quality is determined by the mind and heart, just as the clearness of the complexion depends upon the healthy condition of the system.

If, therefore, a man is dear to us from any cause, it is natural to wish to see him. Thus lecturing has come to be lion-hunting. But hunting lions is princely sport when you can bag a royal one. It is true that a man may write a very good book and a very bad lecture. But let us try them. At least let us believe when a man has written a book full of wit and wisdom, his lecture will be very likely to be witty and wise.

The great charm of Thackeray's lecturing is its simplicity. There is nothing of the schoolmaster about him. The lecture is not a sermon, nor a didactic essay. It is a series of sadly shrewd observations upon life and people. If you can work out of it any other theory than that men are fallible, and that we all need to have charity and to try to do better, then do it. If you can trace profound principles, around which and according to which things group and arrange themselves, trace them. Thackeray seems to say that he has not found such theories—that life succeeds better without them—that it is very dangerous to trust to them. Men and states are wrecked upon theories. The truly wise men are always empirics—always governed by experience. What, after all, are our best specimens of virtue? There are no standards. It is easy to give alms, easy to pray, easy to build buildings and found institutions, but it is not easy to be charitable, religious, and public-spirited.

Thus, again, it is the sweet humanity of his lectures which is so striking. They neither shoot over nor under. They hit us just where we need to be touched. The lectures are not too fine nor speculative. They give us the times and the men as they really were: yet as they were in the light of a genial humanity. There are many of our friends who will have the chance of hearing Thackeray after reading what we say. We urge them not to lose the chance. Mumm is a good lecturer, but Thwackaway is better. Mumm has what they call a great flow of words—Heaven save us!—and the audience labors with him as he soars into the rhetorical empyrean, and then falls with him in a shower of golden rain. It is as good as fire-works to hear and see Mumm—a most pyrotechnical orator. Mumm well earns his money. But somehow the stars continue to shine when the *feu-de-joie* is over. They were quite extinguished by the brilliant burst of the rocket. But the stars will be there to-morrow night, and the loftiest and loveliest rockets—where are they?

THERE was general joy at the return of Dr. Kane. If "all mankind love a lover," they do not less love a hero. His ships sailed away blown by warm wishes as well as favorable winds. Hearts went with him that were not catalogued with the crew, and there was a real hope that America should furnish the eyes that were first to see the Northwest Passage.

In one way, indeed, the expedition failed. It went to find Sir John Franklin, and it returned without having found a trace of him. Before Dr. Kane could know it, the world knew that Sir John could never return. He had not forced the terrible secret of the Pole; but somewhere in the vast icy solitude his human bones remain, a monument of human heroism. If he could not pass the gate, he could lay his body before it, and thus attest the will to do it, and thus certify its final accomplishment.

It was the same spirit that sent Dr. Kane. It was less the chance of finding a passage that could do nobody any good, than it was to demonstrate that Nature could not balk man with merely material impediments. Fourier, indeed, held that the defects of Nature would disappear in the degree

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that men became better. In a perfectly virtuous world there would be no sandy nor icy wastes—no noisome reptiles, no material impossibility. Virtue was to melt the glaciers. Virtue was to turn the desert into a garden. Mount Blanc was to lie down with the Vale of Cachmere, and the awful snows of the Himalayas were to gently cool the summer air. There should be no storms at sea—no violent excess of nature. In a more poetic mood, he thought that virtue was so to refine the senses that the good man would detect each planet, as it passed, by its peculiar aroma.

To Fourier the search for the Northwest Passage would have been a foregone conclusion. The way to find it, he would say, is to stay at home and bring your soul into harmony with Nature. Then the secrets of Nature would be charmed into light by your power, as snakes are charmed by music from their holes. Let men be brought into right relations with each other, and the desert of Sahara is abolished.

If a man finds in this only a dream it is still beautiful. The great problems of the material world, whose solution has cost so many lives, so much anguish, must often have suggested to men the thought that there was an unhandsome victory of dead matter over living spirit. A daring and poétic soul would necessarily try in some way to harmonize the possible facts with his consciousness of possible powers, and so, as of old the spheres were said to make music as they rolled—and the music of spheres is not so ridiculous an idea that we all laugh at it—the new philosopher believed that the spheres had each their aroma—and, as they could be seen and heard, so they could be smelled. The inspiration of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane, the instinctive feeling that men could wrest the solution of the vexed question from the icy hold of Nature, was in kind the same instinctive pride and prophecy of the human mind that Fourier expressed. They were but various ways of asserting—the one practically, the other poetically—that man is the head of Nature.

It is still true, although Sir John returns no more, and Kane looks for him in vain. The sphinx of ice that sits in the North, and turns to stone all who can not guess her riddle, shall one day yield and confess. We are here to subdue the earth, and not to be subdued by it. Even the stars can not hide themselves, and the mountains stretch away into the clouds in vain. There is no waste of heroism. Success is not external, but it belongs to the man, or, rather, the real success is internal, and consists in the growth and development of character. The success of the Arctic navigators is in their prompt and heroic obedience to a noble instinct; and although the North will now probably be left to its own solitude, history, as she writes the story of these days, will record the names of Franklin and Kane with no less glowing fingers because they found no passage through the ice.

YESTERDAY as I (for an Easy Chair, although it has four legs, is still only a single chair) turned out of the Battery, very much as Goldsmith turned into the Park, the eyes of the Easy Chair fell upon a lady moving slowly up the street with a prodigious circumference of skirt. The bonnet was a mere beau-knot of lace and ribbons, the cloak was of brilliant colors, and the whole air was that of the beautiful Miss Peacock, who is perfectly well known to all her acquaintances.

The lady sailed in so jaunty a manner along the sidewalk, that the men hurrying about their affairs, still found time to glance at her and at each other, and sometimes there seemed to be a ghost of a smile flitting over their faces. The omnibus-drivers, also, and the carmen, I observed, were gazing very intently at the show, and I could not but envy the father of the beautiful Miss Peacock, whose daughter was the object of universal attention, and especially the lover of Miss Peacock, who could thus see that draymen were not unconscious of her charms.

And so I went on, speculating how many skirts must probably go to such circumference, when, as the lady suddenly stopped at a window, I passed her. But at the same moment she resumed her promenade, and turning to make the bow which every old Easy Chair is so happy to make to that beautiful young lady, I was shocked to find that it was not Miss Peacock at all, but only her old aunt, Miss December Jackdaw.

Now, what right has Miss Jackdaw to wear the plumage of spring? Would an honest woman display such false colors? Would a truly virtuous woman of sixty try to make men, who had not yet overtaken her, believe that she was the young and beautiful Miss Peacock? The honor of that family is concerned. If the Jackdaw branch is to be perpetually mistaken for the genuine Peacock, where are we? as the great statesmen put it—and where, for one, am I to go?

One thing I will not do—because I can not—I will not treat a woman, old enough to be my wife, as if she were young enough to be my daughter. That is reasonable. And if it is reasonable for me, is it not so for her? If I can not pay her that kind of homage, ought she to expect it; or ought she to show that she expects it by dressing as if she did? Suppose this grave Easy Chair should go skipping down Broadway in varnished boots, yellow gloves, profuse buttons and watch-chains, and a dashing amber stick. Would not those who loved him be sorry? Would they not feel the sad incongruity between his years and his dress? Would they not instantly say, or believe, if they did not care to say it, that he must be related to the immense family of the Popinjays?

What a family that is, and how intimately it is related to so many other families! My eye has now become so discriminating that I can tell a Popinjay at the first glance, and even in disguise. But it is not easy to disguise the Popinjay air. It breaks out like an accent in speaking. Nor do the family usually wish to conceal it. It was only the other day that I met Otto Popinjay. Otto is a son of one of the poor branches. He gets six or seven hundred dollars a year as a lawyer's-clerk, and has fair prospects of advancement. Now you would naturally expect economy with that income, and you would say that a young man of sense would spare himself elaborate jewelry, and the appliances of a dandy. There are men who struggle along respectably upon that sum, even with families. A youth not extravagant in boots, and gloves, and operas, and cigars, ought to keep himself decent and presentable upon it. But if Otto were coming in to ten thousand a year, he could not be more flashy. I look on in admiration; but I wonder. I wonder who pays. I wonder if Otto expects to eat his cake and have it. I wonder if he does not regard the approval of wise men more than the admiration of foolish. I wonder if he

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thinks that really lovely women like him better for his buttons and breeches. Of course little Ballerina does, and his cousin, May Polka Popinjay. But they only know men's cravats and coats, and they never can know any thing more of them.

Otto Popinjay is not an honest man. When he walks the street, his appearance says three thousand a year, and he cherishes an appearance that does not tell the truth. There are men who have done so with sinister motives. His cousin, Plume Popinjay, was enamored of a young gentleman who had wealth of waistcoats, and boots, and chains. He was a *distingué* man. He had gentlemanly manners, and melancholy eyes. Miss Plume Popinjay capitulated—only to discover that he had nothing else. "My clothes are my fortune, Ma'am," he said. He had carried her by a brilliant broadside of waistcoat and varnished boots. I consider him a swindler.

Thus it begets disagreeable suspicions when a man or woman dresses beyond his or her means or age. Late at night, in Broadway, I have seen sad parodies of this overdressing—women who are not young, nor fair, nor virtuous, flaunting in flounces and rustling silks along the street. Also, if so much thought is given to the exterior—if, as the youth (one of the Popinjays of the English branch), says in *Punch*, "I have given my whole mind to my tie," you feel instinctively that there is little thought left for any thing else. Whenever I see old Miss December Jackdaw, I feel that all noble women are insulted. She brings woman in the abstract into contempt, for the reputation of the sex always suffers from the foolishness of the individual. And I, who am a lover of the sex, and who perpetually insist, not only that men are as gallant, but that women are as lovely and attractive as ever they were in any period of history, am obliged to retreat hastily from the amiable gibes of my companions when I see old Miss December approaching. I am loth to believe that a woman can do so. We forgive men many absurdities; but we require of women that they shall maintain in our minds the ideal they inspire. If they do not—if they are coarse, slovenly, or tawdry—if they show any suspicion of a want of self-respect or maidenly modesty — they do themselves and us a greater injury than they believe.

I am disposed to chat a moment more upon this topic, as you sit about the Chair; for between our hurry to do every thing quickly, and our partly natural contempt for the pompous insincerity of what is called "the old school" of manners, we are letting good manners go. Now manners are peculiarly human. Dogs and cats, and lions and snails, treat each other naturally and sincerely, but they have no manners. Fine manners are, in a way, the poetry of sincere intercourse. The worst manners are an imitation of this. Courtesy is not compliment. Courtesy is not strictly necessary, indeed; but is to intercourse what fragrance is to a flower. All the uses of a flower are subserved without fragrance; but the bloom and the odor are the best part of the flower. The main interest of the world in roses is not that the blossom is a development of the seed-vessel, which secures the perpetuity of roses, but it is in its beauty and fragrance. This makes the rose symbolic and splendid. For although the operation of one may sometimes be beautiful, the best beauty is independent of use. It is the form and color of the cloud that charm us, and they would charm the same were there no bulging fullness of welcome shower.

Thus courtesy is pure poetry. A word from some lips is more than a speech from others. Good manners are only to be fostered by encouraging good feeling. Good feelings do not by any means always produce beautiful manners. Indeed, there is a certain veneer of elegance, a polish which has nothing to do with heart and character, and yet which is courtly, and graceful, and attractive. Bad men have often good manners. But that is only saying that a snake is fascinating. A beautiful woman is also fascinating, and the difference is not hard to detect.

So we must not let the Popinjays give us swagger for ease, and superciliousness for elegance. Simplicity is the crown of excellence, and there is nothing more simple than truly beautiful manners. The difficulty is, that if you think of it, you become self-conscious and lose it. But if there be any way of getting what is so desirable and lovely, it is by carefully eschewing both the morals and the manners of the Popinjay family.

When Sir Walter Scott was King of the Novel, every fresh volume of his was looked for with universal interest, and seemed to be an affair of great public interest. Perhaps some belated reader grieves that he did not live in those days of grand excitement. But if he will remember that there are now two great novelists in England, and that as one has just finished his story, the other begins his, he may discover that he does not live in so pitiable a year. For my part, I am content to live now. There seems to be as much real interest in the announcement of a new novel by Dickens or Thackeray as there could have been in Scott's day. It is the rap of a friend at the door when Dickens announces a new book. The heart leaps like a girl at her lover's footstep, and quickly cries, "Come in!" He does come in, and how we laugh and cry! How various, how affluent, how good he is! It does not seem necessary to argue elaborately whether he or Thackeray be the greatest genius. The world is very wide. Dickens is a man who must be welcome in all manly, all childlike hearts. If people were glad when Sir Walter Scott published a book, what should they be now?

And, say what we will, a serial is good; a serial is very good, as Touchstone would have it. A serial is strictly the growth of modern time, of an improved press, of a diffused education, of a universally reading nation. The great fact about America is that we are a reading people. Foreigners see this and wonder; authors see it and rejoice. Well now, how to dispose of business, and two or three histories, and two or three good novels, at the same time; novels no more to be missed by a right-minded man, than Pamela, in its day, or Guy Mannering. When Bulwer, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and how many French people, are writing stories and memoirs, how are they all to be compassed? Easily, in the serial. You breakfast on Thackeray, you dine on Dickens, you tea and toast on Bulwer. That is, you have a spare half hour, an odd quarter, before and after, which you bestow upon those authors. In that way it was possible to read "My Novel," "Pendennis," and "David Copperfield." And yet, when they were completed, what a huge pile of volumes it was!

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Who could have undertaken that? Ask your neighbors, and ascertain how many who did not read those books as they were published, have read them since?

People say it is not easy to read serially. They forget who wants to marry whom. Now it doesn't make much matter to such people, when, how, or what they read. Books are not written for such intellectual cullenders. If a novel, or any thing else, is worth reading, it is worth understanding. Nobody who lately read "The Newcomes," was in any doubt whom Clive wanted to marry, and he had a shrewd suspicion where Ethel's heart was. Readers who complain of serials have not learned the first wish of an epicure—a long, long throat. It is the serial which lengthens the throat so that the feast lasts a year or two years. You taste it all the way down. You return to it. You have time to look back, to look over. As in life, you can sit, as the number ends, as you sit when the door closes, and muse upon what follows. Your fancy goes on and draws the beautiful result. Or your fancy steals out and returns to you in tears. A serial novel has the great advantage of drawing the author back to nature. He can not cook up a plot. He can not waste his brains devising arrangements and surprises. The interest must be sustained in the novel as it is out of novels. It must be an interest of character, and that is, properly speaking, the domain of the novel. In fact, it is in our day that the novel has returned to its proper sphere. It had been long lost in the mazes of romance, or the darker realms of moral and political speculation. Do you remember Plumer Ward's "Tremaine?" Are you not visited by the vision of a body of divinity when you recall it? Was ever a lover so won, except when John Buncle won his wives, polemically?

It is as true in literary art as in all other, that the great works are based upon Nature. The men who do the things that are remembered and are full of influence, are the men who have clung to Nature. Did the artists copy the Greek? But whom did the Greeks copy? They copied Nature, and therefore they seem excellent to the artists. The modern novel does the same thing. It takes the life of to-day, and builds upon it as the French vaudeville does. And why is the French vaudeville the only living drama? Because it is studied carefully and closely from life.

So, at the beginning, be advised to read the new story of Dickens in serial parts—even in these pages. It will have a freshness of interest you can not otherwise conceive. Besides, it is written so. Each number is intended to end where it ends, and no longer, as in old times, to pause upon a moment of horror, just as the robber was tumbling through the window, or, more breathlessly, just as Adolphus Augustus was going down upon his knee—"to be continued." Now, every number has a certain kind of completeness. Stories, like life, have exigencies. Sometimes it is hard to see how Manlius is going to reach Marietta safely—how sail between the Scylla of Papa, and the Mamma Charybdis. That is the natural excitement of life—and so it is of the serial story. It is not gotten up. It is not patched up. It is the simple working.

If you doubt it, try the experiment with the new story, which is to be commenced in our January Number, and regularly continued, with the engravings. Why not be sure of a laugh once a month, or of a tear, if your name is Laura Matilda? Be well advised, and read the new serial of Dickens.

It really seems a pity that Mr. Pfeil may not burn the body of Mrs. Pfeil, if that lady desires it, and especially requests it, before her decease. If a man may not burn his wife when she is dead, what will the Hindoos say of us? Their luxuries are more exquisite.

If a man should seriously ask to have his dog killed at his grave, would a friend deny the request? would he not take care that the dog was killed? If a man left his body to the doctors, would it not be freely and thankfully surrendered to them? If a woman should wish to be interred in a black bonnet, would it not be done? If a woman seriously asked to have her body carried out to sea and sunk, who would feel easy not to fulfill her request? Why, if she wished to have it burned—as the wisest and most cultivated of nations had long the practice—should it not only not be done, but some newspapers fabricate lamentable complaints of monstrosity and moral delinquency?

If the papers which have poured out wrath upon a man for a recent effort to burn a body—which to our fancy is much the most agreeable way of disposing of the dead—really wish a good subject of anathema, they may find it in those Black-holes, the Western cars, in winter. The friend of our Chair will remember our last winter's correspondent. It was perfectly true. It is perfectly true of any railroad North or South, or East or West, where sixty human beings are crammed into an oblong box, and sealed up to consume their own health and the exhalations of their bodies.

How long are these things to continue? How long is a man to dread a Western journey as if he had been ordered to take a place in the *charette* for execution? How long are there to be no cars for people who want fresh air and not foul air? for people who are willing to close the window if your wife is really ill, and requires that it should be closed; or if you are an emigrant, and your wife has not clothing enough? We beg our friends every where to show up these enormities boldly. We shall be glad to cannonade the public until it capitulates upon this point; and if any man springs to the defense of the abomination, he shall be heard, but he shall be answered. Stifling in the horrid Calcutta Hole, can you not fancy the eager and agonized cry of the victims? It rang through the world, and it makes history pale even now. And every day and every night, after the cold season sets in, trains of Black-holes are sent away from various towns, with a large lump of red-hot poison in the midst to secure the destruction of the victims; and these crowded holes dart over the frozen landscape express trains of death!

There! if any indignant friend thinks fit to send us an anonymous letter complaining of our severity, it shall be attended to. But good anonymous friends, in quiet country places, who lean upon our Chair, and kindly hear our words, consider whether it is quite worth while to wonder why the bloom fades from your daughter's cheek, and the fire from your son's eye, if he has much winter travel to accomplish. You gentlemen of firesides who sit at home at ease may think a dreadful fuss is made about close cars. Try it. Scold, but try. Jump into the next winter train, and breathe the air for

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six or seven hours. Then try the anonymous letter dodge.

This is what the exasperated papers might discuss rather than innocent Mr. Pfeil's incremation of his wife. Perhaps the newspapers will take our beef-steaks in charge next, and inform us how much we may eat, at what price, and in what manner cooked. Let the reader never forget that roar the lion never so loudly, it is still only Snug the Joiner. "The indignant press of the country" is only Jones and Jenkins in bad humor. Public opinion is behind the newspapers. Young Groodle has fallen out with Toodle the famous dancer, and the virtuous press of an enlightened community comes down upon public dancing. Toodle, the famous dancer, introduces young Groodle to his lovely sister, and the discriminating journals of the land impressively order the line between the morality of beautiful motion and the sinfulness of model statues.

While we daily poison a thousand or more living beings, caught upon their travels, let us be quiet-mouthed about burning a dead body.

A MAN feels taller when he has voted. There is a sense of dignity about honest suffrage which is not over-described in the most gorgeous touches of Fourth of July eloquence. Nothing so strikes a foreigner as the ease with which our ship of state is tacked and turned. She moves around as quietly as a whale in deep waters. It is a text for a careful sermon, not the motto of a paragraph. An election-day, in a republic, is, ideally, one of the greatest days of history. But facts are so inferior!

There is always such a sad discrepancy between the political enthusiast's dream of an election and the morning revelation of the booths! It was so when Hogarth painted; it is so when the December Number of *Harper* is printed. There is such ardent huzzaing—of men who are desperately angling for the fishes, having long since consumed the loaves. There is such sincere saving of the country by masked assassins. There is such purity of principle—among men who buy and sell voters. There is such patriotism—in the mouth. There is such devotion—to one's own interest.

Out of all the chaos, however, comes order. There is a great splutter at the polls—immense eloquence—untiring exertion—and unprecedented effort. The next day comes, and the country is *not* gone. Our land and morning do not break together, as somebody's heart pathetically did; but we find a noble country and a hopeful people. The dirt of the election is blown away, and the gold of good remains. Let every man see that the nobleness of the country takes no detriment, and remember that he is bound at all hazards to be a man.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE are jogging on, through this November weather, toward—the end of the world. Nobody doubts the fact; and it would hardly be worth making a note of, even in our budget of trifles, if our foreign wiseacres—speaking through the papers and otherwheres—had not startled us by saying that we have but a little more space to jog over—only a few more of these rustling Novembers—and then the last leaf will fall, and the world whisk away in a grand meteoric shower!

Only nine more volumes (or, if you bind the years in couplets, eighteen) of *Harper's Magazine*, and then the Easy Chair will be rolled away, the Drawer stick for aye, and the Table break down! At least so says the Rev. Dr. Cumming; and he is a man by whose opinions a great multitude pin their faith. In the year 1865, he tells us, the world will have accomplished its tale of years; the last seal will be unbroken, and the heavens roll away like a scroll.

And pray who is Dr. Cumming, who ventures to put this sudden limit to our gossip, and to say that after a single decade of years we can be garrulous from our Chair no more forever? He is a learned Scotch preacher, who draws on every Sabbath-day, in London, great crowds to listen to his eloquence; and who, until this eccentricity of belief grew on him, was accounted among the most orthodox of the most orthodox Free Church of Scotland. We remember, on a time, to have heard him fill Exeter Hall with his voice, and with such rare art of language—bearing such earnestness of thought, that the crowd listened like an audience of Rachel's *Camille*. It would be reasonable to suppose that such a man would carry a greater train of fellow-thinkers after him than our old friend Miller. (Pray, is Mr. Miller dead?) And yet we doubt the fact. It is odd enough, but true, that practical and common-sense people as we are, we follow after strangenesses and newnesses with more greed and in greater flocks than any people of the world. We recruit Salt Lake cities, and build Mormon temples, and sacrifice to Free Love and Mr. Brisbane, and inoculate ourselves with *morus multicaulis* or Shanghai fevers, and entertain moon-hoaxes with more liberality and warmth than any creatures elsewhere.

And therefore it is we think it more than probable that the parish of Dr. Cumming will presently be extending itself on our side of the water, and our eager hunters after novelty, tired with repeating the awful prophecy of disunion or of hoop petticoats, will embrace the doctrinal reading of the Scotch divine, and pin their faith to the grand issue of 1865.

At the risk of setting ourselves forward as the inaugurators of the new Millerism on this side of the water, we beg to note down one or two contingent facts, which seem to illustrate the theory of Dr. Cumming.

First of all, the great war trails its shadow over Eastern Europe, darkening the Euxine, darkening the great city founded by the Christian Emperor, darkening the far-off households of England, and darkening every where the aims and ends of civilization. We have the battle-murder by thousands; we have the desolated fields; we have the conscription rolling off its tens of thousands from the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; we have the Crescent of Mahomet going down in blood; we have the twin-crosses of Greece and Rome fighting for the final victory; we have the sturdy sovereignty of Britain shaking unsteadily in its water realm; we have the great land of China in fearful ferment; we have the gates of Japan opened; we have the desert regions of Africa penetrated; we have the great Arctic mysteries solved; and lastly, we have our own turbid politics, bigger with threats than ever before.

Nor is this all: Death was never busier doing his part for the final consummation. Pestilence is even now knocking at the doors of France. If the war is taking its tens of thousands, the cholera can boast its thousands. And nearer home, the vomit-plague is hanging in the wintry air, floating northward.

What shall be said, moreover, of the failing crops

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of Europe, and of the foreboded deterioration in the productive qualities of all grains? What if disease is to ravage our wheat lands, as it has our potato fields?

In short, does not enough threaten to make the warning of the Scotch preacher reach widely and loudly? And yet, setting the prophecy by, who among us can count with assurance on ten years more of life?

There are those alarmists, besides the Doctor, who extend our lease of the world for a century and a half to come. The year 2000, when it arrives, will top the history of dates, and none of the living (it is very certain) will welcome the year 2001. It will be an even stopping-point; and men may close their journals squarely with such a round date as 2000.

Meantime, how goes the European world? Not frightened, surely, by any such prognostics as these, but yet feeling sorely the shortened supplies which the land gives, and peering doubtfully into the war-clouds which shroud the Eastern horizon. France, mercurial as ever, although her harvests are the shortest and her bank the poorest, is yet meeting adversity with light-hearted hopes. The Eastern venture seems full of promise. The French hospitals are rising fast into the strength of barracks upon the shores of the Dardanelles. The prestige of the Malakoff is not lost upon the weak Osmanlee. Lord Stratford, with his cunning diplomacy, is day by day losing ground, and is making matters all the worse by venting his spleen upon the French officials. They tell us that he refused to ratify with his presence the celebration of the *Te Deum* in honor of the Malakoff, at Constantinople; and there are rumors whispered in court-circles, that the Emperor, who manages the war for England, has demanded his recall.

But the time has not ripened yet for a severance of the two great Western interests. The spoils have not yet their accumulated weight; the Turk has not yet withered away utterly, and the Austrian still hangs too threateningly on the Transylvanian mountains.

Nay, there is even newspaper talk (not to be credited over much) that the alliance is to be drawn closer than ever by the marriage of the Prince Napoleon with the Princess Alice of England. The bare fact that such rumors should be credited for a moment is evidence of a singular union of political ties; but, to our thinking, the old home character of John Bull will reluctate greatly to add this crowning seal to the war alliance.

There is this beautiful feature in British loyalty, that it wraps itself around the persons of the royal family with a kind of domestic devotion, and is as tender of their interests, and jealous of their honor, and careful of their affections, as if they formed a patriarchate, with blood-ties to every man and woman in the realm. This home loyalty, it seems to us, would be greatly outraged at the thought of binding the blooming girl, Princess of England, who has found health among the heather of the Highlands, and a pure faith under the arches of Protestant Kirks, to the profligate Prince Napoleon. There would be no rejoicing bonfires for the consummation of such a union. And with our memory resting pleasantly upon the ruddy, cheerful face of the little Alice, as we have caught sight of her upon the Long Walk of Windsor, we prefer to think the story an idle creation of the newsmongers.

In our other-side grouping of news, we must not fail to note the new action of the European republicans, who, tired at length with their long and fruitless waiting, have issued proclamation to the hopeful ones to resist openly, wherever they may be, the existing dynasties.

It is a proclamation easier to issue than to act upon. The old Radetsky, though touching upon his ninetieth year, is still watchful of the Lombard fortresses, and there seems no present hope for the republicans of Italy.

Manin, who defended so gloriously the little State of Venice, has, it would seem, sacrificed his Venetian pride to whatever may promote the union and prosperity of Italy. He has openly declared his willingness to rally to a Sardinian standard, whenever that standard—whether borne by a king or a republic—shall be raised for the union and the freedom of Italy. It is noticeable, moreover, that his letter to this effect has been published without provoking the retributive action of the imperial censors of Paris. It would seem that the Emperor was growing less tender of the feelings and sympathies of his imperial brother of Austria.

If the generous impulses and common-sense actions of President Manin were more currently entertained by Italians, there would be far more hope for Italy. We recognize at once the true loyalty of that feeling which prompts an Italian to declare first of all for independence. Republic or monarchy—Sardinian or Romish ascendance, are issues far inferior in importance to the grand one proposed by Manin, of freedom from Austrian tyranny.

Before this will meet the eye of the reader, we shall know what are the verdicts in the great Court of Industry, and how America stands in the list of inventive honors. We can promise ouselves, already, the comforting assurance that our country will have merited and received reward in what relates to those commoner arts of life, toward which a new country ought to direct its more constant thought.

Our reaping-machine will stand high, if not the highest, and our threshers and plows, if well represented, will certainly bear high place in comparison with those of Europe. We love the thought that our prairies, waving with grain—the feeding lands of Europe in their days of adversity—will thus have a voice in the Palace of the Nations; and for ourselves, we can rest satisfied with the conviction that our American mind is taking the best human measure of those grand wants of the race which agriculture supplies. We can readily content ourselves with the thought that our new country has comprehended, best of all, the aids to that patriarchial art, which is the basis of all national prosperity, and which had its beginnings in Eden.

We can give up the paintings and the pianos; we can import them if need be. We can measure our time, complacently, with French watches; we can give pap in Paris spoons; we can dish our tea in Birmingham ware, and we can study toilets in foreign mirrors; but we hope never to see our prairies laid open with a British plowshare, or our shipwrights seeking foreign models.

Apropos of pianos; there was a rumor running through the columns of American papers, not long ago, that a certain manufacturer of Boston had gained the first premium; and the rumor ran, gaining all the strength of running rumors, until in the

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Far West we catch a paragraph glorifying the musical manufacturers of the country, and sneering in good round terms at those effete nations of Europe who have exhausted all their inventive genius even in matters of art, and who must come henceforth to Boston in search of their best instruments of music!

It is a pity to expose such cheerful rhodomontade, and yet the truth has borne out only a minimum of this grand boast. It would appear that the square-box pianos which make an unfortunately common bit of American furniture (our ears are even now aching with the "practice" of our neighbor's daughter), are but little affected beyond the seas; and that of seven such appearing at the Paris Exhibition, one of Boston manufacture has been recommended as worthy of the fourth prize!

Much as we like to give modesty a prop, we do not know but we take even greater pleasure in pulling the stilts away from undue boastfulness. Let our dear friend Mr. Ladd, or Chickering (or whatever the name may be), console himself with the fact that M'Cormick's reaper is cheapening bread to his children. In other departments of art our American exhibitors do not appear to have been very successful; nor are we at all surprised to learn that the Greek Slave of Mr. Powers, trumpeted about Paris as the *chef-d'œuvre* of this age, did not draw away the crowd from the Palace galleries, or provoke a single Imperial visit. French critics are not taken by storm, and the approaches to their favor and kindly mention, although quickened by a discreet largess, must be quietly made.

In allusion to American paintings (at the great Exhibition) a writer for the *Débats* expresses his belief that no real Americanism belongs to them whatever, and that they are to be rated and criticised as the essays of pupils who study and imitate, with more or less of success, the French or English models. The portraits of Mr. Healy, whose power of execution he reckons first, he declares to be closely after the roseate manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Very few of the American paintings, either from subject or treatment, call to mind the New Country from which they come.

Among the new and later visitors to the galleries of the Exhibition, must be now named the young Duke of Brabant; he has come to Paris with his bride, and has been welcomed with honors and fête-givings, which in any other season than that which has witnessed the *entrée* of Victoria and the Sebastopol *Te Deum*, would have been the talk of the town. Our readers may not all know that the Duke of Brabant is the well-looking and thriving son of King Leopold of Belgium; and his bride, the heiress of a high German name, and of near kin to the great House of Hapsburg.

Poor Eugénie, through all these fête-makings, guards her private apartments at St. Cloud, cheating herself of the ennui of the Imperial promise she bears by saunters in the private gardens of the Palace, and by abandonment of her old ceremonial robes.

The Prince Napoleon, in his quality of Grand Commissioner of Industry, has just now received the compliment of a supper at the new Hôtel du Louvre. They tell us it was altogether a shabby affair; no ladies were present; the guests proved disorderly; the arrangements were illy matured, and the police closed the doors at one o'clock on the succeeding morning.

The hotel itself is represented as altogether a grand one. Its west face fills the entire side of that open square which lies between the Palais Royal and the newly-built wing of the Louvre; upon the Rivoli it stretches its arcades as far as the ancient Rue du Coq St. Honoré; and, returning upon itself, occupies the entire block. Its southern rooms will be partially shaded by the gigantic pile of the Palace; but no better lounging window could be imagined than one upon its western front, looking down upon the busy square between the palaces, always restless with the human tide that flows through the Rivoli and the St. Honoré.

The dining salon of this hotel is said to eclipse even the wonderful ones of New York, and the quaint Moorish hall of the Hotel des Princes shrinks altogether out of comparison. It is still a question, however, if the new enterprise will prove a successful one, and grave doubts are entertained as to the possibility of warping the whole hotel habit of French life by the mere attractions of a brilliant hall and a public parlor. It is specially noteworthy in this connection, that while the European hotels are just now assimilating in some measure to our own forms, our own fashions are shifting into harmony with theirs. We count both facts strongly in evidence of the amazing increase of American travel, as well as a pleasant foretaste of that intermingling of habit, and softening down of national differences, which will by-and-by secure to every nation the best usages of a ripe civilization.

Among the American *on dits* of the gay capital, we can not forbear noticing the retirement of Mr. Piatt from his position as Secrètary of Legation, and as acting Chargé for the Paris embassy. It is rumored, moreover, that the retiring officer is about to give the world a diplomatic daguerreotyping in the shape of a book, which can hardly fail to be excessively readable.

That sad subject of "our diplomacy" has been often the butt of grave jests—all the more grave because so very entertaining. Indeed we are not eminent in that province. Future historians will never make commendatory periods about our embassies. Any national glorification of us will steer wide of our Foreign Appointments. Between the black-coat discussion, the Madrid duels, the Daniels's opera-box at Turin, the brave consuls at London and Panama, and the Ostend Conference, we have a galaxy of diplomatic exhibitions and illustrations which have turned people to thinking of what American diplomacy really is, and of what it really wants.

When a government names a fierce partisan (with no other claim) to a fat home office, where a host of routine servers keep the machine in motion, and where the lumbering incompetency may suck his quill, and slip on and off, like old shoes, without our special wonder, nobody feels aggrieved; but when the same official represents us, where his representation is a kind of national manifesto—as if we said in putting forward our diplomat, "See of what stuff we Americans are made!"—we blush exceedingly.

And why not? Why not feel a pride that this machine of Republicanism, which we have set up and managed this half century in defiance of all taunts and enmities, should have capable and manly expositors of itself to the other-side unbelievers? Why not cherish the wish, and proudly, that it may reflect across the waters something of the en-

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ergy, and something of the dignity, which have sustained it hitherto? Why not take a pride (and accomplish a good) in demonstrating, through the person of our representative, that our material progress has not altogether forbade a higher culture, and those accomplishments of the mind and heart which enable him to meet on even ground with the diplomatic gentlemen of Europe?

We are aware that very many well-meaning persons look with contempt upon the whole system of our Foreign Legations, and deny the necessity for its existence; but independent of any strict business necessity, which may or may not exist, it seems to us that one civilized nation can not with propriety offend against those rules of courtesy which are acknowledged and honored by sister nations. A man is no way necessitated to say "Good-morning!" to the neighbor with whom he has only commercial dealings; but he is a surly dog who omits it.

We love to regard our diplomacy—though it may prove as barren of issues as the Ostend Conference—as a kind of black-coated Good-morning! sent over the water in token of comity, and in furtherance of whatever kindliness must and ought to grow up between civilized nations.

But, in Heaven's name, let us have men who can say "Good-morning" understandingly! If the system is to stand, there is not a soul so eccentric as to admit the propriety of sending those notoriously incompetent. Until, however, the appointments cease to be counted as the mere bribes for partisan effort, we can scarcely hope for any change for the better.

SPEAKING of national courtesies brings us back, by an easy circumbendibus, to the exiled or runaway Republicans. Among these are very many quartered upon the pleasant little Island of Jersey, which, as every body knows, is a domain of the British crown, lying in sight of the western shores of Normandy. A certain Felix Pyat, famous in the stormy annals of 1848, is living among the refugees of Jersey, and with others has latterly established a paper upon the island, of high Socialist doctrines—ignoring all the principles of the Christian churches, and all the ties of domestic life.

Within a short time the journal in question has made an odious assault upon the Queen; and, instigated by the Parisian visit of that sovereign, has loaded her with opprobrious epithets. The people of Jersey were at once in a ferment; they are sturdy loyalists, and could not abide the ingratitude which assailed their monarch. They called a meeting (after good American fashion); they drew up a sturdy body of resolutions, very Lynch-like in their tone; and at the last accounts the Governor of the island had waived ceremony in receiving a deputation from the indignant people upon Sunday. Whether M. Felix Pyat will be expelled the island, or his paper be quashed, remains to be seen.

WE love to regale ourselves, from time to time, with the London *Times* leaders; they smack to the life (if you read them aloud), like a mug of London stout. We have just now fallen upon a plum of its hardy satire, which we lift for the benefit of our readers. It appears that a certain Lord Ernest Vane, son of the late Marquis of Londonderry, an officer in the Life Guards, quartered at Windsor, had been bullying, in cock-pit fashion, the theatrical manager of the town, who gives the following account of the affair in the *Windsor Express:* "I am the lessee of the theatre in this town. Lord Ernest Vane, an officer of the 2d Life Guards, stationed in this place, had been in the habit for two or three nights previous to the evening in question, with other officers, of coming behind the scenes, and had behaved himself in a respectable manner, but on the 21st ult. his lordship amused himself by blacking the eyes of one person, kicking another, and so forth. My first salute from him was his stick broken across my back. The curtain was going up; as I did not wish the audience to be disturbed, I put up with it, and went on the stage. When the first piece was over, and I was dressing for the last, I was informed that his lordship had forced his way into the ladies' dressing-room, and would not leave, though repeatedly requested by the ladies. I sent my stage-manager to remonstrate with him, but to no effect. I then went myself, when he told me to go to a place not mentioned to ears polite. I at length was obliged to send for a policeman. When the officer came he quietly walked out. I had finished dressing and was preparing to go on with the last piece, when he met me at the back of the stage, and said he wanted to speak to me, took hold of me by the collar, and before I was aware, dragged me to the top of some steep stairs leading beneath the stage. He then said, 'You dared to send a policeman to me; now I will break your infernal neck! I'll kill you!' He held me in a position that I must fall backward. I endeavored to escape from him, and said, 'For God's sake, do not kill me in cold blood!' But he hurled me from the top with all his force. Fortunately a young man, hearing the noise, came to the bottom of the stairs as I fell and broke my fall, or death would have been certain. He then was cowardly enough to come and dash his fist in my face as I lay on the ground; but eventually his brother officers and other persons interfered and got him away. I may mention that the soldiers, of whom there were many in front, had been informed that their officers were being insulted, and were forcing their way on the stage. Fearing a collision between the soldiers and civilians, I did not give him into custody. On the following day a military gentleman waited on me to compromise matters. I told him I would bring the young ruffian to justice, and no one can prove that either myself, or any person on my behalf, listened for one moment to any offer of settlement. Having felt the bitterness of death, I did not think that money should compensate it."

After many difficulties the poor manager gets a hearing before the Local Court, which condemns the noble delinquent to a fine of £5. Thereupon the manager appeals to the *Times;* and the *Times*, after gravely proving the injustice of the sentence, and the felonious intent of his Lordship, proceeds with the matter thus:

"The provincial Themis is a capricious deity. Had the assailant in this case been a Thames bargee, convicted of a similar assault upon his mate, we can not but think that the Areopagus of Windsor would have remitted the matter to the decision of a jury. Let us take a more merciful view of the case. Let us presume that when Lord Ernest Vane Tempest said 'I'll kill you!' he meant nothing more than 'I will give you a good beating.' Let us suppose that when he hurled Mr. Nash down stairs he had no real intention of murdering him,

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although, if a man's intentions are not to be gathered from his acts and his words, from what are they to be gathered? Still here, beyond all question, and taking the most merciful view of the case, was an assault of a most heinous and aggravated character, certainly calculated to endanger life. Is it not the usual, is it not the invariable course, to remit such cases to a jury? Oh! but all this is an extreme view! Lord Earnest Vane Tempest is such a fine young man, so extremely well connected—he was a little "sprung" at the time. The manager was insolent, and, in the playfulness and buoyancy of his youthful spirits, this really very delightful young nobleman simply wished to chastise the base plebeian who had outraged his feelings by letting a policeman loose upon him. What more natural—although we admit it was not strictly right—than that he should slightly thrash the manager the first time he met him? To be sure, the meeting was not accidental; the fine young man no doubt did, after a certain delay, go in search of the 'common fellow,' the scoundrel manager; but the delay only proves that Lord Ernest Vane Tempest is not in the habit of giving way to the first impulse of passion—a point in his favor. Besides, it is quite obvious he could not have intended any thing serious by hurling—let us say easing—Mr. Nash down the ladder, for else it would have been incompatible with his feelings, as a member of the aristocracy, to dash his fist in the manager's face as he lay upon the ground after his fall. If you cut a man's throat, you don't box his ears afterward. Had poor Lord Ernest really intended serious injury to the fellow by sending him to the bottom of the stairs, he would have been satisfied with that; but, as he was not satisfied with that, it is obvious that he could not have intended serious injury. As for the language held, that goes for nothing; young noblemen are not supposed to be acquainted with the force of language, or with the English language at all, for that matter. On the whole, the right conclusion is that Lord Ernest Vane Tempest was guilty of a venial error. He did not intend any thing more than the infliction of a slight punishment; his conduct can not altogether be justified; but all his error will be amply expiated by the payment of £5. Consider, again, what the consequences must have been had this case been remitted to a jury. Lord Ernest Vane Tempest—an officer of the 2d Life Guards, a scion of one of our noblest families—would in all probability have lost his commission had the case been brought before a criminal court—a result which could not for a moment be contemplated. The manager was not killed, after all; so let the fellow take his £5 and be content. This seems to have been pretty much the sort of reasoning which helped the Windsor magistrates to their conclusion. It must be quite a feather in the cap of the Horse Guards' Minos that a civil court has been found which emulates the decision of his tribunals. Lord Hardinge is at least clear of all responsibility in this case—save in so far as he has permitted Lord Ernest Vane Tempest to exchange into a Dragoon regiment, now in the Crimea, in place of dismissing him from her Majesty's service altogether. The assault committed was not only most disgraceful in itself, but it had been accompanied by other actions which were an outrage upon all propriety. Lord Ernest, it seems, had been "blacking" the eyes of one person behind the scenes, knocking another down, and, finally, by way of bringing these Tom and Jerry proceedings to a climax, he had made his way to the dressing-rooms in which the ladies attached to the theatre were robing and unrobing themselves for the performance, and here, in violation of all common decency, he would remain. Hence the policeman's appearance upon the stage, and hence the savage assault upon Mr. Nash. The lessee of the Windsor Theatre deserves, in our opinion, the highest credit for the spirited manner in which he has followed up these proceedings, considering how seriously his interests may be damaged by the hostility of the officers quartered at Windsor. One word more, and we have done. We have no doubt that the army in the Crimea—that band of brave soldiers led by gallant gentlemen—will properly appreciate the high compliment paid to it by Field-Marshal Lord Viscount Hardinge, who, when a wanton and insolent lordling breaks through every rule of decorum at home, marks his high sense of the offender's behavior by sentencing him to serve in the ranks of those heroes who have shed their blood like water for their country. In the good old times Botany Bay, and not the Crimea, would be the reward of such gallant deeds as that recently perpetrated by Lord Ernest Vane Tempest."

We do not envy the reputation that Lord Ernest Vane will carry with him to the Crimea.

But the *Times* is not occupied only with the castigation of these occasional recreants; its old, last winter's bombardment of the British military system, of the octogenarian generals, of the drawing-room captains, and the younger sons portioned with lieutenancies, is again begun.

"Why is it," says a leader of mid-October, "that the states of Continental Europe can embark in war without so discreditable and disastrous a transition from a state of peace? What are the advantages possessed by these less wealthy and less active nations? France has, indeed, carried on campaigns during a quarter of a century in Africa, but it has been chiefly a warfare of skirmishing and surprises; it was not in Africa that her engineers learned how to sap up to the Malakoff. In the present generation Russia has made only a single short campaign in Hungary; yet the Russian generals and officers have shown themselves, by the admission of their enemies, men of the highest skill, while their transport service and commissariat have performed prodigies. Prussians and Austrians never see any warfare more serious than a review, yet were they to take the field they would perhaps march and bivouac without serious loss. Even little Piedmont has surprised the world by the efficiency of its troops. Every thing connected with its army is said to be a model of arrangement. We, the only people who in the last forty years have carried on regular wars—we who have fought the disciplined armies of mighty Indian princes as well as Caffres and New Zealanders, who have invaded China and tamed the Burmese, find ourselves on a great occasion novices in the military art. Why have Affghanistan and the Punjab given no lessons for the Crimea? That Indian experience has been lost as regards the present war is part of the system, and the blame must fall somewhere. But even practical warfare seems in the case of our allies and enemies to have been less the cause of efficienoy than careful education and accurate arrangement. Our officers we know to be brave beyond all praise; the

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men who follow them are worthy of such leaders; yet what is the result? We can not relate a deed of heroism without blushing at an act of folly. They rush needlessly on batteries at Balaclava; they have no batteries to defend them at Inkermann. It is glorious, but not war, say French and Russian lookers-on. The subaltern and the general are equally fearless and equally unskillful; there is no difference between them; the general is only a subaltern of seventy. These gallant deeds have not saved the nation's military fame; after a year of perils and endurance, every paltry German newspaper can talk of England's exhaustion and humiliation."

And the indefatigable correspondent who gave us that familiar picture of General Simpson sitting in a trench wrapped in his cloak, upon the famous day of the Redan, is still provokingly critical, and very careless of what the *Globe* calls "gentlemanly proprieties."

At the risk of giving very much war-color to our gossip of the month, we venture to add a little of his irony and picturesqueness here. The date is of the 1st October—not so far away from December as many of our country friends are from Balaclava!

"The contrast between the actual proceedings of the allied armies since the 9th of this month and the fevered dreams in which the public at home, as represented by the press, are indulging, is as striking as it is painful. The Russians, so far from flying in discomfort over boundless wastes, are calmly strengthening their position on the north side. The face of the country bristles with their cannon and their batteries. As I write, the roar of their guns is sounding through our camp, and occasionally equals the noise of the old cannonades, which we fondly hoped had died into silence forever. There is no trace of any intention on their part to abandon a position on which they have lavished so much care and labor. They retired from the south side when it became untenable, shaken to pieces by a bombardment which it is impracticable for us to renew. They have now between themselves and us a deep arm of the sea, a river, and the sides of a plateau as steep as a wall. We let them get off at their leisure, and looked on, much as we would have gazed on the mimic representation of such a scene at Astley's, while the Russian battalions filed in endless column over the narrow bridge, emerging in unbroken order out of that frightful sea of raging fire and smoke, which was tossed up into billows of flame by the frequent explosion of great fortresses and magazines. What time our generals woke up and knew what was going on, I can not tell; but it is certain they did not, as a body, distress themselves by any violent efforts to get a near view of the enemy's movements *early* in the morning. It was late in the day when Fort Paul blew up. At about half-past five o'clock, as well as I can now recollect, that magnificent work was shaken violently, heaved upward, seemed to fly into pieces—the breaking masonry and embrasures emitting sheets of white smoke, lighted up by fire, and then collapsed, as it were, into ruins. The mine missed in the first instance; but, so cool were the enemy, so perfectly satisfied of our inaction were they, and so convinced they had us awed by their tremendous energy in destruction, that they sent across a boat with a few men in her, about half-past four o'clock in the evening, who quietly landed and went into the fort, and were seen by several people in the act of entering, in order to prepare for the explosion which followed immediately after they had retired. Spies have, however, informed the authorities, in the most positive manner, that the Russians were prepared to retreat, and had all in readiness to cover a retrograde movement, in case the fleet succeeded in forcing a passage, and the Allies evinced a determination of throwing their whole force against the north side. Their field-guns and guns of position were all in readiness, and were strengthened by a very large corps of cavalry, which would hold our infantry in check, and our cavalry could not, of course, get over the water in less than several days, nor could it gain the heights of Mackenzie unless the infantry had previously established themselves there. Every thing was foreseen and calculated, and the Russians were in hopes that they might catch us at a disadvantage amidst some of their fortified positions in a difficult country, and retrieve their past disasters, or, at all events, make a masterly retreat. But when they saw that all was hesitation, if not confusion, in the army of the Allies, they recovered their courage, stared the situation in the face for one moment, and the next were busily employed in making the best of it, and they have now erected such batteries as to shut up the harbor to our present navy, and to render any attempt to cross it as rash as it would be undesirable. Yesterday they *finished* a new line of batteries, today *we begin* to make some reply."

Our readers will remember, perhaps—perhaps they will not—that some months since, in the course of our foreign mention, we took occasion to appreciate the French book of a certain Madame Fontenay; it appears that the volume has latterly fallen under the eye of Jules Janin, the theatrical critic, and weekly *feuilletonist* of the *Débats* newspaper in Paris. Inspired by its truthfulness, and made zealous by what he counts the indignities which have been put upon Mademoiselle Rachel in this savage country, he indulges in a warm diatribe against American art, and ignores American cultivation of any sort. The special cause of his provocation in the matter of Mademoiselle Rachel, seems to have been the fact that she should have been called upon to chant that "odious and bloody" song of the Marseillaise; and he indites for her an indignant reply to such appeal. What will the *feuilletonist* say, when he learns that his great *tragédienne* has once more—in a free land (once more)—stooped to the level of the great French war-song of Liberty?

How hard, indeed, to chime with the humors of a people which is every thing by turns, and nothing long; which now pasquinades perfidious Albion, and now courts her Queen; a people, with whom all the serious things of government, of popular rights, of political privilege, shift like a play; and to whom the only real stable materials of thought and of affection, are just those which to every other nation are fleeting and changeful accessories; to wit, their art, their music, their plays, their mistresses, and their wines!

Let their umpires in such matters rule supreme. But when they affect to talk of high national characteristics, or of the manly dignity which belongs to freedom, let us listen warily: it may be only the phantasmagoria of a dreamer; or haply, the make-scene of an actor, who will change his part to-morrow!

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Editor's Drawer.

THE prince of German poets, Goethe, leaves us this passage, which meets us as we open the Drawer for the last time in another year:

"The year is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move, only the red berries of that slender tree, which seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and falling ear lies so much nourishment and life."

One year goes and another comes. The sun goes down but to rise again. Man dies but lives again, and that forever. Yet the close of the year, as the close of life, is often filled with sad thoughts, as if it were the end of pleasures, and not, as it is, the morning of a bright future, the dawn of a glorious day. In the future is life—the present is ours as the portal only of years, of life to come!

And so while we are musing let us hear the words of one whose philosophy, though quaint, is worthy of being pondered when we are turning our thoughts inward:

"Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being entitled to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the master-piece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds and lightnings and all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener of the Lord; the keeper of his great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far above the world, amidst the melodies of heaven."

Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, begins a splendid poem on the close of the year with this review of the seasons:

"Gone! gone forever!—like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring
With its young charms has gone—gone with its leaves,
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone;
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud,
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees,
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills, like altars of the world
Lifting their fruit offerings to their God—
Its cold winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the west,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to eternity."

IT is well to be merry and wise, as well as to be thoughtful and sad, when the old year is dying. And if we have no other reason to be mindful of the coming of the end, there is enough to make us think of it in the settlement of our accounts, which must be attended to about these days.

Mrs. Uptown salutes her husband with an elegant gold chain, as he comes home to dinner the day before Christmas, exclaiming, "See here, hubby dear, what a splendid present I have bought for you to-day!"

"Thank you, my love; I paid the bill an hour ago!"

"Oh, shocking! I told Ball not to send the bill till the next six months' account was rendered."

"Oh! the bills, Christmas bills!
What a world of misery
Their memory instills!
As the merchants with their quills
Stuck behind their 'ears polite,'
So caressingly invite
Your kind and prompt attention
To their bills!
How they dun, dun, dun,
As they kindly urge upon
Your *earnest* attention their blessed little bills,
Little bills!

"With a power of perforation
And a maw that never fills,
What a sad dissimulation
To call them *little* bills!
While all the tin that tinkles
In your pocket, only sprinkles
A little liquidation on the
Bills!

"Oh! the destiny that fills
All our holidays with bills,
When the Christmas dinner
Of the poor indebted sinner
Might be cooked with the fuel of his bills!
Oh! the bills, bills, bills!
Nothing else but bills!"

"CAN you let me have twenty dollars this morning to purchase a bonnet, my dear?" said a lady to her husband one morning at breakfast.

"By-and-by, my love."

"That's what you always say, my dear; but how can I *buy and buy* without the money?"

And that brought the money, as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried it again the next week.

"I want fifty dollars, my dear, to get a new dress for New Year's."

"Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said her husband.

"Oh, well, dear, you know that was only because you are so fond of hugging!"

It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business. "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—*but it's worth it.*"

SPEAKING of wives and their undying affection, we were quite amused at Clara Flighty's reason for getting married so soon after the death of her husband, whom she petted to death in less than a

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year after their marriage. Her friend, Miss Prude, suggested that she ought to wait at least six months before rushing into the arms of matrimony again.

"Oh, la!" said Clara, "I do it to keep from fretting myself to death for poor, dear Tom!"

To pursue the subject a step further, and attend to the "*lords* of creation," we take from Dr. Edward Thompson's *Letters from England* the following remarks on the different views which obtain respecting marriage in different countries:

One says:

"I wish to take advice about a serious matter that weighs heavily on my mind."

"What is it?"

"Getting married. Is it best?"

"Well, who have you in view? If she is young, handsome, and virtuous, the sooner you get her the better. Who is she?"

"Oh, nobody in particular; it is marrying in the abstract that I am thinking about." That is young Germany.

"Zounds! I love her, and will have her if I have to swim the river for her." Young America.

"No use to deny me or run from me. Where you go I will go, where you stop I will stop, where you live I will live, where you die I will die, and where you are buried, there will I be buried." That is young Ireland.

"She is worth three thousand one hundred and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and fourpence half-penny, which, under the circumstances, is not quite sufficient." Young England.

Our correspondence and the papers have poured into the Drawer even more than the usual amount of "clerical" anecdote, and we venture, with some hesitation, to dispense a few of them, which are vouched for as genuine and true.

At the meeting of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, held in Newark, it was resolved to adjourn to Greenport, Long Island. The Rev. Mr. Whittaker suggested to the reverend members, as there was good fishing at Greenport, they should bring their fishing-tackle with them. The Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox replied, that "the suggestion might be *apostolic*, but he certainly thought it a *scaly* one." The Synod seemed to think so too, for they reconsidered the vote, and agreed to meet elsewhere.

Probably Greenport is as well able to support a minister as that parish in Massachusetts, of which we made mention some time ago, where the pastor's salary is twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he catches.

The Rev. Mr. Blank, of the Episcopal Church, after laboring in an ancient and very respectable town in Louisiana long enough to have planted a vineyard and eaten the fruit thereof, became discouraged, and very justly disgusted with the people. He determined to leave them, and in his farewell sermon he thus unburdened his heart and his conscience:

"And now, if there is any man in this congregation that can prove he ever paid me a dollar, it shall be refunded to him on the spot."

He then gave out a hymn to be sung, commencing with these lines:

"Lord! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply."

And having thus shaken off the dust of his feet for a testimony against them, he gathered his robes about him and retired.

"Served them right!" saith the world.

But "hard times" among the clergy are not confined to the profession in this country. A London minister, no more fastidious than our brother in Louisiana, lately astonished his congregation by informing them that he had had a personal interview with the Devil, which happened on this wise:

"I was sitting," said he, "in my study, when I heard a knock at the door. 'Come in,' said I, when the door opened, and who should walk in but—the Devil!

"'How d'ye you?' said he.

"'Pretty well, thank you,' said I.

"'What are you about?' said he; 'preparing your sermon for next Sunday?'

"'The very thing,' said I.

"'Ah!' said he, 'I dare say you think you are doing a great deal of good.'

"'Well,' I said, 'not so much as I could wish; but a little good, I hope.'

"'You have a large congregation,' said he.

"'Well, pretty large,' I said.

"'And I dare say,' he remarked, 'you are very proud of them?'

"'No,' said I, 'that I am not, for not one-third of them pay for their sittings!'

"'You don't say so!' said the Devil, in great surprise.

"'Yes, that I do,' I repeated; 'not one-third of them pay a penny for their sittings.'

"'Well,' said the Devil, 'then I say *they are* a shabby lot!'"

The congregation took the hint so very explicitly given, and a marked increase was observable in the receipts of the treasury.

The *Western Christian Advocate* says that at the opening of a new Episcopal Church in Davenport, Iowa, the following notice was given:

"*N.B.* The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, *or else spit in your hats!*"

It appears to us incredible that in a civilized country such a notice should be given; but a correspondent, writing from the extreme Southwest, informs us that the Rev. Dr. S——e, of the Presbyterian Church, always carries with him a walking-stick of reed, fitted with a head which easily is taken off and put on. He is constantly chewing tobacco, and whenever he is in a church or a house where the spittoon is not at hand, he removes the head of his cane and spits into it! The cane will hold a quart or more, and is cleansed by his servant two or three times a day. Decidedly this is a better contrivance than the abuse of a hat.

And now that we are down in that region, we are tempted to tell the story of a Dutchman who made his entry into New Orleans last summer while the cholera was raging there, and was greatly troubled in finding a boarding-house. He inquired of the first one he saw if they had the cholera in the house, and learning that they had, he went to another, and another, determined not to stop at any house where the disease was doing its work of death. At last, after a long and weary search, he found one where there was no cholera, and he took up his quarters there. The master of the house was a godly man, and had family worship every night. As all were assembled for that purpose, and the master was offering prayer, he

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groaned with some force and fervor, when the Dutchman started up, and cried out:

"O Lord! vot ish ter matter?"

"Nothing," said the host; "keep still, will you, and behave yourself."

In a short time he groaned again, and the Dutchman started, with his eyes staring like saucers, and exclaimed, "Oh, mine Got! dere is someting ter matter mit you!"

"No, there ain't," said the landlord; and then, to calm his boarder's apprehension, he added: "I'm a *Methodist*, and it is the habit of the most of the members of the church to groan during their devotions, and that is my way."

This was enough for the Dutchman, who rushed into the street, asked for a doctor, found one, and begged him to run to the house on the corner.

"What's the matter?" said the doctor; "have they got the cholera?"

"No, no, but worse; da ha got der *Mettodis*, and der man will die mit it pefore you don't kit there, if you run quick!"

So one thing leads on to another; and this brings up a letter from a friend who had occasion, in October last, to cross the Alleghany mountains in a stage, a mode of travel now almost entirely superseded by the rail. He writes from Pittsburg, October 20th, 1855:

"As we were coming down the mountain at a tremendous pace, the terror of the ride was greatly enhanced by a thunder-storm which burst upon us. We had been amused, in the midst of our anxieties, by the distress of a Dutch gentleman, a merchant of Philadelphia, who could not conceal his apprehension that we should all be dashed to pieces. An awful clap of thunder drove out his last vestige of self-possession, and crouching down in the bottom of the stage, he lay there in a heap till we reached the foot of the hill, and found the weather clear and every thing safe and sound. As soon as we came to a stand-still our frightened friend picked himself up, and resuming his seat and his courage at the same time, remarked:

"'Dat was awful! if it was not *for my religion*, I should have been most frightened!'

"'And, pray, what is your religion that has kept up your courage so bravely while the rest of us had none?' I asked of the chicken-hearted, and now boastful Dutchman.

"'Oh, my religion is de Dutch Deformed!'

"'I should think so,' said a quiet old gentleman, '*de*formed enough, and like your countryman's stony farm, the more you have it, the worse you are off.'"

THE fondness of reformed drunkards to speak of their former habits, and the applause they receive in proportion to the excesses of which they have been guilty, are marked features of the temperance reform. At one of these meetings, not long ago, a very unexpected finish was put by the speaker to his narrative, and his audience suddenly found that he was among them, but not of them. He said:

"My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge." (Clapping of hands and loud cheers.)

"In a month afterward, my friends, I had a half eagle in my pocket, a thing I never had before." (Clapping and still louder cheers.)

"In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back, and I never had the like before." (Great applause, and cries of "Go on.")

"A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin." The audience were about to cheer again, but paused and waited for an explanation.

"You wonder," he continued, "why I bought a coffin. Well, my friends, I will tell you why. I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight *I should want one*."

The rascal was unceremoniously hustled out as an enemy *in disguise*.

PADDY'S distress on waking was very natural but very amusing. He was observed in the morning to be looking unusually blank and perplexed, and his friend inquired what ailed him.

"Ah, but and I've had a drame."

"Was it a good or a bad dream?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and it was a little of both, and I'll be after telling it till ye. I dramed I was with his Holiness the Pope! He was as great a jintleman as any in the district, and he axed me wad I drink? And I said till him, 'And wad a duck swim?' He smiled like, and taking the limons and sugar, and making ready for a dhrop of punch, he axed me very civil, wad I take it cowld or hot? 'Hot, yer Holiness,' I replied, and wid that he stepped down into the kitchen for the bilin' water, but before he got back I woke straight up; and now it's distressing me *I didn't take it cowld!*"

AND these temperance anecdotes must be closed up with the *last* from that inveterate punster of the *Boston Post*.

"Can you tell me," said Old Roger, while speaking of the operation of the stringent Liquor Law, "why the people where such law exists are like half-converted Hindoos?"

The Brahmin took three whiffs of his pipe before he answered that he didn't know.

"It is," said he, "because they don't know whether to give up their *jug-or-not*."

The Brahmin worked out the problem on the ends of his fingers, and smiled assent.

"DOES the razor take hold well," inquired the barber, as he cut away on the bleeding cheek of his suffering victim.

"Yes," groaned the martyr, "it *takes hold* first rate, but it don't *let go* worth a cent."

"I CALLED at Kerr's Restaurant, on the Fourth Avenue, the other day, happening to be in that neighborhood," says a friend of ours, "about time for lunch, and called for *corn-bread*.

"'Corn-brend!' returned the Irish waiter; but recollecting himself, he added, 'We have no corn-bread, but we have plenty of good *carn-bafe!*'"

Another friend of ours, Mr. Stone, called at the Union Square Post-office, and asked if there were any letters for *Stone*. The sagacious clerk reflected a moment and said, "There's none for *Stone*, but here is one for John *Rock*; will that do?"

WESTERN courts of justice have furnished many ludicrous subjects for the pen-painter, and now Texas presents us with some not less rich and extravagant. A correspondent writes to us from Victoria, in that State, and vouches for the truth of a brace of stories in the words following:

"Judson T. Mills, of South Carolina, was a judge of our District Court, in Northern Texas,

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fond of a joke, but very decided in his discharge of duty. Thomas Fannin Smith was a practicing lawyer at the bar, and having shamefully misstated the law in his address to the jury, turned to the Court, and asked the Judge to charge the jury accordingly. The Judge was indignant, and replied,

"'Does the Counsel take the Court to be a fool?'

"Smith was not abashed by the reproof, but instantly responded, 'I trust your honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as I might, in answering it, truly be considered guilty of contempt of Court.'

"'Fine the Counsel ten dollars, Mr. Clerk,' said the Judge.

"Smith immediately paid the money, and remarked, it was ten dollars more than the Court could show.

"'Fine the Counsel fifty dollars,' said the Judge. The fine was entered by the clerk, and Smith not being ready to respond in that sum, sat down. The next morning, on the opening of the Court, Smith rose, and with much deference of manner began: 'May it please your honor, the clerk took that little joke of yours yesterday about the fifty dollars as *serious*, as I perceive from the reading of the minutes. Will your honor be pleased to inform him of his error and have it erased?'

"The coolness of the request and the implied apology pleased the Judge, and he remitted the fine.

"Judge Williamson, or three-legged Willie, as he was familiarly called, was one of the early judges of Texas. In his court a lawyer by the name of Charlton started a point of law, and the Court refused to admit the Counsel's statement as sufficient proof.

"'Your law, Sir,' said the Judge; 'give us the book and page, Sir.'

"'This is my law, Sir,' said Charlton, pulling out a pistol; 'and this, Sir, is my book,' drawing a bowie-knife; 'and that is the page,' pointing the pistol toward the Court.

"'Your law is not good, Sir,' said the unruffled Judge; 'the proper authority is *Colt on Revolvers*,' as he brought a six-shooter instantly to bear on the head of the Counsel, who dodged the point of the argument, and turned to the jury.

"On another occasion the Judge concluded the trial of a man for murder by sentencing him to be hung that very day. A petition was immediately signed by the bar, jury, and people, praying that longer time might be granted the poor prisoner. The Judge replied to the petition that 'the man had been found guilty, the jail was very unsafe, and, besides, it was so very uncomfortable he did not think any man ought to be required to stay in it any longer than was necessary.' The man was hung!"

An evening party, in the month of October last, having the epigrams of our Drawer for that month under discussion, started the entertaining contest of seeing who could recite from memory the best one not included in that list.

The first one repeated was:

"John, tall, and a wag, was sipping his tea,
When his landlady, rather uncivilly free,
Accosted him thus: 'Sir, a man of your metre
Must be, I should think, a very large eater!'
'Nay, nay,' quoth the wag, 'tis not as you say,
For a little with me *goes a very long way!*"

Very good; but the second was better, being the description of an old toper:

"His name was a terrible name indeed:
'Twas Timothy Thady Mullagin,
And whenever he emptied a tumbler of punch
He always wanted it *full* a'gin.

And that suggests a third on rum and flour:

"To rob the people two contractors come:
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The rogue in *spirit*, or the rogue in *grain*."

But the fourth was not up to the mark: it was an epitaph on a miser:

"At rest beneath this church-yard stone
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at tea,
And saved a dinner by it."

A very conceited young man offered the following:

"When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,'
I really think that I see through it;
The lady, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should,
She'd 'rather SUFFER wrong than DO it!'"

Which was very properly resented by the young ladies, one of whom instantly repeated the lines, which she specially commended to the youth who had just spoken, though the advice was good for every body:

"If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*."

This was well received, but a sudden rivalry having been sprung between the ladies and gentlemen, and the epigrams taking the form of repartees, one of the gents quoted the following lines on the sensitive plant:

"As three girls in the garden were viewing the plants,
Conducted respectively by their gallants,
Says William to Nancy, 'Here is one will reveal
A secret which many fine beauties conceal,
And when modest virtue has flown from the stand
It will shrink at the touch it receives from the hand.'
The ladies all gazed as if rather dismayed,
But Nancy at length said, 'Pooh! I'm not afraid.'
Her fair hand advanced, the experiment tried,
When lo! in an instant the plant drooped and died.
The poor girl first redden'd, then whiten'd as snow,
Said softly, '*Lord help me, how did the plant know!*'"

The ladies declared this was too bad, and one of them retorted with the best epigram of the evening:

"As Harry one day was abusing the sex
As things that in courtship but studied to vex,
And in marriage but sought to inthrall;
'Never mind him,' says Kate, 'tis a family whim;
His father agreed so exactly with him,
That he never would marry at all!'"

It is an astonishing thing how little a matter will sometimes disconcert a man who is accustomed to speak in public, and to have his thoughts about him, and ready at command on almost all occasions.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said a distinguished Western political orator to us recently, and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkably clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me, saying:

"'Guess he wouldn't talk *quite* so bifalutinatin'

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if he knew that his trowsers was bu'st clean out behind!'

"From that moment I couldn't 'get on.' The people in front began to laugh, and there was a loud roar in my rear, and I dared not reverse my position for fear of having a new audience of my condition. I made, or rather invented an excuse for delay, and sat down. The malicious scoundrel!" continued the orator; "it was only a mean trick after all. There was nothing under heaven the matter with my unmentionables!"

Every one will remember the story of Burke, who on one occasion had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hands, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and bore us with a long speech into the bargain!"

Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be totally incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House.

It was on this occasion that the witty George Selwyn remarked:

"This is the first and only time that I ever saw the old fable realized—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass!"

This compliment, it is said, tended not a little to mollify Burke's resentment.

Dr. Franklin is not so well known as a poet as he is as a philosopher; yet the Doctor wrote verses which, if they were not of the highest order of poetry, were abundantly imbued with wholesome satire and his accustomed strong common sense. Many, perhaps most of the little pieces that appeared on the different pages of *Poor Richard's Almanac* were from Dr. Franklin's own pen. In his "*Poetry for December*," 1798, we find the following hit at unsalable or unsold books:

"Oh, blessed season! loved by saints and sinners,
For long devotions or for longer dinners;
More grateful still to those who deal in books,
Now not with readers, but with pastry-cooks:
Learned works, despised by those to merit blind,
By *these* well weighed, their certain value find."

Under the head of "*Courts*," in the same number, may be found the annexed dash at *lawyers*. It is as keen as a Damascus blade:

"I know you lawyers can with ease
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend, to favor every client;
That 'tis the fee limits the sense
To make out either side's pretense;
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face,
For skepticism's your profession,
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

"Hence is the Bar with fees supplied,
Hence eloquence takes either side;
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning
Could every man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed
Unless you previously are feed?
'Tis drawn, and *to augment the cost*,
In dull prolixity engrossed;
And now we're well secured by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw!"

In one of the morning journals, recently, there was a painful description of a suicide committed by a young German husband and father, upon the grave of his newly-buried wife, who had died in giving birth to a son. He had inclosed the grave-lot with a tasteful fence, and ornamented it profusely with flowers; and he was in the habit of visiting it every day At length he visited it for the last time, and shot himself through the head, falling lengthwise upon his wife's grave. Among the inscriptions which he had written with a pencil in German, upon the white marble of the grave-stone, were these sentences:

"How soon are the ties of Love sundered!

"My heart is all too sad; therefore, O Death! fulfill my fate, and soon unite me to *her*, and to Love's eternal rest!

"It is at the grave alone that man learns the true value of Love!

"I depart from *the sweet habit of existence!*"

As we read this last touching and beautiful sentence, we bethought us of the following passage from the diary of a lovely and gifted lady, now no longer of this world. How well she appreciated "the sweet habit of existence," may be inferred from the following:

"There is never a day upon which I do not open my eyes at morning, with an instant thankfulness that I am alive upon God's earth; that I shall behold the blessed faces of my familar affection; that my full heart is beating; that these veins are warm and glowing with the cheerful tide of life! I looked out this morning upon trees stripped of their foliage—their summer dew and song; upon sere places amidst the grass, and sullenness over the waters, and the brooding sorrow of a wet November day pervading earth and air. Yet my spirit, nowise hindered, spread her untouched pinions, and I blessed the hour that saw and sees me living!"

If you have ever met, in traveling, reader, with a garrulous old woman, whose tongue it was wholly impossible to keep from "*running all the while*," you will laugh, as we have laughed, at the annexed very graphic sketch of New England female stage-coach company. The extract may *seem* a little *long* at first, but never mind *that;* you will think it too *short* when you are through with it:

"The day was remakably fine: our road lay through the pleasantest part of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fine-looking; the driver was civil, and dressed well; while the coach itself was a miracle of comfort."

"In the midst of this prospective and present enjoyment, an elderly lady, with a monstrous bandbox, a paper-covered trunk, and a little girl, are stowed away in the coach. And here beginneth the trouble. Before getting in, however:

"'Driver,' said the lady, 'do you know Deacon Hitchcock?'

"'No, ma'am,' replied the driver; 'I've only druv on this road about a fortnight.'

"'I wonder if neither of them gentlemen don't know him?' she said, putting her head into the coach.

"'*I* dont,' said one whom we will call the wag, 'but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose!'

"'Don't either of them *other* gentlemen know him?'

"No reply.

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"'Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not,' said the lady; 'cause I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the State of New Hampshire, and the Deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years, and I *should* like to see him 'mazingly.'

"'Does he live about here?' asked the driver.

"'Well, I don't know for certain,' said the lady; 'but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home. I live in the State of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant. I feel a little dubersome abeout riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never see before in all my life.'

"'There is no danger, ma'am,' said the driver; 'the gentlemen won't hurt you.'

"'Well, perhaps they won't; but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home. I live in the State of New Hampshire; and this little girl's—'

"'You had better get in, ma'am,' said the driver, with praiseworthy moderation.

"'Well, I don't know but I may as well,' she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the State of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in and took her seat.

"'I will take your fare, ma'am,' said the driver.

"'How much is it, Sir?' asked the lady.

"'Four-and-sixpence,' said the driver, 'for yourself and the little girl.'

"'Well, now, that's a monstrous sight of money for a little girl's passage like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I never was so far from home in all my life. I live in the State of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me, a lone widow, imposed upon.'

"'I'll take your fare, if you please,' repeated the driver, in a tone somewhat bordering upon impatience.

"'How much did you say it was?—three-and-sixpence?' asked the lady.

"'*Four*-and-six, if you please, ma'am,' politely answered the driver.

"'Oh! *four*-and-sixpence!' And after a good deal of fumbling and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a half-dollar and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

"'That's not *enough*, ma'am,' said the driver; 'I want ninepence more.'

"'What! ain't we in York State?' she asked, eagerly.

"'No, ma'am,' replied the driver, 'it is six shillings, York money.'

"'Well,' said the lady, '*I* used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home in New Hampshire; but since I've got so far from home, I b'lieve I'm beginning to lose my mental faculties.'

"'I'll take that other ninepence, if you please,' said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusion three or four times more to her native State and her deceased husband (happy man!), she handed the driver his ninepence, and we were once more in motion.

"'Do you think it's *dangerous* on this road?' began the lady, as soon as the door was closed; I am a very lengthy way from home, in the State of New Hamphire; and if any thing should happen, I don't know what I *should* do. I'm quite unfamiliar with traveling. I'm a widow lady. My husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years come this spring, and I'm going with her to the Springs: she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs?' she asked of an invalid passenger.

"He shook his head feebly in reply.

"'Are you going, Sir?' she said, addressing the humorist.

"'No,' he replied, 'I am *not*; and if I *were*—' But the contingency was inwardly pronounced.

"'Are *you*?' she asked, turning to me.

"'*No!*'

"'Ah? I am very sorry. I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home without a protector. I am from the State of New Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a-traveling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?'

"'No, madam,' answered our wag, 'I do not, and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to!'

"'Well, now, that's very *strange*,' continued the old gossip, 'I haven't met a single soul that I know since I left home. I am acquainted with all the first people in the State. I am very well known in Rocky Bottom, Rockingham County, in the State of New Hampshire. I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zachary Upham, Doctor David—'

"'Hold on, driver! hold on!' exclaimed the humorist; 'I can't stand this! Stop, for mercy's sake, and let me out!'

"The driver reined up, and the wag took his valise in his hand and jumped out—the discomfited victim of a garrulous Yankee widow!"

THE poet Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," makes one of his characters convey the following consolation to another who has been rejected by his sweet-heart; whose "bright star has waned," and the course of whose true love has been running roughly:

"That is the way with all you young men. You see a sweet face, or something, you know not what, and flickering Reason says 'Good-night!—amen to common sense!' I was once as desperately in love as you are now, and went through all the

> "'Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
> Of soul; dear and divine annihilations,
> A thousand unknown rites,
> Of joys and rarefied delights.'

"I adored, and was—rejected!

"'You are in love with certain attributes,' said the lady.

"'Confound your attributes, madam,' said I; 'I know nothing about attributes.'

"'Sir,' said she, with dignity, 'you have been drinking!'

"So we parted. She was married afterward to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since, and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she didn't marry me! One of these days *you'll* be glad that *you* have been rejected. Take my word for it."

Such advice, however, always falls very coldly upon the heart of a discarded swain.

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Hon. Mr. Bloemup's Congressional Experience.



Mr. Bloemup arrives at Washington. His first Impressions of the Metropolis.



Looks in at the House. His Idea of the Members and the Reality.



Has heard of Congress Water. Thinks it must be "something extra." Orders a "Go!"



Thinks Congress Water mighty poor stuff. Orders a Whisky Cocktail instead.



The Hon. Mr. Bloemup takes his seat in the House. Ready for Business.



Hears every body crying out "Mr. Speaker." He follows suit.



Ugly old Lady with pretty Daughter solicits his Influence. He promises to give it.



Two Eras in the Life of a Petitioner. Interval, Twenty Years. His Bill not through yet.

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Mr. Bloemup begins his great Speech.—*Time*, 8 o'clock P.M.



Mr. Bloemup still speaking. Only half through. —*Time*, 12 o'clock P.M.



General Appearance of the House while Mr. Bloemup is speaking.



An Honorable Member replies to Mr. Bloemup's Speech.—*Time*, 4 o'clock A.M.



Mr. Bloemup is delighted at the accurate report of his Speech next morning.



He sends a few copies of his Speech to his Constituents—*franked*, of course.



Attends the President's Levee in the evening, and considers himself the Lion.



A Hint at the way in which "Great Speeches" are manufactured.

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Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Sortie du Bal and Child's Costume.

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THE costumes on the preceding page require no verbal explanation. The *Sortie du Bal*, from which our illustration was drawn, is of white *moire antique* trimmed with watered pink ribbon. They are, however, trimmed with various materials, according to the taste of the wearer.



FIG. 3.—SUIT OF FURS.

FURS.—The changes in the articles that go to make up a "set of furs" are less marked, from season to season, than in other parts of a lady's toilet. As a general rule, we may say that any one who is provided with those indicated by us last year, is under no imperative necessity of exchanging them the present season. Still there are some novelties worthy the attention of those who contemplate purchasing. One of these is the CARDINAL. The cape is somewhat deeper than was worn last year, and the front is rounded away as represented above. The collar is also rounded. The collar may be detached and worn separately. We therefore present a separate illustration of it. The TALMA is another favorite mode. The collar is likewise removable, and is cut with peaks at the breast, shoulders, and back. Instead of the simple loops by which the Cardinal is confined, the Talma has a rich cord and tassels.—MUFFS are made smaller than heretofore, and will be more generally worn than they have been of late years.



FIG. 5.—COLLAR.



FIG. 6.—MUFF.

No one species of fur can claim absolute precedence. Of course the Russian Sable retains its imperial rank; but its cost, always great, and now considerably enhanced by the war, confines it to the few. The Sable from Sweden and Hudson's Bay, the Mink and Stone-marten, however, afford a very acceptable substitute. These, with a large variety of fancy furs, constitute the leading materials actually worn. For trimmings, Swansdown will be largely used.



FIG. 4.—CARDINAL.

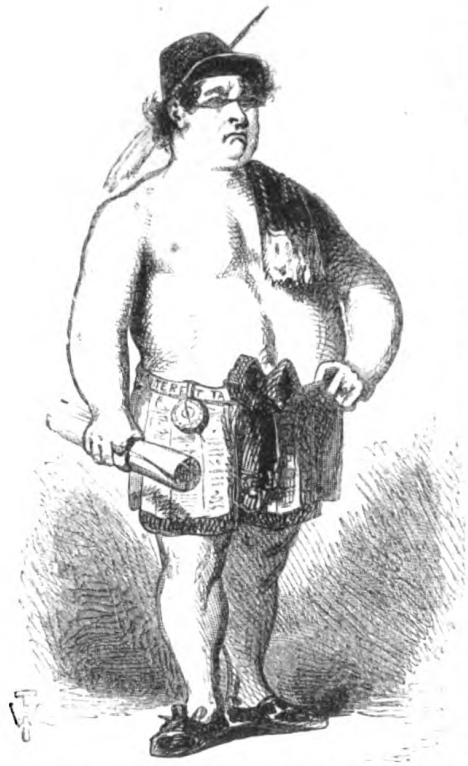


FIG. 7.—TALMA.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXVIII.—JANUARY, 1856.—Vol. XII.



A CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED INTERESTS.

JANUARY FIRST, A.D. 3000.

"WHAT year did you say it was?"

"The year 3000 of the Christian era, and the six hundred and thirty-first of the Republic."

"Thank you. Rip Van Winkle was a fool to me. And where am I?"

"You are now in the capital of the world—in Peerless City, on the island known to the ancients as the Island of Borneo."

"Then the world has ceased to be divided into nations?"

"Bless you! yes, long ago. The last nation to come into the general arrangement was an old republic on the continent of America called South Carolina. You will find the whole story in the school histories."

"And what has become of the old nations?"

"Most of them have disappeared altogether. Our great historian, Hans François Johnson, has written a very remarkable work about the small islands lying to the north of Europe, and their early inhabitants, who were called the British. It appears that they built large cities, and were traders. Johnson says that some eleven hundred years ago a revolution broke out in the country, and one half the people put the oth half to death, and then fled across the seas t America. But really we know very little of those dark ages of the past. It has been clearly proved by statues which have come down to us, that these British were a stout, manly race, though their dress was singular, their generals wearing nothing but a large cloak, as is seen in the statue of the Duke of Wellington, and their statesmen appearing in public with no other garment than a fig-leaf and a scroll of paper, as we see in several of the statues at the museum."

This allusion to dress drew my attention to that of my companion. He wore nothing but a short pair of drawers and a pair of shoes. On one of the legs of his drawers was an interesttable; on the other a tabular statement of the sailing of the expresses for the various parts of the world.

"Ah!" said he, "I see you are looking at my costume. We declared our independence of tailors long ago. Now all that custom requires is this simple and comfortable garment. And men of business turn it to account, as you see. To return to the subject of the old nations, I can not tell you what became of France. I have a general impression that it blew up in some way or other, in consequence of the discovery of some awfully-explosive substance by the Academy of Science; but you must ask Professor Krakman about it. There was a city, they say, on the borders of the Seine, called Paris; my son has written a paper, that has been much admired, to establish the place where it stood."

"And America—the United States?"

"Oh! I can tell you all about them. They were the original authors of the idea of a universal republic; and in the year 2207, after their General, Mrs. Von Blum, had conquered China, and established a territorial government there, with her daughter as military Governor, the proposal was first made public. I must say the United States acted handsomely. They made the Emperor of China Postmaster General for the Chinese Territory; and they gave the Emperor of Russia, whom their famous General, the Reverend Amos T. Smith, had just made prisoner, a very comfortable place in the Cus-

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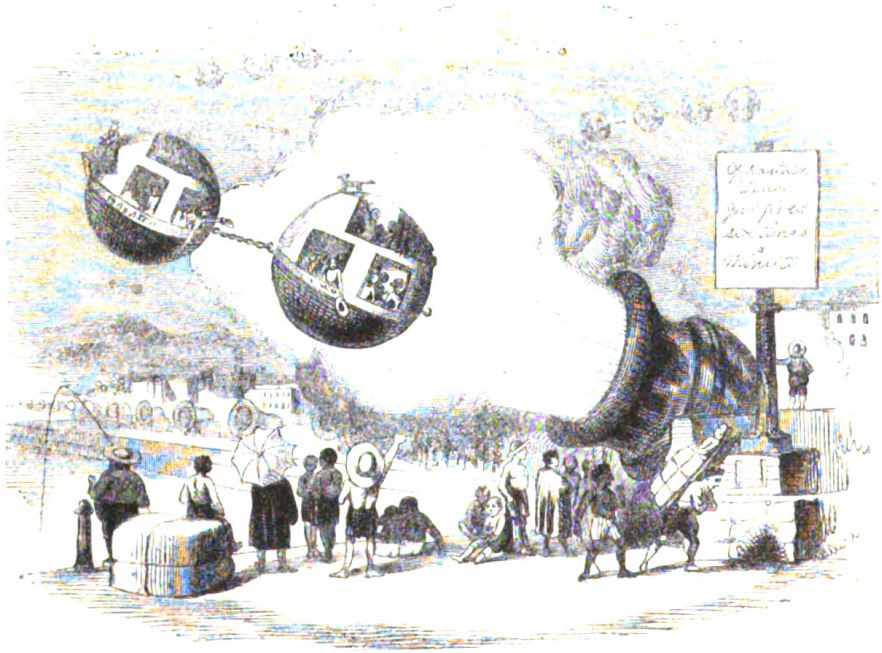


PARIS IN A.D. 3000.

toms. Beyond levying a slight tribute on the conquered nations—barely sufficient to give every American citizen a house and ten acres of land—they made no use of their victories, and cheerfully conceded political rights to the vanquished."

I was glad to hear that my countrymen had maintained so good a character, and begged to know somewhat further respecting their history.

"Why, as to their early history," said my companion, "you must bear in mind that our information is but scanty. I flatter myself that I am of American descent; one of my ancestors was the celebrated Barnum, who was made President of the United States in consequence of improvements he introduced into the breed of babies. But really our historical critics have discovered so much falsehood in the old American histories, that I hardly dare trust to any thing they say. It is now clearly proved, for instance, that the hero named Washington was a myth, and never existed. Some suppose he is identical with the Bonaparte of the French, who was likewise a great hero, and is said to



THE BOMB-FERRY.

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have flourished about the same time. But others argue with great force that he is none other than the Biblical Joshua, and that Washington is a corruption of Joshua. Washington—Joshua; Joshua—Washington," repeated my companion, sounding the words to himself, "certainly a remarkable affinity in the names. But to continue: The only two American generals of early times whose fame appears to rest on substantial ground are General Tom Thumb and General Pierce. The former commanded an expedition which seems to have overrun every civilized country, and we learn from a medal which is preserved at the Exhibition Rooms, that the ladies in all the large cities thronged to kiss his hand, doubtless in order to beg that their relations' lives might be spared. General Pierce's exploits are not so well known, but it seems certain he commanded the famous expedition against the mighty empire of Greytown, in which the Greytowners were utterly defeated, and forced, after a sharp resistance, to sue humbly for peace. It is believed that peace was ultimately made on the marriage of Pierce to the widow of the Emperor of Greytown, who was killed in the war. If you are anxious to be informed respecting those remote ages, I advise you to consult a curious old volume of speeches by a famous American orator and statesman named Isaiah Rynders. I have no doubt he was the leading man of his day, and his speeches afford a fair picture of American eloquence."

By this time we had reached the border of a wide stream, or arm of the sea. On the shore opposite us stood the richer wards of the Peerless City; my companion proposed that we should cross, and I readily agreed. I was looking for a steamer, or boat of some sort, when he called me.

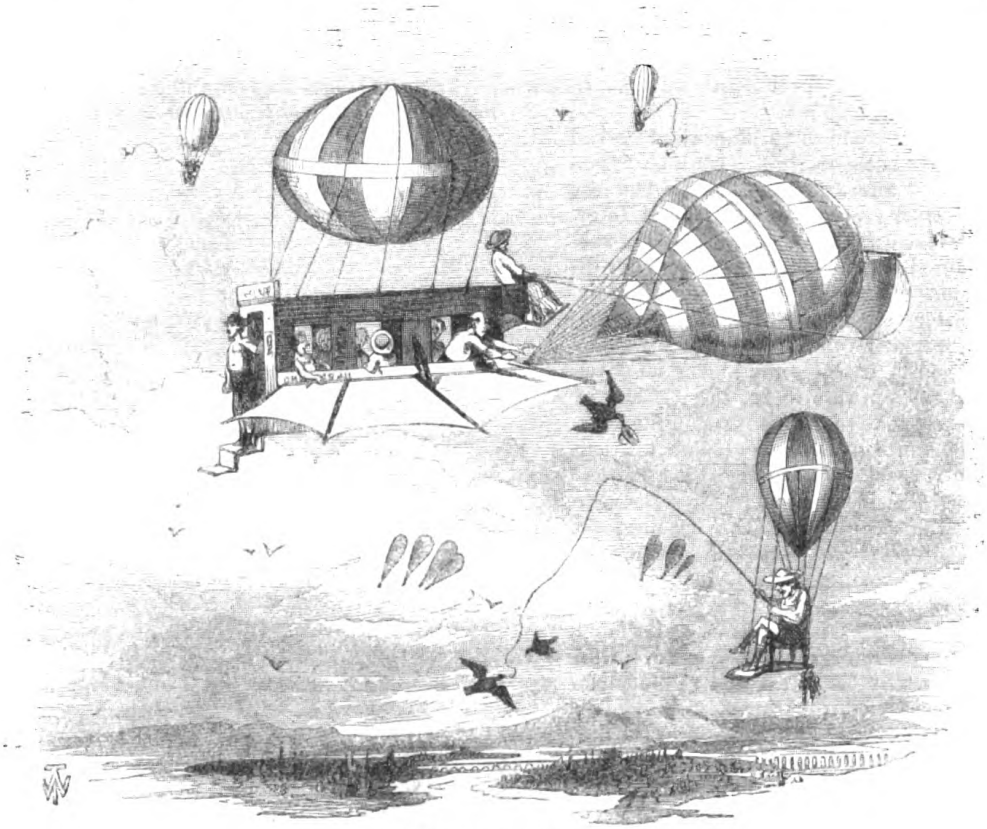
"Here," said he, pointing to an immense sphere of metal, "step in."

There was a door in the sphere, and I obeyed. I found myself in company with four or five persons in a hollow chamber. We had no sooner entered than an authoritative voice cried, "All right!" at which the door was closed.

Then I heard the word "Fire!" A tremendous concussion followed, and when I regained my breath the door was opened, and my fellow-passengers were getting out. We had crossed the strait. My companion noticed my astonishment, and kindly explained that the old system of ferry-boats was abandoned long since; that all short distances were now traversed by bomb-carriages fired from huge mortars.

"I suppose," said I, "that you use railroads still."

"Yes," was the answer; "we have railroads certainly, underground, though they are falling into disuse. Formerly railroads were built on the surface of the earth, but after a few centuries' trial they were abandoned, as they had multiplied to such an extent that they covered



THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY.

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the whole face of the globe. No room was left for agriculture. Then subterranean railroads came into use. They answered pretty well, as they traveled at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, and accidents rarely happened; but steam balloons are fast superseding them. Now the mail-balloon starts daily from Peerless for the principal cities of the world: its time is—New York, one hour thirty two minutes; Pekin, forty-seven minutes; Timbuctoo, one hour and a quarter; the city of Cash, in the Sandwich Isles, fifty-eight minutes; Icetown, on the North-pole, two hours and a half. Rich men have their own coach and buggy balloons, but the competition between the passenger lines is so great that most of the companies pay people a trifle to go by their line."

"I don't understand," said I, "how they can afford to run on such very liberal principles."

"Ah! my dear Sir, in your time these things were not understood. The art of competition was in its infancy. Now, let us say there are six rival lines to Pekin. Well, if they all run, it is clear there will be no profit. The only chance of making any thing is by ruining all competitors to begin with. This is therefore the first object of these six Pekin lines; whichever holds out the longest will make an immense fortune. I met yesterday a Director of the People's Independent line, who was in glorious spirits: he had just learned, he said, that the funds of the Lightning line were diminishing rapidly, and that it was not likely it could last over thirty-five or forty years more. When it and the other four companies fail, my friend's will enjoy a monopoly."

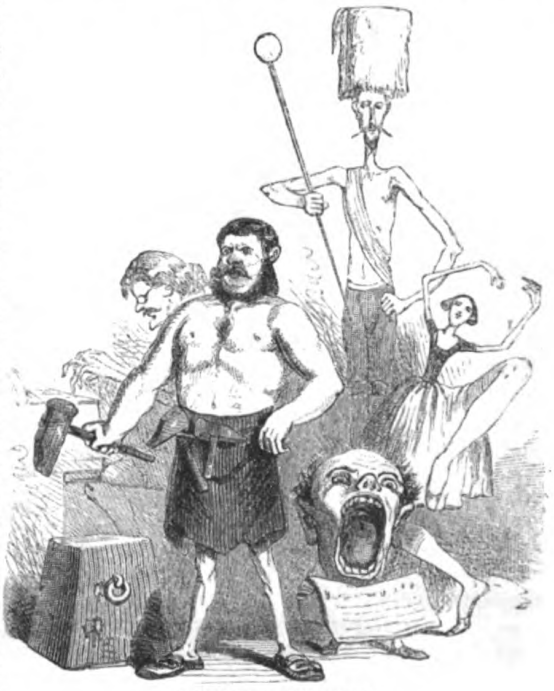
I observed that competition was an excellent thing for passengers.

"How could it be otherwise?" asked the man of the thirty-first century. "You are not aware, perhaps, that when the universal republic of the United Interests was established, an organic law substituted divisions of employment for divisions of race. It being found that the greater the amount of intellect brought to bear and concentrated on any single branch of industry the higher its development was sure to be, the territory of the republic — that is to say, the civilized world — was laid off into districts, each of which was assigned to a particular trade or manufacture, to the exclusion of all others. For instance, the people who inhabit old France are all glove-makers, and are forbidden by law to do any thing but make gloves. The inhabitants of Timbuctoo, who were found to possess remarkable taste in dress, were declared to be tailors and milliners for the world. Germany was inhabited by the brewers until the passage of the universal Teetotal Act; it has lately been assigned to speculative philosophers. The territory which formerly comprised the Northern United States of America, is occupied by the stock-jobbers; they do nothing all day long, from one year's end to another, but buy and sell scrip; and so on. In this way we have attained the highest degree of perfection in every branch of industry."

I ventured to hint that the gain must be overbalanced by a loss of intellect in those who were thus condemned to inhabit so narrow a sphere as one single vocation.

"Cant! my dear Sir, mere old-world cant. Didn't your own economical writers argue that the great aim of the legislator ought to be to divide employments? We have done it, and look at the result. But we have not been content with these territorial divisions, which, I may say, were only the primary development of this excellent theory. We have carried it out in individuals. My friend the learned Professor John Pierre Selinghuysen, has invented a plan whereby one portion of the body may be developed to the exclusion of the others. For instance, you bring him a man who is to be a blacksmith. He puts him through a course of treatment which forces all his vital energy into his arms and chest: his legs shrivel up, his head becomes a mere appendage, but his arms and chest are those of a Hercules. Give him a *danseuse*. In six months her nether extremities will have acquired the strength of iron with the elasticity of India rubber; true, her arms and bust will have dwindled away, but she don't need them. For her speciality legs are the thing needful; and therein she is unapproachable. Ah! my good Sir, civilization has made great strides of late years!"

I acknowledged the fact, and gloomily thought what sort of a world this would be, if we all fol-



SELINGHUYSEN'S PUPILS.

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WOULD YOU LIKE A ROMAN, SIR?

lowed the speciality system, and each person reduced himself to be the mere bearer of a single organ.

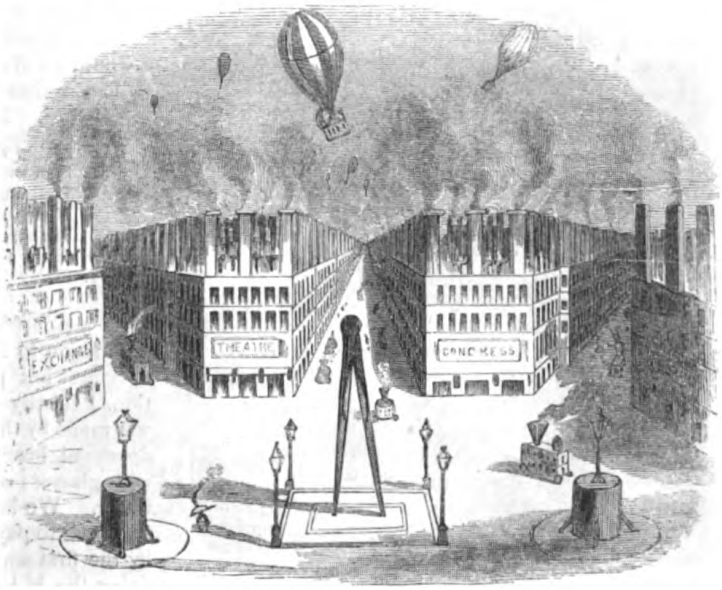
"Of course you are aware," said he, "that though we have not yet succeeded in finding the proportions of albumen and carbon requisite for the manufacture of a perfect man, we have been very successful with detached members and limbs. It is quite common, nowadays, for a man to have a spare leg or arm at home; and a fellow would be ashamed of wearing the nose nature gave him, if it resembled some of those we see in the old statues."

I could not deny that the plan was convenient. We had just entered a large open space which presented a singular appearance. It was circular in shape, and into it twenty-four streets disembogued themselves. These streets were mathematically straight. The eye followed them to the horizon. The houses on either side were all precisely alike; each had the same number of windows, doors, and chimneys. By way of ornament each was covered with huge advertisements.

"This," said my guide, "is the great Circle of Peerless. In this circle stand the government offices, the theatres, the court-house, the museum, the churches, and all the other public buildings. You may recognize the court-house by that professional group. The gentlemen of the bar seem in trouble about their fees. If you look through that window you will notice the great zoologist and professor of animal reproduction, Orfila Schwackbummer; he is now engaged on some very curious experiments on monkeys, by which he hopes to prove, once more, the old principle of progressive development. It is whispered that a young monkey of his has calculated an eclipse, and intends to run for alderman. I ought to have told you that Peerless, being the capital, is the only city in the world which is allowed to contain artificers and mechanics in every branch of industry. It is a miniature of the world, and was constructed on the same model as the republic. It is divided into twenty-four wards, each of which is devoted to a particular branch of business. All the shoemakers live together, so do tailors, painters, bakers, bankers, lawyers, doctors; every calling, in short, has its own ward. Then, again, see the proof of the progress of the age in the appearance of the city. No meretricious ornament or useless decoration on the houses. You notice they are all alike. In former times every man built his house as he pleased; consequently, as we learn from the pictures which have reached us, the old cities had a deformed and unpleasing aspect. When Peerless was built the government appointed a commission to decide what was the best sort of house; they reported in due time, and a law was passed declaring that every house in the capital must conform to their model."

I could not help saying I thought such a law arbitrary.

"That's another old-world fallacy. How can it be arbitrary since the people enacted it themselves by their representatives? You are just like the old writers. They are constantly twaddling about liberty. Now I take it that the best sort of liberty is that which gives a man the best of every thing, whether he likes it or no: don't you think the people of Peerless are far better off in these beautiful houses of



GREAT CIRCLE OF PEERLESS.

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LEGAL CELEBRITIES.

theirs than they would be in such shanties as they would build if they were let alone?"

The citizen of Peerless was warming with his argument, and I thought it prudent to feign acquiescence. As my walk had made me thirsty, and I saw the sign of a hotel, I suggested that we might as well go and take a drink. My friend agreed, and we walked up the steps of the Hotel of Paradise.

A servant, magnificently dressed, and bearing a halberd, received us at the door, bowed thrice, and passed us to a second servant, who wore a grand gold chain round his neck. This last conducted us to a third domestic, dressed in plain silk livery, who opened the drawing-room door for us. A fourth asked us, very politely, what we wished to have.

I inquired of my friend whether he would join me in a glass of Champagne.

He almost leaped with astonishment.

"Why, are you not aware that the manufacture of liquors of every description has been forbidden by law? Hush! there is a fine of five dollars imposed on the mere mention of the name of any of the old poisonous compounds."

I apologized for my ignorance, and said I would be glad of a glass of water.

The waiter immediately produced a bill of fare. It was as follows:

1. Spring water.
2. Rain water.
3. Well water.
4. River water.
5. Sea water.
6. Water filtered through charcoal.
7. Water filtered through stone.
8. Water filtered through gravel.
9. Distilled water.

And so on to No. 67.

Somewhat puzzled by this enumeration, I hastily chose the first. A signal was made by the waiter. A second waiter appeared bearing a tray; a third came with glasses; a fourth bore a decanter of water. We helped ourselves, and asked what was to pay. A fresh signal was made by the first waiter, and after a moment's delay the bill was produced. It was a magnificent triumph of typography.



A NATURALIST.

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The MS. portion, which interested us the most, was as follows:

To three bows from the waiter with halberd...	$0 25
To waiter with gold chain	1 00
To waiter who opened the door	0 25
To reading the bill of fare	0 25
To a tray	0 50
To a decanter	0 50
To two glasses	0 50
To two glasses of spring water	0 02
To use of drawing-room.....	2 00
To use of table and chairs	2 00
	$7 27

I was, I confess, a little taken aback by the charge; but my companion was so eloquent on the improvements that had recently been made in hotels, and the splendor of the modern establishments, that I paid the bill in silence, and sallied forth.

After we had walked a short distance, I thought I would like a cigar, and inquired of my companion where such a thing could be bought.

"Bless me!" said he, "the last cigars were destroyed four hundred odd years ago. Had you never heard of it? It was discovered by the government chemists that smoking was, on the whole, injurious to the human frame, and a law was accordingly passed to prohibit the use of tobacco in this shape. Ah! the republic is determined to make its citizens happy. It is a slight improvement, we flatter ourselves, on the governments of olden times."

I admitted that, in my time, the laws did not exercise so thorough a control over private life and its customs.

"Every thing nowadays," continued my guide, "is done in pursuance of a system. We have constantly the best men in the republic at work in search for the best mode of doing whatever has to be done. When they discover that best mode, a law is immediately passed to declare it the only mode, and all others are prohibited under heavy penalties. For instance, in former times the education of children was left to chance and to the caprice of their parents, whence it constantly happened that promising natures were ruined. Now, step in here. This is our Educational Establishment. The day after a child is born he is brought here, and intrusted to the charge of the distributor of infantine nourishment. This is the Infantine Ward, one of the best in the building.

We had entered a large room, on either side of which stood cases such as were used in my time in stores for the reception of goods. Each case was provided with a small mattress and a blanket. Along the front of the cases ran a tube like a gas-pipe, and from it shorter tubes, terminating in funnel-shaped mouth-pieces, stretched into each case. The deafening sound which assailed my ear when we entered quite prepared me to discover that almost all the cases were inhabited. A stout man received us with a rough sort of politeness, and in answer to a question from my companion, said that the supply was slack at this season, not over a couple of hundred arrivals per day. I asked where the mothers were.

"Mothers? ah! I forgot. I have read of the old-fashioned maternal duties. They must have been a dreadful bore. We did away with them long ago. Children are reared in this establishment from their birth on a substance called supra-lacto-gune. It is composed of 15 parts of gelatin, 25 of gluten, 20 of sugar, and 40 of water, and is certified by the government chemists to be the very best article of nutrition possible. What is the average mortality now, Abdallah?"

The stout man said briefly: "Fifty-seven and a quarter per cent."

"Think of that!" exclaimed my guide triumphantly; "my friend, Doctor Belphegor, assures me that in former times the mortality among babies was never less than eighty and often a hundred per cent."

I said, deferentially, that though the new plan was doubtless far preferable to the old one, the children did not appear to like it, judging from their cries.

"Oh! mere play! mere amusement! We like babies to cry. Out of a hundred children who don't cry, we find that exactly eighty-four and three-quarters die under six months; whereas your thorough roarers seldom fail. At fifteen months the babies are removed from this room, and pass their examination before the State Phrenological Commission. Their heads are



THE INFANTINE WARD.

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VOCATION DECIDED.

thoroughly examined, their mental capacities recorded, and their vocation in life decided. On leaving the Commissioners' room, each infant has a ticket pasted on its person, bearing the name of the trade or profession to which it is destined. Those who are to be mechanics go through a course of training to prepare them for their apprenticeship, and are then shipped to the country which is appropriated to the industry of which they are to be acolytes. Those, on the contrary, whose phrenological development justifies the Commissioners in setting them apart to be lawyers, doctors, clergymen, or men of letters, are sent to the Grand College of Peerless. This is, we flatter ourselves, the greatest establishment of the kind ever known. The course of study will astonish you.

"The first thing taught at Peerless College is the Thibetan language, which is the more valuable as it ceased to be spoken about a thousand years ago. It is the basis of all other studies, and three-fifths of the student's time are devoted to it. Another important branch of study is the ancient hieroglyphs of Egypt, of which very few traces—and those unintelligible—have been preserved. But I happen to have in my pocket the last examination papers of my youngest son, who has lately graduated here. They will explain the system. Ah! here they are. You see, in languages, the candidate for a degree is examined on:

"1st. The 30 books of the History of the Green Turtle, by Shah-Rah-Pah-Shah.

"2d. The 12 books of the History of the Black Elephant, by Bouf Tapouf.

"3d. The 6 songs of the Cisterns of the Desert.

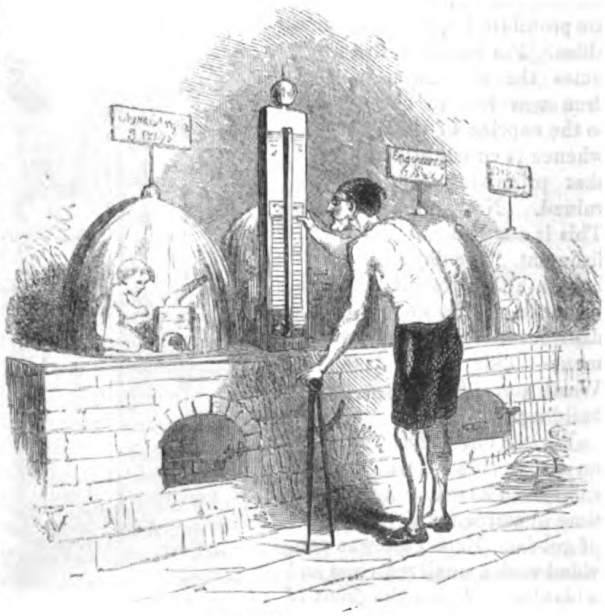
"4th. The treatise on the happiness of the One-eyed, by Slug-Rug-Bug.

"5th. The great speech of Bal-Pul-Chid against Chid-Pul-Bal.

"Then in history the candidate is expected to give the names and principal events of the reigns of the kings of Patagonia and Hudson's Bay from the time of Noah to the present day, etc., etc. In geography, he must state the mean population per square mile of the unexplored regions of the earth, etc., etc. In philosophy, he must demonstrate wherein the great All differs from the Universal Whole, and show the relation between aggregates and the sum of their component parts. In mathematics, he is expected to be acquainted with all the problems in trigonometry and algebra which are of no practical use whatever. And so on throughout the various branches."

I remarked that, though the treatment of children at Peerless was undoubtedly a new plan, the course of studies at the college reminded me, in many respects, of that pursued in my own time.

"I ought to have told you," said my friend, "that, by a recent special act, parents who are ambitious of early distinction for their children are allowed to send them to private academies



THE HOT-HOUSE ACADEMY.

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on the plan of hot-houses. The youths who are thus reared are placed under cover in a peculiar atmosphere, calculated to hasten the development of the brain. All that the teacher has to do is to keep the thermometer up to a certain point. In this way, children have been produced who calculated eclipses before they could speak, and cut out plans of fortifications in clay before cutting their teeth. Strange to say, at twenty or so they generally relapse into childhood."

We were by this time in the street again, and I confessed to my companion that I was hungry.

"Absurd I was not to think of it. Let us see: this is beef-day. Shall we step into this eating-house?"

And he dragged me into an enormous room, in which about a thousand persons were dining. I noticed that all ate beef. At the end of the room four large oxen, roasted whole, lay upon immense metal dishes, and a sort of guillotine, worked by steam, was incessantly in movement cutting equal slices from each.

"Let us sit down and wait for our turn. You perceive that the oxen are roasted whole. This is in consequence of a very wise law which was enacted to prevent deception on the part of the cooks. Here you can see what you eat, and you are sure of getting the worth of your money, for your portion is cut by machinery."

"I think," said I, somewhat nauseated by the surrounding beefy odor, "that I would like a slice of fish."

"Impossible," was my friend's answer. "I thought I said that this was beef-day. The government found, a couple of centuries ago, that human life was shortened on the average five years per person by errors and intemperance in diet. A law was therefore passed, ordaining that certain descriptions of food should be eaten on certain days and no others; likewise specifying the quantity each person should eat."

"It seems to me," said I, a little nettled, "that your laws encroach mightily on individual freedom."

"Tut! nonsense! I tell you that our plan is declared by the wisest men in the world to be the most conducive to health and length of life. Would it be better, think you, to let people kill or weaken themselves by giving rein to their own foolish whims?"

I did not care to argue the question, but rose and excused myself on the plea of want of appetite. My friend politely followed my example, and insisted on taking me to his house, where I might dine if I chose.

We soon reached it, and my conductor ran up a flight of steps. The moment his foot touched the highest step the door opened. We entered, and I was soon lost in admiration. Mechanism had certainly wrought wonders. An electric telegraph, with some twenty wires, communicated with the various persons with whom my friend had to deal in business. By an ingenious contrivance the same set of pipes distributed through every room heat, light, water, and fresh air. The windows were provided with telescopes of various power, commanding a radius of some fifty miles. Tied to one of the highest windows was my friend's buggy, which floated like a bird in air, ready for use.

He apologized for the absence of his wife by saying, slyly, that she was rather vain of her appearance, and, having grown a trifle too stout of late, had gone to the doctor's to have her waist taken in three inches. I smiled, and he continued to chat pleasantly, till, of a sudden, the floor moved in front of where I was sitting, and a table loaded with eatables sprang up, just as they used to do in pantomimes. My host begged me to join him, and I sat down. No servants were visible; but the moment we had drawn our chairs to the table the carving-knife sprang up as if it had been alive, and cut several slices of roast beef from the joint. The fork then displayed equal agility in picking up a slice and placing it on a plate, while the gravy spoon drowned it in gravy. The plate then rolled rapidly to the place where I sat. At the same moment a decanter of water beside me bent over and poured out a glassful, and the salt and castors began to travel slowly round the table. I even saw the mustard-pot stop, the lid raise itself, and the silver spoon with the utmost gravity empty itself on my plate. I began to think

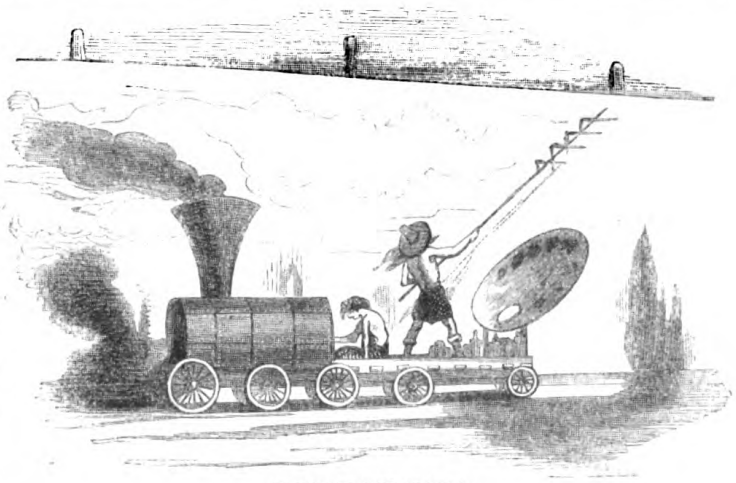


A MAN OF FASHION IN THE THIRTY-FIRST CENTURY.

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of the spiritualists of my own time, and the tables which would turn.

"I see you are surprised," said my host; "but we do every thing by machinery now. Private individuals never employ servants. These wires and springs are the best domestics possible."



PAINTING THE CLOUDS.

We were still at dinner when I heard a sound issue from the wall: then an iron pair of pincers seemed to burst forth from a concealed niche, and stretched themselves out to the place where my friend sat. I noticed that the pincers held a card.

"Ah!" said my friend, "here is Cazzo Bang-So Cistern come to pay me a visit. Notice him, I beg of you. He is the most fashionable man of Peerless—a terrible lady-killer."

Almost at the same moment the gentleman in question entered. He skimmed lightly over the floor, and rubbed the toe of his right boot against my host's toe. This, I afterward understood, was the new mode of saluting a friend—shaking hands having long ago gone out of fashion. Cazzo Bang-So Cistern was dressed like my friend; but his drawers were fantastically cut, and he wore round his neck a hempen cravat, which I understood was the height of fashion and extravagance. On his fingers I noticed a number of flint rings—the flint having superseded the diamond as soon as Professor Grobichon had discovered the secret of crystalizing carbon, and turned a whole bed of coal into diamonds of the purest water. Round his neck hung a pretty ear-horn, which, when we spoke, he contrived to fasten in his ear by a peculiar motion of the muscles. He was not deaf, my friend said; but it was the fashion to be hard of hearing.

My host and he soon fell into an animated conversation.

"Have you heard," said Cistern, "the lunar wire has at last been laid the whole distance? We are hourly expecting a message from the moon."

"We shall at last understand, then, what was the object of the revolution, in which their great city was burnt the night before last."

"Oh! as to that, if the State Astronomer had not been a fool, he would have perceived that the men in the moon had split on the subject of the tides. I saw them plain enough from my window, and I've no doubt on the subject."

"Very possibly. By-the-way, how gets on your brother Lucifer with his painting?"

"Hum! slowly, slowly. He's only finished four hundred and twenty miles of it as yet; seven hundred more to paint. You know how he intends to do the clouds?"

"No."

"He bought an old locomotive at auction, and intends to run it along the painting while he daubs away with the brush. In this way he hopes to get through the whole sky in a morning."

"'Tis for Boston, is it not?"

"Yes, for their Stock Exchange, a new building a hundred miles long. Ah! how desperately tired I am!"

"Out last night?"

"Yes; at Mrs. Cram's — an awful crush. Cram had made a capital bargain for the ball, they say, with the cotton factory next door; so we kept it up till daylight."

My host explained that the floors of modern houses were set on springs, and as it was contrary to the spirit of the institutions of the day to allow any element of profit to be lost, the motion which dancing imparted to the floors was used to work various kinds of mechanism.

"By-the-way," said Cistern, "I've broken off with Justine—she'd only a million, after all. I wonder what she's doing now?"

And he skipped to the window, fixed his eye to a telescope, and cried almost instantly:

"As I expected, that rascal Skiggs is on my track."

We followed him to the window, and by adjusting a telescope and an ear-tube, my host kindly enabled me to see and hear the lovers, who were over two miles distant. I could hear the lover murmur, in a low, tender voice:

"Ah! you were my earliest love. I have so often dreamed of you!"

"So have I of you," responded the young girl.

"I hardly dared love you—one million of your own!"

"Besides contingent prospects."

"Yes, I know; you have a dropsical uncle."

"And a paralytic cousin."

"Without children?"

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"Not a relative but myself."

"You are heir to both?"

"Acknowledged heir; and neither can live over a few months."

"Ah!" cried the lover, in an ecstasy, "you are an angel—my own loved one!" And he covered her hand with kisses.

"This sort of thing," said my host to me, "is not usual nowadays. That young man is evidently a romantic creature, like the lovers of old times, of whom we read. Generally speaking, all marriages are now arranged by the secretary of that department. Marrying men enter their names in his registers, and fathers inscribe their daughters, with their prospects, in a book which is kept for the purpose. It usually happens that the secretary can suit an applicant at once; but the law obliges him to advertise parties on hand and unclaimed once a week. Here," he added, drawing a piece of newspaper from his pocket, "are last week's advertisements. If you want to marry, you can choose."

I glanced over the list. Some were pictorial. One was a hideous man, without legs, with the simple words beneath, "Worth three millions!" Another was from a father. It ran as follows:

"A father of a family desires to dispose of four daughters, in consequence of his removal to a smaller house. One is dark, one fair, one red-haired, one doubtful. Each will receive on her marriage the sum of $60,000. No one need apply unless he has been vaccinated."

Here was one from the lady herself:

"A widow, who has been a blessing to five husbands, would like to make a sixth happy. Her fortune consists of a good figure and a warm heart. Apply, post-paid, to E. L., care of the secretary."



MR. AND MRS. CORNOSCO.



CHAIRWOMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON ABUSES.

I inquired how experience justified this business-like system.

My friend assured me that nothing had ever been known like it. Every one was happy now, for the feelings being abolished, the source of jealousies and quarrels was wholly removed. Even parties between whom nature seemed to have set an impassable gulf were, under the existing plan, happy and contented spouses. There was Cornosco, for instance, who had made a fortune by exhibiting himself, and then married Tivicini's daughter, the prettiest girl in her quarter; there never were such a pair of turtle-doves.

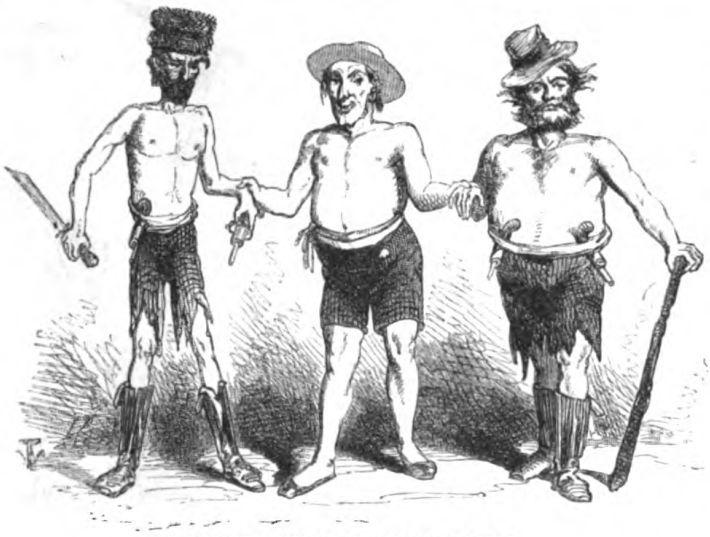
"Some ladies," he added, "from reasons of their own, refused to marry. The State had provided for them. They constituted the social committee—a standing body appointed by government to ferret abuses. It was found that they could discover twice as many mischiefs and wrongs in the same space of time as a male committee; and their reports were so long that no one ever ventured to reply to them, whereby the reforms they recommended were certain to be accomplished. Their present chairwoman," my host added, "was a woman of vast accomplishment, who had been chosen in consequence of her great speech on the art of winking—a discourse which lasted thirty-one hours, and caused the death of the sergeant-at-arms."

This was enough. I turned to my host and inquired whether I could see the remainder of the newspaper from which this piece was taken.

"Oh! certainly."

And he touched a spring, on which a queer-looking mechanism slid along the wall until it

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LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.

reached our level. It appeared to be composed of an infinite number of rollers, round which a band of printed paper revolved incessantly, like the strips used in the old Morse telegraph.

"This is the great newspaper," said my friend. "It's name, as you perceive, is the *Everlasting World*."

"A daily, I presume?"

"Pardon me, it never ceases to appear. It is printed by a peculiar press on endless bands of paper, which are wound on rollers, and penetrate into the house of every subscriber. It is adapted to every taste, and in politics devotes a page or two to each separate party. In this way, you have only to look at the head of the column to perceive the articles which are intended for you. The rest you neglect; you can do so with the less regret, as the *World* prints exactly three miles of reading matter every twenty-four hours."

I inquired if party spirit ran high at Peerless.

"No, no," answered my host, "people never quarrel nowadays, I may say, since the law which passed some years ago, based on that famous old adage of your great jurisconsult, Justinian Blackstone Story, 'There are wrongs on both sides.' When two men quarrel both are seized, and condemned to lose a limb; they have the right of choosing which. In this way we have realized the dream of universal liberty, equality, and fraternity."

"I should think," said I, turning again to the newspaper, "there would be some difficulty in providing manuscript for so voracious a machine."

"On the contrary, the editor tells me he does not know what to do for space, and the proprietors talk of enlarging the paper. In the first place, you have heard, perhaps, that the old plan of book-publishing has been abandoned, and that all books now appear in the newspapers. They absorb a great deal of room, as you see."

I noticed, in fact, that an article, apparently several hundred columns in length, was published in the journal before me. It was entitled "American Antiquities," by Cain, late Professor of the Liberia College. I glanced at a paragraph or two.

"The nineteenth century," so ran the Professor's work, "was undoubtedly the golden age of ancient literature. The immortal work of Barnum, which was so popular in his own day that his publisher was crushed to death by the crowds who sought to buy it, and those of Arthur Pendennis, would alone prove this; not to speak of other famous illustrations of the period, such as the great negro writer, Uncle Tom, Esquire, and the sweet poet Ticknor, whose lines, 'Speak! speak! thou fearful guest,' are in every one's memory. If our colleague Coppernose be correct in assigning the Harpers to this period, they would, of course, stand far in advance of their contemporaries. Nothing like the learning of this wonderful family has ever been witnessed in our day. Theology, philosophy, belles lettres, travels, law, fixed sciences, poetry—nothing was beyond the reach of their universal genius. It is estimated that if a man were to read sixteen hours a day for one hundred years—a feat not likely to be accomplished by idlers—he could not get through one-half the works of this industrious family. We are well aware that the learned Doctor Rumdum, of Iceland, has suggested that the works which bear their name were not really composed by them; but that, as it was a well-known practice in the nineteenth century to read new works to public assemblies to the sound of the harp, the presence of the word Harpers on the title-page merely means that these works were so read, or perhaps was a notice to the harpers to strike up. We have every respect for so high an authority as Rumdum; but really there is a family resemblance about the Harpers' works which can not be mistaken. We would as soon think of doubting that the venerable sage Shelton Mackenzie was not the author of that curious collection of whimsicalities to which he gave the appropriate name of Noctes Ambrosianæ, by Christopher North."

This was enough. I turned to my companion, who held the newspaper still.

"Besides literature," said he, "the telegraphic correspondence from all parts of the world often occupies over a mile of paper. You notice, likewise, that it is illustrated.

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That is also done by telegraph; or rather, a very pretty compound of the photograph and telegraph, by which a scene occurring ten thousand miles off can be instantaneously transferred to paper here. This, for instance, is a sketch of the commotion created yesterday at the north pole by the news that Professor Brown had succeeded in attracting the new comet by electricity, and was sanguine of connecting it with the earth, and so doubling the velocity of this planet."

"By-the-way," said Cistern, "my telegraph from Philadelphia announces that my pre-emption title to those lots in the comet has been sold at forty premium. A good operation; I clear ninety thousand."

"You don't say so," replied my host. "Well, I'll hold my lots. Professor Sitzen assures me that I have a gold mine on them. He says he discovered undoubted indications with his telescope."

"Very possibly," rejoined the fast man; "but my uncle is shaky, and I want to effect a new life-policy on the old man."

"You made rather a good thing out of your aunt, didn't you?"

"No, no, nothing to speak of; a hundred thousand in round numbers. The fact is, I'm an unlucky dog. I've taken every precaution—insured every member of the family from my uncle downward; but somehow, none of them will oblige me by dying."

At this moment the lady of the house entered. She was dressed *à la bergère;* except that on her head she wore a peculiar sort of crown, which I understood afterward was a model of a machine for making horn buttons, invented by her father. On her arms she wore ornaments which, I was told, were likewise small models of other inventions made by members of her family. One was a new lid for saucepans; another, a boot which laced itself, etc. These, as Mr. Cistern explained to me, were worn as armorial bearings; the only nobility recognized by that enlightened age being affinity to genius. Round her neck was a chain, to which was suspended a medal bearing the words—"Two millions of dowry settled on myself."



A LADY OF FASHION A.D. 3000.

I was anxious to hear the lady talk; but after rubbing her toe against her husband's in a nonchalant manner, and winking at me—a proceeding which surprised me at first, but which I was told was quite according to Cocker—she withdrew, whistling a lively air.

I then proposed to the gentlemen to take a walk.

Cistern laughed, and looking at a peculiar ring he wore on his little finger, observed:

"Just eight o'clock . . . sorry . . ."

"You are not aware," said my host, "that the law requires every citizen to be in bed by nine."

"Why," said I, quite angry this time, "you seem to have gone back to the old curfew system."

"Best thing in the world, my dear fellow! 'Early to bed, and early to rise'—'twas an ancient said so; and the state statisticians assure us that life is prolonged three years and a quarter, on the average, by going to bed at nine.

"Suppose," said I, "that I refuse to go?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed my friend. "You're a funny fellow! a very funny fellow! Cistern, how long is it since poor Chang Smith took it into his head to disobey the law?"

"How should I know? In the time of my grandfather, I believe."

"He was the last of the old school of felons. He insisted, as you seem to want to do, on sitting up after nine. The Court sentenced him to sit up till twelve every night for a year. It nearly killed him. Human nature can not stand solitude or eccentricity. Come, let me show you the way."

He led me to a room exquisitely furnished. On touching a spring a bed sprang out of the wall; pegs protruded themselves forward to receive my clothes, and the moment I had taken off my coat an automaton brush began to dust it with exquisite dexterity. As my host left the room and wished me 'Good-night!' he said, laughingly,

"No sleepless nights here. Be quick, for in ten minutes this pastil will plunge you into a slumber from which an enchanter could not wake you."

And as I lay down on a deliciously soft couch, I felt a drowsy sensation creep over me. I struggled against it; but my eyelids closed in spite of myself, my muscles relaxed, and it seemed in less than a minute I was in a deep sleep.

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THE GREAT VALLEY.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Fourth Paper.

"Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis."—MARTIAL.

THERE is perhaps no fairer land beneath the sun than that section of Virginia called the Great Valley. Bounded by the North Mountain on the northwest, and the Blue Ridge on the southeast, it extends across the State from the Potomac to the southern line, nearly two hundred and fifty miles in length, and varying from twenty to forty in breadth. Through its northern portion the Shenandoah pursues its regular and orderly course along the base of the Ridge, while, farther south, the upper James, the Staunton, and New rivers wind in tortuous channels across the Valley, cutting sheer through the mountain barriers east and west, and flowing in opposite directions toward their respective receivers. Leaving to the geographer and political economist the task of setting forth the agricultural and mineral resources of this happy region, its healthful and invigorating atmosphere, its abundance even to superfluity in all the good things that make it a desirable resi-

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dence for man, we turn, with the instincts of painter and poet, from advantages more strictly utilitarian, to rejoice in the matchless gift of beauty with which Heaven has endowed this "delicious land"—not the evanescent bloom of flowering savannas, nor the wild but chilling grandeur of Alpine rocks and snows. This is a picture—soft and luxuriant, yet enduring as the everlasting hills—of rolling plains and rich woodlands, watered by crystal streams, enriched with rare and curious gems wrought by the plastic hand of Nature, as if in wanton sport, sparkling waterfalls, fairy caverns, the unique and wondrous Bridge, all superbly set in an azure frame of mountains, beautiful always, and sometimes rising to sublimity.

The first authentic account we have of the discovery of this valley is from an expedition which crossed the Ridge in 1710, planned and commanded by Alexander Spottswood, then Governor of the Colony of Virginia. In noticing this event, Burke the historian says, "An opinion had long prevailed that these mountains presented an everlasting barrier to the ambition of the whites. Their great height, their prodigious extent, their rugged and horrid appearance, suggested to the imagination undefined images of terror. The wolf, the bear, the panther, and the Indian were the tenants of these forlorn and inaccessible precipices."

To one familiar with mountain scenery these sounding phrases seem like gross exaggeration when applied to the wooded and gentle slopes of the Blue Ridge, which seldom rises beyond a thousand or twelve hundred feet above its base. But every thing in the world is estimated by comparison, and the good people from the lower country, in the early times, doubtless viewed this modest ridge with mingled awe and wonder.

It may also afford some entertainment to the Western Virginian to receive the following interesting piece of information from a book, pleasantly entitled "*Modern History; or, the present State of all Nations*," printed at Dublin in 1739: "There are no mountains in Virginia, unless we take in the Apalachian mountains, which separate it from Florida." This, too, in a volume published twenty-nine years after Spottswood's expedition, and several years after actual settlements had been made in the Valley.

As early as 1732 adventurous emigrants from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had made their way to the newly-explored region; and during the reign of James the Second the Valley settlements received considerable accessions from the north of Ireland.

Thus the Scotch-Irish and German elements form the basis of the Valley population, and the manners and characteristics of the people, although modified by the connection and intermixture with the lower country, still very much resemble those of the Middle States.

In following our travelers on their interesting tour, we have traversed consecutively the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, Warren, Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Augusta. Thence passing the North Mountain boundary at Jennings's Gap, we have visited Bath, Alleghany,

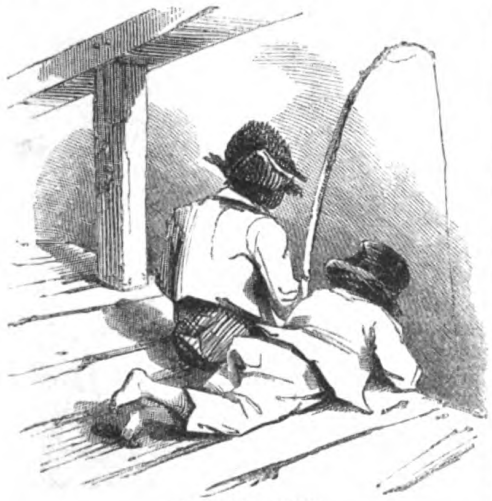


THE EMIGRANTS' HALT.

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and Greenbrier, in the Alleghany region; and returning to the Valley by Clifton Forge, have passed through Rockbridge and Botetourt. In this last-mentioned county we again overtake the carriage, toiling slowly up the western slope of the Blue Ridge. The company, as usual, were on foot, and we find Porte Crayon in conversation with some emigrants who had halted by the roadside to cook their mid-day meal. Addressing himself to the man of the party with jocular familiarity, he desired to know if people were getting too thick to thrive below the Ridge, or if he had fallen out with the Governor, that he was going to leave the Old Commonwealth. The emigrant replied civilly that although there might be room for a few more in his county, yet while there he had only been a renter and not a proprietor. Having realized a few hundred dollars by his labor, he had invested it in purchasing a homestead where lands were cheaper if not better than in his old neighborhood. He, moreover, informed Mr. Crayon that he by no means meditated giving up his allegiance to his native State, but was going to settle in Nicholas County, which he described as a land of promise—pleasant, fertile, and abounding in fish and game.

Philosophy reasons, Prudence frowns, but Instinct governs after all. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," says the wise grandam, giving her spinning-wheel a whirl. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," observes grandpap, pulling his purse-strings close, and tying them in a hard knot. But who ever saw a stone that would not roll if it had an opportunity, or a youngster who would not cut up his little fish for bait to catch a big one with.



RUNNING A RISK.

"My friend, may you prosper in your new home," said Crayon, with animation. "Indeed, I am half envious of your fortune, especially the hunting and fishing, for I would rather live in that country in a log-hut than dwell in marble halls; I mean more particularly during the summer and fall."

"To be sure," rejoined the emigrant, "you might find the winter kind o' lonesome out thar."

"I am glad to hear, however, that you are not going to leave Virginia, for," continued Mr. Crayon, "I don't like the idea of building up new States in the Far West when the old ones are scarcely half finished. Why are men hurrying away to the shores of the Pacific to seek for homes, while there exist extensive and fertile districts within our own borders, as pure and intact in their virginity as the vales of the Rocky Mountains, or the banks of the Columbia? I believe the true secret of this restlessness is, that the dreamers are always in hopes of finding some *El Dorado* where they may live and get rich without work."

"The stranger is right," interrupted the sallow matron, who had overheard the conversation, and who seemed particularly struck by the last observation. "I always was set agin the Fur West, for I've been told it's a mighty hard country on wimmin and hosses, and easy on men and dogs; and I told *him*, thar, that I wouldn't agree to leave the State on no account."

Crayon did not fail to compliment Madam on this manifestation of her spirit and good sense, and remarked, further, that women in general were more sincere in their patriotism than men, and if it were not for the care of the children that kept them at home, they would, in all probability, make better soldiers. "I could tell you a story about one Sally Jones, in our part of the country, somewhat to the point. If all our Virginia girls were of the same stamp, these vacant districts would soon be filled up, and the prosperity of the Old Commonwealth fixed on the most reliable and permanent basis."

A story illustrating so important a principle in political economy could not be passed over, and Mr. Crayon was requested to continue his discourse, which he did as follows:

"Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on the flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting-house on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she had ever done before.

"Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without an avowed suitor. Admirers, nay lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth got drunk because of her, and many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his riding-horse, or even his share in Dad's farm, for her. There was, indeed, no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once, to be impressed with a proper sense of its own unworthiness. Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prud-

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ish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good-humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was lovable. Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome: almost as great as to be too ugly. There she was, sociable and warm-hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawdled about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark off their riding-switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but saying never a word to the purpose.

"'Either he fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.'

"Sally was entering on her nineteenth year when she was one day heard to observe, that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest, or'nariest creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple-tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apples dropped into them.

"This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

"Not of this poor-spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings (in summer he didn't wear any). Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carroty hair. His feet—but no matter, he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights. Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack-shot with the rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. Bold to the confines of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and *preux chevalier* of the pine-hill country.

"Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty, and must be told. Although Sally did resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex. Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up. As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed. As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

"'What a darned, cussed sneak I was!' groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. 'What's come over me that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a-chokin'?—O Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm a-going to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I git back, then drat me.'

"It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiencies of the day would be supplied by the morrow. To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates, tricked off in a bran-new twelve-dollar suit of Jews' clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse, bedecked with a new fair leather bridle, and a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master. As they rode up to the meeting-house door, Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity. Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and bashfulness.

"'Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift ye off!'

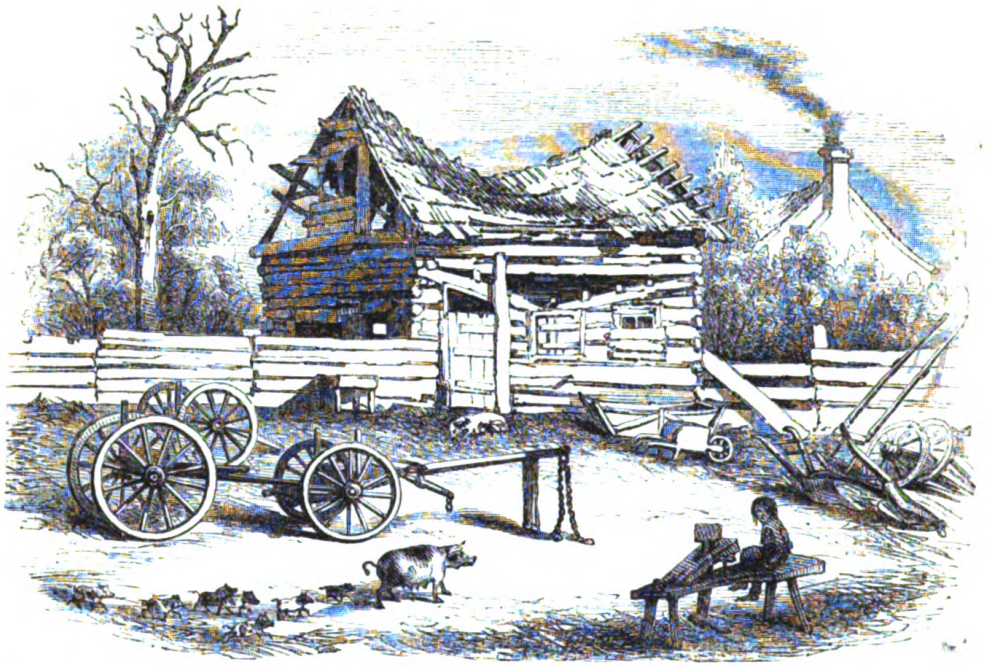
"Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting. 'Gosh darn the steerup!' exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks. At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked up, and saw her beau's predicament. The by-standers began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone. 'Here, Sammy, chunk your foot out with this!'

"Oh, Sally Jones, into what an error did your kind heart betray you, to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county—admirers, rivals, and all!

"Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim, it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from his wearing tight boots. 'Whoa, darn ye!' cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat his horse's brains out with the stone.

"'Don't strike the critter, Sammy,' said old Jones; 'you'll gin him the poll evil; but jist let me ongirth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time.'

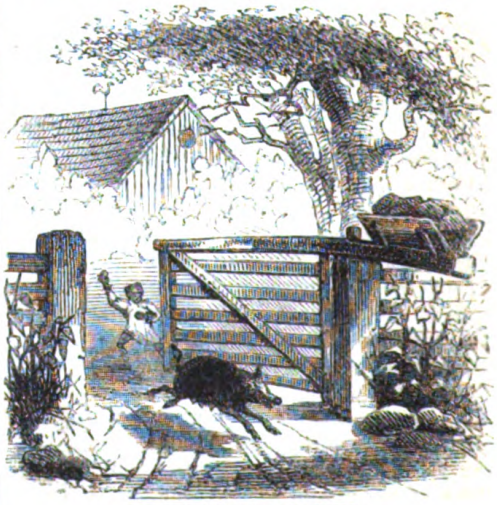
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SHUTTING UP SHOP.

"In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still fast in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot-hobbles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings. From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor like a fool, but took to his ax and cleared I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands. But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort in his self-imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom, and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye. 'Oh, Sally Jones, Sally Jones! if I had only had the spunk to have courted ye Saturday night, instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different!' and then he would pick up his ax, and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

"At length the whole county was electrified by the announcement that 'Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West.' On the day appointed for the sale there could not have been less than a hundred horses tethered in his barn-yard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange corn-field. Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was generally known that she was averse to moving West. In fact, she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old home-



IN A STRANGE CORN-FIELD.

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stead, with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry-trees under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off —the churn, the apple-butter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up; her pet that, when a calf, she had saved from the butcher— it was too much, and the tears trickled afresh down Sally's blooming cheeks. 'Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow!' 'Fifty dollars!' shouted Bates.

"'Why, Sammy,' whispered a prudent neighbor, 'she hain't worth twenty at the outside.'

"'I'll gin fifty for her,' replied Sam, doggedly.

"Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commend Sukey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had any thing further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing, as it were, great hunks of grief as big as dumplings. When every thing was sold off, and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups, reclining on the grass or seated on benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cussed pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the country so evidently against her will.

"'Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the sperit to stop her?' asked the white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near. The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

"The sun was declining in the west. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow, the Belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri. Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the middle of the yard, she mounted the reversed apple-butter kettle: 'I don't want to go West—I don't—I don't want to leave Old Virginia; and I won't leave, if there's a man among ye that has spunk enough to ask me to stay.'

"But where is Southern Chivalry?— withered beneath the sneers of cold-blooded malignity?—choked by the maxims of dollar-jingling prudence?—distanced on the circular race-course of progress?—bankrupt through the tricks of counterfeiting politicians? Deluded querist, no! Like a strong and generous lion it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even apes may grimace and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its tail with impunity; but give it a good hard poke, and you will hear a roar that will make the coward tremble and the brave prudent.

"Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones:

"Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goatskins at a bacchanalian festival: 'Miss Sally, I axes you;' 'Miss Sally, I spoke first;' 'I bespeaks her for my son Bill,' squeaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her arm. To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown round her, and heard a stentorian voice shout, 'She's mine, by Gauley!'

"Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain-field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

"The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home, driving his white cow before and carrying his wife behind him."

Porte Crayon took his leave, and hastened up the road. He overtook his companions just as they were crossing a brook that came brawling down through a gorge in the mountains.

As they tarried upon the bank, Minnie remarked that the stream reminded her of Passage Creek, in the Fort Mountains.

"Truly it does," said Crayon; "and the resemblance recalls a pretty allusion which you



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

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made at the time we crossed it to Undines, water-spirits, or some such animals, which I thought very poetic, and worthy of being versified."

"Ah, cousin! do by all means write me some verses; you know I adore poetry. The piece shall be set to music, and Fanny will sing it."

"I never heard that Cousin Porte could write poetry," said Dora, innocently.

Porte, who had hitherto made a show of resistance, appeared to be piqued by this remark, and seating himself upon a rock, he drew forth pencil and paper with an expression that seemed to say, I'll show you, Miss, in a few minutes, whether I can write verses or not. Crayon whittled his pencil with a thoughtful and abstracted air. "This scene," said he, "does very much resemble the other in its general features, but the season is farther advanced, and nature wears a drearier aspect. Yet the fresh beauty which she has lost still blooms in your cheeks, my fair companions; seat yourselves near me, therefore, that in your loveliness I may find inspiration for an impromptu."

The girls laughingly did as they were commanded, while Porte Crayon alternately pinched his eyebrows and scribbled. Presently, with an air of great unconcern, he handed the results to Cousin Minnie, who read first to herself, and then, with some hesitation, aloud, the following verses:

THE WATER-SPRITE.

Bright flashing, soft dimpling, the streamlet is flowing;
A maiden trips over, with vermeil cheek glowing:
In mirror of silver, once furtively glancing,
She marks a sweet shadow, 'mid cool wavelets dancing.

'Twas a voice—is she dreaming?—that rose from the water,
Articulate murmuring, "Come with me, fair daughter,
I'll lead thee to shades where the forest discloses
Its green arching bowers, enwreathed with wild roses.

"When erst thou hast laved in my bosom, pure gushing,
Immortal, unfading, in fresh beauty blushing,
Young sister, forever we'll joyously wander
Free through the mirk woodland, the shady boughs under.'

Heed not, list'ning maiden, the Water-Sprite's song,
For false her weird accents and murmuring tongue:
No mortal heart throbs in her shivering breast,
Ever sparkling and foaming, she never knows rest.

When from summer clouds lowering the big rain descendeth,
When the hemlock's spire towering the red levin rendeth.
All turbid and foul in wild fury she hasteth,
Rose, wreath, and green bower in madness she wasteth.

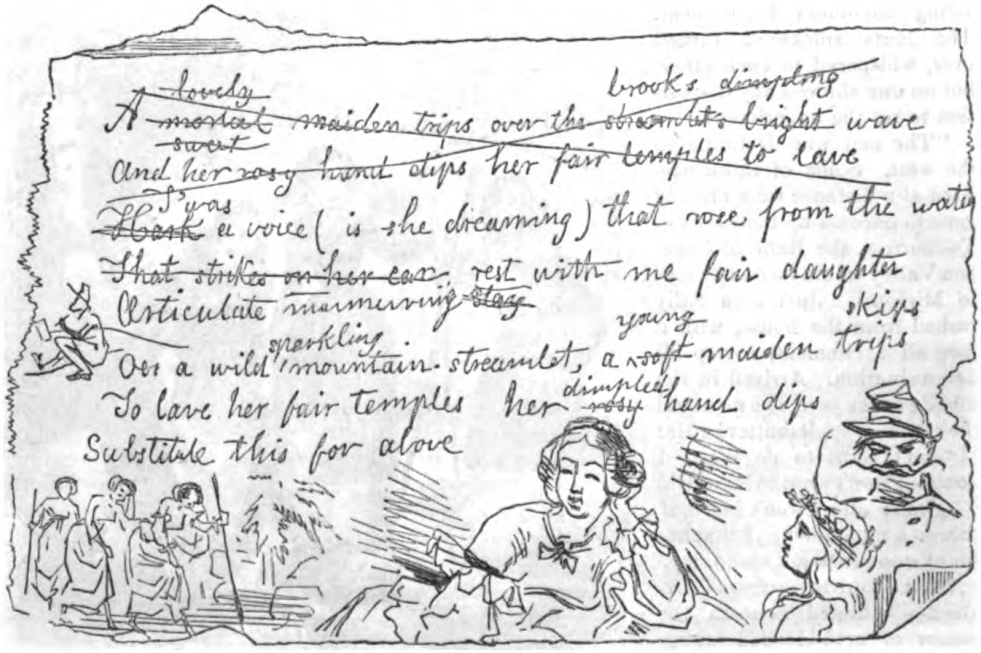
When stern winter cometh, with tyrannous hand
His icy chain bindeth both water and land:
The wanderer hastes over, no spirit-voice woos him;
White—white lies the snow-shroud on her frozen bosom.

Then rest thee, loved maiden, where true hearts beat warm,
And strong arms may guard thee through danger and storm;
Where unchanging affection may sweeten thy tears,
And love that can brighten the winter of years.

The verses were highly commended, and Dora expressed herself greatly astonished that any one who could write such poetry had not written books of it, and become famous, like Milton and Lord Byron, or at least have published some in the newspapers.

Crayon made a deprecatory and scornful gesture—"Trash!" said he, "mere trash, jingling nonsense; versification is at best but a meretricious art, giving undue value to vapid thoughts and sentiments, serving to obscure and weaken sense that would be better expressed in prose."

"Why, cousin," exclaimed Minnie, "are these your real sentiments, or is it merely a way of underrating your own performance? Hear what Shakspeare says of poets:



THE IMPROMPTU.

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"'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.'"

"Upon my word," said Dora, "one would think that Shakspeare had seen Cousin Porte writing verses."

"Well, well," said our hero, shrugging his shoulders with an air of resignation, "when one has condescended to a business only fit for scribbling women—"

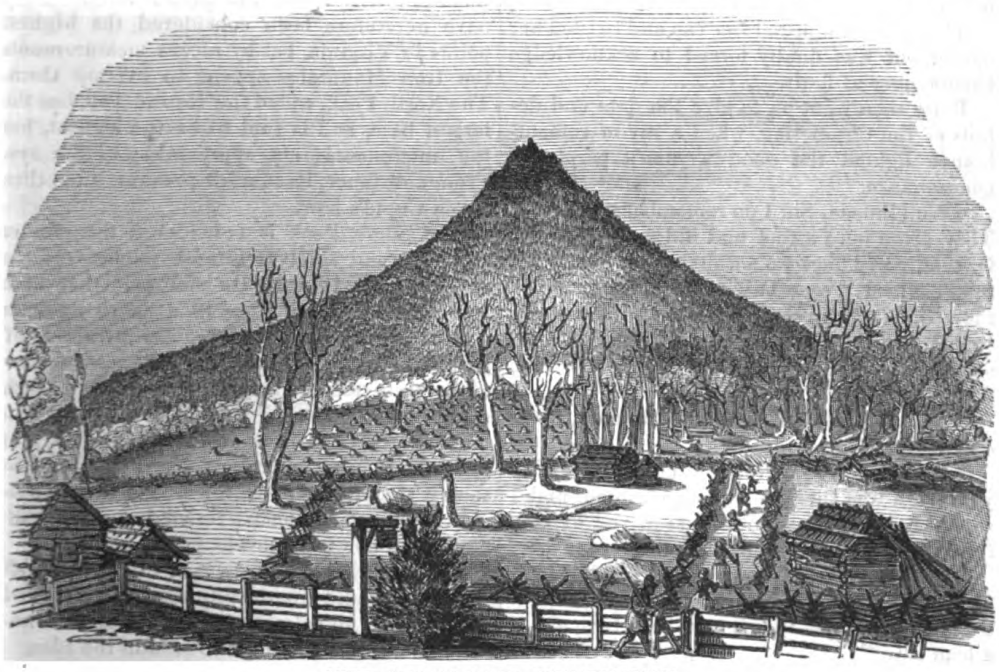
"Scribbling women!" repeated Fanny; "why, brother, you ought to be ashamed to talk so, when you have been at least a month writing this impromptu."

"Truly, Miss, how came you to know what I have been studying for a month past? Is my skull so transparent, or have you more shrewdness than I have been accustomed to allow your sex?"

"Indeed, Porte, it required no great shrewdness to make the discovery, for about three weeks ago I found this bit of paper in the bottom of the carriage."

Our hero examined the scrap to convince himself of its authenticity, which he acknowledged by immediately tearing it up. Observing, however, that Minnie had secured his verses in that charming receptacle where a lady hides whatever she thinks too precious to be trusted in her pockets or work-basket, and consoled that they had thus reached their destination, he bore the laugh with reasonable fortitude.

Repeating a harmless line from Martial, "*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est*," our author turned his back on the pests, and starting up the road at a rapid pace, was soon out of sight. It was near sunset before the carriage overtook him. He was then standing, with folded arms, absorbed in the contemplation of a view which was presented for the first time through a vista in the forest. To the right of the road, and at an immense distance below, appeared a champaigne country, stretching away in endless perspective, the line of whose horizon was lost in mist. In front rose a lofty conical peak, whose sharp forked apex was yet gilded by the rays of the declining sun, while its base was enveloped in misty shadows. As Crayon ascended the carriage, he informed the ladies that they saw to the right a portion of the map of Old Virginia, and before them stood the South Peak of Otter, one of the twin-kings of the Blue Ridge, crowned with his diadem of granite—a diadem so grand and so curiously wrought withal, that it remains equally the admiration and the puzzle of artists and philosophers. His brother, the Round Top, was then hidden by a spur of the Ridge, but would be visible shortly. The Peak loomed in the gathering twilight, and our travelers gazed in silence on his unique form and gloomy brow—a silence that was not broken until winding down the notch between the two mountains they halted at the gate of the Otter Peaks Hotel. This celebrated hotel might readily have been mistaken by the inexperienced traveler for a negro cabin, for it was nothing more than a log-hut, showing a single door and window in front. Yet, to the more knowing, its central and commanding position, amidst the group of outbuildings of proportionate size and finish, proved it unmistakably the dwelling of a landed proprietor—what the negroes call sometimes, by excess of courtesy, the "Great House." Crayon's ringing halloo was answered by the appearance of a full pack of dogs and negroes,



SOUTH PEAK OF OTTER, FROM THE HOTEL.

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whose barking and vociferation were equally unintelligible. The travelers disembarked at a venture, and were met at the door by a smiling motherly woman, who ushered them into the great parlor, reception-room, and chamber of the hotel. The bare log walls and cold yawning fire-place were made dimly manifest by the rays of a single tallow dip; but the united labors of the landlady, her little son and daughter, four negro children, and a grown servant-woman, soon remedied all deficiencies.

An enormous fire roared and crackled in the spacious chimney, the rafters glowed with a cheerful ruddy light, and a genial warmth pervaded the apartment, which soon restored our chilled and disappointed adventurers to their accustomed good-humor. The supper, which was excellent beyond all expectation, furnished Porte Crayon an occasion to lecture on "the deceitfulness of appearances in this sublunary sphere," and also to narrate a pleasant anecdote concerning a supper that his friend Jack Rawlins and himself had eaten in this house, while they were on that famous pedestrian tour, so often alluded to heretofore. According to his statement, Jack had eaten twenty-two good-sized biscuit, duly relished with bear-steak, broiled ham, preserves, and buttermilk. Porte credited himself with sixteen biscuit only. Fanny, who understood something of domestic arithmetic, immediately did a sum in multiplication, based upon the supposition that twelve gentlemen had stepped in to supper at the Hall.

"Two hundred and sixty-four biscuit!" exclaimed she. "Porte, I don't believe a word of it."

Dame Wilkinson, who had just entered, was appealed to by Crayon to verify his story.

"Madam, do you recollect ever having seen me before?"

The hostess adjusted her cap and twisted her apron, but was finally forced to acknowledge her memory at fault.

Porte then went on to give the date and details of the transaction, when a ray of remembrance lighted the good woman's perplexed countenance.

"Well indeed, Sir, I do remember them boys. They come here a-foot and did eat enormous. Of that, Sir, I tuck no account, for I like to see folks eat hearty, especially young ones; but when they come to pay their bill they said it was a shame to charge only three fourpenny bits for such a supper, and wanted to make me take double."

"And you refused. My good woman, I was one of those boys."

"God bless you, Sir! is it possible? Why your chin was then as smooth as mine, and I should have expected to have seen you looking fatter, or maybe something stouter than you are."

"A very natural supposition," replied Mr. Crayon, with a sigh, "but these things are controlled by destiny—I must have been born under a lean star."

Mrs. Wilkinson had come in to know if her guests desired to ascend the Peak in time to see the sun rise, that she might arrange her housekeeping accordingly. The idea was favorably received by the party, and it was unanimously determined to carry it out. The coachman was instructed to arouse Mr. Crayon at the proper hour; and then, by the landlady's advice, they all went to bed.

What time the glittering belts of Orion hung high in the heavens and dim twinkling stars in the alborescent east gave token of approaching day, Porte Crayon started from his downy couch, aroused by a sharp tap at the window. "Mass' Porte! Mass' Porte! day is breakin'—roosters ben a crowin' dis hour!"

"Begone, you untimely varlet! How dare you disturb my dreams? Go help Apollo to get out his horses yourself—I'm no stable boy." And Mice's retreating footsteps were heard crunching in the hard frost as he returned to his quarters, not displeased with the result of his mission. Porte Crayon closed his eyes again, and tried to woo back a charming dream that had been interrupted by the unwelcome summons. What luck he met with in the endeavor we are unable to say.

Our friends were consoled for the loss of the sunrise view by a comfortable breakfast between eight and nine o'clock. In answer to their apologies for changing their plans, the hostess informed them she had rather calculated on their not going, as most of her visitors did the same thing, especially in cold weather.

The Peaks of Otter are in Bedford County, on the southeastern front of the Blue Ridge, and about sixteen miles distant from the Natural Bridge. Their height above the level country at their base is estimated at four thousand two hundred and sixty feet, and more than five thousand feet above the ocean tides. They have heretofore been considered the highest points in Virginia, but by recent measurements the Iron Mountains appear to overtop them. The North Peak, called the Round Top, has the largest base, and is said to be the highest, but the difference is not appreciable by the eye. From a distance, its summit presents an outline like a Cupid's bow.

The South Peak is considered the greater curiosity, and receives almost exclusively the attention of visitors. Its shape is that of a regular cone, terminating in a sharp point or points formed by three irregular pyramids of granite boulders. The largest of these heaps is about sixty feet in height, and upon its apex stands an egg-shaped rock about ten feet in diameter. It seems so unsecurely placed that it would require apparently but little force to send it thundering down the side of the mountain. It has nevertheless resisted the efforts of more than one mischievous party.

The remarkable regularity of this peak in all its aspects would give the impression that it owed its formation to volcanic action, but there is nothing more than its shape to sustain the idea.

The hotel is situated in the notch formed by

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the junction of the peaks, about midway between their bases and summits, and travelers starting from this point have to ascend not more than two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet. To persons unaccustomed to such exercise this is no trifling undertaking, and horses are frequently in requisition to perform a part of the journey. Our friends, however, fresh from the Alleghanies, and vigorous from four weeks' previous travel, scorned all extraneous assistance, and started from the hotel on foot. As the fallen leaves had entirely obliterated the path, a negro boy was detailed to lead the way. Porte Crayon followed next, with his rifle slung and knapsack stuffed with shawls and comforts, to protect the ladies from the keen air of the summit. The girls straggled after in Indian file, with flying bonnets, each holding a light springy staff to steady her in climbing. Mice, armed with a borrowed shot-gun, brought up the rear. For a mile they tugged along with great resolution, pausing at intervals to rest on the sofas of rock and fallen timber so temptingly cushioned with moss. At length they arrived at a small plateau where the horse-path terminates, and as there seemed no further necessity for a guide, the boy was here dismissed.

The ascent from this point is much more difficult. The path becomes steeper and more rugged, a sort of irregular stairway of round rocks, that often shakes beneath the traveler's tread, and affords at best but an uncertain footing.

"Now, girls, is the time to show your training. Forward—forward!" shouted Crayon, as he bent his breast to the steep ascent.

——"'Non sotto l'ombra in piaggia molle
Tra fonti e fior, tra Ninfe e tra Sirene,
Ma in cima all' erto e faticoso colle
Della virtù, reposto e il nostro bene.'

"'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Poor things! how they struggle," said Porte, looking back at his wards, who, with disheveled hair and purple cheeks, staggered up the difficult pathway.

"Ah!" cried Minnie,

"'Who can tell how hard it is to climb;'"

and she sunk exhausted and palpitating upon a rock.

"This does seem like waging an unequal war indeed," said Porte. "Come, child, your hand: the road to the Temple of Fame is nothing to this. In fact I've been led to suspect lately that there must be a railroad up to it, from the marvelous celerity with which some people have accomplished the ascent. Mice, help the hindmost."

What with the assistance of the men and frequent rests, they at length reached the summit. Here, between the granite pinnacles, they found a little level, carpeted with dried grass and protected from the wind by the rocks and stunted thickets. The shawls were immediately produced, and the ladies nestled in a sunny corner, while Crayon and his man kindled a brisk fire of dried sticks.

A brief repose served to recruit the energies of our fair travelers. A rude ladder assisted them in the ascent of the largest pinnacle, which looks eastward; and then (first carefully assuring themselves of their footing) they turned their eyes upon the glorious panorama that lay unfolded beneath them. The sensations produced by this first look would be difficult to describe. The isolation from earth is seemingly as complete as if you were sailing in a balloon—as if the rocks upon which you stood were floating in the air. For a few moments "the blue above and the blue below" is all that is appreciable by the eye, until the lenses are adjusted properly to take cognizance of the details of the landscape.



ASCENT OF THE PEAK.

Looking east, a vast plain rises like an ocean, its surface delicately pictured with alternating field and woodland, threaded with silver streams, and dotted with villages and farmhouses. Sweeping from north to south, dividing the country with the regularity of an artificial rampart, its monotonous length broken at intervals by conical peaks and rounded knobs, the endless line of the Blue Ridge is visible, until in either direction it fades out in the distance. Westward, rising from the valley, are discovered the unique forms of the House Mountains; and beyond them ridge peeps over ridge, growing dimmer and dimmer until you can not distinguish between the light clouds of the horizon and

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CROWN OF OTTER.

the pale outline of the Alleghany. On your left hand, in sublime proximity, the Round Top "lifts his awful form," like an uncouth giant, insolently thrusting his shaggy pate into the etherial company of the clouds.

While our friends reveled in this illimitable feast, for a time silence reigned supreme, until Porte Crayon, who had been sitting apart upon the apex of the egg, slid down from his perch, and approached the group of ladies.

"Girls, there must be something in our altitude calculated to produce a corresponding loftiness of sentiment. I am in a state of exaltation—overflowing with patriotism. I don't allude to the marketable staple produced by the combined stimulus of corn-whisky and lust of office, but the more common instinct of loyalty to kindred and country, vivified, perhaps, and intensified by this bracing air and magnificent prospect. I feel as if I should like to be Governor of Virginia; not for the sake of gain—no, I scorn emolument—but simply for the glorification; to be enabled to do something great for the Old Commonwealth—to make her a great speech. For instance:

"Looking down from this lofty height, over the length and breadth of the land, what enlarged and comprehensive views do I not take of her physical features and capacities. My intellectual vision penetrates the mists which dim the material horizon; I can see the whole State, like a map unrolled, from the Big Sandy to Cape Charles; from the Dismal Swamp to the Pan-Handle—that pragmatical bit of territory that sticks up so stiff and straight, like the tail of a plucky animal, Virginian to the very tip."

"Porte, can we see Berkeley from here?" inquired Dora.

"Certainly, child; look northward there, and you may even see the chimneys of the old Hall peering above the locust-trees."

"To be sure, cousin, I can see it now; better, I think, with my eyes shut than open."

"Your silly interruption has put me out. I had a great deal more to say, that possibly might have been important to the State; for you must know that in Virginia speeches are of more account than food and raiment. It is all lost, however; and I will conclude in the words of the most egotistical of bards:

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"'Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me; could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong and weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak.
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.'"

"I'm glad you've done it," said Dora.

"I should not have commenced, perhaps. The effect of eloquence depends too much on



THE ENCAMPMENT.

adventitious circumstances. In this rarified atmosphere the most sonorous voice seems weak and piping."

Fanny suggested that this fact appeared like an intimation from Nature, that these sublime solitudes were fitter for reflection than noise.

"I never could bear speeches any where," rejoined Dora.

"Very naturally, Miss Dimple. Your sex prefers addresses."

Having relieved his surcharged feelings to some extent by these straggling remarks, Mr. Crayon gave the ladies a peremptory invitation to get up on the egg. It was accepted without hesitation, although in fear and trembling. Mice, according to his own account, made "a lather" of himself, by means of which they were enabled to ascend with comparative ease and safety. On the rock they formed a group at once picturesque and characteristic. Every eye kindled as it swept the boundless horizon; and, by a common impulse, Crayon took off his cap and the girls spread scarf and kerchief to the breeze —waving a proud, enthusiastic salute to that fair and generous land. Dead indeed must be his soul, who, standing on that peak, could not feel full justification for such enthusiasm.

Cautiously descending from the airy pinnacle, our friends made their way back to their gipsy encampment. As they tarried here, the comfortable warmth of the fire by degrees led back their wandering thoughts to the common paths of life. Fancy, that, like the eagle spreading her wings from her eyry in the rocks, had soared away among the clouds, now began circling gently downward—down, down, downward still—until suddenly, with pinions collapsed, she swooped upon a fat turkey—supposed, of course, to be roasted.

"Then down their road they took
Through those dilapidated crags, that oft
Moved underneath their feet."

Although the descent has its peculiar difficulties, it is accomplished in a much shorter time than the ascent. Our travelers reached their place of sojourn in the vale about 2 o'clock P.M., where they found dinner had been waiting some time, and the turkey overdone.

The descent from the hotel to the foot of the Peaks affords a number of striking views, well worthy of record by pen and pencil. As they rolled rapidly over the road toward Liberty, the signs of a milder climate became momentarily more evident. The appearance of open, cultivated fields, of elegant residences surrounded by shrubbery, and notwithstanding the lateness of the season, cottages embowered in fragrant roses and showy chrysanthemums, threw the girls into quite an excitement of pleasure, and for a time entirely diverted their thoughts from what they had left behind.

But Porte Crayon, heedless or half scornful of these softer beauties, still cast his longing, lingering looks behind, where a blue mist was



THE VICTIM.

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SOUTH PEAK, FROM THE SPRING.

gathering over the twin peaks, that stood like giant sentinels at the gates of the mountain land.

"*Au revoir, Messieurs!*" and with this implied consolation he turned away. "A traveler's business is with the present, not the past. Our sketching henceforward will be more of life and character than of inanimate nature. Even while I speak, behold a victim!"

Liberty, the county town of Bedford, is a pleasant, and to all appearance a thriving little town. The travelers passed the night at a very comfortable hotel kept by Leftwitch, and were introduced to the daughter of their host, a bright-eyed maiden of thirteen years, who had lately performed the feat of riding to the top of the South Peak on horseback.

"Of the next day's journey from Liberty to Lynchburg," Mr. Crayon jocosely remarks, "we will have more to say than we could have wished." The weather was delightful. An Indian-summer haze threw a softening vail over the landscape, and the Peaks, still in full view, loomed up grandly against the western sky.



THE PEAKS OF OTTER—DISTANT VIEW.

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Of the road which they traveled that day Mr. C. declines undertaking any description; "For," said he, "to use an expression of the orator Isocrates, if I were to stick to the truth I couldn't tell the half, and if I were to lie, I couldn't exceed the reality of its unspeakable abominations."

In passing through the town of New London, Mr. C. remonstrated with the toll-gatherer, but to no purpose. About five miles and a half from Lynchburg our adventurers were descending a hill. The hill was very steep—so steep that the driver was obliged to zigzag his horses to check the impetus of the carriage. The road at that point was of good old conservative corduroy—corded with stout saplings of various diameters, a species of railroad much used in the Old Dominion. They had descended many such hills before, and as they neared the bottom, Mice, according to custom, let his horses out. Down they rattled at full speed. The corduroy terminated in a mud-hole—so did the carriage. With a terrific crash the fore-axle broke sheer in two, the wheels rolled off to either side, and the dashboard plowed the mud. Porte Crayon, in a state of bewilderment, found himself astride of the roan without knowing precisely how he got there; while Mice's bullet-head struck the unlucky sorrel such a blow on the rump that he squatted like a rabbit. Crayon, with that admirable presence of mind which characterizes him, immediately dismounted, and lost no time in rescuing his rifle from the wreck. Ascertaining to his satisfaction that it was unhurt, he gallantly rushed to the assistance of the ladies. He found them in the fore part of the carriage, mixed up in a sort of *olla-podrida* composed of shawls, baskets, bonnets, cold meat, geological specimens, apples, a variety of shrubbery more or less dried, biscuits and butter, skins and feathers, trophies of the chase, and other ingredients not remembered.

"Are you all alive?" inquired he, anxiously. Three voices replied in a rather doubtful affirmative. The door was with some difficulty forced open, and the living were delivered from their entanglement without further damage—a work that required no little delicacy and judgment.

"Oh, my bonnet!" cried Fanny, as she limped to the roadside; "it looks like a crow's nest."

"Just look at mine!" screamed Dora; "some one's foot has been jammed through the crown."

"Cousin Minnie, what are you looking for in all that rubbish? Have you lost your breast-pin?"

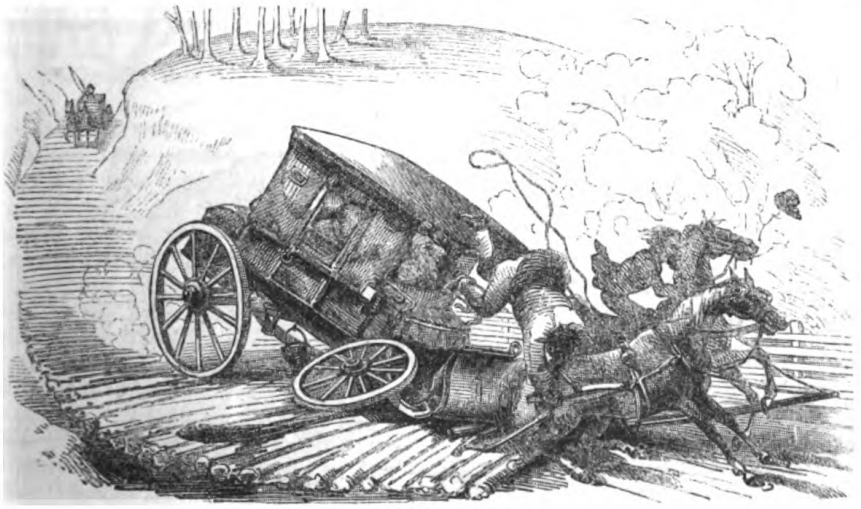
"I've lost something," quoth she, blushing. Presently she snatched up a bit of folded paper, and adroitly slipping it into her bosom, remarked, "Well, no matter—it is of no importance whatever."

Mice in the mean time had recovered his upright posture, and by dint of rubbing and scratching had righted his senses, which had been knocked topsy-turvy by the collision. The horses stood quietly in their tracks, evincing not the slightest sympathy in the perplexity of their fellow-travelers—seeming to say, "Good people, take your time to it; this is your business, not ours."

How different was the feeling of the kindly driver, who stood stroking and patting the sorrel's hips!

"Mass' Porte, I'se glad to see him standin' up dis way, 'case I thought at fust he's back was broke."

The women were left to exercise their ingenuity in repairing their damaged apparel, while a private consultation was held between the commander of the expedition and his lieutenant on the present state of the war. It was unanimously agreed that Mr. Crayon and the ladies should stroll on until they found some vehicle to take them into Lynchburg, thinking there could be no difficulty in finding one in the vicinity of so important and populous a town. Mice magnanimously undertook to remain on the ground until he could engage a passing



RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

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teamster to assist him in transporting the wreck.

Porte mustered his company and started forthwith.

For a short time they got along very well; but the sun shone hot, the road was dusty, and before they had accomplished a mile the girls began to complain of exhaustion. In fact, they had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the previous day.

They sat down upon a bank beside the highway to wait until some vehicle should come in sight, but during the next half hour they saw no living thing. At length an old negro hobbled by with a staff and cloak, whose very gait seemed to mock their patience. By advancing a dime, Mr. Crayon obtained the important information that his name was "Uncle Peter," and nothing further.

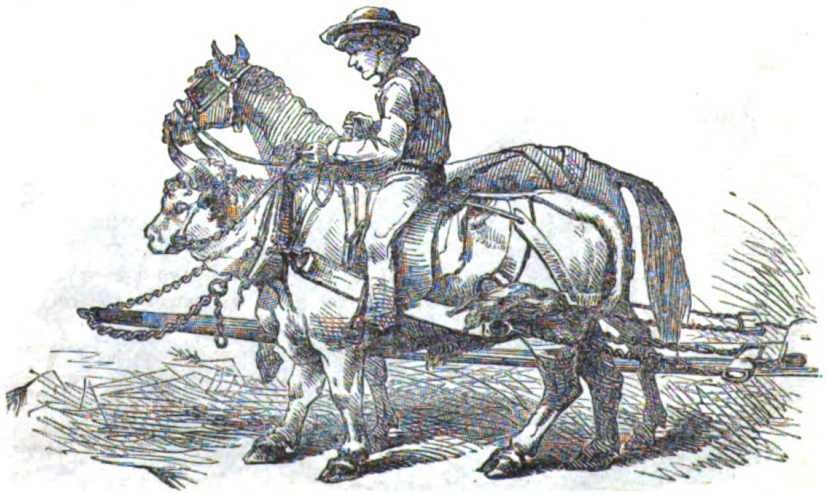


UNCLE PETER.

Disheartened by these appearances, Crayon encouraged his wards to make another effort, holding forth vague promises of relief in some form or other that he could not exactly particularize himself. Once their hopes were excited by the appearance of a vehicle in the distance, but on a nearer approach the ladies determined not to take advantage of the opportunity offered, because the animals did not match.

Porte Crayon's inquiries at two or three farmhouses were likewise unsuccessful. There seemed to be no chance for any other mode of conveyance than that which they had rightfully inherited from Adam and Eve. What a pity that a mode so healthful, independent, graceful, and beautifying, should have fallen into such general disrepute! With clouded countenances they accomplished another mile, when the cousins declared they were about to faint, and Fanny said, decidedly, that she would not walk another step.

It is universally conceded that romancers and historians are privileged to draw their characters entirely from fancy, and may so arrange incidents as to exhibit their heroes and heroines as models of perfection. Unfortunately the



NOT A MATCH.

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LYNCHBURG TEAM.

editor of these papers enjoys no such license. The wings of his fancy have been clipped by stubborn fact, and conscience has hedged his way on either side with thorns. If persevering good-humor at length becomes wearisome, and the high-mettled steed of chivalry requires occasional repose, charge it up in the general account against human nature, and not to your humble and faithful narrator.

As the young ladies sunk down one after another by the roadside, murmurs ripened into reproaches. Their gallant escort was blamed with all the inconveniences under which they were suffering.

The heat—the dust—the distance to Lynchburg—the leafless trees that afforded no shade—and above all, their fatigue. "Hadn't he forced them to climb the Peak the day before?"

"Instead of taking you up in the carriage," suggested he.

"Then, would any one who had the sense of a—"

"A woman," interrupted Crayon—

"Or the least consideration, have started on such a journey in a carriage with a cracked axle?"

"That has carried us some four hundred miles over hill and dale, rock and river," replied he, mildly.

"Why, then, did you bring us over this nasty, hilly, muddy, dusty road?"

"To get you to Lynchburg."

"Was there no other way to Lynchburg?"

"My children," replied the philosopher, with admirable calmness, "cultivate patience, and don't entirely take leave of your feeble wits; and," cried he, with increasing fervor, "didn't you have an opportunity of riding just now, which you refused with one voice! Am I responsible for every thing, your whims included? You may go to grass!"

Whatever reply this abrupt conclusion might have elicited, was arrested by an extraordinary screeching that seemed to issue from a wood hard by. Presently a wagon hove in sight, whose ungreased axles made the distressing outcry. The *attelage* was likewise out of the common line. The yoke at the wheels consisted of a great ox and a diminutive donkey, with a single horse in the lead. The driver, a deformed negro boy, was a very good imitation of the baboon that rides the pony in a menagerie.

"By blood!" exclaimed Crayon, knitting his brows, "here's a conveyance, and you shall ride whether you will or not.—Halloo, boy! stop your team! I want to engage you to carry these ladies to town."

"Dey is done gone, Sir," answered the baboon, respectfully touching his hat.

Our hero looked round, and to his astonishment saw the ladies already more than two hundred yards distant, footing it rapidly down the road. Such was their speed that it cost him some effort to overtake them.

"Cousin Porte," said Minnie May, in a deprecating tone, "we have concluded to walk to Lynchburg; the distance is so small that it will be scarcely worth while to engage any conveyance."

Mr. Crayon affectionately desired the young ladies not to walk so rapidly, observing that they would the sooner exhaust themselves by undue haste. As it was, there was no occasion to be in a hurry, the town being only three miles distant. He then kindly offered an arm to each of his cousins, requesting them to lean

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as heavily as possible upon the support; at the same time he nodded to Fanny, regretting that he had not a third arm to offer, but promising her a turn presently. Fanny smilingly acknowledged the civility, and said that since the breeze had sprung up and cooled the air, she did not feel the slightest fatigue.

"Cousin Porte," said Minnie, in gentle accents, "we were very foolish to reproach you as we did."

"No more, sweet cousin. I pray you do not recall my unphilosophic and ungallant behavior, which I would fain dismiss from my own memory, as I hope it may be from yours, forever."

Peace having been thus re-established, Miss Dora ventured to inquire "Why the people of this region, instead of using horses, harnessed such ridiculous menageries to their wagons?"

Crayon, who never liked to acknowledge himself at a loss, informed her that "it was done to encourage a spirit of emulation in the different quadrupeds, and thereby to get more work out of them."

A number of handsome suburban residences indicated the proximity of a considerable town, and our friends at length paused upon the brow of the bluff, on the declivity of which Lynchburg is built. As they stood here enjoying the view, they perceived a huge column of dust approaching, out of which proceeded a confusion of sounds, snorting, creaking, trampling, shouting, cracking, and rumbling. As the cloud whirled by, a shadowy group was dimly visible, a carriage mounted on the running gear of a wagon, and drawn by four horses. A huge figure occupied the front seat, and "the driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi." In the foaming leaders Crayon thought he recognized their much-enduring friends the roan and sorrel, and in the human figure the gigantic outline of the indomitable Mice.

The pedestrians, all dusted and travel-worn, slipped quietly down a by-street, hoping to gain the Norvall House without observation, but the burly squire was in ahead of them. His odd-looking, hybrid vehicle was of itself sufficient to excite attention, but his gasconading account of the accident aroused the whole neighborhood. When our friends timidly glanced up the main street, they had the satisfaction of seeing all the managers, clerks, waiters, and chamber-maids of the hotel, out to receive them, and the side-walk lined with spectators. In the midst stood Mice, covered with dust and perspiration, looking as magnificent as Murat after a successful cavalry charge. The ladies clung closer to Crayon's arms, and drew their dusty vails over their faces. The valet took off his cap, and addressing himself to the head manager, said, in a low voice, but with marked emphasis,

"Them's them, Sir!"

The comforts of a first-rate hotel were needed to repair the fatigues of these eventful days. Nevertheless, next morning the ladies were able to stroll about and take some notes of the town and its surroundings. Lynchburg is the principal tobacco mart of Virginia, and the fifth town in importance in the State. It has a population of six or seven thousand, is substantially built, and contains a number of fine private residences, but no public buildings worthy of remark. It is rather unfortunately situated on the steep declivity of a James River bluff, and while the streets running parallel to the river are level, those leading to the water are for the most part impracticable to wheeled vehicles. During the afternoon, Crayon and Cousin Minnie strolled over the long bridge, and ascended the cliffs on the opposite side, whence they had a fine view of the town and river.

"There are no boats on the river now," observed our hero, with a sigh. "This cursed canal has monopolized all that trade, I suppose. I perceive, too, by that infernal fizzing and squealing, that they have a railroad into the bargain. Ah, me! Twenty years ago these enemies of the picturesque had no existence. The river was then crowded with boats, and its shores alive with sable boatmen—such groups! such attitudes! such costume! such character!



THE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER.

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they would have been worthy subjects for the crayon of a Darley or a Gavarni! When Jack Rawlins and myself arrived here on that never-to-be-forgotten tour, we were so fired by the romantic appearance of these river boats, that we resolved to try the life for a while. Having engaged a passage with Uncle Adam, the commander of a boat freighted with tobacco, in the course of an hour we were afloat. A delightful change it was from the dusty, monotonous highway, to find ourselves gliding down the current of this lovely river, stretched at ease upon a tobacco hogshead, inhaling the freshness of the summer breezes, and rejoicing in the ever-changing beauty of the landscape. Then what appetites we had. The boatman's fare, of middlings and corn-bread, was for a time a prime luxury. When in our idleness we grew capricious, we gave money to the first mate, Caleb, who, in addition to other accomplishments, had an extraordinary talent for catering. Caleb would pocket our cash and steal for us whatever he could lay his hands on. An old gander, a brace of fighting-cocks, a hatful of eggs, or a bag of sweet potatoes. As he frequently brought us twice the value of our money, we did not trouble ourselves with nice inquiries into his mode of transacting business, but ate every thing with undisturbed consciences. Occasionally we varied our fare by shooting a wild duck, or hooking a string of fish; but fish, flesh, or fowl, all had a relish that appertains only to the omnivorous age of sixteen. The boat's crew consisted of Captain Adam and two assistants; shoeless, hatless, half naked figures, whose massive chests and brawny limbs reminded one of the exaggerated figures of Michael Angelo done in bronze. A priceless lesson it would have been to painter and sculptor to watch the nervous play of muscle as the swarthy crew poled their batteau through the shallows, or bent to the sweeps on the long stretches of still water.

"But, after all, night was the glorious time; when the boats were drawn along shore in some still cove beneath the spreading umbrage of a group of sycamores. A fleet of fifteen or twenty would sometimes be collected at the same spot. The awnings were hoisted, fires lighted, and supper dispatched in true boatman-like style. Then the fun commenced. The sly whisky jug was passed about, banjoes and fiddles were drawn from their hiding-places, the dusky improvisatore took his seat on the bow of a boat and poured forth his wild recitative, while the leathern lungs of fifty choristers made the dim shores echo with the refrain.

"The music and manner of singing were thoroughly African, and as different from the negro music of the day as from the Italian opera. The themes were humorous, gay, and sad, drawn for the most part from the incidents of plantation life, and not unfrequently the spontaneous effusion of the moment. The melodies were wild and plaintive, occasionally mingled with strange, uncouth cadences that carried the imagination forcibly to the banks of the Gambia, or to an encampment of rollicking Mandingoes.

"One song, of which I remember but a few lines, seemed to embody some tradition of the Revolution, and ran thus:

"'Cæsar! Cæsar!
Bring here my horse and saddle;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
I'm gwine on a long journey;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
Bring here my sword and pistol;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
I'm gwine on a long journey;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
I'm gwine whar the guns rattle;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
I'm gwine on a long journey;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
Take care of my wife and children;
Cæsar! Cæsar!
* * * * *

"Then Caleb had his song, which had cheered his labors between Lynchburg and Richmond ever since he had followed the river. When things went easy he merely hummed the air; but when the boat hung or lost her course in a rapid, he roared it out with the full power of his lungs. Some wiseacre has said 'Beware of the man of one book,' Caleb was the man of one song. Taking advantage of an opportune moment one night, he seized the banjo and struck up—

"'I went to see Ginny when my work was done,
And she put de hoe cake on, my love,
And Ginny put de hoe cake on;
But master he saunt and called me away,
'Fore Ginny got de hoe cake done, my love,
'Fore Ginny got her hoe cake done!'

"Like the ballad of 'The Battle of the Nile,' this song had twenty-four verses in it, all precisely alike. By the time the singer had got to the third verse Uncle Adam rose, and unceremoniously taking the instrument out of his hand, gave him a smart rap with it over the head. 'You fool nigger, hush up dat! I'se been 'noyed 'bout dat hoe cake for three year; don't want to hear no more 'bout it!'

"It often happened, during these performances, that when the recitative became rather prosy, or mayhap some chorister got dry before his time, a sort of practical ditty was struck up, whose grunting chorus invariably stole away the voices from the regular singer; and he, nothing loth, would throw down the banjo, and roar out:

"'Juggity jug,
Whar's dat jug?
Juggity jug,
Old stone jug;
Juggity jug,
Broken mouthed jug;
Juggity jug,
Old whisky jug—
Juggity jug.'

"When the subject of these eulogistic verses had circulated sufficiently, the song generally wound up with an antic dance performed by the juniors of the company; and when the

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NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

mirth began to border on the riotous, some old Nestor, like Uncle Adam, would authoritatively order them all to bed, backing the order with a considerate remark — 'Hard work to-morrow, boys; sleep while you can.' The couches, to which it was thought luxury to retire, were made of fence-rails, laid across the boats under the awnings. But I preferred to take my blanket, and stretch myself upon the tobacco hogsheads, from whence I could watch the twinkling of the mystic stars, listen to the roar of distant rapids, or catch, at intervals, the wild melody from some neighboring encampment, whose fires glowed beneath the shadow of a wooded bluff. In time the fires would die out, and all nature sink into profound silence—all, except the sullen, soothing roar of the river, which wooed to sleep like a nurse's lullaby. Then the moon would roll up her broad disk of burnished gold from behind a hill, flinging a stream of fiery light over the trembling water, and sleep would be forgotten for a while in the enjoyment of this new glory. Ah! cousin, of all the aimless, vagabond adventures of my boyhood, none has left so lively and agreeable an impression on my imagination as that old time boating on the James."

On the morning of the 6th of November, our travelers again found themselves and carriage in condition to take the road. Their route lay northward through the county of Amherst, and at noon they dined at the Court House. Now we do not wish it understood literally, that they took their refreshment in the halls of justice. In Virginia, the village, or collection of houses in which the seat of justice of each county is located, is called the Court House. Sometimes you find nothing more than a tavern, a store, and a smithy. Besides the county buildings Amherst Court House contains about a dozen houses, and probably has not yet attained the dignity of a corporate town. The soil of this, in common with many other of the *piedmont* counties, is of a bright red in many places, generally fertile, but poorly cultivated. The world down here seems to have been asleep for many years, and an air of loneliness pervades the whole region. As the roads were heavy, and the chances of finding places of entertainment but few, the driver stopped at an early hour in front of a house of rather unpromising exterior. Porte Crayon, who has a facility of making himself at home every where, went to the kitchen with a bunch of squirrels, the spoil of his German rifle.

He returned in high spirits.

"Girls, we will be well fed here; we are fortunate. I have just seen the cook: not merely a black woman that does the cooking, but one bearing a patent stamped by the broad seal of Nature: the type of a class whose skill is not of books or training, but a gift both rich and rare — who flourishes her spit as Amphitrite does her trident (or her husband's, which is all the same), whose ladle is as a royal sceptre in her hands, who has grown sleek and fat on the steam of her own genius, whose children have the first dip in all gravies, the exclusive right to all livers and gizzards, not to mention breasts of fried chickens—who brazens her mistress, boxes her scullions, and scalds the dogs (I'll warrant there is not a dog on the place with a full suit of hair on him). I was awed to that degree by the severity of her deportment when I presented the squirrels, that my orders dwindled into an humble request, and throwing half a dollar on the

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table, as I retreated I felt my coat-tails to ascertain whether she had not pinned a dish-rag to them. In short, she is a perfect she-Czar, and may I never butter another corn-cake if I don't have her portrait to-morrow."

The supper fully justified Crayon's prognoscis; and the sleep of our travelers, like that of the laboring man, "was sweet whether they ate little or much."

In the morning our hero felt lightsome, and rose before the sun. Not finding his shoes at the chamber-door, he went down stairs in his stockings to seek them, and in a hall between the house and kitchen he found the boot-black.

"Uncle! I am looking for my shoes."

"Master wears shoes?" replied the old man, scanning our hero's person with an inquiring look. "Well, well, boots hain't no distinction now. Take a chair, young master; I'll find 'em and polish 'em up in no time. Weddin' party stopped here last night—brung me an uncommon pile of work."

Billy Devilbug was a specimen of his race that merited more than a casual glance. Time had made strong marks upon his face, but good temper and full feeding had kept out the petty wrinkles which indicate decrepitude. His broad forehead, fringed with grizzled wool, imparted an air of dignity to his countenance, his one eye beamed with honesty, while his quiet, def-



THE COOK.

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A CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

erential manner inspired the respect it tendered.

Porte Crayon's shoes were finished and delivered, yet he still lingered.

"Master," quoth Billy, "when I was young there was gentlemen then. They wore fa' top-boots them days; to see a fa' top-boots was to see a gentleman. Nowadays, sence these store boots come in, under the new constitution, there hain't no distinctions; every thing is mixed up, every thing w'ars boots now, and sich boots! Look here, master," cried Billy, thrusting his fist into a boot-leg, and fixing his one eye upon it with ineffable scorn—"What sort a thing is that, master? Is that a boot? Yes, indeed, that's what they call a boot these times—Ke-chuck, ke-chuck, ke-chuck! I'se afear'd to rub 'em hard, for fear to rub the sole off 'em. Them's like gentlemen nowadays!"

Porte Crayon recognized in his swarthy friend a brother philosopher and high conservative, and as he turned to depart a considerable gratuity chinked in Billy's hand.

"Young master," said the boot-black, rising, and touching his forehead respectfully, "I'll be bound your father wore fa' top-boots, any how."

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THE SENSES.

II.—TOUCH.

PHILOSOPHERS have now and then fancied that the worm, weak, mean, and despised as it is, has many an advantage which the monarch's son, born in royal purple, can not claim. They say that the worm greets the light of day, snugly ensconced in a warm, cozy nest; fruit in abundance supports him without effort. He finds silk and thread in his own body, which he weaves into clothes and wrappings for his season of rest. At last he changes into a brilliant winged insect, and his sole duty in life is to perpetuate his race, without care or remorse. But the king's first-born, called to rule over millions, comes into the world naked and helpless, amidst tears and loud complaints, to lead a life ever threatened by others, and yet ever depending on the assistance of others. Surely if we were, as these philosophers imagine, nothing more than the children of dust, it would have been better to be born an insect than the heir of an empire.

But man has been abandoned to the lowest misery only in order that he might ever look up for aid to the very highest power in the universe. Blind in the very abundance of his intelligence, he can only learn to see by directing his gaze without ceasing to that source whence cometh the light that is our salvation. Helpless, though endowed with almost marvelous bodily powers, he must ever look for aid to his fellow-beings; and thus arose, from our very misery, the two great commandments of love to God and love to our brethren.

Thus we find that even our senses, the handmaids of the soul within, are but so many sources of suffering, until we have learned to guide and protect them. And here, also, it would at first sight appear as if animals had an advantage over man, in precise proportion as they stand lower in the scale of apparent perfection. No point, for instance, exhibits this difference between him and other beings more strikingly than his nakedness. The whole of his wonderful body, with its delicate skin, its thousand finely-traced veins, and its countless, invisible nerves, is endowed with exquisite sensitiveness, and yet left exposed to the fatal influences of wind and weather. It is not so with animals. The lowest among them seem to be utterly without sensibility. In some infusoria irritation from without produces not the slightest effect. Neither violent concussion, nor a sudden light, nor overwhelming pressure, seem to make any impression. As their physical structure improves, the sense of touch also is gradually developed; though in the lower classes it is as yet diffused generally over the whole body, and so intimately connected with the organs of motion, that science has not yet been able to distinguish between them.

Soon, however, special organs become visible, mostly projecting from the body, in which the perceptions of this sense are peculiarly active. This is, of course, mainly the case with those animals whose body is covered with hair, scales, bony and horny plates, or shells and spines, and thus becomes insensible not only to the mere contact, but even to weaker chemical agents. Fishes have but one sense in certain parts, which is at the same time touch, taste, and hearing. The crustacea, like lobsters and crabs, on the other hand, carry their solid skeleton outside of their quaint bodies, and lack, of course, this higher, sensitive life altogether. In birds, touch is strangely blended with the sense of taste; the tip of their bill is generally endowed with an exquisite sensitiveness; and in sea-fowl and others, who plunge their bill into soft mud in search of food, it is even covered with a skin approaching in structure that of our race. Serpents make, in like manner, use of their tongue for the purposes of touch; and snails employ their curious tentacles to examine objects around them. In other animals the extremities are made the principal, and soon the sole organs of this sense, and often in a manner which we would little expect. The tender sole of the lizard's foot, and the prehensile tail of the chameleon, possess a remarkable power of this kind, while the oddly-shaped toe of the frog is gifted with like perception only at the time of sexual excitement. Where hands and feet are encased in horn and hoof, the sense is tranferred, as it were, to the lips and the parts around the mouth, especially when the latter is prolonged into a snout or proboscis. The trunk of the elephant is a perfect organ of touch.

In many higher animals hairs become extremely delicate instruments in the service of this sense. Not that they can feel or perceive contact themselves — the substance of which they are made prevents any such ability—but they are planted with delicate though bulky roots below the skin, in the midst of tender textures and crowds of highly sensitive nerves. Hence the slightest touch, an almost imperceptible vibration finds an instantaneous and violent echo beneath in the ever-watchful world of nerves. This makes the whiskers so important to the whole cat-tribe and to the strange race of seals. The sensitive hair of rabbits and hares is so indispensable to their existence, that when it is cut off they lose in a measure the power of guiding their movements in darkness.

But the most perfect of the special organs of touch in animals are the *antennæ*, the jointed appendages to the head of insects. As a blind man judges of the nearness and the general nature of an object by what he feels and perceives through the medium of a stick, with which he touches it, so these animals receive impressions on the nerves, situated at the base of their long thread-like antennæ, though these are themselves insensible and unfeeling. To multiply the points of contact, and to increase the delicacy of movement to be communicated by their means, the ends are often furnished with tiny, but beautiful tufts and plumes, and they thus become not merely safe guides in the movements

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of the insect, but also valuable aids in the selection of food.

As yet unexplained is the truly marvelous sensibility of the whole membraneous expansion of the bat's wing to the slightest undulations of air. It is well known that the poor animals have been deprived of sight, smell, and hearing, and then let loose in a room across which numerous threads had been stretched, yet they fly about as safely and surely as if they had eyes to see and ears to hear, never touching a thread, never striking against the wall. The very large external ear, and the peculiar repulsive "nose-leaf" of some of those bats that are most averse to light, have been thought to aid them in this wonderful accuracy of flight. By such assistance, and the remarkably developed sense of touch alone, could they be guided in the grottoes and natural caves in which they are found flying and enjoying a gloomy solitude, to which no perceptible ray of light ever gains access.

In man this sense is most perfectly developed; his skin is free of all animal covering—a few select places only excepted—and the delicate ends of countless nerves touch the very world without, unimpeded in their restless, beautiful activity by wool, scales, or feathers. His body becomes thus, to the farthest extremity, to the most minute outward particle, the property and the faithful servant of the soul within. Nor is this, as has been sometimes contended, merely the result of long cultivation, and the effect of a delicacy produced by artificial coverings, for even the half-civilized inhabitants of the tropics, whose skin has been for generations unprotected and exposed to all the hardships of savage life, possess the same exquisite sensibility. We can only dream of men in their "natural condition," standing like statues of bronze amidst the wealth of the tropics, unhurt and unharmed by all influences from without. Reality shows us the thousand often most curious means to which they resort for the protection of their skin. Fragrant oils serve the refined; disgusting odors, or even innumerable scars, produced by tatooing, help the more barbarous races to make the skin less sensitive and open to danger. To what extreme remedies they are sometimes driven we may learn from one whose skin would apparently have been proof against all things. The famous buccaneer, Raveneau de Lussuan, who in 1688 crossed the Isthmus of Panama, returning from the South Sea, tells us of the Indians near the Cape of Gracias a Dios, "that when they go to sleep they make a hole in the sand, in which they lie down, and then cover themselves carefully all over with the same sand. And all this to avoid the mosquitoes, with which the air is filled—little flies, rather felt than seen, whose sting is so sharp and venomous, that when it enters the skin it seems to be a flash of living fire."

The same circumstance, however, apparently so fatal to health and life, the want of an original covering, gives man a facility of evaporation by means of innumerable, ever-open pores, which no animal possesses, and which enables him, above all living things, to dwell safely in the most different climates and heights on this great globe. Nor ought we to forget that the delicate sense, extended over so vast a surface, and, as we shall see, so wonderfully developed and refined in man, gives that transparency and beauty to his skin, which is the effect of the thousand gates through which, unconsciously though it be, the heaven-born soul shines brightly and clearly.

Touch is, in certain respects, the most important of all our senses, for by it alone is the first impression of matter made upon man, and without it he would not be able truly and fully to commune with the outer world. The other senses can, at best, only perceive certain qualities of objects around us; touch alone and at once convinces us of their existence. For this reason, also, is this first and greatest of senses spread, by the God in whose image we are made, over the whole soft surface of our body, and perhaps even over certain parts of the inner organs. The other senses have, with special powers, also special localities; the organ that is given for the purpose of testing our food, lies in the immediate vicinity of the place where food enters; that which examines the air we breathe stands guard over the gates through which we receive it. The subtle rays of light are gathered in deep, securely-hidden cavities of the face, and the curious organs on which fall the almost imperceptible waves of the air, are actually concealed in the far interior of the head. It is not so with that sense, which is so important for our whole organism. Touch is every where, and the most open of all, because most directly and constantly in contact with the great world around us. Thanks to our bountiful Maker, it is not, like other senses, limited to one or two special organs, by whose loss man would be deprived of his first and main channel, through which he can commune with the world over which he rules, to stand in the midst of an abundance of blessings, wholly helpless and isolated. It spreads, on the contrary, over his whole body, and, therefore, even in the most violent diseases, is never entirely lost, but under all circumstances forms the ever-ready bridge over which the immortal soul holds intercourse with fellow-souls and all creation.

The precise mechanism by which the sense of touch operates is yet concealed in that secrecy which hides all the more delicate operations of our nervous system. But its extreme beauty, the rapidity with which it works, and its never-failing accuracy, are as surpassing as they are familiar. We walk in the dark doubtfully through a room, and the outstretched hand comes in contact with a solid substance. What happens? With the rapidity of thought—perhaps even quicker—the nerves of sensation, whose delicate ends dwell in the tips of our fingers, telegraph the occurrence up to the great central hall of the brains, wherever the God-inspired soul may reside. Instantly our mind

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knows that it is a chair which caused the sensation, that a certain spot of a certain finger came in contact with it, and that the sharp edge of the back of the chair touched our hand. As quickly, however, the same nerves telegraph back that the mind has resolved to withdraw the arm, and the arm obeys at the moment. Thus sensation, thought, will, and action follow each other with marvelous quickness. And is this not a daily, constant miracle? A material pressure on our skin or a nerve makes us tremble—imperceptibly perhaps to human senses—the motion is transferred to the head; it there calls forth a resolve, and the nerves of volition cause another trembling, which compels the ever-ready muscles to raise the arm with the rapidity of lightning. A wooden, lifeless chair produces a whole series of spiritual actions; the material gave birth to the spiritual, and the thought changed as quickly back again into material effect!

But we should err much if we fancied that touch consisted merely in a certain sensibility to shocks or to pressure, or even that it was concerned only in distinguishing substances that come in contact with the body as to their solidity and dimensions. The true sense of touch has nobler ends to fulfill, and is therefore gifted with higher capacities than these; it has, besides, the power to discern qualities of which no other sense gives any perception. Its duty and its power may be said to be four-fold. By mechanical means only it gives us the knowledge of size and shape, so that we distinguish, by its aid, the volume and form, the bluntness or sharpness, the hardness or softness of the object with which we are in contact. By a dynamic power, touch informs us next of thermical changes, and makes us aware of the most delicate features in climate and temperature. The third class of impressions is both of rare occurrence and of unexplained nature: it is the sensation caused by tickling, and the voluptuous feelings peculiar to certain parts of the body. Touch makes us, lastly, aware of changes, however minute, in the magnetic, galvanic, and electric currents that surround us on all sides.

The principal organ of this great sense is the skin, giving thus, apparently, the simplest organ to the simplest sense. The second layer under the immediate surface contains the reversed ends of primitive nerves in millions of minute elevations or warts, called *papillæ*. These raise the outer skin more or less, and through it obtain their impressions. In the extremities these tiny eminences are regularly arranged, and produce thus, in the finger-tips for instance, the beautifully rounded lines with which we are all familiar. Under the microscope they reveal an astounding variety of curves and lines, in accordance with the minute subdivision of these so-called sensory nerves. The power and the accuracy of their activity depend, therefore, partly on the relative position of skin and nerves, and partly on the greater or smaller number of nerves assembled in any one place. To these conditions must be added the thickness of the outer skin—which, of course, varies much, from the hard-working laborer to the delicate lady—and the general sensitiveness of each person. Much, however, is here also left that is curious and unexplained.

Not all surfaces in our body are equally able to perceive impressions by means of touch; the inner surfaces of the cavities in our body especially, are, by a peculiar arrangement of the nervous system, at best only able to feel a dull, indistinct sensation of sharp or burning pain under extraordinary circumstances. Hence we can not, by any sense, perceive the continuous motion of our organs of digestion, the coursing of the blood through vein and artery, the secretions of glands, and similar operations. But even in the sensitive places of our skin a striking difference prevails between certain parts of the body. This has been ascertained by the beautiful experiments of Professor Weber, who first discovered that two distinct pressures on our skin will be felt as one only, unless they are at a certain distance from each other, and this distance increases, of course, with the diminished sensitiveness of the surface. A simple compass, whose points have been covered with cork, suffices to prove this, and careful measurements have given to every inch of our body its own precise power of touch. The tip of the tongue is by far the most sensitive part we possess; hence blind men are often seen to carry objects there which they wish to examine with more than ordinary precision. Next follows the inner side of the ends of our fingers, which we commonly use for the purpose; then the sensitiveness diminishes rapidly from the tip to the base of each finger, and from the index to the little finger. The red part of the lips far surpasses the white, as from the extremities to the rump of the body touch becomes gradually less and less active. The knee and the elbow, however, are very sensitive; but the back possesses but a fiftieth part of the power of the tongue, and here the two points of the compass must be two inches apart in order to produce two distinct impressions!

This striking difference in the endowment of our skin with the sense of touch, is not ascribed to the thickness of the skin in different parts so much as to the varying number of nerves which are there accumulated. Various opinions are, however, entertained on this subject; and so much only is certain, that the peculiar, roundish formation found at the most sensitive parts of the surface, the tongue, lips, and fingers, consists of piled-up layers of bundles of nerves. Thanks to the clothing we wear, and most of all to habit, we employ our hands mainly for the purposes of touch. Here, moreover, resides a special faculty, as the hand is not only endowed with peculiar tact, but, owing to the disposition of the fingers and the thumb, is capable of moulding itself around objects so as to multiply vastly the points of contact. No animals—monkeys, perhaps, excepted—have such

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peculiar power given to their hands, and hence the natural disposition to consider Touch an exclusive attribute of our race. The epidermis itself is here not without importance; for when it is taken off, the lower skin, in which the sense more properly resides, is very tender and susceptible of pain, but it possesses no longer an accurate sense of touch, while the true sense is preserved, and often surprisingly fine, even in the coarse hands of mechanics.

Motion increases the power, and is indispensable to the accuracy of this sense. The mere contact conveys to us merely the idea of resistance, and consequent hardness; by moving sensitive parts of the body over the object, we can alone obtain information as to its size and shape; hence we see the blind always glide over and gently rub the surfaces with which they wish specially to become acquainted. They multiply thus the impressions produced by contact, and obtain at the same time means of comparison. Swiftly-repeated impressions, on the other hand, become soon dull, and touch may, like the other senses, exhaust its power of distinction. A wheel with sharp teeth moved rapidly on our skin, makes at first every point of contact distinctly felt, but soon the accuracy is lost, and the nerves only convey the impressions made by a smooth, polished surface.

In diseases the sense of touch may be entirely suspended; the same effect is produced by the application of ether and chloroform, and in times of very great excitement, as in religious ecstasy. Then, although all the organs may be not only extant but even active, no effect is produced by contact. A sufferer of catalepsy had sealing-wax dropped on the skin, from which the epidermis had been taken by the effects of a blister; it produced no effect—not the slightest sign of pain, nor even a trace of burning. But as soon as consciousness returned, the power of reaction in the body also reappeared, and with it a red spot on the skin and pain in the burnt place. Such is the marvelous, as yet completely unknown connection between body and soul! In some diseases the sense is so heightened that the slightest touch becomes exquisitely painful; the melancholic and the hypochondriac patients bear the most violent pain without complaint, and often mutilate themselves with the utmost indifference.

Practice improves this sense as well as the others, and the results thus obtained are both startling and instructive. The French embassador, Chardin, found blind men in Persia tracing geometrical figures with their fingers in the sand, and able to judge of the value of watches by touching the delicate inner works. The women of Bengal, who weave the famous tissues of that country, can distinguish with their hands more than twenty kinds of different fineness in the threads of cocoons, and this with a precision perfectly marvelous to the inexperienced. In Europe, also, blind men are known to have developed the sense of touch to the very highest degree, although it is as yet doubted whether they can really, as has been contended, by its aid alone, discern different colors. That they can distinguish by touch even shades imperceptible to the sound eye is well established, but this power is usually ascribed to corresponding differences in the texture of the dyed material. Such a development of the sense is perhaps most astonishing in parts which are not originally intended for the purpose, but which have been trained for it, as in the feet of handless men, where constant care and practice often have made the toes as delicate and skillful as our hands usually are. But it is a matter of doubt yet whether, in these cases, an actual material improvement of the sense has taken place, or whether the mental power is only sharpened, by which the blind, for instance, reason more accurately from touch, and distinguish more readily. We who see probably feel, in touching a coin, all the little elevations of the head and the letters as well as the blind man, but we are not, like him, accustomed to note them and to draw conclusions, nor to combine many minute impressions at once into a whole.

We become often aware of the carelessness with which we treat the daily impressions of this sense, when we use it without the aid of other senses. With bandaged eyes it is very difficult to distinguish the precise place which we touch, and the difficulty increases, of course, with the greater dullness of the spot in contact. Thus we err constantly when we attempt to kill a troublesome insect, or to catch it on our shoulders, because it is so small that it easily escapes within the circle of two inches, to which our perceptions there are confined. We may thus learn to appreciate the Irishman's assertion of one of these blood-thirsty enemies, that "when you have your hand upon him, he is not there." But the deceptions of this sense arise often from still other causes. A shower-bath in drops produces, on the back, the impression of little rills running up and down, though the water flows only in one direction. In some diseases parts of the upper or lower lip lose not unfrequently the sense of touch, and produce, in drinking, the impression as if a piece of the glass or cup which we use was broken out; so prone are we here, as in spiritual life, to seek the cause of our own defects not in us but in others! This deception extends also to the other senses, when touch serves vicariously for such as have been lost. It is often very difficult to ascertain if a man be really deaf or not. Though perfectly without hearing, he will still perceive very distinctly that somebody steps hard on the floor behind him; often even when a bell rings, or the strings of a violin have been touched. Teachers of deaf-mutes sometimes call their pupils to order by striking upon the table by which they are seated, and they feel as unpleasantly as we do when somebody scratches with a hard pencil on a slate. In all these cases the deaf perceive by touch the concussion and the vibrations of

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the air, just as we do; but we hear in addition, which they can not. Hence charlatans often profess to cure deafness; they are received with open arms, and their cures are apparently successful, because the deaf are themselves ready to believe those perceptions of touch to be real effects of hearing. With such touch has become the great sense to which at times all others have been ascribed, and by which they have been supplied. These men tell us that their patients can, with their skin, see and hear, smell and taste; and most wonderful stories are told to confirm the assertion. There is no doubt that these perceptions can be heightened and increased, like those of other senses, in certain extraordinary conditions of the nervous system. The skin may then feel delicate currents of air and changes of temperature which, under ordinary circumstances, would not be perceived, and thus obtain sensations in the brain which we can not explain, because we see not from whence they first came. Thus the blind can undoubtedly *feel* the vicinity of a wall or other solid object. But it is well known that even the modern father of this so-called clairvoyance, Mesmer, was compelled to leave Vienna in 1777, after he had rendered a blind girl seeing in three weeks; Mesmer said so, her parents believed it, the poor girl herself was convinced, and yet she never saw, except when his "miraculous power" was employed, and the sense of touch lent its assistance. Persons under magnetic or somnambulist influences are said, even now, to be able to read by this sense with bandaged eyes, by having a book or letter placed upon distant parts of the body. But a sum of 2000 francs, which Dr. Burdin deposited with the Academy of Sciences in Paris, with the offer of the sum to him who could read the contents of the sealed letter that contained the bank notes, has never yet been claimed.

The mechanical power of the sense of touch serves also to give us an idea of weight, when a solid substance rests on a susceptible part of the body. It can do this, of course, only with small objects, and never accurately unless when motion is added, so that the contraction of muscles required to hold it up enables us better to judge of its weight. This power, however, which resides mainly in the hand, remains always more or less uncertain, however it may have been improved by practice.

The second great duty of the sense of touch in the household of our body is to inform us of outward changes of temperature. The heat of the blood and of the whole system remains, as is well known, essentially the same, and hence our perceptions of heat, especially, are almost all only relative. They become very indistinct after a few experiments, and are easily deceived, because they result only from comparison. Metals appear naturally of different temperature, according to their being good or bad conductors; hence copper and brass seem warmer than lead; and mercury is, of all, the coldest. Returning from a long brisk walk, even an unheated room appears pleasantly warm, while to pass from a hot bath to a high temperature even, makes us shiver. A cellar, deep enough to have throughout the year one and the same temperature, will seem to us cool in summer and warm in winter; and the great Humboldt was shivering with cold in Caracas when the thermometer had fallen ten degrees, though it still stood at blood heat; while the Arctic explorers complained of heat with the thermometer near zero.

In the two extremes of excessive heat and cold the sensations thus caused are well known. In the former case, the hot solid body coming in contact with the skin instantly dries up all the tiny vessels and delicate tissues around the spot it has touched. This sudden change, and the pressure of violent contraction, causes the pain we feel from a "burn;" dipping the injured part in water and holding it there relieves us, because the water softens and enlarges the skin again to its natural condition. As hot fluids have the same effect, however, we see that it is not the mechanical pressure only, which produces pain, but the influence of heat on the nerves themselves. The various parts of our body are very differently sensitive to such influence, nor does this difference agree with the general scale of development of the sense of touch; the elbow, for instance, being much more susceptible than even the fingers.

Excessive cold, applied to the skin, produces like pain, because the fine tissues of the skin become stiff and rigid by contraction. The sensations here vary from the so-called goose-skin, where certain vessels are literally felt to contract and to thicken, to a stinging, painful feeling when the marrow of the nerves is said to curdle. We can trace this effect of great cold easily and distinctly along the nerves, for when the elbow is placed in ice and thoroughly chilled, it lasts but a little while before all the fingers are stiffened. At last the sense of touch becomes completely exhausted; the limbs are benumbed. Modern surgeons often avail themselves of this state of utter indifference to pain for important surgical operations.

Far less familiar are the countless and incessant impressions which the sense of touch conveys to us as the great guardian of our health. In this respect it becomes all-important to our general comfort, however indistinct its operations, and however unconscious we may be of their causes. It is by its means that we perceive the proper or improper state of the atmosphere and all the varied influences of climate, so that in fact this sense, more than all others, decides on the comfort we are to enjoy in our earthly existence. Nor is it less important that the sense of touch, generally so dull and sluggish, exhibits in this direction often a peculiar sensitiveness. Many persons possess an exquisite acuteness with which they can not bear certain states of the atmosphere; and the instance of English spleen, returning even in

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its saddest excesses of suicide with astounding regularity whenever the autumnal fogs and winds appear, suffices to explain the extent to which such influences may be carried. An atmosphere heavily laden with electricity is, in like manner, oppressive and often intolerable to certain constitutions, while others feel for hours the coming of a distant thunder-storm. Equally striking is the influence of climate in connection with a peculiar state of the atmosphere in the effect which high valleys often have upon so-called Cretins, from the mere disfiguring *goître* to the utter incapacity for mental development of the more painful cases. For children born in Alpine valleys, and already bearing upon them all the signs of Cretinism, have recovered and grown to perfect health in body and mind, when transferred in time to more genial, sunny heights. The instances of persons who become ill and faint when a cat or certain persons are in the same room with them, are as rare and probably as exceptional as those of others who feel, by some strange effort of touch, coal or metal beneath their feet, and are by both peculiarly affected.

It is, however, in this general way mainly that men become aware of changes in the temperature, and the beneficial or injurious effects of certain countries and climates. They show in this sometimes a marked sensitiveness for the slightest changes, as when the good people of Rio begin to shiver and look for their wrappings as soon as the thermometer falls a few degrees, although it may still mark a heat intolerable to the children of temperate zones. At other times we are called upon to marvel at the remarkable power of adaptation granted to man, and his ability to bear sudden and extraordinary transitions. Thus we have but recently again heard of travelers who came from the fierce heat of Sierra Leone, and then wintered amidst the ice of Baffin's Bay without harm or hurt.

And yet we esteem this sense perhaps less, and acknowledge more rarely its high value, because, in reality, it fills and penetrates our existence at every instant of our life, and thus becomes one of those many blessings for which we are but too often wanting in thankfulness, unless it is too late, and we can enjoy them no longer. This is particularly true with a sense which is, so literally, the watchful and faithful guardian of our general system. For we must not forget that all the great processes of life are seen to take place on the surface of our body. There the continual evaporation of fluid is carried on in the form of perspiration, and there every kind of absorption is received by means of its countless pores. They all depend, moreover, on the state of the atmosphere. We perspire more in warm, and less in cold weather; in the latter case we absorb with greater difficulty, in the former with comparative ease. Thus there arises a necessity to maintain an equal activity of both under all circumstances, and hence the employment of appropriate covering and artificial heat; for man needs a regulator, which animals have given them by our great mother Nature, in the peculiar formation of the hair, feathers, or scales with which they are covered. Some animals, it is true, wrap themselves up in cocoons and nests, but the material is always provided within their body, and the precaution is taken not for the protection of their own existence, but for a coming generation.

Man is the only being whose whole body is freely exposed to all the influences of temperature and climate. Hence the necessity of having clothing and dwellings arises properly and wholly from the impressions derived through the sense of touch, and we need not add what immense progress we have made under such impulse toward culture and civilization. Man could not live in the different parts of the earth —he could not claim the whole globe as his kingdom, and be a true cosmopolite, if the delicate organ of this sense did not ever unfailingly tell him how to protect the surface of his body so as to keep those vital and indispensable functions in regular order and unceasingly active. Thus, to satisfy the impulses given by this little known, and less esteemed sense, have we adopted the airy, fluttering dress of the South, together with its light but shady architecture, and the warm furs of the North with the heavy, heat-retaining houses of colder regions. So powerful is the sense of touch in its influence on our physical welfare, and through that on the development of our mind; so suggestive and able to produce thorough changes in the mode of life and the civilization of our race!

A more striking, though not a greater, effect is produced by this sense when it is either substituted for others, or even serves, as in some most remarkable cases, as the only means of intercourse between a human soul and its brethren. It is well known that nature admits of a so-called compensation of senses and their vicarious activity; for when one sense is lost, others are apt to acquire increased powers of perception. Even under ordinary circumstances the senses have, like loving sisters, to work in gentle harmony and serve one another. Taste is impossible without touch, and so is sight, at least in childhood. To the infant, as well as to those who have recovered their eye-sight only late in life, the world appears as if on a plane, and only after having touched all outward objects do they become aware of size and distance. Does not, even to us, a railroad or an avenue of trees appear to run into a point after a couple of miles or sooner? But in the mysterious substitution of one sense for another, we learn, still more pointedly, the great lesson, that man's heaven-born soul is not bound to special organs, but can, when called upon, use all the body's tools and instruments. If one is spoiled or lost, it takes up and trains another. Our system is, after all, but the soul's servant, not the master himself, endowed with innate power. Hence one side of the lungs sometimes answers for both,

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and a small part of the brain for the whole substance.

The sense of touch is, of all others, most frequently called upon to supply the want of sight, and then is capable of almost marvelous powers. All of us use it when we are groping our way in the dark, and, by careful training, it enables the blind to feel when they approach walls or large buildings. An indistinct, but familiar sensation, nearly akin to oppression and anxiety, seizes them in such cases. Others, again, develop the touch of their fingers so as to be enabled to distinguish colors, like Robertson's blind girl in Liverpool, by the different effect they have upon the material. Cardinal Albani, though feeble by old age and blind, passed in Rome for the best judge of coins and cut stones, merely by the exquisite fineness of his touch. The Arabic poet, Abu el Itella, who was born blind, employed, perhaps, the oddest means ever used to learn to read: he had the letters written with cold water between his shoulders at the moment when he left his warm bath! The most remarkable case on record of this class, is probably that of a rich Corsican nobleman, who, while high in office, lost one sense after another, until at last, to fill the measure of his sufferings, even the sense of touch was paralyzed on the whole surface of his body. He could only eat and speak, and strangely enough, enjoyed good health. He was, however, fast sinking under such heavy calamity, feeling the utter separation from those he loved, and from the world at large, most keenly, when, quite accidentally, his devoted wife discovered that one cheek was still slightly sensitive. With great quickness of mind, and marvelous memory, the stricken man learned to understand letters written there by the finger, and soon guessed from the first syllable the whole word. When seen by the reporter he was thus conversing with a friend, and soon after the whole speech made by Louis XVIII., upon his entry into Paris, was communicated to him through the sense of touch only, being written on his cheek!

The remarkable case of Laura Bridgman is as generally known as the admirable manner in which, through Dr. Howe, the missing senses of sight, hearing, smell, and taste were all replaced, or at least supplied, by the sense of touch, even so far that she could understand the words of others and reply in writing. It is true, that this would have been impossible but for her having been, by God's mercy, surrounded by enlightened men, feeling for her more than common pity and brotherly love. What in her case warm-hearted Christian men did, is, in ordinary cases, in children, done by the other senses. For one educates the other; but touch remains always the true and final standard by which alone our ideas of space and time especially can be correctly obtained.

We have already observed that touch is also the medium of many mysterious and indescribable electric or magnetic stimuli, especially when we come in contact with living beings. Thus we know the lips to be possessed of a very peculiar sensitiveness, so that when they touch each other, in the kiss, they infuse into our hearts the greatest delight. This, as well as the many obtuse but often decisive impressions we derive upon first meeting certain persons, or the dislike some of us bear to one or the other animal, have of late been most generally ascribed to the influence of electricity, of which every living being is a huge generating machine. The same agency has been called in to explain the more or less marvelous powers of the sense of touch, developed in cases of so-called magnetism and clairvoyance. Too little, however, has as yet been ascertained of these anomalous symptoms to furnish a satisfactory explanation, though we are inclined to think that the easy credulity of laymen is hardly more to be blamed than the haughty and willful disregard of science. One fact, especially, ought not to be overlooked. The weather affects our systems, not only in its great changes from cold to warm and dry to wet, but even the most delicate alterations, as a slight increase of electric matter, pass in the same manner through the healthy as well as the sickly, and leave an impression upon the dullest skin as well as upon the most sensitive. But in health they come and go without our knowledge; when we are sick, or even only apprehensive, we feel them at once quite distinctly. Babbage has shown us, with mathematical accuracy, how an explosion must affect the whole atmosphere of our globe, though finally in an incalculable and, of course, imperceptible manner. So it is with these electric and magnetic currents. That they exist, no one can any longer doubt, although we do not ordinarily feel them; but it is equally sure that, when we are sick, or when under the influence of magnetism the regular order of our system is interrupted, we become highly, though unhealthily, sensitive, and then do not fail to perceive what is commonly disregarded. We shall probably not be able to explain this and other startling symptoms until we have solved the great mystery by which body and soul are bound to each other. Do we not know that as the fragile glass can be broken by the loud tone of the voice, if the note be discordant with that which dwells in the glass, so the fragile body of man may also be instantly loosened from its bondage by the spirit, when fright and anger, or exuberant joy, cause a deep, too sudden emotion?

HALF A LIFETIME AGO.

I.

Half a lifetime ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the small farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also a hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wild fells that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Coniston.

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You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the wayside, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Coniston there is a farmstead—a gray stone house and a square of farm-buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the overflowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook before mentioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking water by a dilatory, yet pretty, process. The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in the crevice of the gray rock, makes a cool, green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought) to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealings in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-laborers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from her childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken—almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old—ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbors, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the peddlers (the Paradise Lost and Regained, the Death of Abel, the Spiritual Quixote, and the Pilgrim's Progress) were to be found in nearly every house: the men occasionally going off laking, *i. e.*, playing, *i. e.*, drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild, precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compeers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd, clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding

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and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeen, one Michael Hurst was farm-servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grasmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Loughrig Tarn and across the Oxenfell when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although with characteristic reserve it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother, and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have. He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan—I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken—when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb-tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured: he came on with rapid strides, and shooting arrows of portentous agony. Susan had never seen illness—never knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was thronged with recollections of the many times she had slighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she not now give to have opportunities of service and obedience, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture! And yet Susan had been a good girl and an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sunk. In the midst of this languid peace she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bedside, for she could only whisper; and then, while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungering eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips, as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not fret. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. Keep father straight if thou canst; and if he goes out Ulverstone ways, see that thou meet him before he gets to the Old Quarry. It's a dree bit for a man who has had a drop. As for lile Will"—here the poor woman's face began to work, and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bed-quilt—"lile Will will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor lile chap. And father thinks he's saucy, because he can not always stomach oat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pound in th' old black tea-pot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Just keep a piece of loaf-bread by you, Susan dear, for Will to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, maybe, spoilt him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear? He shall not want ought I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you bless you! my own mother."

"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou'lt take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before; it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her broth-

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er. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and sharp with every body else—with Michael most of all; for somehow the girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles round, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forward, lazily gazing into the wood-fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labor; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light, to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood from time to time with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a threesome reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plow, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest. If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give in to such softness."

"If you were a man you'd be glad to do any thing which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh! ho! Michael! that would not be my way o' being a man."

"What would then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy. You'd be too hard and headstrong."

"Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're willful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk-and-water. Her eyes never flash like yours when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of yours; as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp, and panting half with rage. "Take that, by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfited and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Hebthwaite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but— Confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Will's. "Thou great lounging, clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back-kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion, he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the fire-light shining upward right under it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face," said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard and they'd ne'er ha' said ought but damn ye; but yon lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael, sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes filled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, however, she heard a low voice, whose music made her thrill, say,

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed

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like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's cheeks. So she seemed to take no heed but passed into the darkness, and, guided by the sobs, she found her way to where Willie sat crouched among disused tubs and churns.

"Come out wi' me, lad;" and they went into the orchard, where the fruit-trees were bare of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered covering of gray moss; and the soughing November wind came with long sweeps over the fells till it rattled among the crackling boughs, underneath which the brother and sister sate in the dark; he in her lap, and she hushing his head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse ways nor this before thou'st done, I'm afeared. I should ha' hit thee twice as lungeous kicks as Mike, if I'd been in his place. He did na' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come lad! come lad!" said she anxiously, "be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why, when first the red cow came she kicked me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a pasty to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went toward the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of gray ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eying his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't—don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall!"

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand in hand, and apparently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bedtime; and on no account would she stop up a minute beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bedroom. Here she sate and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts, she knew full well, even in that faint moonlight, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had not been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the out-buildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct, but cheerful conversation going on in the shippon, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" (He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day.) Round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"Oh, Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held!"

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"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart."

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plait the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied. "But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop, stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more I've got to say. I want you to be my—what is it they call it, Susan?"

"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My—what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know, and you had best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you're as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night? It was past twelve when I came home. Were you watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband, I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be trusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right, there was not an obstacle; only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called down stairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move, while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sate down on the bench by the dresser, and fairly gave way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caress, and many a low-whispered promise of love! Her father sate by the fire, thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week or two they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their favor. A small farm in the neighborhood happened to fall vacant; and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help toward the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet, indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and of substance. It jarred on her to be made the confidant of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beast or a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the consideration of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving uncouth heads on hazel sticks in an out-house. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrunk away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first.

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Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh,

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast-off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was round her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leafless winter-time there was no great concealment, up into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you every where?" asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense!" replied Susan, "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheafs of wood, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I can not stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him, and that might serve him."

"But I love you too, dearly, lad!" said she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

"You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask, nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come betwixt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promise thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I can not abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And thou'lt love me always?"

"Always, and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own, and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sate crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field-gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening signified that supper was ready. Then, the two went in.

II.

Susan and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles away from Yew Nook—but that is neighboring, according to the acceptation of the word, in that thinly-populated district—when William Dixon fell ill. He came home one evening, complaining of headache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual-looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents, in this very house.

The next morning, he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook his head over his patient. There were no friends near to come and share her anxiety; only good, kind old Peggy, who was faithfulness itself, and one or two laborers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their responsibility to their own families. But, somehow, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have had too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did indeed wish, from time to time, that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her, and his feckleness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that; gone into Yorkshire after horses.

Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Coniston. Not a professed nurse—Coniston could not have supported such a one—but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay unconscious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one spring afternoon; early spring; April—her wedding-month. There was a little fire burning in the small corner-grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was;

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it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she wakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her a cup of tea, which she drank with eager relish; but still they did not speak, and once more Susan lay motionless—not asleep, but strangely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping out to field again after they had been milked, the aged step on the creaking stair—old Peggy's, as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped; the person outside listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bedside arose and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she?" whispered one trembling, aged voice.

"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do now."

"Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."

"Poor lass! poor lass!"

The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. What was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning, dawning slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night—and she had never slept again—she softly called to the watcher, and asked,

"Who?"

"Who what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill vailed by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still; there's a darling! and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Well! he's all right now," she answered, looking another way, as if seeking for something.

"Then it's Michael! Oh me! oh me!" She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

"And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"Bless the lass! no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod shoe-leather."

It was well, as the nurse said afterward to Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in his case as she did in Michael's, she would have learnt that he was dead and buried more than a month before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie. His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impeded, and incoherent. People began to say that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natural, as they call an idiot in the Dales.

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and perhaps this made her be the last to perceive what every one else had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise:

One June evening she sat out of doors under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness; and her languor, joined to the fact of her black dress, made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authoritative manner was justified; but the laborers did not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; nay, Willie himself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling toward the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Willie! there he stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with restless eyes and ever-open mouth, and every now and then setting up a strange kind of howling cry, and then smiling vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old laborers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads.

"Willie, darling!" said Susan, "don't make that noise—it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Willie did not seem to

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hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a?" said Michael, roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm round him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael. Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's manner, she looked anxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince the matter.

"It's just that the fever has left him silly—he never was as wise as other folk, and now I doubt if he will ever get right."

Susan did not speak, but she went very pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched the motion of the ducks in the great stable-pool. He laughed softly to himself from time to time.

"Willie likes to see the ducks go overhead," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a young child.

"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied, clapping his hands, and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan, making a strong effort at self-control, and trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!" She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and, for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sympathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of "Willie, boo! Willie, boo!"

III.

After the stun of the blow came the realization of the consequences. Susan would sit for hours trying patiently to recall and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael complained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now; but she only said, she must try, while there was yet a chance, to bring back her brother's lost wits. As for marriage, in this state of uncertainty, she had no heart to think of it. Then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days; but it was of no use. When he came back he saw that she had been crying till her eyes were all swollen up, and he gathered from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. But she was as inflexible as ever.

"Not just yet. Only not just yet. And don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in; the wheat-field was not ready as yet, when one fine day Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ambleside. He would never lose sight of the lad, and have him back safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again; Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and striving to imitate this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterward she remembered that he had tried to vail it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of sorrow whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper which Susan had prepared for the travelers was over, Peggy went up stairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I took Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well!" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glance of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never!"

"No; never. It is a long word, and hard to bear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They've ways there both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in his saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

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"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may be. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have such harsh notions formed about him. If I'd been there, I could have called out the sense that is in him."

"Well! I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd best be gone, and leave you to think it over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's sense in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Any how, it's a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Michael, I'm beside myself with sorrow. Don't blame me if I speak sharp. He and me is the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to have a care of him! And this is what he's come to, poor lile chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't!" said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"And you'll think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie away to an asylum, or mad-house, as they were called in that day and place. The idea had been gathering force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had always considered the good penny her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He too should have land like his brother—land to possess, to cultivate, to make profit from, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future state. Michael had long felt the boy to be a trouble; but of late he had absolutely loathed him. His gibbering, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. He did not come near the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would leave her time to become anxious to see him and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours pass by without coming to see her since she had had the fever. Now that he was absent it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many weeks. Susan thought that she had observed him making efforts at her bidding, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the faculties that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad. Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. As they say in the Bible, 'Nought but death shall part thee and me!'"

The country-side was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment offered to the insane; stories that were, in fact, only too well founded, and the truth of one of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed alone, or with the poor, affectionate lad for her sole companion, served to deepen her solemn resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly and entirely out of the question. He had expected nothing less than a consent, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was extremely irritated. He could have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection to gain his point. But, somehow, he overreached himself; and now he was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst into.

"Thou wilt not bide in the same house with him, say'st thou? There's no need for thy biding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should bide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her death-bed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fra going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if that were thy inclination. I will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If thou marry me, thou'lt help me to take charge of Willie. If thou doesn't choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in love as that. But I will not have thee, if thou say'st in such a hectoring way that Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too—before thou'lt set foot in it. Willie bides here, and I bide with him."

"Thou hast maybe spoken a word too much," said Michael, pale with rage. "If I am free, as thou say'st, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I reckon I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural, who may turn into a madman some day, for aught I know. Choose between him and me, Susy, for I swear to you, you shan't have both!"

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and still. "Whatever comes of it, I bide with Willie."

"Very well," replied Michael, trying to as-

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sume an equal composure of manner. "Then I'll wish you a very good-night." He went out of the house-door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step inside, and a bolt drawn.

"Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I must leave my lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her senses. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went past the kitchen-window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he pass the time? For the first day or two he was unusually cross with all things and people that came across him. Then wheat-harvest began, and he was busy and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to bid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was so soon likely to remove to the Yew Nook. He had so little idea that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skillfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course the bargain had to be sealed at the public-house; and the companions he met with there soon became friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseful caresses the next. The third day of Michael's absence she had the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. "It was no wonder," she said to herself, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in, when she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and she would tell him so, and tell him once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, and all the horrible stories she had heard about mad-houses, and he would be on her side at once."

And so she watched for his coming, intending to apologize as soon as ever she saw him. She hurried over her household work, in order to sit quietly at her sewing, and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying needle seemed too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stopped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, so that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood-path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the covert; otherwise the leaves were heavily still in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing, and with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant luxury of expectation. Sick at heart was she when the evening closed in, and the chances of that day diminished. Yet she staid up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while seeing the house all darkened and shut up might quench any such intention.

Very sick and weary at heart, she went to bed; too desolate and despairing to cry, or make any moan. But in the morning hope came afresh. Another day—another chance! And so it went on for weeks. Peggy understood her young mistress's sorrow full well, and respected it by her silence on the subject. Willie seemed happier now that the irritation of Michael's presence was removed; for the poor idiot had a sort of antipathy to Michael, which was a kind of heart's echo to the repugnance in which the latter held him. Altogether, just at this time, Willie was the happiest of the three.

As Susan went into Corniston, to sell her butter, one Saturday, some inconsiderate person told her that they had seen Michael Hurst the night before. I said inconsiderate, but I might rather have said unobservant; for any one who had spent half an hour in Susan Dixon's company might have seen that she disliked having any reference made to the subjects nearest to her heart, were they joyous or grievous. Now she went a little paler than usual (and she had never recovered her color since she had had the fever), and tried to keep silence. But an irrepressible pang forced out the question—

"Where?"

"At Thomas Applethwaite's, in Langdale. They had a kind of harvest-home, and he were there among the young folk, and very thick wi' Nelly Hebthwaite, old Thomas's niece. Thou'lt have to look after him a bit, Susan!"

She neither smiled nor sighed. The neighbor who had been speaking to her was struck with the gray stillness of her face. Susan herself felt how well her self-command was obeyed by every little muscle, and said to herself in her Spartan manner, "I can bear it without either wincing or blenching." She went home early, at a tearing, passionate pace, trampling and breaking through all obstacles of briar or bush. Willie was moping in her absence—hanging listlessly on the farm-yard gate to watch for her. When he saw her, he set up one of his strange, inarticulate cries, of which she was now learning the meaning, and came toward her with his loose, galloping run, head and limbs all shaking and wagging with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She sate down on a stone by the wayside, not a hundred yards from home, and buried her face in her hands and gave way to a passion of pent-up sorrow; so terrible and full of agony were her low cries, that the idiot stood by her, aghast and silent. All his joy gone for the

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time, but not, like her joy, turned into ashes. Some thought struck him. Yes! the sight of her woe made him think, great as the exertion was. He ran, and stumbled, and shambled home, buzzing with his lips all the time. She never missed him. He came back in a trice, bringing with him his cherished paper wind-mill, bought on that fatal day when Michael had taken him into Kendal, to have his doom of perpetual idiotcy pronounced. He thrust it into Susan's face, her hands, her lap, regardless of the injury his frail plaything thereby received. He leapt before her, to think how he had cured all heart-sorrow, buzzing louder than ever. Susan looked up at him, and that glance of her sad eyes sobered him. He began to whimper, he knew not why; and she now, comforter in her turn, tried to soothe him by twirling his wind-mill. But it was broken; it made no noise; it would not go round. This seemed to afflict Susan more than him. She tried to make it right, although she saw the task was hopeless; and while she did so, the tears rained down unheeded from her bent head on the paper toy.

"It won't do," said she, at last. "It will never do again." And, somehow, she took the accident and her words as omens of the love that was broken, and that she feared could never be pieced together again. She rose up and took Willie's hand, and the two went in slowly to the house.

To her surprise, Michael Hurst sate in the house-place. House-place is a sort of better kitchen, where no cookery is done, but which is reserved for state occasions. Michael had gone in there because he was accompanied by his only sister, a woman older than himself, who was well married beyond Keswick, and who now came for the first time to make acquaintance with Susan. Michael had primed his sister with his wishes with regard to Will, and the position in which he stood with Susan; and arriving at Yew Nook in the absence of the latter, he had not scrupled to conduct his sister into the guest-room, as he held Mrs. Gale's worldly position in respect and admiration, and therefore wished her to be favorably impressed with all the signs of property, which he was beginning to consider as Susan's greatest charms. He had secretly said to himself, that if Eleanor Hebthwaite and Susan Dixon were equal as to riches, he would sooner have Eleanor by far. He had begun to consider Susan as a termagant; and when he thought of his intercourse with her, recollections of her somewhat warm and hasty temper came far more readily to his mind than any remembrance of her generous, loving nature.

And now she stood face to face with him; her eyes tear-swollen, her garments dusty, and here and there torn in consequence of her rapid progress through the bushy by-paths. She did not make a favorable impression on the well-clad Mrs. Gale, dressed in her best silk gown, and therefore unusually susceptible to the appearance of another. Nor were her manners gracious or cordial. How could they be, when she remembered what had passed between Michael and herself the last time they met? For her penitence had faded away under the daily disappointment of these last weary weeks.

But she was hospitable in substance. She bade Peggy hurry on the kettle, and busied herself among the tea-cups, thankful that the presence of Mrs. Gale, as a stranger, would prevent the immediate recurrence to the one subject which she felt must be present in Michael's mind as well as in her own. But Mrs. Gale was withheld by no such feelings of delicacy. She had come ready-primed with the case, and had undertaken to bring the girl to reason. There was no time to be lost. It had been prearranged between the brother and sister that he was to stroll out into the farm-yard before his sister introduced the subject; but she was so confident in the success of her arguments, that she must needs have the triumph of a victory as soon as possible; and, accordingly, she brought a hail-storm of good reasons to bear upon Susan's. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow and shame. Mrs. Gale thought she was gaining the day, and urged her arguments more pitilessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, and wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister might prevail, but annoyed at the hard way in which she kept putting the case.

Suddenly Susan turned round from the occupation she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low voice, which yet not only vibrated itself, but made its hearers vibrate through all their obtuseness:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer; Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had spoken together before; had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested? Susan, on the contrary, looked to his answer as settling her doom for life; and in the gloom of her eyes you might have read more despair than hope.

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in his words.

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take that charge of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would do; and which means, that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"But he may get dangerous; he can be but a trouble; his being here is a pain to you, Susan, not a pleasure."

"I ask you for either yes or no," said she,

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a little contempt at his evading her question mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and it nettled him.

"And I have told you. I answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would ne'er keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed deeply.

"Come now," said Mrs. Gale, encouraged by the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael, Susan, to be so stubborn in yielding to what I'm sure would be best for the lad."

"Oh! she does not care for me," said Michael. "I don't believe she ever did!"

"Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, her eyes blazing out fire. She left the room directly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the kitchen, she went up stairs with him and bolted herself in, straining the boy to her heart, and keeping almost breathless, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy.

"He wants for to see you, to wish you goodby."

"I can not come. Oh, Peggy, send them away!"

It was her only cry for sympathy; and the old servant understood it. She sent them away, somehow; not politely, as I have been given to understand.

"Good go with them!" said Peggy, as she grimly watched their retreating figures. "We're rid of bad rubbish, any how." And she turned into the house with the intention of making ready some refreshment for Susan, after her hard day at the market, and her harder evening. But in the kitchen, to which she passed through the empty house-place, making a face of contemptuous dislike at the used tea-cups and fragments of a meal yet standing there, she found Susan with her sleeves tucked up and her working apron on, busied in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a Daleswoman. She looked up, and first met and then avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of sympathy. Her own cheeks were flushed, and her own eyes were dry and burning.

"Where's the board, Peggy? We need clap-bread, and I reckon I've time to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a sharp dry tone in it, and her motions had a jerking angularity in them.

Peggy said nothing, but fetched her all that she needed. Susan beat her cakes thin with vehement force. As she stooped over them, regardless even of the task in which she seemed so much occupied, she was surprised by a touch on her mouth of something—what she did not see at first. It was a cup of tea, delicately sweetened and cooled, and held to her lips when exactly ready by the faithful old woman. Susan held it off a hand's-breadth, and looked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long to bide, and then the end will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan, quivering.

"It is but a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunken she fell again to her labor, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that she knew would be required, but never speaking another word. Willie basked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night.

IV.

The vehemence with which Susan Dixon threw herself into occupation could not last forever. Times of languor and remembrance would come—times when she recurred with a passionate yearning to past days, the recollection of which was so vivid and delicious, that it seemed as though it were the reality, and the present bleak bareness the dream. She smiled anew at the magical sweetness of some touch or tone which in memory she felt and heard, and drank the delicious cup of poison, although at the very time she knew what the consequence of racking pain would be.

"This time, last year," thought she, "we went nutting together—this very day last year; just such a day as to-day. Purple and gold were the lights on the hills; the leaves were just turning brown; here and there on the sunny slopes the stubble-fields looked tawny; down in a cleft of yon purple slate-rock the beck fell like a silver glancing thread; all just as it is to-day. And he climbed the slender swaying nut-trees, and bent the branches for me to gather; or made a passage through the hazel copses, from time to time claiming a toll. Who could have thought he loved me so little?—who?—who?"

Or, as the evening closed in, she would allow herself to imagine that she heard his coming step, just that she might recall the feeling of exquisite delight which had passed by without the due and passionate relish at the time. Then she would wonder how she could have had strength, the cruel, self-piercing strength, to say what she had done; to stab herself with that stern resolution, of which the scar would remain till her dying day. It might have been right; but, as she sickened, she wished she had not instinctively chosen the right. How luxurious a life haunted by no stern sense of duty must be! And many led this kind of life; why could not she? Oh, for one hour again of his sweet company! If he came now, she would agree to whatever he proposed.

It was a fever of the mind. She passed through it, and came out healthy, if weak.

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She was capable once more of taking pleasure in following an unseen guide through briar and brake. She returned with ten-fold affection to her protecting care of Willie. She acknowledged to herself that he was to be her all-in-all in life. She made him her constant companion. For his sake, as the real owner of Yew Nook, and she as his steward and guardian, she began that course of careful saving, and that love of acquisition, which afterward gained for her the reputation of being miserly. She still thought that he might regain a scanty portion of sense—enough to require some simple pleasures and excitement, which would cost money. And money should not be wanting. Peggy rather assisted her in the formation of her parsimonious habits than otherwise; economy was the order of the district, and a certain degree of respectable avarice the characteristic of age. Only Willie was never stinted or hindered of any thing that the two women thought could give him pleasure for want of money.

There was one gratification which Susan felt was needed for the restoration of her mind to its more healthy state, after she had passed through the whirling fever, when duty was as nothing, and anarchy reigned; a gratification—that somehow was to be her last burst of unreasonableness; of which she knew and recognized pain as the sure consequence. She must see him once more—herself unseen.

The week before the Christmas of this memorable year she went out in the dusk of the early winter evening, wrapped up close in shawl and cloak. She wore her dark shawl under her cloak, putting it over her head in lieu of a bonnet; for she knew that she might have to wait long in concealment. Then she tramped over the wet fell-path, shut in by misty rain for miles and miles, till she came to the place where he was lodging; a farm-house in Langdale, with a steep stony lane leading up to it: this lane was entered by a gate out of the main road, and by the gate were a few bushes—thorns; but of them the leaves had fallen, and they offered no concealment: an old wreck of a yew-tree grew among them, however, and underneath that Susan cowered down, shrouding her face, of which the color might betray her, with a corner of her shawl. Long did she wait; cold and cramped she became, too damp and stiff to change her posture readily. And after all, he might never come! But she would wait till daylight, if need were; and she pulled out a crust, with which she had providently supplied herself. The rain had ceased—a dull still brooding weather had succeeded; it was a night to hear distant sounds. She heard horses' hoofs striking and plashing in the stones, and in the pools of the road at her back. Two horses; not well-ridden, or evenly guided, as she could tell.

Michael Hurst and a companion drew near; not tipsy, but not sober. They stopped at the gate to bid each other a maudlin farewell. Michael stooped forward to catch the latch with the hook of the stick which he carried; he dropped the stick, and it fell with one end close to Susan—indeed, with the slightest change of posture, she could have opened the gate for him. He swore a great oath, and struck his horse with his closed fist, as if that animal had been to blame; then he dismounted, opened the gate, and fumbled about for his stick. When he had found it (Susan had touched the other end), his first use of it was to flog his horse well, and she had much ado to avoid its kicks and plunges. Then, still swearing, he staggered up the lane, for it was evident he was not sober enough to remount.

By daylight Susan was back and at her daily labors at Yew Nook. When the spring came, Michael Hurst was married to Eleanor Hebthwaite. Others, too, were married, and christenings made their fireside merry and glad; or they traveled, and came back after long years with many wondrous tales. More rarely, perhaps, a Dalesman changed his dwelling. But to all households more change came than to Yew Nook. There the seasons came round with monotonous sameness; or, if they brought mutation, it was of a slow, and decaying, and depressing kind. Old Peggy died. Her silent sympathy, concealed under much roughness, was a loss to Susan Dixon. Susan was not yet thirty when this happened, but she looked a middle-aged, not to say an elderly woman. People affirmed that she had never recovered her complexion since that fever, a dozen years ago, which killed her father, and left Will Dixon an idiot. But besides her gray sallowness, the lines in her face were strong, and deep, and hard. The movements of her eyeballs were slow and heavy; the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes were planted firm and sure; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh was there on her bones—every muscle started strong and ready for use. She needed all this bodily strength to a degree that no human creature, now Peggy was dead, knew of: for Willie had grown up large and strong in body, and, in general, docile enough in mind; but, every now and then, he became first moody, and then violent. These paroxysms lasted but a day or two; and it was Susan's anxious care to keep their very existence hidden and unknown. It is true that occasional passers-by on that lonely road heard sounds at night of knocking about of furniture, blows, and cries, as of some tearing demon within the solitary farm-house; but these fits of violence usually occurred in the night; and whatever had been their consequence, Susan had tidied and redd up all signs of aught unusual before the morning. For, above all, she dreaded lest some one might find out in what danger and peril she occasionally was, and might assume a right to take away her brother from her care. The one idea of taking charge of him had deepened and deepened with years. It was graven into her mind as the object for which she lived. The sacrifice she had made for this object only made it more pre-

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cious to her. Besides, she separated the idea of the docile, affectionate, loutish, indolent Will, and kept it distinct from the terror which the demon that occasionally possessed him inspired her with. The one was her flesh and her blood —the child of her dead mother; the other was some fiend who came to torture and convulse the creature she so loved. She believed that she fought her brother's battle in holding down those tearing hands, in binding whenever she could those uplifted restless arms prompt and prone to do mischief. All the time she subdued him with her cunning or her strength, she spoke to him in pitying murmurs, or abused the third person, the fiendish enemy, in no unmeasured tones. Toward morning the paroxysm was exhausted, and he would fall asleep, perhaps only to waken with evil and renewed vigor. But when he was laid down she would sally out to taste the fresh air, and to work off her wild sorrow in cries and mutterings to herself. The early laborers saw her gestures at a distance, and thought her as crazed as the idiot-brother who made the neighborhood a haunted place. But did any chance person call at Yew Nook later, or in the day, he would find Susan Dixon cold, calm, collected; her manner curt, her wits keen.

Once this fit of violence lasted longer than usual. Susan's strength both of mind and body was nearly worn out; she wrestled in prayer that somehow it might end before she, too, was driven mad; or, worse, might be obliged to give up life's aim, and consign Willie to a mad-house. From that moment of prayer (as she afterward superstitiously thought) Willie calmed — and then he drooped—and then he sank—and, last of all, he died, in reality from physical exhaustion.

But he was so gentle and tender as he lay on his dying bed; such strange childlike gleams of returning intelligence came over his face long after the power to make his dull inarticulate sounds had departed, that Susan was attracted to him by a stronger tie than she had ever felt before. It was something to have even an idiot loving her with dumb, wistful, animal affection; something to have any creature looking at her with such beseeching eyes, imploring protection from the insidious enemy stealing on. And yet she knew that to him death was no enemy but a true friend, restoring light and health to his poor clouded mind. It was to her that death was an enemy; to her, the survivor, when Willie died: there was no one to love her. Worse doom still, there was no one left on earth for her to love.

You now know why no wandering tourist could persuade her to receive him as a lodger; why no tired traveler could melt her heart to give him rest and refreshment; why long habits of seclusion had given her a moroseness of manner, and care for the interests of another had rendered her keen and miserly.

But there was a third act in the drama of her life.

V.

In spite of Peggy's prophecy that Susan's life should not seem long, it did seem wearisome and endless as year by year slowly uncoiled their monotonous circles. To be sure, she might have made change for herself, but she did not care to do it. It was, indeed, more than "not caring" which merely implies a certain degree of vis inertiæ to be subdued before an object can be attained, and that the object itself does not seem to be of sufficient importance to call out the requisite energy. On the contrary, Susan exerted herself to avoid change and variety. She had a morbid dread of new faces, which originated in her desire to keep poor dead Willie's state a profound secret. She had a contempt for new customs; and indeed her old ways prospered so well under her active hand and vigilant eye, that it was difficult to know how they could be improved upon. She was regularly present in Coniston market with the best butter and the earliest chickens of the season. Those were the common farm produce that every farmer's wife about had to sell; but Susan, after she had disposed of the more feminine articles, turned to on the man's side. A better judge of a horse or cow there was not in all the country round. Yorkshire itself might have attempted to jockey her, and would have failed. Her corn was sound and clean; her potatoes well preserved to the latest spring. People began to talk of the hoards of money Susan Dixon must have laid up somewhere; and one young ne'er-do-well of a farmer's son undertook to make love to the woman of forty, who looked fifty-five, if a day. He made up to her by opening a gate on the road-path home, as she was riding on a bare-backed horse, her purchase not an hour ago. She was off before him, refusing his civility; but the remounting was not so easy, and rather than fail she did not choose to attempt it. She walked, and he walked alongside, improving his opportunity, which, as he vainly thought, had been consciously granted to him. As they drew near Yew Nook, he ventured on some expression of a wish to keep company with her. His words were vague and clumsily arranged. Susan turned round and coolly asked him to explain himself. He took courage, as he thought of her reputed wealth, and expressed his wishes this second time pretty plainly. To his surprise the reply she made was in a series of smart strokes across his shoulders, administered through the medium of a supple hazel-switch.

"Take that!" said she, almost breathless, "to teach thee how thou darest make a fool of an honest woman, old enough to be thy mother. If thou com'st a step nearer the house, there's a good horse-pool, and there's two stout fellows who'll like no better fun than ducking thee. Be off wi' thee!"

And she strode into her own premises, never looking round to see whether he obeyed her injunction or not.

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Sometimes three or four years would pass over without her hearing Michael Hurst's name mentioned. She used to wonder at such times whether he were dead or alive. She would sit for hours by the dying embers of her fire on a winter's evening, trying to recall the scenes of her youth; trying to bring up living pictures of the faces she had then known—Michael's most especially. She thought that it was possible, so long had been the lapse of years, that she might now pass by him in the street unknowing and unknown. His outward form she might not recognize, but himself she should feel in the thrill of her whole being. He could not pass her unawares.

What little she did hear about him all testified a downward tendency. He drank—not at stated times when there was no other work to be done, but continually, whether it was seed-time or harvest. His children were ill at one time; then one died, while the others recovered, but were poor sickly things. No one dared to give Susan any direct intelligence of her former lover; many avoided all mention of his name in her presence; but a few spoke out either in indifference to, or ignorance of, those by-gone days. Susan heard every word, every whisper, every sound that related to him. But her eye never changed, nor did a muscle of her face move.

Late one November night she sate over her fire; not a human being besides herself in the house; none but she had ever slept there since Willie's death. The farm-laborers had foddered the cattle and gone home hours before. There were crickets chirping all round the warm hearth-stones, there was the clock ticking with the peculiar beat Susan had known ever since childhood, and which then and ever since she had oddly associated with the idea of a mother and child talking together, one loud tick, and quick—a feeble sharp one following.

The day had been keen, and piercingly cold. The whole lift of heaven seemed a dome of iron. Black and frost-bound was the earth under the cruel east wind. Now the wind had dropped, and as the darkness had gathered in, the weather-wise old laborers prophesied snow. The sounds in the air arose again, as Susan sate still and silent. They were of a different character to what they had been during the prevalence of the east wind. Then they had been shrill and piping; now they were like low distant growling; not unmusical, but strangely threatening. Susan went to the window, and drew aside the little curtain. The whole world was white, the air was blinded with the swift and heavy downfall of snow. At present it came down straight, but Susan knew those distant sounds in the hollows and gullies of the hills portended a driving wind and a more cruel storm. She thought of her sheep; were they all folded? the new-born calf, was it bedded well? Before the drifts were formed too deep for her to pass in and out—and by the morning she judged that they would be six or seven feet deep—she would go out and see after the comfort of her beasts. She took a lantern, and tied a shawl over her head, and went out into the open air. She cared tenderly for all her animals, and was returning, when borne on the blast as if some spirit-cry—for it seemed to come rather down from the skies than from any creature standing on earth's level—she heard a voice of agony; she could not distinguish words; it seemed rather as if some bird of prey was being caught in the whirl of the icy wind, and torn and tortured by its violence. Again! up high above! Susan put down her lantern, and shouted loud in return; it was an instinct, for if the creature were not human, which she had doubted but a moment before, what good could her responding cry do? And her cry was seized on by the tyrannous wind, and borne farther away in the opposite direction to that from which that call of agony had proceeded. Again she listened; no sound: then again it rang through space; and this time she was sure it was human. She turned into the house, and heaped turf and wood on the fire, which, careless of her own sensations, she had allowed to fade and almost die out. She put a new candle in her lantern; she changed her shawl for a maud, and leaving the door on latch, she sallied out. Just at the moment when her ear first encountered the weird noises of the storm, on issuing forth into the open air, she thought she heard the words, "O God! Oh, help!" They were a guide to her, if words they were, for they came straight from a rock not a quarter of a mile from Yew Nook, but only to be reached, on account of its precipitous character, by a round-about path. Thither she steered, defying wind and snow; guided by here a thorn-tree, there an old doddered oak, which had not quite lost their identity under the whelming mask of snow. Now and then she stopped to listen; but never a word or sound heard she, till right from where the copse-wood grew thick and tangled at the base of the rock, round which she was winding, she heard a moan. In to the brake—all snow in appearance, almost a plain of snow looked on from the little eminence where she stood—she plunged, breaking down the bush, stumbling, bruising herself, fighting her way; her lantern held between her teeth, and she herself using head as well as hands to butt away a passage, at whatever cost of bodily injury. As she climbed or staggered, owing to the unevenness of the snow-covered ground, where the briars and weeds of years were tangled and matted together, her foot felt something strangely soft and yielding. She lowered her lantern; there lay a man, prone on his face, nearly covered by the fast-falling flakes; he must have fallen from the rock above, as not knowing of the circuitous path, he had tried to descend its steep, slippery face. Who could tell? it was no time for thinking. Susan lifted him up with her wiry strength; he gave no help—no sign of life; but for all that he might be alive: he was still warm; she tied her maud

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round him; she fastened the lantern to her apron-string; she held him tight: half-dragging, half-carrying—what did a few bruises signify to him, compared to dear life, to precious life! She got him through the brake, and down the path. There for an instant she stopped to take breath; but as if stung by the Furies, she pushed on again with almost superhuman strength. Clasping him round the waist and leaning his dead weight against the lintel of the door, she tried to undo the latch; but now, just at this moment, a trembling faintness came over her, and a fearful dread took possession of her—that here, on the very threshold of her home, she might be found dead, and buried under the snow, when the farm-servants came in the morning. This terror stirred her up to one more effort. She and her companion were in the warmth of the quiet haven of that kitchen; she laid him on the settle, and sank on the floor by his side. How long she remained in swoon she could not tell; not very long she judged by the fire, which was still red and sullenly glowing when she came to herself. She lighted the candle, and bent over her late burden to ascertain if indeed he were dead. She stood long gazing. The man lay dead. There could be no doubt about it. His filmy eyes glared at her, unshut. But Susan was not one to be affrighted by the stony aspect of death. It was not that; it was the bitter, woeful recognition of Michael Hurst.

She was convinced he was dead; but after a while she refused to believe in her conviction. She stripped off his wet outer-garments with trembling, hurried hands. She brought a blanket down from her own bed; she made up the fire. She swathed him up in fresh, warm wrappings, and laid him on the flags before the fire, sitting herself at his head, and holding it in her lap, while she tenderly wiped his loose, wet hair, curly still, although its color had changed from nut-brown to iron-gray since she had seen it last. From time to time she bent over the face afresh, sick and fain to believe that the flicker of the fire-light was some slight convulsive motion. But the dim, staring eyes struck chill to her heart. At last she ceased her delicate busy cares, but she still held the head softly, as if caressing it. She thought over all the possibilities and chances in the mingled yarn of their lives that might, by so slight a turn, have ended far otherwise. If her mother's cold had been early tended so that the responsibility as to her brother's weal or woe had not fallen upon her; if the fever had not taken such rough, cruel hold on Will; nay, if Mrs. Gale, that hard, worldly sister, had not accompanied him on his last visit to Yew Nook—his very last before this fatal stormy night; if she had heard his cry—cry uttered by those pale, dead lips with such wild, despairing agony, not yet three hours ago! Oh! if she had but heard it sooner, he might have been saved before that blind, false step had precipitated him down the rock! In going over this weary chain of unrealized possibilities Susan learnt the force of Peggy's words. Life was short, looking back upon it. It seemed but yesterday since all the love of her being had been poured out, and run to waste. The intervening years—the long monotonous years that had turned her into an old woman before her time—were but a dream.

The laborers coming in the dawn of the winter's day were surprised to see the fire-light through the low kitchen window. They knocked, and hearing a moaning answer, they entered, fearing that something had befallen their mistress. For all explanation they got these words:

"It is Michael Hurst. He was belated, and fell down the Raven's Crag. Where does Eleanor, his wife, live?"

How Michael Hurst got to Yew Nook no one but Susan ever knew. They thought he had dragged himself there with some sore internal bruise sapping away his minuted life. They could not have believed the superhuman exertion which had first sought him out, and then dragged him hither. Only Susan knew of that.

She gave him into the charge of her servants, and went out and saddled her horse. Where the wind had drifted the snow on one side, and the road was clear and bare, she rode, and rode fast; where the soft, deceitful heaps were massed up, she dismounted and led her steed, plunging in deep, with fierce energy, the pain at her heart urging her onward with a sharp, digging spur.

The gray, solemn, winter's noon was more night-like than the depth of summer's night; dim purple brooded the low skies over the white earth, as Susan rode up to what had been Michael Hurst's abode while living. It was a small farm-house, carelessly kept outside, slatternly tended within. The pretty Nelly Hebthwaite was pretty still; her delicate face had never suffered from any long-enduring feeling. If any thing, its expression was that of plaintive sorrow; but the soft, light hair had scarcely a tinge of gray, the wood-rose tint of complexion yet remained, if not so brilliant as in youth; the straight nose, the small mouth were untouched by time. Susan felt the contrast even at that moment. She knew that her own skin was weather-beaten, furrowed, brown—that her teeth were gone, and her hair gray and ragged. And yet she was not two years older than Nelly—she had not been in youth, when she took account of these things. Nelly stood wondering at the strange-enough horsewoman, who stood and panted at the door, holding her horse's bridle, and refusing to enter.

"Where is Michael Hurst?" asked Susan, at last.

"Well, I can't rightly say. He should have been at home last night, but he was off seeing after a public-house to be let at Ulverstone, for our farm does not answer, and we were thinking—"

"He did not come home last night?" said Susan, cutting short the story, and half-affirming, half-questioning by way of letting in a ray

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of the awful light before she let it full in, in its consuming wrath.

"No! he'll be stopping somewhere out Ulverstone ways. I'm sure we've need of him at home, for I've no one but lile Tommy to help me tend the beasts. Things have not gone well with us, and we don't keep a servant now. But you're trembling all over, ma'am. You'd better come in, and take something warm, while your horse rests. That's the stable-door, to your left."

Susan took her horse there; loosened his girths, and rubbed him down with a wisp of straw. Then she looked about her for hay; but the place was bare of food, and smelt damp and unused. She went to the house, thankful for the respite, and got some clap-bread, which she mashed up in a pailful of lukewarm water. Every moment was a respite, and yet every moment made her dread the more the task that lay before her. It would be longer than she thought at first. She took the saddle off, and hung about her horse, which seemed somehow more like a friend than any thing else in the world. She laid her cheek against its neck, and rested there, before returning to the house for the last time.

Eleanor had brought down one of her own gowns, which hung on a chair against the fire, and had made her unknown visitor a cup of hot tea. Susan could hardly bear all these little attentions; they choked her, and yet she was so wet, so weak with fatigue and excitement that she could neither resist by word or by action. Two children stood awkwardly about, puzzled at the scene, and even Eleanor began to wish for some explanation of who her strange visitor was.

"You've maybe heard him speak of me? I'm called Susan Dixon."

Nelly colored, and avoided meeting Susan's eye.

"I've heard other folk speak of you. He never named your name."

This respect of silence came like balm to Susan; balm not felt or heeded at the time it was applied, but very grateful in its effects for all that.

"He is at my house," continued Susan, determined not to stop or quaver in the operation—the pain which must be inflicted.

"At your house? Yew Nook?" questioned Eleanor, surprised. "How came he there?" half-jealously. "Did he take shelter from the coming storm? Tell me—there is something—tell me, woman!"

"He took no shelter. Would to God he had!"

"Oh! would to God! would to God!" shrieked out Eleanor, learning all from the woeful import of those dreary eyes. Her cries thrilled through the house; the children's piping wailings and passionate cries on "Daddy! Daddy!" pierced into Susan's very marrow. But she remained as still and tearless as the great round face upon the clock.

At last, in a lull of crying, she said—not exactly questioning—but as if partly to herself—

"You loved him, then?"

"Love him! he was my husband! He was the father of three bonny bairns that lie dead in Grasmere Church-yard. I wish you'd go, Susan Dixon, and let me weep without your watching me! I wish you'd never come near the place."

"Alas! alas! it would not have brought him to life. I would have laid down my own to save his. My life has been so very sad! No one would have cared if I had died. Alas! alas!"

The tone in which she said this was so utterly mournful and despairing that it awed Nelly into quiet for a time. But by-and-by she said, "I would not turn a dog out to do it harm; but the night is clear, and Tommy shall guide you to the Red Cow. But, oh! I want to be alone. If you'll come back to-morrow, I'll be better, and I'll hear all, and thank you for every kindness you have shown him—and I do believe you've showed him kindness—though I don't know why."

Susan moved heavily and strangely.

She said something—her words came thick and unintelligible. She had had a paralytic stroke since she had last spoken. She could not go, even if she would. Nor did Eleanor, when she became aware of the state of the case, wish her to leave. She had her laid on her own bed, and weeping silently all the while for her lost husband, she nursed Susan like a sister. She did not know what her guest's worldly position might be; and she might never be repaid. But she sold many a little trifle to purchase such small comforts as Susan might need. Susan, lying still and motionless, learnt much. It was not a severe stroke; it might be the forerunner of others yet to come, but at some distance of time. But for the present she recovered, and regained much of her former health. On her sick bed she matured her plans. When she returned to Yew Nook, she took Michael Hurst's widow and children with her to live there, and fill up the haunted hearth with living forms that should banish the ghosts.

And so it fell out that the latter days of Susan Dixon's life were better than the former.

THE WAY TO GET BLOWN UP.

IT may be as well to state at once that the writer, being intensely practical and above a joke, uses the words "blown up" in a literal and not in a figurative sense. He makes the avowal in this place, lest any disappointed reader, who had expected to find herein a discourse on wrath, should hereafter feel inclined to blow him up.

It is with the physical operation of blowing people into air that he proposes to deal. The thing can be done, as the reader is doubtless aware, in a variety of ways. A man may take a state-room on board a Mississippi steamboat on a race day, and get blown up in the most

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thorough and satisfactory manner. Or he may go to Sebastopol, and put his foot on a Russian *fougasse*, in which case the result, so far as his feelings are concerned, would be pretty much the same. Or he may imitate Jean Bart, and smoke a pipe on an open powder-keg, taking care to do what the Frenchman took care to avoid, namely, to drop a spark into the keg, which is a very neat and emphatic way of getting blown up. Or he may allow a little chlorine to be absorbed in a solution of sal ammoniac, and amuse himself by poking with a bit of India-rubber or a warm poker the yellow drops which are formed, and he will be blown a very long way up in a remarkably short space of time. Or he may throw a wine-glass of water into the stream of molten copper which pours from a smelting furnace, and hold his head over the stream to see the effect; in which case he may not go far, but he is likely to travel several ways at once in detachments. Or he may try the experiment of holding a lighted candle to a jet of carbureted hydrogen in some subterranean cave, which is perhaps the poorest way of getting blown up, though it has been known to answer very thoroughly.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the art of blowing men up has been brought to its final perfection. Quite the contrary. The explosive science is yet in its infancy, though philosophers have studied it for centuries. The walls of Jericho were blown up, or rather blown down in the year before Christ one thousand four hundred fifty-one; in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred fifty-six the Russians and the Allies do not seem able to blow each other up, blow they never so strongly.

It is perhaps a mistake to allude to the case of Jericho, as many of the most orthodox commentators reject the idea of Joshua's having been favored by a revelation of an explosive agent, and consider the catastrophe as a naked miracle. Happily we do not need to rely on this case to prove the antiquity of the explosive business. Long before Joshua, nay, before the flood, before the time when Adam and his happy family were the sole tenants of the earth, the explosive power of gunpowder was thoroughly tested and proved. Any incredulous person who may feel disposed to question this indubitable fact, the writer begs to refer to the chronicle of the wars of the angels, by that veracious historian, Mr. John Milton. His testimony is precise. Speaking of Satan and his engineers, he says:

> "Sulphurous and nitrous foam
> They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
> Concocted and adusted, they reduced
> To blackest grain, and into store conveyed"—

The proportions are not given, but the method is unexceptionable. Then as to the tools, they had

> ——"hollow engines, long and round,
> Thick rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire
> Dilated and infuriate."

Something like the old bell-mouthed bombards, probably. Their projectiles were a

> ——"devilish glut, chained thunder-bolts and hail
> Of iron globes."

In other words, round-shot, grape, and chain-shot. It may be a question whether the somewhat loose expression, "devilish glut," will cover shells; the epithet is undeniably appropriate, but "glut" is very vague. The Right Reverend Dr. Pangloss has argued with great force that shells were unknown to the Satanic artillerymen, and that they blew up nothing but an occasional gun of their own by over-charging it.

The antediluvian origin of the explosive art being thus established, it becomes proper to inquire how far it was understood and practiced by the profane nations of antiquity. Within the memory of persons not extravagantly aged, it was usual to say that explosions dated from the discovery of gunpowder by old Bartholet Schwartz, the Cordelier, who lighted upon the "devilish secret" when he ought to have been reading his breviary. But latterly the skeptical spirit of the age has rebelled against the claims of the black monk, and of his contemporaries generally. Mr. Ewbank, among others, has argued very ingeniously that the bulk of the mythological heroes may have been nothing more than men of unusual scientific attainments, and the mythological monsters mere machines contrived by them for the purpose of levying blackmail, and rendered formidable by the use of explosive and combustible compounds. It is quite easy to understand how, in a barbarous age, a slender knowledge of chemistry may have enabled a shrewd knave to appear to work miracles, and terrify the rest of mankind. The Colchian bulls, for instance, which belched flame and dashed to pieces with a roaring noise all who attempted to ravish the golden fleece, what were they but a rude species of spring-gun or infernal machine? So Typhon, the monster



FIRE-BREATHING MONSTER.

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A CYCLOP.

with many heads, from whose eyes and mouth gushed hissing streams of devouring fire, may have been nothing more than a mortar of eccentric form, charged with some explosive substance, and fired off at the great warriors, Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, etc., by their more scientific adversaries. The Cyclops, who are represented as men of gigantic stature, with misshapen limbs and a single eye in the centre of the forehead, were killed by Apollo, we are told, because they hurled Jove's thunder-bolts at Esculapius and killed him; shall we say that Vulcan, or some other ingenious mechanic or wizard of the ante-historical age, made huge fire-blowing automata, whose vent was compared by the terrified men of that day to a round eye, and that they dealt death to all who opposed them, till Captain Apollo, of the Olympic Voltigeurs, captured and broke them up?

This is a simpler way, at all events, of explaining these monsters than to regard them as mere creatures of the imagination. Men who, like the Egyptian magicians, could by sleight of hand appear to turn rods into serpents, may certainly be supposed to have known something about chemistry; and the contrivers of so astute a swindle as the oracle at Delphi, must have been quite competent to pass off a hand grenade for a god. The notion that the mythical king of Rome—Numa Pompilius—was acquainted with gunpowder, and that his successor, Tullus Hostilius, blew himself up in trying to make it, may be destitute of truth; but in later times, when the art of cookery was carried to such perfection, both at Athens and Rome, it is not reasonable to suppose that no one of the many known explosive compounds was brought to light.

Still, it appears certain that none of them were used by the Greeks or Romans in war. The terrible machines which frightened the Romans at Syracuse and enabled Archimedes to defend the city for so many months, were prodigies of mechanical science; but chemistry seems to have had no part in their construction. Nor would any writer have circulated the story that Hannibal blew up the rocks on the Alps by heating them and pouring cold vinegar on them, if the military uses of explosive compounds had been known.

In this respect the barbarians of the Middle Ages seem to have been in advance of their more civilized predecessors. Prester John, we are told, practiced the art of blowing men up with marked success. He had a number of "copper images of men" cast, and mounted upon horses, probably of the same material. Within the image was concealed a quantity of combustible and explosive materials, which, when ignited, emitted deadly fumes, and possibly solids. When Prester John was attacked by the Mongols, he marshaled his brazen men in front of their flesh-and-blood comrades; at the word of attack the match was applied, and they charged furiously into the Mongol ranks, spitting flame and poisonous gas on all sides. "Whereby," says the naif old chronicler, "many were slain, others took to sudden flight, and great numbers were burnt to ashes."

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A similar contrivance is said by Saxo Grammaticus to have been used by a king of the Goths, against whom his two sons had rebelled. The old Goth, it seems, dispensed with the brazen men, and stuffed his "infernal mixtures" into the belly of horses mounted on wheeled platforms. These horses had holes in their heads to represent eyes, nostrils, and mouth, through which flames and smoke issued. When the two rebellious youths appeared, their cunning old parent gave them a hot reception by driving these animals at them; they could not endure the scorching blast, and fled in dire confusion, leaving many of their men asphyxiated or burnt to death on the field of battle.



PRESTER JOHN'S ARTILLERY.

We know nothing of the nature of the "infernal mixtures" with which these automata were charged. It has been suggested that Greek fire was used in this way. It seems pretty certain that the ships of war in the Middle Ages were provided with immense squirts, which were used to deluge the adversary's vessel with streams of this terrible liquid; and occasionally tubes for spitting it were used by soldiers on land. Yet Greek fire could hardly be classed as an explosive, if the recipes given by the old writers for its manufacture were authentic. One of them is in Latin verse. It runs thus:

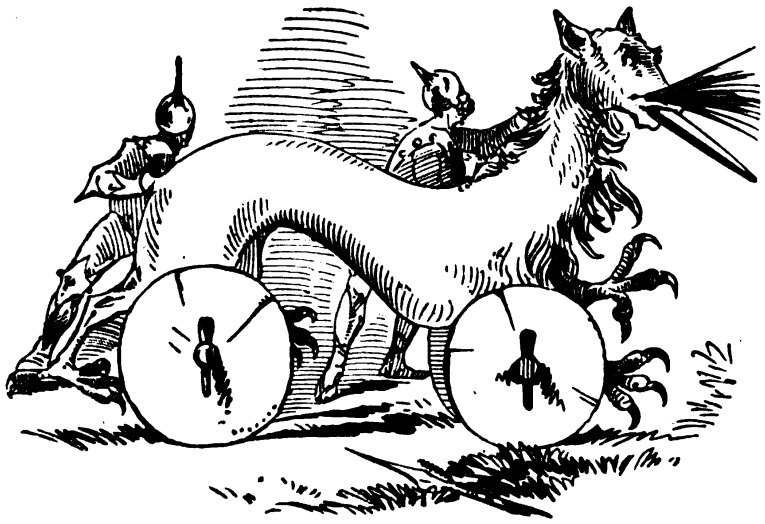
"Aspaltum, nepta, dragantum, pix quoque Graeca,
Sulphur, vernicis, de petrolio quoque vitro,
Mercurii, sal gemmae Graeci dicitur ignis."

Another, very similar, reads as follows:

"Take of pulverized rosin, sulphur, and pitch, equal parts: one-fourth of opopanax and of pigeon's dung well dried, dissolved in turpentine water, or oil of sulphur; then put into a strong close glass vessel, and heat for fifteen days in an oven; after which distill the whole after the manner of spirits of wine, and keep for use."

A mixture of this kind burnt all the better when brought into contact with water, and must have been a fearful missile. Vitriol bottles, of Milesian notoriety, could not compare with it.

Greek fire led naturally to gunpowder, which must, of course, have been invented independently by scores of chemists, if it was not imported into Europe by the navigators who visited China. Not a few sedulous seekers for the philosopher's stone must have blown themselves up long before the siege of Algeciras, or the wars of the Genoese. It might have been supposed that this new explosive agent would have met with great success among people who had been used to scorch, burn, and asphyxiate one another. But so far from this being the case, the priests denounced gunpowder as cruel, and an obvious invention of the devil; and kings and generals fought shy of it. Champions dared each other with the naked steel. So much prejudice of one kind or another was arrayed against it that it was not till nearly two hundred years after its discovery that saltpetre became the god of war. Huge cannon, firing stone balls



GOTHIC FIRE-HORSES.

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of a couple of hundred pounds weight, and muskets which were very likely to be the death of their bearer, and very unlikely to harm any one else, were for a long time the only adaptation of the new discovery.

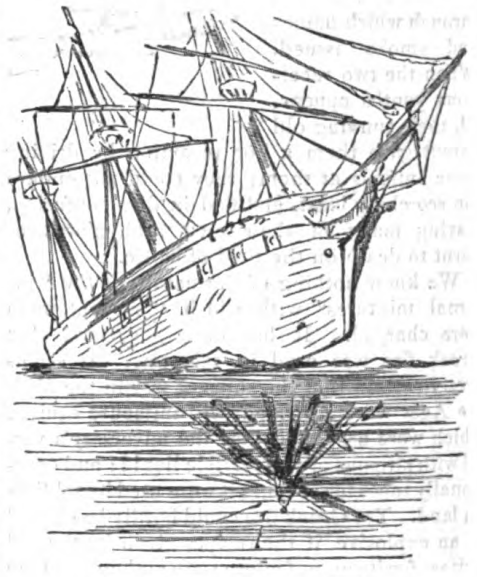
At last, in the year of the discovery of Jamaica by Columbus, a Dutchman invented the bomb—the crowning achievement of the explosive art. Petards, grenades, and mines followed, and people began to be blown up on scientific principles. Guy Fawkes became possible, in a word.

It was in 1605 that he demonstrated the possibility of blowing up a government, and indirectly a nation, with thirty barrels of the "devil's snuff." And whether his little experiment was held to demonstrate that the explosive properties of nitre, sulphur, and saltpetre were equal to the demand—or people turned their attention to more useful pursuits—for nearly another couple of centuries the explosive art remained stationary.

Gunpowder was not, even in Guy Fawkes's time, the only explosive agent known. Beckman assures us that the fulminate of gold was discovered by a monk in the fifteenth century. This substance, which explodes more rapidly, and with greater local force than gunpowder, is made by precipitating a solution of chloride of gold by an excess of ammonia. It was handed down by tradition from chemist to chemist; the memory of it being kept alive by an occasional explosion from time to time, which established the power of the compound at the expense of the life of the philosopher. If the chemists and professional man-killers had preserved a monopoly of it, it would never have done much damage. But, unfortunately, it fell into the hands of the clergy about the beginning of this century, and was, of course, turned to account. The Rev. Mr. Forsyth discovered that by treating mercury as the old monk had treated gold, an equally powerful, and far less expensive, fulminate might be made. This he mixed with six times its weight of nitre, and the result was the percussion powder, which, in the form of paste, constitutes the essential portion of percussion-caps.

Public attention thus directed once more to the business of blowing men up, Sir William Congreve invented his rockets, and tried them on the French. He proposed to burn and blow up cities, forts, ships, regiments. Shells and shot, ball and carcasses, he could project them all, and so forcibly—the rocket itself containing the projecting agent—that for a time it seemed that rockets were going to supersede cannon. At the siege of Flushing, where he tried his rockets, the French commandant's feelings were so much hurt by the unfair advantage they gave to the enemy, that he sent to the English general to remonstrate against the use of such infernal weapons. The Englishman replied, and rightly too, that if the object of war was man-killing, the speediest and most comprehensive mode of attaining that end was the best. So he persevered in firing rockets, and in course of time the French and all other nations adopted them. Now they are one of the most useful branches of ordnance—though Sir William Congreve's idea of firing rockets weighing half a ton, and containing six barrels of gunpowder, which would make a breach in a wall in half a dozen shots, has never been realized.

It was the age of the Napoleon wars, and ingenious men were intent on finding new modes of extinguishing life by wholesale. Robert Fulton announced that he could blow up a ship, with all hands, by means of a patent nautilus. He did, in fact, construct a species of diving-boat, which could be propelled under water; in this he proposed to sail at a considerable depth below the surface to the bottom of the ship he



A TORPEDO EXPLODING UNDER A SHIP.

intended to destroy. When he touched her keel his plan was to fasten to it a machine filled with the most terrible explosive substances known, to which fire was to be communicated by means of a fuse. The plan was tried, but never succeeded, from obvious reasons. Fulton made various experiments in France; then returned home, and published a tract on the subject, which has served as a guide-book to all subsequent manufacturers of torpedoes.

In the last war with England they were tried here. Before the war broke out, Congress had voted $5000 to Fulton to enable him to make them; and during the cruise of the British fleet on the coast, frequent attempts were made to blow it up with similar weapons. They invariably failed from the impossibility of steering them to the vessel they were intended to destroy.

More recently the Russians, at Cronstadt, have tried various kinds of marine torpedoes. Some of them have been fished up and examined; a ship or two has received a shock now and then from venturing too near the batteries;

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one of the machines nearly cost an over-curious British Admiral his life. They all, so far as they are known, resemble Fulton's, inasmuch as they are vessels filled with explosive substances, which require to be placed in contact with the ship to do mischief; and all have failed from the same cause as his—the impossibility of directing them with accuracy. It is understood that the commonest form of Russian torpedo is submerged and connected with a wire, or trigger, against which the allied vessels must necessarily strike if they attempt to sail toward Cronstadt. Pressure on the wire will explode the torpedo, and if the ship happens to be within reach, it may receive a rude shock. Another Russian torpedo is said to be connected with an electric battery; it would be exploded, by means of a spark, as soon as the enemy's keel touched it. But neither of these projects appears very formidable. Nothing would be easier than to blow up a ship by means of a submarine shell: this the recent submarine blasting operations prove conclusively; but, like the salt which little boys try vainly to put on the tails of cocksparrows, the difficulty is to fasten the shell.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Captain Warner announced that he had invented a shell which would blow up any ship at a distance of five miles. The British government gave him a ship to try, and he blew her up very completely. Unfortunately he had thought fit to visit her a few minutes before the explosion; and the presumption was very strong that he had quietly lit a long fuse which communicated with a couple of barrels of gunpowder on board. The experience of the present war proves pretty decisively that so far as naval operations are concerned nothing better than the old powder, ball, and shells—improved and amended, according to our modern lights—has yet been discovered; painful as the reflection is, we must acknowledge that we are not much ahead of Guy Fawkes.

On land various new explosive apparatuses have been invented. Monsieur Jobard, of Brussels, some time since devised a shell, which was to be filled with fulminate of mercury, and was to explode with such force as to knock a tower to pieces. But it has so often happened that these extra-terrible explosives have victimized their friends instead of their enemies, that we need not be surprised to find that M. Jobard's destroyer does not figure in the list of ordnance used at Sebastopol. In the heat and hurry of a bombardment it would be in the highest degree dangerous to use these fearful fulminates in quantities sufficient to produce any startling results.

When the Russians evacuated Sebastopol, they undermined their principal works, and laid fougasses to blow up the invaders. One of these terrible mines exploded on the 28th September, and tore a hole in the earth twenty feet deep and as many wide, killing and wounding a vast number of the allied soldiers. The catastrophe led to a close examination of other localities, and a large number of similar fougasses were discovered in time to save the Allies from their effects. In all of them, it appears the explosive agent used was gunpowder. A quantity of gunpowder was buried in the usual manner; from this a train was laid to a deposit of mixed chlorate of potash and pulverized white sugar; and above this was placed a very thin glass vessel containing sulphuric acid. In contact with the vessel, and resting upon it, was a wooden peg, the end of which protruded above the soil, and offered an inviting resting-place for the foot. But woe to him who trod on it! The peg broke the glass vessel; the sulphuric acid poured down upon the chlorate of potash and sugar; combustion took place, and in less time than it takes to read these lines the mine exploded, and all who were within 200 yards of the spot were either blown up or saluted with a fragment of stone or wood.

It will at once occur to those who take an interest in such subjects, that the improvements to be made in the explosive art will be wrought by means of the electric fluid. Isolated electric wires can now be laid for any distance, either in the earth or under water; with their aid mines may be exploded at far greater distances than can ever be required in actual warfare. For instance, it would have been quite possible for the Russians to lay submarine wires across the bay of Sebastopol, and by their means to explode mines under every building in the city, while the authors of the explosion were securely under cover in the northern forts at three or four miles' distance. The experiment was tried on a small scale at the Malakoff; but the French providentially happened to scrape up the earth in order to extinguish a fire which had been kindled too near the magazine, and thus the wires were brought to light and cut. Had Prince Gortschakoff foreseen in time his retreat from the city, it is hardly to be doubted but he would in every case have substituted mines communicating with electric batteries for the common fougasses. In future, it may be expected that this mode of destroying fortresses which are evacuated will be universally employed. A few barrels of powder, and a few miles of wire, carefully laid at a safe depth beneath the surface of the soil, will suffice to make the capture of any fort a loss rather than a gain to the captors.

Where no previous communication has been had with the place to be destroyed, electricity can hardly be of much service. An army encamped before a city, or a fleet riding before a seaport, is reduced to the old process of bombardment with rocket, shell, and ball, to be followed by an assault with immense loss of life. To facilitate matters in this class of cases, some improvement on Jobard's shell may possibly be looked for. None of the fulminates can be used in a gun as a substitute for powder, for the simple reason that their explosive power radiates equally on all sides whatever be the resistance, and would thus blow the gun itself to

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atoms without projecting the ball very far. But there seems to be no good reason why they should not be used in rocket-heads, or even in shells of enormous size. Jobard stated that two pounds of fulminate of mercury, or fulminate silver, lodged in the side of a ship, would infallibly blow her to pieces; and half a dozen such shots lodged in the stoutest earth-work, would knock it completely out of shape. If the European war continues, we may expect to hear that experiments, at all events, have been made with these terrible weapons.

Lord Dundonald says he has a scheme by means of which he can take Cronstadt without losing a man. It is supposed that it consists in the use of a shell on the plan of the globes invented by Professor Bunsen some ten years ago. Bunsen's globes were made of glass, and contained a liquid called cacodyl, of which the component parts were the same as those of common alcohol, except that arsenic was substituted for oxygen. The calculation was, that when one of these globes was thrown into the port-hole of a vessel, the glass would break, the liquid would ignite and burn every thing it touched; while from the flame arsenical fumes would be generated, which it would be certain death to inhale. It is conjectured that Lord Dundonald has invented a shell, loaded with cacodyl or some analagous substance, and that he calculates to poison the defenders of Cronstadt with its fumes. Hitherto the British Government have declined his patriotic offers; possibly, the moderate results which the two last expeditions to the Baltic have attained may induce the allied chiefs to give Lord Dundonald a little more attention this winter. If the Russians are to be killed, it matters not whether the killing be done with shot, steel, or arsenic; the most effective weapon is, in every case, the most humane in the end.

BABY BERTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

I.—CHARLES FORREST, ESQ., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AT the close of a freezing December day, Charles Forrest, Esq., Attorney-at-Law and Commissioner of Deeds for the States of, etc., etc., was sitting in his fourth-story office before a meagre fire, engaged in the profitable or unprofitable occupation of reflecting. The oblong strip of blue-sanded board upon which the above-mentioned indication of the young gentleman's profession was furnished in gilt letters, appeared by no means to prove that he had been for a lengthy period "at the bar;" and yet the "shingle," in professional parlance, was not entirely new. It was much such a sign as might have been expected under the circumstances; had indeed hung there exposed to the weather just six months; and this was the exact and actual term of Mr. Charles Forrest's legal experience.

As the wind blew more and more drearily, making the sign creak upon its hinges, and threatening every moment to precipitate it into the white bed of fast-falling snow upon the door-step, the occupant of the chamber rose from his seat and looked around him. It was a pleasant face to look upon, the face of Charles Forrest, Esq., with its open, frank expression, the short chestnut curls framing the healthful cheeks, and the smile which seemed habitually to dwell upon the lips. This smile became very distinctly marked as the young man looked around him, dwelling for a moment upon each article of furniture in the bare and comfortless apartment; on the dusty table, piled with law-books displayed with ostentatious intrusiveness, and the bundles of doubtful-looking papers tied carefully with red tape, and the forlorn broom reposing in a corner beside the plain case containing a few old volumes and newspapers.

The gaze of the young man rested curiously upon these objects one after another, and then with a laugh which terminated in something very like a sigh, he resumed his seat again—which seat was the sole and only rocking-chair in the apartment—and betook himself anew to a contemplation of the gradually expiring fire in the old grate.

"Well," he said at last, in a half-audible tone, "matters are growing complicated, and it seems to me that prospects for the future are not brilliant. This is certainly not precisely what I imagined for myself when I left Shady Oaks and came to town. I thought at that remote period of my existence that the world was a place uncommonly full of flowers, and that my chief occupation in life—in fact, the duty to which I was called—was simply to pluck the flowers. I had unusually splendid visions; real Arabian Nights' visions! I thought the Grand Vizier would come and tell me that the Caliph requested me to accept, as a personal favor to himself, the hand of his only daughter, the Princess Beautiful!"

The smile with which these words commenced here gave place to an undeniable sigh.

"The Princess Beautiful!" he continued. "I am acquainted with a young lady answering to that description, but it really does seem to me that I am neither expected nor desired to espouse her!"

The young man paused in his soliloquy, and a sad shadow passed over his brow and dimmed the light of his eyes. He remained for a time silent and motionless, paying no attention apparently to the wind cutting its antics without, or to the driving snow, or the forlorn creaking of the melancholy sign. He was aroused at last, however, by the sound of martial music, proceeding probably from a band returning after committing to earth some member of the order of masons or other fraternity. The music was loud and jubilant; and when the wind shifted and blew from the proper quarter, the tune played by the band was distinctly heard, like a loud gush of harmony.

"Good news from home!" said Mr. Charles Forrest, sighing. "What have I got to do with any thing of that sort? They're all well at

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Shady Oaks I know, and that's very good news from home; but beyond that there is nothing. If I could only get some good news from what 'home' used to be, when Helen and myself had not had our unhappy misunderstanding! Every thing was bright between us then, and if any body had said we would now be on terms of actual constraint, I would have laughed at them. I love her more than ever—and I have the right to love her! She has been more to me than any one but my mother, and there is not a lovelier character in the wide world. Oh, why has this miserable *society* made us change toward each other! I will not let myself think for a moment that the lovely girl who made every one devoted to her when she came to see us at Shady Oaks, can have had her feelings changed toward me by my ill success in my profession. Yet I could not blame her," continued the young man sighing, and looking round at the cheerless apartment; "this would be a pretty place to bring a delicate and tenderly nurtured girl. I am like the poor poet I read about in a newspaper the other day, sitting on his stool, 'poor fool, on his three-legged stool,' in his freezing garret. The writer says he was destitute and sorrowing, though

> 'His great thoughts had moved them,
> Moved millions to tears,
> Through years,
> To joy and to tears.'

I have never yet given utterance to any 'great thoughts' that I am aware of, and therefore I am worse off than the poor poet!"

Having come to this melancholy conclusion, Mr. Charles Forrest smiled, in spite of the sad result of his logic, and looked out of the window.

As he did so, a knock at the door attracted his attention, and the next moment a note was handed him, the bearer of which disappeared with a bow. He opened it and found that it contained a request on the part of Miss Helen Burnaby, that he would come up that evening and spend the same with a few friends—socially. Mr. Charles Forrest turned the note over and over, smiled, sighed, re-read, read it again, folded it, opened it a second time, again read it, and ended by placing it in his private portfolio, among his most precious archives. The manner in which he performed these different ceremonies would have clearly indicated to an astute observer, that any thing upon which the hand of the fair writer had rested was henceforth sacred in his eyes.

The young man at once proceeded to the small adjoining room, which served as his bedchamber; and making an elaborate toilet, which nevertheless dealt in nothing gaudy, or exceeding the bounds of the most severe good taste, wrapped his cloak around him, went out, and took his way toward the residence of Miss Helen Burnaby.

II.—THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF URGES HIS SUIT.

About a dozen persons were assembled at Mr. Burnaby's elegant mansion on —— Street, and Mr. Charles Forrest counted almost the whole company among his intimate friends. He very soon found himself, after paying numerous compliments in his passage, by the side of Helen Burnaby. She was a fresh-looking and attractive young lady, with fine dark eyes, hair like the wing of a raven, and "coral lips," which had a great tendency, it would seem, to satirize the object of their mistress's dislike. Helen seemed to be one of those sensible and rational young ladies who look at things in their real light without the least inclination toward romance and poetry; and yet there was a world of good feeling and kindness in her eyes, which indicated a warm and affectionate nature. Charles Forrest and herself were cousins, and had been brought up together, it might almost be said. Helen had gone every year, from her earliest childhood, to spend the summer months at Shady Oaks, the estate of the Forrests, and Charles had frequently accompanied her back to town, and staid for several weeks at Mr. Burnaby's. They had been companions in all the merry sports of childhood in the country, and were called "sweethearts" by the town children when Charles visited Helen's; and at last this verdict of the little town misses became very nearly the fact. Helen certainly had a very great affection for her young cousin and playmate, whose arm had supported her so often in their rambles, and whose frank and open character was perfectly well known to her. As he grew into a fine young fellow, and she ripened more and more into a blooming maiden, this affection increased, and finally when the time for Charles to go to college arrived, the feelings of the young man became the deep and earnest passion of the lover. They parted without any mutual explanations, however, and Charles had only chance looks and affectionate words to build implicit hopes upon. That he had not "spoken" was attributable to his modest and unpretending nature—in truth, he had not had the courage to place his whole happiness upon one throw of the dice. He felt that if he were mistaken in attributing to Helen an affection for himself such as he felt for her, and she were to listen to his avowal, and declare herself unable to return his love, that from this moment every thing would be changed between them, their old intimacy and familiarity be destroyed, and their relations all cooled and injured. He had, therefore, gone away with a last look, in which he endeavored to tell her, as far as possible, his feelings, and a last clasp of her hand, which he made very tender; and so had betaken himself to his studies. He chose the law for his profession on leaving college, and came to practice in the city where Mr. Burnaby resided.

Helen met him with all her old cordiality and affection, and for a time the young man reveled in the idea that she returned his own feelings perfectly. He was soon doomed to see a change, however, in Helen's demeanor toward him. As interview after interview took place, and he grew warmer and warmer in his

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feelings and the exhibition of them, Helen grew cooler and cooler. She was no longer the same affectionate and familiar companion; and, one by one, she denied him all the privileges he had begun to enjoy. When he asked her to accompany him to a concert, she had some ready excuse to offer for refusing; if he asked her to permit him to escort her to a party which he knew she meant to attend, she had already secured a cavalier; finally, he found himself received as a stranger, with a "not at home" when he made a call in the morning. Helen seemed resolutely bent upon not seeing him alone, and met him as seldom as possible in the presence of others. We have heard the comments of the young man upon this state of affairs between them; and this was the position of the parties toward each other on the evening when she invited him to her father's, doubtless from a sentiment of propriety, and the fear that an opposite course would seem strange.

When the young man approached her, she was talking with a fashionably-clad gentleman, of foppish manners and elaborate elegance. Tom Vane was decidedly a dangerous rival, with his ten thousand a year, his assiduous attentions, and studied elegances of conversation and deportment. Charles found himself engaged in the despondent amusement of comparing himself with this brilliant light of fashion, and was obliged to make an effort to look and speak in a tone of self-possession and unconcern.

"Mr. Vane and myself were talking of the weather," said Helen, after returning the young man's salutation; "it is a very useful subject to commence with."

"I'm sure I am delighted to converse with you on any subject," said the elegant Tom Vane, in a gallant tone.

Helen smiled in recognition of this obvious compliment, and said:

"You were well wrapped up, I hope, cousin Charles; this weather is terrible for influenzas and sore throat."

"I hope to escape them," was the smiling reply. "I have a very warm over-coat, which serves me excellently in default of better ways of keeping warm."

"Are there better ways?"

The young man nodded, and said:

"I was thinking of an old sawyer I met near your door, an acquaintance of mine, who seemed to suffer from the heat, inasmuch as his coat was off."

"Oh yes! old Obadiah! I know him very well—do you?"

"He makes my fires, and attends to the office?"

"Does he? He is a very pleasant old man, and I like him very much. He saws a good deal of wood for us, as papa likes an old-fashioned country log-fire in his study."

Helen turned to Mr. Vane as she thus terminated the matter-of-fact conversation, in which that elegant gentleman in vain tried to introduce a word. Old Obadiah was apparently out of his sphere; and his ideas, accustomed to revolve around parties, concerts, waltzes, and the *beau-monde* generally, with difficulty descended to the subject of wood-sawyers and shirt-sleeves. A few minutes afterward Mr. Tom Vane had glided to the side of a new acquaintance, asked her to favor him with a song, and led her in triumph to the piano, which she immediately attacked in the most furious manner, accompanying the assault with a torturing scream, degenerating occasionally into a growl.

Helen and Charles were left alone, as it were, and as every one knows, the music increased the solitude. We need not say that it is possible to say the most private things in the largest assembly, if there is noise enough around the speakers.

"You referred to the old-fashioned log-fires of the country, Helen," said the young man; "don't you like them too?"

"Oh yes, very much!" said the young lady, arranging her sleeve.

"Do you ever recollect the happy days we spent at Shady Oaks a long time ago?" continued Charles, gazing with sad tenderness on the face of his companion.

"Yes," she replied, looking him tranquilly in the eyes, "of course I recollect the merry times we had there, all of us—Anna Clayton and all of us. Have you spoken to her this evening? You know she is staying with me now. She is very pretty; look as she turns her head."

The young man sighed. It seemed impossible to make a chord in Helen's bosom respond to his touch. His own heart was filled with happy and tender recollections of old days, when they sported at Shady Oaks; and when he endeavored to communicate some of this feeling to Helen she began to talk upon indifferent subjects—to divert the conversation to Miss Anna Clayton and her head-dress.

Miss Anna Clayton was indeed looking toward them, and now exchanged a smiling salutation with Charles—after which, as he turned again to Helen, she continued to look at them. The young man sat for some moments silent, gazing at the floor absently: then he said, with an imperceptible sigh,

"Helen, I am afraid you have lost all your regard for me, and forgotten our friendship. Our relations have in some way changed since my return from college, and you seem to look upon me as an ordinary acquaintance, and almost as a stranger at times."

"Oh no, indeed I do not!" said the young lady, with a sudden animation which seemed to indicate that the accusation gave her pain. But this animation disappeared almost immediately, and she added, almost coldly,

"You have no reason to think that our friendship has diminished—at least on my part."

"No reason! Oh, Helen! how can you be so cruel as to tell me that you never did like my society? You almost repulse me when I approach you, and when I complain, you say that

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you never had for me any sentiment warmer than this would indicate. You pain and wound me."

There was so much earnestness and sadness in the tone of these words, that a slight blush came to the young girl's cheeks, and for a moment she gazed at her companion with an expression which made his heart leap.

"Oh, Helen!" he said, as the music again rose, drowning his voice, "what has happened to cause this misunderstanding between us? It makes me unhappy and wretched to think that our kindness and good feeling—our friendship, which has lasted from our very childhood, should be interrupted."

"It is not interrupted, I hope," she said, in a low voice, and turning away with a flush in her cheeks as she spoke.

"Why then treat me thus?" he said, with an expression of pain.

"It is your imagination; that is—" she said, in an altered voice—"you must not think that any thing has occurred to change my feelings toward you."

"But something must have occurred," he said, obstinately; "you no longer meet me and speak to me as you used to. Helen, this has been the cause of more unhappiness to me than any other event of my life. Oh! I can not bear to think that you have lost your regard for your old playmate. You do not know my feelings toward you," the young man added, carried away by his feverish emotion; "I have never spoken of them; but you *must* have known that you were more to me than any other woman in the world—"

As he spoke the young girl turned completely away from him, and had not the attention of the company been absorbed by the performer at the piano, they must have observed and wondered at the deep blush which suffused the countenance of Helen.

Charles felt that he had now advanced too far to recede; and in spite of the unfitness of the occasion, his emotion drove him onward, and compelled him to give utterance to his thoughts and feelings.

"I thought at one time," he said, in a low voice of great emotion, "that you felt toward me as I did toward you, Helen. We had been friends and playmates so long, and had shared every feeling so constantly, that I thought you shared this too. Since I have been back from college your demeanor has changed; you treat me almost coldly. Helen, I can not endure this any longer—it makes me wretched. I can not think of any one but you, and I am losing all my spirits. Oh, Helen, tell me if there is any hope of my winning your affection! I must speak, or this uncertainty will kill me! If you can never love me, tell me so and let me go away and hide my shame and misery, where you will not see it or be annoyed by it. I feel what madness it is for me to risk my happiness thus upon a sudden avowal for which you are not prepared; but this suspense is killing me. Helen! tell me if there is any hope of my winning your heart—I only ask one word! It is madness, but I can not help it! Tell me, Helen, and make me happy or miserable—but I *must* hear from your own lips something!"

Carried away by his emotion, the young man uttered these latter words with feverish rapidity, bending toward her and endeavoring to look into her downcast eyes. Helen's cheeks were covered with blushes, and she in vain tried to speak. At last she said, in a low voice, which trembled and scarcely was audible:

"This is wrong—you ought not to speak thus to me here—the company will look at us, and—"

"One word then, Helen—but a word! I love you dearly—as no man ever loved you or can love you! Tell me if you can ever return—"

"Oh, I can not, Charles—I can not—"

Suddenly the music stopped, and the agitated and broken voice of the young girl mingled itself with the concluding crash of the base, and died away with it.

Charles drew back pale and silent, and Helen passed her white handkerchief over her face to cool the burning of her cheeks. He rose and changed his seat, and as soon as common politeness would permit, made his bow and retired. She scarcely looked at him as he inclined before her; and then the whole assembled company disappeared from his eyes, and the door closed upon him.

"What madness it was for me to think of speaking to her then!" he muttered, with pale lips and gloomy eyes. "What demon got into me! To pass over a thousand occasions when we were alone together, and might have been uninterrupted—to fix at last upon this evening—in public—on an occasion when every one was looking at her and wondering at me, no doubt! What a savage she must think me! But I couldn't help it!" the young man added, with a cruel groan. "I could not keep silent! I have lost nothing by making a fool of myself, after all, for she cares nothing for me. She cares nothing for my groans or my agony! I am nothing to her! I was a simpleton to think that there was any thing in a poor country boy like myself to touch her heart, when she has around her a dozen others, any one of them more worthy of attention! What a madman I was to speak so! I hope I have it all plain, and clear, and satisfactory now!" he said, bitterly. "I asked if she could ever return my love, and she declared she could not! It distressed her, I suppose, as she no doubt has some slight recollection of having once known me and seen me often; and I suppose it will make her feel unpleasantly for the next half hour—after which she will forget me, and laugh at me for my country bumpkin folly!"

The young man ground his teeth and groaned as he spoke.

"No!" he said, wiping his forehead, which was bathed in perspiration in spite of the bitter cold of the night—"no, I will not do her that

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injustice! I will not let my wretchedness carry me away and blind me. She is a noble, tender girl, and it's not for me to say a word against her. What right have I to find fault with her for not loving me! I thought I had touched her heart in all these years, but I am mistaken, wretchedly mistaken, and it was ridiculous for me to speak as I did—unfeeling, for I know she is feeling pain now at my unhappiness! Oh, why couldn't I leave this terrible question for some other occasion, or never ask it! All is now ended between us—things are changed. I am now her persecutor, and she will always dread a recurrence to the subject. She need not—I will annoy her no longer with my troublesome affection. I can at least break my heart with her image where she can not look upon my agony!"

And hurrying along the young man reached his apartment, threw himself into a chair, and resting his face upon his hand, remained for hours enduring that agony which happens but once in a lifetime.

III.—THE CONFESSION.

The company had all left Mr. Burnaby's, and Helen and her friend, Anna Clayton, who, as we have seen, was staying with her, had retired to their chamber.

Helen was standing half disrobed before the tall mirror, on each side of which two gas burners protruded their arms, lighting up her fresh-looking and attractive head. The face of the young lady was, however, dimmed by an expression of grief and disquiet, and as she combed out her long dark hair, preparatory to binding it up again for slumber, she paused more than once, and a sigh agitated her lips, coming apparently from the bottom of her heart.

Anna Clayton, who was sitting reading by the fire, looked round at her two or three times as she was thus engaged, and at last said,

"Helen, I wish you would be more communicative of your feelings, and tell me what grieves you so much."

"Grieves me!" replied Helen; "why do you think any thing grieves me?"

"Because you have been sighing as if your heart would break."

A slight blush came to Helen's cheek, but she said nothing.

"I know very well that something has occurred this evening to trouble you," said her friend, "and I think Charles Forrest knows what it is."

Helen turned round and looked at her companion so sadly that it was very plain she had not missed the truth.

"Why do you treat him so coldly, Helen? I should think you had been friends long enough to throw aside ceremony. I thought you even were colder to him than others, and when he bowed to you on going away you scarcely looked up. You are certainly doing him injustice."

Helen's head drooped, and for a time she made no reply to these words. Finally she left the glass, and with her long hair hanging on her white dress, came and sat down by her friend, and gazed for some minutes into the fire.

"I have been thinking, Anna," she said at last, "that perhaps it would be better for me to tell you what the relations between Charles and myself are, and explain my conduct toward him. You are not an idle gossip, and no one will know any thing of it. I have been cold toward him, and I have been so because I thought it was my duty. You know how we were brought up together, and I am afraid Charles has been led to think of me differently than in old times. Indeed I know it. I could not help it, and I did not come to the knowledge of his feelings before he returned from college. I then saw that he was becoming attached to me, and I tried in every way to discourage this attachment."

"Why, Helen? I am sure you could not have a better husband. I forewarn you that I am going to take Charles's part. Why did you discourage him?"

"Because I did not love him," said Helen, with a slight color in her cheeks. "I could not return his feelings, and it was cruel in me to go on treating him with the same familiarity and affection I used to. Gentlemen have a right to think that such a course indicates partiality on our part, and I did not wish to encourage feelings which I could not return. They say I am unromantic and matter-of-fact, Anna; and I am glad this is true so far, that in order to indulge my foolish feeling of pride, I would never consent to deceive or mislead an honorable gentleman like Charles. But I could not love him. I tried, Anna, and I could not. You can not think that I was wrong in denying him occasions of seeing me and continuing to think of me."

There was deep feeling in the tone of these words; and after a moment Helen went on:

"I saw that he was growing more and more attached to me, or I thought I saw it; and I reflected deeply upon what it was proper for me to do under the circumstances. It was plain to me that I ought not to see him any more, and that I ought, if possible, to make him forget me. This is the explanation of my coldness. You will not say I was wrong."

Helen spoke now with a sort of craving agitation which changed her whole countenance, and tears quivered on her eyelids.

Anna seemed however to be unconvinced by her logic.

"Why, then, did you invite him this evening?" she said.

"I could not help it."

"Well, that is true; but when you do see him, Helen, I declare you ought not to be so cold to him. You make him suffer more than he would if you were kind; and you *might* give him an affectionate word, I think, in return for his own affection when you do see him."

"An affectionate word!"

"Yes. I mean you ought to be what you always were to him—familiar and kind."

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Helen's cheeks flushed, and she said, in an agitated voice:

"Familiar and kind! How can you advise me to be so, under the circumstances, Anna? It would be wrong! Oh, I never could reconcile it with my ideas of duty! Familiar and kind! Encourage him!" she said, in a voice of excitement; "do you know that I was so this evening, Anna, and can you guess what the result was?"

Anna turned with great eagerness toward her companion.

"He—"

"Addressed me! Yes," said Helen, trembling and blushing, "while the singing was going on. It is wrong in me to tell it, but I can not help it. He said he loved me; and he never would—no, never—if I had done my duty!"

A burst of tears followed these words, and in an agitated and broken voice Helen added:

"I could not say any thing but what I did say. I had to tell him that I could not return his love! And now he is gone away, and I shall not see him any more. Every thing is changed. He is unhappy, and so am I—the most unhappy girl that ever lived!"

The agitated face, streaming with tears, was buried in her friend's bosom, and Helen cried like a child, and seemed not to hear the soothing words addressed to her.

The agony of the young man, sitting in his chamber, was scarcely greater than her own; but he was pale and still.

IV.—GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

For some days Charles seemed to be living a dream-life in an unreal and unsubstantial world, with which he had nothing to do, and whose pursuits had no connection with himself or his life. The sunshine seemed black to him, and he wandered about scarcely returning the nods of his acquaintance, and muttering to himself as forlorn lovers have done in all ages. Like others who had passed through the same emotions before him, he was growing older, hour by hour, and his careless character becoming serious and gloomy.

Sleep did not seem to refresh him, and he would sit hour after hour with but one thought, one image in his heart, obliterating every other. It seemed to him that he had monopolized the whole suffering of the world, and that compared with his agony all the grief, and want, and poverty, and pain which he had read of in books sunk into insignificance, and was unworthy of attention.

Day after day passed thus, and at last his pain began gradually to decrease, and better thoughts to come to him. Suffering had purified him, and he was destined soon to see that others besides himself were unfortunate, and to profit by it.

One morning old Obadiah, the wood-sawyer, who, among his various occupations, attended to numerous offices, making the fires and putting things to rights—old Obadiah appeared before Charles, cap in hand, and begged a small loan of money, which he said he needed to buy some comforts for his grand-daughter, who was sick. As Christmas came on every thing was high, he said, and the prices had taken all his savings. If Mr. Forrest would advance him a small sum, he would soon repay it, and his grand-daughter would not suffer. Charles promptly supplied him with what he needed, and then entered into conversation with him on his means of living. The old man drew so curious a picture of his "ways and means," and especially of his household with the little sick grand-daughter, that Charles found himself deeply interested, and, what was better, diverted from his possessing and absorbing thought.

He promised to come and see the old man, whose humble dwelling was not far from his office, and then they parted.

Charles had dispatched all the business of the day early on the forenoon, and then he bethought him of the promise he had made. He proceeded toward the spot designated, and soon found the obscure hut in which Obadiah lived.

In reply to his knock at the door a feeble but perfectly self-possessed little voice bade him come in, and pulling the leather string, the door opened and he entered. The room was very poor and mean, but scrupulously neat, and in a small bed in the corner lay a child apparently six or seven years of age.

Charles stood for a moment gazing in silence at the countenance of the child, which wore an expression of extraordinary sweetness and simplicity. Her hair was long and curling, of a brilliant auburn, and lying in profuse masses upon the poor pillow. The large blue eyes were set like stars in a thin pale face, and the whole expression of the countenance was spiritual and dreamy, as if the owner of it did not busy herself about earthly things, but thought of more important issues.

"Did you want to see grandfather, Sir," said the child quite easily; "he isn't here. He left me here—I am Baby Bertie—and is coming back in the evening."

Charles smiled and closed the door, and came and sat down by the child, who gazed at him quite tranquilly with her large eyes—indeed almost seemed to smile too.

Between certain persons there seems to be a species of magnetical attraction, by means of which they recognize each other, and which dispenses with words. From the first moment Charles and Baby Bertie were on the best possible terms with each other; and they began to converse quite easily, as if they had known each other all their lives. The child's voice, like her face and expression, was of extraordinary sweetness, and she seemed always to be smiling. She related, in the simplest and most contented tone, all their poverty, and her sickness, and ended by saying quite simply and tranquilly, that she didn't think she would "last longer than Christmas."

"What, Baby Bertie!" said Charles, look-

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ing sadly at the child's face, "you don't think of dying?"

"Yes, I do, Sir. I think I will not last to the New Year."

"Pshaw, Baby!" said Charles, taking the thin hand lying half out of the covering, "you must not be thinking so."

He found the hand resist his grasp, and the child said:

"If you shake hands, Sir, you will make me lose my place."

In fact, the finger which Charles had tried to capture was inserted between the leaves of an old Bible, which was concealed by the coarse counterpane of the poor bed.

"I was reading about the daughter of Jairus," said Baby, by way of introducing a new topic of conversation; "I like that very much."

"It is very interesting," said the young man, gazing sadly at the thin face of the child.

"It is very sweet," was the reply; "they thought that the Saviour could not do it, but he said, 'Be not afraid, only believe.' How sweet that is, 'Only believe!' and that is all he asks."

After uttering these words Baby Bertie seemed to reflect for a time. At last she said, with a smile,

"It is all the same."

"What is all the same, Baby?"

"I was thinking that the daughter of Jairus was twelve years old, Sir."

"What of that?"

"Nothing. I am seven on Christmas-day."

After this Baby Bertie closed her book and looked through the low window with a smile. This smile, however, disappeared in a few minutes, and the thin lips were contracted painfully. The child at the same moment raised her hand to her breast, and breathed with difficulty.

"If you will please give me that tumbler with the drink in it," she said, in a low voice, and pointing to the table.

Charles hastened to hold it to the child's lips, and she slowly drank the contents, after which she seemed much relieved.

"Mrs. Johnson sits with me when grandfather's away," she said at length, "but she was called home. I'll ask her next time to leave the tumbler near me. I feel better now—I felt as if I was choking."

And Baby smiled quite happily and tranquilly.

Charles remained for an hour after this until Mrs. Johnson came back, conversing with the child, and feeling as if a charm were acting upon his wounded spirit. He then went away, with a promise to call again, leaving Baby Bertie in charge of the old woman, with whom she seemed to be a great favorite.

"I wish you would come again, Sir," said Bertie, with a smile. "I like you, for you are good."

Charles went away with the words in his ears, and shaking his head dissentingly.

"I have learned a lesson, at least," he muttered, "from this child; and if I do not profit by it, it will be my own fault. Poor human nature! How prone we are to think that our own case is the hardest, that the rest of the world are happy and easy while we are suffering! What is my disappointment in comparison with this child's lot? There she lies, as feeble and frail as a lily, which the least wind will snap—racked with pain, and looking forward to a few weeks, almost a few days, of life only; and she is happy. I have health, and strength, and competence, and am miserable! She is poor, and sick, and tranquil under all. I am well and hearty, and think that no suffering is like my own! I must have been led there by the hand of Providence, that I might see that others besides myself suffer, and far more deeply. Well, I will try to profit by the lesson. Dear child! she shall at least have every comfort I can give her, and I pray God to make me as happy as she is."

The young man entered his lonely room with a lighter heart than he had done for days; it no longer seemed to be a sort of refuge for his despair, leading him to avoid the face of man. Henceforth it was lighted up by Baby Bertie's smile—by her large blue eyes, full of sweetness and tranquillity: he felt the contact of her heart with his, and his life was no longer full of gloom. As he closed the door, he heard the band of music again, loud and rejoiceful, and it was playing the same old tune, "Good news from home." It now seemed to him infinitely sweet, no longer sad, and in some way it seemed connected with Baby Bertie.

V.—BABY BERTIE'S OTHER FRIEND.

Charles manfully carried out his resolution; and from that time forth Baby Bertie wanted for nothing. They grew to be fast friends, and he would go and sit by her bedside for hours, and often read to her, not only from the Bible, but such tales as she liked to hear. In the child's presence he seemed to forget much of his grief, and he never left her without feeling a sensation of purity and content, which enabled him to go back to the performance of his duties cheerfully and willingly.

"Mr. Charles," said Baby one day—this was her manner of addressing him—"I think you do not look happy, and something troubles you often."

"What makes you think that, Baby?" said the young man, smiling. "Do I ever groan?"

"I don't know if you groan, but you look sorry. I wish you would not look sorry."

"Suppose I have reason to."

"Then you ought to pray more, and you will not be sorry."

Charles sighed.

"I hardly know how to pray," he said, "and it does not do me much good."

"Oh yes, it does!" said Baby. "Every prayer does good, and it must. God, you know, would not tell us to ask for what we want and we should have it, if he did not mean to give it to us."

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The young man looked at the sweet face of the child, and felt a pang at the thought that he did not possess her faith.

"Does God give us what we pray for though, Baby?" he could not help saying; "why do you not pray for health and strength?"

"I do," said Baby, tranquilly; "but I pray 'Thy will, not mine, be done,' too. It would not be right for every body to have what they want, because we often want what is bad for us, and it would not be love in God to give it to us, because we ask for it."

"But your health, Baby—"

"I know what you mean, Mr. Charles. You mean it is not wrong to pray for health and strength. I don't think it is; but if God does not give it to me, I ought not to think he has not heard me. Dying, you know, may be the best thing for us."

"The best thing?"

"You know what Paul said—don't you remember: 'Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.' I think it is far better."

And Baby looked as if she were thinking of heaven, tranquilly and happily. After such conversations, in which the child stated her feelings with so much simplicity, Charles would turn away, and ponder sadly, but hopefully too. He almost began to share Baby Bertie's feelings, and his whole nature felt the salutary influence of the child's purity.

Baby Bertie seemed to be not long destined to affect him, however, for her form became thinner, and the light in her eyes waned day by day. She could scarcely take any nourishment now, and seemed to need none. She appeared to be fading softly away like an autumn evening, and the thread upon which her life hung was so frail that all felt that it might at any moment gently part asunder, and the child pass from them.

At this time a lady came frequently to see Baby, whom she grew to love and look for, as much as for her grandfather or Charles. This lady made her delicate dishes and draughts—bathed her brows with cooling liquids, and smoothed her bed and pillow.

Baby talked much with her, and told her all about her friend Mr. Charles—how attentive and kind he had been—what good friends they were, and how he had read to her, and told her stories, and scarcely missed a day in calling to see her.

The lady listened to all this prattle of the child with evident pleasure, and when she related some instance of delicate kindness on the part of her friend, the lady's cheek colored slightly, and she would be more tender than ever to Baby. She only endeavored to find the hours when Mr. Charles was expected, and at these times she never made her appearance.

Christmas drew on thus, and the streets began to be more and more filled with merry wayfarers—the houses of relations began to roar with huge fires, and smell of roasted meats—children every where rejoiced and made merry with toys, and candy, and noisy trumpets, and snow-balling; and finally, Christmas eve came, and the whole town thrilled with laughter and rejoicing.

Charles determined that Baby Bertie too should have a merry Christmas, and he busied himself to procure a little cedar-tree, which he hung with all sorts of variegated paper, baskets full of toys, and candies, and nice things—and this magical tree made its appearance at Baby's, and was erected nobly there, decked out with tapers for the illumination.

VI.—THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Charles had been invited by Mr. Burnaby to dine with him on Christmas-day, and this invitation he had accepted, though he doubted about the propriety of again annoying Helen with his presence.

He determined, however, to put it off to the last possible moment, and the fore-part of the afternoon he dedicated to Baby Bertie, whose pale face and loving smile were now a part of his daily life.

He accordingly made his appearance at the child's bedside before the shades of evening began to descend. As he entered, a lady who had been sitting by Baby's side rose, and abruptly dropped her vail, thereby concealing her features. She then made a movement to retire, but the child's voice arrested her.

"You must not go yet, if you please, Miss Helen," she said, "I want you to know Mr. Charles—this is Mr. Charles."

Baby's face was so full of pleasure as she uttered these words in her feeble and broken voice, that Charles remained gazing upon her almost with tears in his eyes. She resembled an angel more than a mortal child, and the voice sounded like the breathing of an Æolian harp.

Helen had raised her vail to look at the child, and now as Charles turned toward her their eyes met, and Helen's were full of tears like his own. Baby was a common link between them, and in her presence the old affection of their childhood seemed to revive—the old kindness and love.

Baby extended her thin pale hand and took Helen's; and the young lady sat down beside her, and covering her face, cried in silence.

"Are you crying? What are you crying for?" said Baby. "Please don't. Mr. Charles, tell her not to cry."

Charles only gazed from Baby to Helen with suffused eyes.

"I thought from the way you looked you were friends," said the child feebly—"are you?"

"We were."

"Oh, you must not feel bad toward each other," said Baby, in a weak voice; "you must love each other, for I love you."

And taking Helen's hand, she placed it in Charles's. The young girl did not withdraw it—she only covered her face more closely, and continued to cry, looking now and then at the pale, thin face of Baby Bertie.

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The child seemed to be looking with her faint, dim eyes for her grandfather. Very soon the old man came in, and a smile, like a beam from heaven, lit up Baby Bertie's countenance.

"Please light the tree, grandfather," said she, faintly.

The old man, with a heavy and foreboding heart, did as she asked, and soon the brilliant tapers threw their light upon the occupants of the room and the bed—lighting up the pale sweet face of the child as with a glory. As the tapers flamed out, Baby seemed to be listening, and soon from the distance came the music of the band—the odd old band—playing as before, "Good news from home."

Baby's thin hand beat time to the music as it approached, and then died away, and her large blue eyes seemed to be fixed upon another land, where there is neither snow, nor cold, nor poverty, nor suffering. Her gaze then returned to the weeping faces round her bed, and slowly made the circuit. She smiled faintly, and her wan lips moved.

"'Good news from home!'" she murmured, "from my home in heaven! I dreamed that I was—going—Jesus spoke to me—"

And the frail thread parted gently, and Baby Bertie was in heaven. Her Christmas was there, not upon this cold earth; and having made herself the link which bound the hearts of Helen and Charles forever, she passed away, pure and beautiful, in the holy light of the Christmas-tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

ENGLISH WIGS AND GOWNS.

BY A BARRISTER WITHOUT WIG OR GOWN.

IT was a dull London morning in July. I was sitting in the coffee-room of Morley's Hotel, fronting on Trafalgar Square, now looking toward the National Gallery, that poor casket full of rich jewels, now across the Strand at the gloomy portal of Northumberland House, where "the Percy lion stands in state as in his proud departed days," now gazing upward at the statue of Nelson, wondering what *he* thought of the French alliance, and revolving in my mind, meanwhile, how I should occupy the next fortnight before I was to meet my friend X—— at B——, when in listlessly turning over the *Times* newspaper, my eye fell among the legal items, on the announcement that "Mr. Justice ——, the newly-appointed judge of the ——, was holding the criminal side of the assizes at the town of ——."

This intelligence speedily determined my plans. I had had the satisfaction of knowing the said "newly-appointed judge" in the United States, and feeling very sure of his kindness and courtesy, I determined to gratify a wish that I had long entertained. I had seen Scarlet and Thesiger at the bar, and Brougham on the bench, in Westminster Hall; I had wandered in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* at Paris, and followed the various fortunes of the great trial of Marie Capelle Lafarge; I had seen Poerio and his sad companions brought out from the damp dungeons of the Tribunali at Naples to receive their fate from the hands of the Italian Jeffries, Navarra; but I had never seen and studied the working of the English system of the trial of causes in the country, on the circuits or assizes, and I determined not to lose so good an opportunity of gratifying my inclination.

My arrangements were not long in making, and a day or two afterward, after the interchange of a short but very satisfactory correspondence, I found myself spinning along by rail toward the ancient town of Derby, a hundred and fifty miles from London. Four hours brought me there. When the Pretender entered it, a hundred years ago, Derby was nearly a week's journey distant from the metropolis.

This was the commencement of a fortnight, spent on the different circuits; at Derby, on the Midland Circuit, where Mr. Justice Willes was holding the criminal side and Mr. Justice Coleridge the civil side. Hence I went to Ipswich, on the Norfolk Circuit, where Baron Parke was holding the criminal, and Baron Alderson the civil side. Thence to Croydon, on the Home Circuit, where Mr. Justice Cresswell was holding the criminal, and Mr. Justice Wightman the civil court; and thence finally back to London, where Baron Martin was sitting at Sergeant's Inn, at chambers, hearing motions and making orders in causes pending in all the courts, as in vacation the sitting judge is authorized to do.

There is no harm in giving the names of these gentlemen—they are all well known to fame, and I received from them all, and from the members of the bar generally, a degree of attention and courtesy, not only very gratifying in itself, but a valuable illustration of the increased cordiality which exists between the two countries.

During this fortnight my time was most agreeably, and it is my own fault if it was not usefully, spent. Every courtesy of social life was extended to me; and what I valued even more, every facility for the understanding of the working of their system, so that if the narrative of the result of my experiences be a source of a tithe of the pleasure to my readers which I enjoyed at the time, I shall be quite satisfied.

Twice in the year the judges of Westminster Hall issue from that ancient and august tribunal to dispense justice to the people of England in the provinces. The counties are classified and arranged into eight circuits. The work is distributed among the judges by mutual arrangement, seniority giving certain privileges, and the division of labor being agreed upon, a paper is then published, a copy of which is given on the opposite page.

This was the order for the Summer Assizes of the year 1855. The commission day is that on which the commissions are opened and the assize or circuit begins.

With the judges, or in their suite, go the

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Circuits of the Judges.

(Mr. Baron Martin *will remain in Town.*)

SUMMER CIRCUITS, 1855.		S. Wales.	N. Wales.	Oxford.	Norfolk.	Midland.	Home.	Northern.	Western.
Last Days for full Notice of Trial.	*Commission Days.*	*Ld. Campbell.*	*L.CJ. Jervis.*	*L.CB. Pollock. J. Erle.*	*B. Parke. B. Alderson.*	*J. Coleridge. J. Willes.*	*J. Wightman. J. Creswell.*	*B. Platt. J. Crowder.*	*J. Williams. J. Crompton.*
	July								
June 30	Tues., 10	. . . .	. . . .	Abingdon . .	. . . .	Northampton	. . . .	York & City	Winchester
" 30	Wed., 11	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	Aylesbury	. . . .	Hertford .	. . .	. . . .
July 2	Thurs., 12	Cardigan .	. . . .	Oxford . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 3	Friday, 13	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	Bedford .	Leicester & B.	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 4	Satur., 14	Haverford	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 6	Mon., 16	[west & Tn.	. . . .	Worcester &	. . . .	. . . .	Chelmsford	. . .	Dorchester
" 7	Tues., 17	. . . .	Newtown .	[City	. . . .	Oakham .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 7	Wed., 18	Carmarthen	. . . .	. . . . .	Huntingdon	Lincoln &	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 9	Thurs., 19	. . . .	. . . .	Stafford . .	. . . .	[City	. . . .	. . .	Exeter & City
" 10	Friday, 20	. . . .	Dolgelly .	. . . . .	Cambridge	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 11	Satur., 21	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	Nottingham	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 13	Mon., 23	Cardiff . .	Carnarvon	. . . . .	. . . .	[& Tn.	Lewes . .	. . .	. . . .
" 14	Tues., 24	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	Norwich &	. . . .	. . . .	Durham.	. . . .
" 14	Wed., 25	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	[City	Derby . .	. . . .	. . .	Bodmin .
" 16	Thurs., 26	. . . .	Beaumaris.	Shrewsbury .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 18	Satur., 28	Brecon . .	Ruthin . .	Hereford . .	Ipswich .	Warwick .	Maidstone .	. . .	. . . .
" 20	Mon., 30	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	Newcastle	Wells . .
	Aug.							[& Tn.	. . . .
" 21	Wed., 1	. . . .	Mold. . .	Monmouth .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	. . . .
" 23	Thurs., 2	Presteign .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	Carlisle .	. . . .
" 25	Satur., 4	Chester & City	Chester&City	Glo'ster & City	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . .	Devizes .
" 27	Mon., 6	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	Croydon .	Appleby	. . . .
" 28	Wed., 8	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	Lancaster	Bristol . .
Aug. 1	Satur., 11	. . . .	. . . .	. . . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	Liverpool	. . . .

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lawyers or barristers of Westminster Hall, for there is no provincial bar in England. Attorneys and solicitors abound in the counties and provincial towns; but the barristers, the advocates, or counsel, as we call them, are all London men. On being called to the bar, the barrister selects his circuit, according as his interest or inclination dictates, and to the courts of that circuit he remains attached for the remainder of his professional life. One change is, I believe, permitted, but with that exception, the barrister, unless on some particular engagement or retainer, when "he goes down special," does not quit his circuit. The judges change constantly, but the lawyers remain the same.

In the days before railways were known, the judges traveled in their own carriages, and the barristers posted down. Now the leveling rail-car conveys judge and counsel, juryman and witness to the common destination.

The judges are attended by their clerks and marshals. Each judge has one of these officers. The clerk of an English barrister is a very important functionary; he arranges his appointments, settles and collects his fees, receives and ushers in his clients—in short, is something between an aid-de-camp and a gentleman-in-waiting. "I can tell you," said my friend, Mr. ——, himself a leading barrister, "my clerk thinks he is a good deal more of a personage than I imagine that I am." When the barrister becomes a judge, the clerk retains the same confidential position, while, of course, his duties vary. The marshal is a different sort of character. He is a sort of page of honor, generally a young barrister or special pleader (though not necessarily so), who from connection, friendship, or otherwise, accompanies the judge for a year or more on his circuits, to familiarize himself with this branch of business. I believe their only official functions are to swear in the grand jury, and to prepare for the judges an abstract of the pleadings, or *nisi prius* records (which word, for the benefit of my New York brethren, is in England pronounced re*cord*, as they pronounce it in Virginia). They sit at the ends of the judges' dinner-table when the county magistrates and the bar are invited. They make tea for them. They write notes to thank the neighboring gentry for haunches of venison. They are particularly kind and polite to American gentlemen. Several of those whom I saw bore names illustrious in the law, and I shall not soon forget the pleasant day which I spent at Chatsworth with the "judges' marshals."

The county is obliged to find lodging for the judges while on the circuit. At Derby these quarters are permanent, in a building attached to the court-house, or county *'all;* at Ipswich and Croydon I found the magistrates established in private dwelling-houses, which the owners had vacated for the purpose, and I venture to believe, for—a consideration. Here they install themselves, with a retinue of servants, cooks, waiters, etc., and here at every assize town they remain in the seclusion of a private house, unbroken except by the entertainments which they give to the bar and the county magistrates, or by the unfrequent irruption of a vagrant American into their orbit.

The barristers are differently disposed of; the notion of the English system is, that the barrister must be kept distinct and aloof from all the other instruments of justice. He is understood to have no familiar associations with attorneys, and least of all with mortals still more profane. He is supposed never to speak to a witness till the cause is heard—never to lay eyes on him except in open court. So the barrister is prohibited from taking up his quarters on the circuits at any inn or public-house,

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where he might meet the *οἱ πολλοί*. He must have private lodgings, which, however, are *not* provided for at the county's expense. Accordingly, at every assize town you find in the inn a list of the counsel on the circuit, with their respective places of temporary abode.

But barristers must dine—English barristers *will* dine together, and no private lodgings being sufficient for the purpose, the bar mess dines every day, at six or seven o'clock, at the principal inn in the town. Of this pleasant institution more hereafter.

And so you have the picture of a county town where the assizes are being held. The judges installed in their lodgings, the barristers in their private quarters, and the profane rout of attorneys, witnesses, and jurymen crowding the coffee-rooms of the various inns. From time to time the echo of the bugles announces that the judges are going to or from the court; and if, as at Croydon, the court-house is in the heart of the town, you will see the barristers in full wigs and gowns trotting about the street, and even entering the precincts of the inns themselves.

Each circuit embraces several counties. On entering each county the judges are met and received by the sheriff of that county, sometimes in lace ruffles and breeches, sometimes in the uniform of a Deputy Lord-Lieutenant, sometimes in plain black. He (the sheriff) brings with him his retinue, for justice is honored in England with all sorts of form and paraphernalia, and outward observance. This retinue used to consist of the sheriff's own tenantry—they were then wont to be endowed with certain saddles and bridles for the purpose—and an old statute declares, no doubt to prevent any offensive display of feudal power, that no sheriff, on these occasions, should turn out with more than twenty-four of his vassals.

But, *tempora mutantur!* the feudal power is on the wane. Pomps and shows are dying out, and saddles and bridles cost money; so that now the tenantry of the sheriff are superseded by a band of pensioners, or outside *invalides* as they would be termed in France, who, in a uniform of blue coat and pantaloons, scarlet vest and white cravat, and with javelins in their hands —such was the uniform at Derby, elsewhere they wear different trappings—escort the judges to and from their lodgings, wait on them to and from the Court, and preserve order in the tribunal.

With the sheriff comes the sheriff's chaplain; and the first act of the performance, in each assize town, is for the judge to robe himself in the official scarlet, and then attend service in the principal church of the place. I was present at the opening ceremony in All Saints' Church, in Derby, where many of the great Cavendish family repose, and heard a sermon preached for the benefit of the excellent Mr. Justice Coleridge on the words, "The powers that be are ordained of God." It appeared to me a double-edged sort of a text, and to be susceptible of a construction much less conservative than the worthy and reverend gentleman gave to it.

From the church the judges go to the court and enter on their duties. But I must first describe an English court-room, for nothing can be more different in its aspect from ours. The three I saw were a good deal alike. I heard Mr. Justice Cresswell say, in no very dulcet tones, in open court at Croydon, that the one there "was the worst in the kingdom." I am not sure that I saw the best, but the one at Ipswich was a new one, and I think there can be no very great difference between them.

The bar is ranged round a large square or oblong table covered with green baize; from this table the seats rise amphitheatre-wise on three sides; on the fourth overhangs the formidable figure of the judge. The first effect is something like that of a cockpit, or a small circus, where from all sides you look down on the performers. The central table varies. I saw no one able to accommodate more than twenty people, and these not comfortably. In fact, any thing less comfortable than the whole affair I never saw. The barristers, all attired in wigs and gowns, are ranged round this table on long wooden benches or settles with high rectangular or perpendicular backs; and, if they desire to go out, they must either crawl along on the seat behind their brethren, who lean forward, or else stalk across the table, as I saw frequently done. There is no such thing as a chair in the whole arena. Into this delightful *Pomœrium* no one but barristers are allowed to enter, save when an attorney or a client is called in for conference or suggestion.

The gown of the barrister is stuff or silk. God forbid that I should attempt to state on what terms and conditions the one toga is exchanged for the other, and what privileges are dependent thereon: it is an awful and complex subject. The wig is, I believe, a little more intelligible; that is to say, easier to get through one's hair. A dingy gray peruke, with three horizontal and parallel rows of curls behind, twisted as tight as hot iron can friz them, with a tail dangling below that is always getting under the collar of the gown (one hand of several counsel that I saw, while speaking, being principally occupied in keeping the queue clear of the robe), constitutes the capillary ornament of the English bar. The only distinction, I believe, is that the sergeant's wig bears on its top a small black patch or *coif*, which, at a little distance, to a short-sighted person, suggests the idea of some unpleasant disease of the head —to such dimensions has shrunk the *coiffure* which we see in the old pictures and engravings of the Cokes and Plowdens of three hundred years ago! I think the merits of this legal uniform are easily disposed of. The gown is a graceful dress, which conceals the angularity of our modern attire, and gives dignity to the speaker. The wig is a detestable disguise and deformity: it gives every face a heavy, wooden

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air, and most effectually conceals the play of the features; though, I suppose, as about every thing, there are two sides to the question. "If you were to see old —— *without* his wig," said my friend Mr. ——, while I was declaiming against the ugliness of the thing, "you would think the wig was not such a bad head-dress after all."

The attire of the judges is a still more complex subject, and I approach it with a profound sense of my utter incapacity to deal with it. I only know that one day they appear in a scarlet robe, and one day in a black; that one day they wear a full-bottomed wig, and the next a Ramilies peruke; but the order of these vicissitudes, their symbolical meaning, hidden cause, or practical effect, I confess myself entirely incapable of explaining. I venture, however, to express my opinion, that in England the day of the costumer is past; and that the masculine sense and great practical ability of the English bench could not be better shown than by throwing off these trappings, which, it is true, make the groundlings stare, but which are only infinitely ludicrous to the eye of common sense.

On one side of the four-sided amphitheatre are the seats for the jury, and on the others the small audience are arranged. The judge occupies a seat by himself; on either side of him are places for the sheriff, chaplain, and county magistrates, and for any casual observer who, like myself, was thought worthy of the honor. At one side of the judge is the witness-box, a little further off is the crier. At the door, and in different parts of the house are stationed the javelin-men to preserve order. Directly under the judge sits the clerk, also in wig or gown, acting under the directions of the presiding officer. It will be borne in mind that there are two court-rooms of this kind at each assize town, the one for the civil, and the other for the criminal business.

I saw the entry of the judges into Derby. The little inn where I was overlooked the court-yard. Two buglers on horseback preceded the sheriff's carriage. The governor of the jail headed the procession, also mounted. The javelin-men paraded in front of the lodgings; and the sheriff's carriage, with the sheriff and judges in it, drew up. The judges retired to their private apartments, entered the court-room in plain clothes, attended by the sheriff and chaplain, ascended the tribunal, and then the clerk opened and read the commissions under which the judges discharge their duties; for they hold these circuits, not as judges of Westminster, but by virtue of commissions regularly made out for every circuit. In these commissions there are frequently, if not usually, joined prominent barristers, sergeants, etc., who may, and often do hold the court. So at Croydon, where the work on the home circuit was very heavy, Mr. Bramwell, Q.C., was sitting, with full judicial powers, to help in clearing off the calendar.

The commissions under which they act are, I think, five: Justices of the Peace; of Assize, for old real actions, etc.; of Nisi Prius, for the civil business; of Jail Delivery, for the criminal business; of Oyer and Terminer.

The judge and all present stand while they are read, the judge with his hat on; and when the Queen names in the commission "our trusty and well beloved," the hat is raised in token of the compliment. The judges are the representatives of royalty; so, when they receive the county magistrates or bar at dinner, they walk in before their guests, to preserve their true vice-regal position.

The forms are now nearly over. One of the judges takes the *cases* on the criminal side, and the other the *causes* on the civil side, and they go to work.

On the civil side they plunge at once *in medias res;* on the criminal side the matter is more laborious.

First, the roll of the county magistrates, the justices of the peace—the Great Unpaid—is called over, each present rising and answering to his name. Then the judge inclines his full-bottomed wig from the bench, and gravely invites the magistrates to do him and his learned brother the honor of dining with them at their lodgings on that day.

Secondly, the grand jury (generally composed of the county magistrates) is sworn in, charged by the judge, and withdraws; for as yet there is no criminal business before the court, unless something stands over from the last circuit: that is to say, on coming to each assize town the judge receives copies of the depositions on which commitments have been made by magistrates during the interval since the last assize; on these depositions his charge to the grand jury is based, and on the charges contained in these depositions the grand jury forthwith deliberate; so that the bills are found and brought in while the court is sitting, and as it is a great object with judge and jurors, counsel and attorneys, to push on the business as rapidly as possible, the grand jury are not permitted to let the grass grow under their heels. At Derby I heard the clerk, in a pause when the court was idle, say to the under-sheriff to tell the grand jury to send in more bills; and to expedite matters, the indictments there were handed over from the gallery of the court-room, which communicated with the grand jury-room, in the end of a long cleft wand, while the round and eminently English face of the honorable Mr. X——, foreman of the jury, peeped round the pillar to see how the work went on. The moment the indictment reaches the hand of the clerk the accused party is arraigned, and the trial proceeds. In some cases he has counsel, in others not, but the trial proceeds instantly.

This dispatch in criminal business strikes one unpleasantly. To be sure the party accused has previously had copies of the depositions on which he is arrested, and he may have employed an attorney, but no time is given him to confer with counsel, and the proceeding is certainly more rapid than we should think necessary for,

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or conducive to, the ends of justice. The answer to the complaint of extreme haste is, that as the assizes are held only twice a year, if not tried instantly, parties without bail may be kept in prison six months, to the next assizes. But even this alternative, assuming it to be indispensable, would probably be preferable to being wrongfully sent to Botany Bay. It is something like the Texas judge, who hung the prisoner because the jail windows were out, and there was no comfortable place to keep him in.

Again: The grand jury is in main composed of the county magistrates. Now it needs no very profound experience of human nature to teach us that a body of country gentlemen who dine together, hunt together, sit at petty sessions together, will, when they meet as a grand jury, be very apt to confirm whatever any one of them has done as a magistrate. The *esprit de corps* would be very cold that did not produce this as a general result; and I can not but think more indictments are found than if the grand jury was a body wholly separate and distinct from the county magistrates.

Again: There is no public prosecutor. The complainant is bound over to prosecute the charge and the witnesses to testify. The complainant selects the attorney for the prosecution, and the attorney selects the barrister. This practice is obviously open to great abuse. It may make the prosecution too lax or too severe according to the disposition of the prosecutor or of the attorney he employs. The appointment of officers analogous to our district attorneys and the French *procureurs du roi* has been recently and strongly urged, but it encounters a vigorous opposition from the young barristers, to whom the straggling criminal business often affords the first, and for years the only opportunity, of making their appearance on the forensic stage. It seems to me clear, however, on principle, that the criminal functions of the government should never be intrusted to private hands —that as, on the one hand, the sword of justice should never be whetted by private rancor, so, on the other, it should never be blunted by private indifference or personal favor.

Per contra: Such are the objections which struck me, and struck me forcibly, to the present English system. In times of public excitement, when party spirit ran high, or worse still, when, as so frequently happens in our age, class rivalries and social animosities are stirred up, I should think the English system might lead to frequent injustice; but I saw many cases tried of all grades, from petty larcenies up to capital felonies, and they were all not only well but fairly tried, humanely tried, carefully tried. The judges were patient, attentive in the last degree; the summing-up was full, laborious, and just, in the strongest sense of the words; and the prosecuting barrister was kept under strict and constant surveillance. Once I heard a leading and important question asked by the prosecuting counsel, and the desired answer obtained before he could be checked. But he was instantly reprimanded. The judicial Jove shook his full-bottomed curls, and uttered the words, "I regret extremely that the question was asked," with a growl that kept the barrister clear of leading interrogatories for the rest of the day. The leaning of an indifferent spectator of ordinary humanity must in these cases generally be for acquittal, but I saw no case of conviction in which it did not appear to be right.

I have omitted to state that after the grand jury are sworn in and have retired, a long and most ludicrous proclamation is read, which dates, I believe, from the time of Elizabeth. It prohibits and denounces all kinds and species of vice and immorality in general and in detail, and must certainly exercise a very valuable influence on the national morals.

The run of the criminal business is very like ours, but I may mention one very interesting case which I saw tried at Croydon. A poor woman was put to the bar charged with the murder of her own illegitimate child. The killing was pretty clear, though resting entirely on circumstantial evidence and that of experts. The inquiry occupied a whole day; surgeons, midwives, relatives were examined. I shall not soon forget the looks of the dark-browed sister, the beautiful contradictions (as usual) of the *scientific* witnesses, the fair and humane summing up of Mr. Garth for the Crown, the clear, careful, well-balanced charge of Mr. Justice Cresswell, the intense attention of the prisoner to the proceedings, nor the thrill that every man in the crowded court room felt to run through it when the verdict of acquittal was pronounced: "Discharge the prisoner," said the judge. But she had fainted dead away, and her senseless form was carried out of the room in the arms of her father. I saw several cases tried upon charges of the horrid crime against nature. Mr. Justice —— told me they occurred at almost every circuit, and I saw at least one conviction on testimony which left no doubt that the revolting offense had been committed.

Let us go now to the civil side of the court. The differences here between our practice and the English are much less striking. Special juries are, however, more frequent. On paying a guinea per head you have a special jury as a matter of right; and that special jurymen are a different class of mortals from common jurymen was very plainly proved to me in the course of a very capital opening made by Mr. Sergeant Byles at Ipswich, for the defense of an action brought for compensation by a land-owner against a railway company. He was addressing a special jury, and desirous at one part of his speech to resort to a familiar illustration, he began: "Gentlemen, you are no doubt frequently in the habit of seeing *your wives* making bread, and you have no doubt also observed that the bread has a trick of rising—" Here he was interrupted by his associate counsel, who whispered something in his ear, whereupon the judicious tactician immediately corrected himself. "Gentlemen, I had for the moment forgotten

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that this was a *special* jury—I had intended to say you have no doubt seen your *servants* make bread." So sensitive are the feelings of caste in England, and so offensive would it be to a *special* juryman to have it thought that his *wife* ever made bread. The speech was an excellent one, and capitally illustrated the eccentricities of trial by jury. It was an *opening* for the defense; not a witness had the counsel called, but the moment the learned sergeant sat down, one of the jurymen rose and said the case *seemed to him very clear*, and he hoped they need not be troubled by any farther investigation of the plaintiff's demand. So cleverly had the thing been done, the jury actually thought that all that had been stated had been proved.

I saw several cases tried illustrating the application of the new rule permitting the party to testify in his own cause. Of six judges with whom I conversed on the subject, five told me that they were satisfied it was an improvement on the old system, and several of them originally opposed to it, had been converted by seeing its operation.

I saw one cause tried where the plaintiff, a footman, brought his action against the executors of his deceased master to recover a £100 note, which he said his master had put away in his writing-desk in an envelope, and told him (the plaintiff) that he should have it after his death, if he would remain in his service until that time. The plaintiff was put on the stand. The note was found in the envelope, but there was no other corroborating proof, and no third person was present at the interview. The plaintiff told his story on the direct in a plain and intelligible way; he was subjected to a long and severe cross examination, but he stood it so perfectly, that the counsel for the executors, as soon as his examination had closed, withdrew all opposition, and the plaintiff had his verdict.*

Another case I saw tried at Ipswich for the value of some turnip or rape seed, and the defense was a failure of consideration in consequence of defect in the seed. The plaintiff and defendent were both called, and swore terribly in each other's teeth; but the jury found, in conformity to the clear opinion of the experienced Alderson.

I am not now to argue the general merits of the question, or whether to arrive at the truth of certain controverted state of facts, it is really wiser to ask, or to refuse to ask those who unquestionably know most about the matter. But one advantage of the English system had not before occurred to me, and when stated will, I think, appear considerable to every practical lawyer.

The permission to call a party becomes a compulsion to do so, because the omission to do it opens the door for a fatal attack, so that in practice the plaintiff and defendant are always called, and, what is more, they are always *first* called. This puts, at once, an end to all finessing about the order of testimony. There is no arrangement of witnesses; no putting this one forward because he is more favorable; no keeping that one back because he knows a little too much. The plaintiff or defendant is first called; he states his case. If he breaks down on cross-examination, the case is pretty much *up*—as it ought to be—if not, you corroborate as best you may. The practice undoubtedly simplifies the trial of causes.

The leading diversity between the English courts at Nisi Prius and our own is the difference in the dispatch of business; and the difference is greatly in their favor. It is difficult to make any accurate chronological estimate, but I think they do not consume one-fourth part of the time in the trial of causes that we do. This was the point that I had most in my mind when I first entered their court-rooms, and was that to which my attention was most directed. The secret is easily explained.

The great reason of the English dispatch of business, is owing to the fact that a trial at Nisi Prius is confined in practice, as it is only in theory with us, to ascertaining the facts of the case; all legal arguments are really and truly *reserved* for the court above. No argument, or any thing approaching to an argument, is allowed. A question is put and objected to; the judge intimating his opinion sometimes by a nod, sometimes by a grunt, sometimes by a growl, but the decision is made, if considered objectionable, excepted to, and the cause instantly proceeds. There are no elaborate discussions of questions of law which ought to be reserved for the court above; no ingenious offers of testimony, made only as the texts of captivating harangues to the jury, in order to induce them to believe a thing proved that the counsel has no means on earth of establishing.

That this is the true theory of our system of jurisprudence seems to me very clear; that our American practice, which permits the judge, jurymen, and witnesses to be kept waiting hours during the elaborate discussion of questions of law, offers of evidence, etc., is a vicious innovation, appears to me susceptible of no serious doubt.

Nor would it be difficult, I think, with us to return to the good old ways. Lawyers are an eminently practical race. They suffer more than any others by the intolerable delay which now takes place in the trial of causes, and they would, I am satisfied, cheerfully submit to the control of an able bench.

I saw the same thing exemplified in their Chamber work. By a very sensible rule, during the vacation one judge is authorized to make orders in causes in all the courts, and Baron Martin, of the Exchequer, who was sitting at Serjeant's Inn this year, very obligingly gave me every facility for witnessing the operation. The judge, unincumbered by wig or

* The counsel was Mr. Hayes, the author of an uncommonly clever *jeu d'esprit*, called Crogate's Case, in which the venerable system of pleading is very roughly handled.

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gown, occupies a small, quiet room. Outside congregate the attorneys and their clerks, for most of this work is done by the latter class. The judge's clerk calls on one motion after another as they are respectively disposed of, and the parties engaged enter the judge's room as they are called. This prevents all confusion and disorder. I had the honor of sitting beside Judge Martin for upward of an hour, and saw him dispose of all sorts of applications—motions for time to plead, for commissions, to change the venue, justification of bail, all opposed motions, and I am very sure that, on an average, they did not take over five minutes each. Several of them with us would have taken the whole morning. There is a right to appeal in each case, but I saw none taken, and the decisions appeared satisfactory. There was no superfluous form, and no want of respect or courtesy on either side. The judge was rapid and peremptory, but perfectly tranquil and urbane. It would be difficult to see work of the kind done better.

To be sure the thorough discipline and submission of the English bar we can not expect to have. It grows out of the English character and English social organization. We can not expect our barristers to say without a struggle, "Of course your lordship's right;" "Just as your lordship pleases;" "I'm quite in your lordship's hands." There is a little too much of this at the English bar, and on young and timid men —although the English judges are eminently accomplished lawyers and courteous gentlemen —I am persuaded that the judicial frown may exercise a chilling if not a blighting influence.

I saw but one offensive instance of this kind of thing. A Queen's counsel proposed to ask some question on cross-examination. The judicial wig shook horizontally. That is enough generally to check the most adventurous barrister; but it did not at once succeed on this occasion.

"But, my Lord—"

"It's not evidence, Mr. X——."

"But, my Lord, the Counsel on the direct went into this branch of the case, and—"

"Mr. X——, I shall not interrupt a gentleman of your rank in the profession, and you may go on if you please; but I tell you, Sir, it's r-r-rubbish!" uttered with an asperity of manner that no pen or paper can convey. I need hardly say that Mr. X—— did not pursue his cross-examination.

But this was the only instance of the kind that I saw in many days of attendance on the courts; and I am quite sure that the causes are, as a general rule, fully tried, fairly tried, satisfactorily tried, with as, I say, certainly not an expense of one-fourth of the time we consume; and that simply owing to the fact that the counsel does not attempt to offer, and the judge will not listen to any argument whatever during the trial of a cause. The question is asked, the point made, the exception taken, the decision given, and the cause instantly proceeds. How superior this is to our system I need not say.

In the arts of oratory, as a general rule, the English barristers can not boast supremacy. They have nothing of the incredible fluency of our counsel, who are born at ward meetings, live on the stump, and die in the halls of legislation, and who flow on, like shining rivers, with equal ease, whether they have much, little, or nothing to say.

Their style of speech is in general embarrassed and inelegant, and they have neither the Celtic vivacity nor, as I have said, our uninterruptible fluency. Their speech is too often deformed by the perpetual recurrence of common colloquialisms: "Oh, yes, ver-well;" and "You know;" *ad nauseam*. To this there are, however, very striking exceptions, to which it would be invidious for me to refer *nominatim*.

One very peculiar and very unsatisfactory feature of the system is the great number of barristers, who do literally nothing but sit round the green table at the bottom of the cockpit, look on, and amuse themselves with cutting paper or drawing caricatures. The bulk of the business goes to the *leader of the circuit*, as the most prominent counsel is called; a portion of it is divided between some three or four other counsel; and the rest, in the language of the turf, "are nowhere." And this goes on for years: for years these briefless barristers perambulate these country towns; for years they sit round this same everlasting green table; for years they see others doing every thing, and they do nothing till a lucky accident throws business in their way.

The work on the circuits is, as I have said, on the whole well done; but I think the tendency is to undue haste. The appointments are all made before leaving London, and the great object of the judge is to leave nothing behind him. This gives him a strong inducement to press on the business as much as possible, while the counsel have barely time to confer with their attorneys before the cause is called on. On both the criminal and civil side I think, as I say, that the tendency is to too great dispatch.

As a general rule, there are no provincial libraries on these circuits. Of course, the judges and counsel have a few *vade mecums* with them; but there is really no time for study or consultation: the counsel can hardly have time to read his brief, much less for consultation or conference, before he is called on.

The examination of witnesses is not materially different from ours. But the preparation of a complete narrative of the cause, and a statement of what each witness will swear to, being put into the counsel's hands to examine by, tends to the putting of more leading questions than we are inclined to permit. The rule prohibiting them is the same as with us; but they somehow or other slip in, and are less frequently objected to than they would be here.

I can not but think—and I may as well here

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express the opinion—that the etiquette of the English system, which separates the barrister from his client and his witnesses, is illogical and absurd. It is difficult to conceive that a counsel who knows his case only from interviews with an attorney, or more probably only from his brief, can try it as well as if he had conferred freely with his client and personally with the witnesses. It seems almost self-evident that the cause will not be any better understood for coming to the counsel exclusively through the medium of the attorney. The English lawyers have an idea that it will lead in some way or other to perjury, to the suggestion to the witness of what he is wanted to swear—as if an unscrupulous attorney could not take a hint. In fact, I don't think I ever understood the arguments in favor of the system, and I don't think any one *can* understand them well enough to reply to them.

They were well answered, to my mind, at that curious place called the "*Judge and Jury*," at the Coal-hole, in the Strand, where, in a sort of a garret, half-lighted, through the smoke of cigars and the fumes of brandy, you may any night see a not very decent but most ludicrous caricature of the English courts of justice, and sometimes hear very pungent criticisms on their social organization. One of the standing jokes there is this separation of witness and counsel. The witness takes the stand, and the first thing is for him to recognize the counsel as an old friend and acquaintance. "How do you do, Sir? I hope you are quite well, Sir!" Whereupon the indignant counsel at once ferociously bristles up. "What! *you fellow, you don't mean to insinuate that you ever saw me before!*" "Oh no, Sir!" says the rebuked witness; "*of course not, Sir!*" This is pretty good proof how much the rule is really adhered to, or at least supposed to be by the knowing ones.

The business on the circuits varies very much. At Derby there were twenty-six cases on the criminal calendar, and only five causes on the civil side. At Croydon Mr. Justice Wightman was struggling, like Enceladus, under a civil calendar of upward of two hundred causes. And the great Northern Circuit, embracing York and Liverpool, generally exceeds the Home in its amount of work.

I have left myself little room for the social part of my theme, not the least pleasant division of labor in the circuits. As I have said, on each circuit the judges give two dinners—one to the county magistrates, and one to the bar; sometimes, when numerous, dividing them into two classes for convenience. The magistrates are the gentlemen of the county. The topics of conversation are the general character of the business of the court, the state of the crops and of the weather, with a few necessary toasts; nor did I hear any more cordially drunk than that of "The President of the United States," given at Derby by Mr. Justice Coleridge.

The judicial dinners to the bar are more genial and conversational meetings. Lawyers, all over the world, are social animals, and English lawyers form no exception to the rule. The toasts are technical and *de rigueur*. First comes "The Queen," next "Prince Albert," then "The Lord Chancellor;" next any of the judges who have, while at the bar, gone that particular circuit; then follows "Prosperity to the circuit;" and finally, on the summer circuit; as a close, "*Cras omnium Animarum*," or "The Morrow of All-Soul's Day," on which day, before the recent statutory changes, the term usually began in London.

To look at these matters financially, these dinners are not given, it is surmised, without expense; and I heard the traveling charges of the judges on the circuit estimated, for each magistrate, at five hundred pounds, or twenty-five hundred dollars per annum, which, in most parts of our economical country, would be considered a pretty fair salary. As it is, it is a serious deduction from the English salary of five thousand pounds.

Those were pleasant days that I spent at Derby. Immediately after breakfast I joined the judges, went into the court-rooms by their private entrance, and looked on the panorama of justice as it was unrolled, first on the civil, then on the criminal side. This filled the working part of the day. Then came the dinner with the judges, with the magistrates, or with the bar, and after dinner the obligatory cup of tea, quietly taken with the judges and their marshals. Then we went over the events of the day, discussed this counsel's argument, and reviewed that verdict, and from time to time drew comparisons between the judicial organization of the Ancient Monarchy and of the Great Republic beyond the seas. The cordial respect that was at all times shown to our people, and the familiarity with her prominent names, were not among the least pleasant features of these social hours.

Nor have I yet spoken of the bar dinners, held at the principal inn in the assize town; nor can I speak properly of them without infringing that salutary rule which prohibits all revelation of the fun, and the freedom, and the folly of the social hour. And yet, I wish I could, without *indiscretion*, as our French friends say, give a notion of the pleasant dinner which we had at the Grayhound, at Croydon. Good company there was, and plenty of it. Mr. Bramwell, of the Common Law Bar, who has gained fame and influence both as a lawyer and a law reformer; Mr. Sergeant Shee, who won his spurs in a great forensic fight with Lord Abinger; Mr. Sergeant Gazeley; Mr. Creasy, the author of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" (for literature and law *do* sometimes go hand in hand); Mr. Montagu Chambers, counsel at the Bar and in Parliament, and *id genus omne*. But how can I, without committing the *crimen læsæ societatis* record the fun, the frolics, the sense, the nonsense of those pleasant hours. I wish I could daguerreotype them. I wish I could tell how Mr. Senior, at the head of the

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table, supported the dignity of the elder brethren; how well Mr. Junior, at the lower end of the table, represented the lawless freedom of the younger sons; how Mr. Solicitor General sustained his indictment against Mr. ——, "for that on a certain day, at the town of Lewes, when the bar were invited to dine with Her Majesty's judges of assize, he, the said ——, did willfully and maliciously entertain a private party at dinner elsewhere;" how witnesses were called; how one after another the solemn officers of justice arose; how they were stultified by the party calling them; and how grave historians, Members of Parliament, philosophical writers, ex-colonial judges, joined in the high jenks till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

I bade my friends of the English bar farewell at Croydon early in August. The circuits were then mostly over, and in a few days they were about to scatter like boys out of school on the long vacation; some to Ireland, some to Scotland, some to the Continent. Nearly three blessed months they give to rational amusement, or equally rational exercise. In November and December they meet again for the wear and tear of the winter's work. One can not but envy such a disposition of time.

Such is a hurried picture of the English circuits—such a brief sketch of the manner, the wise manner, in which the lawyers of England weave the business of life with its pleasures. I hope it may induce some better observer—some more profound philosopher to study the subject. We are in many ways closely bound to the English bar. They are taking many things in their legal reforms from us—we can borrow many things from them. If we could make mutual exchanges of energy on the one side, and discipline on the other—if, above all things, we could ingraft some social pleasures on our work-horse existence, most desirable results might be obtained.

And so end the experiences of an HONORARY MEMBER OF THE HOME CIRCUIT.

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

IT was on the first day of October, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, that the good steamer *Nubia* lay in the outer harbor of Valetta, in the island of Malta, waiting her passengers for the far East, while the (any thing but good) steamer *Valetta* was steaming up the harbor from Marseilles, having on board fifty passengers wearied out with a sirocco that had been blowing for nearly three days, and glad to be exchanged to any floating vessel that did not ship three seas to the minute, and carry a load of fleas, flies, and cockroaches. The *Nubia* had sailed from Southampton, in England, on the 20th of September, and was therefore already partially loaded. In point of fact she was already full, and it was a trick upon travelers to add any more to her list; but the Oriental Company has no more of a conscience than most corporations; and is at all events pretty sure of a long delay before they hear the curses of outward-bound passengers, and, accordingly, it is not to be wondered at that they were willing to crowd more than two hundred persons into accommodations fit for only three-fourths of that number, and at the same time receive their passage-money for the various ports along the route of the overland mail to India.

The transfer from the *Valetta* was rapidly effected. The harbor of Malta is crowded with small boats, numbered as are the carriages in New York; and in one of these—number forgotten, or I would recommend the old boatman to future travelers; his name was John, possibly that will answer as well—we were taken, bag, baggage, bandbox, and bundle, to the *Nubia*, where the Captain, a most excellent specimen of the English sea-dog, welcomed us frankly and heartily, and the purser showed us to the poop-cabin, the best room on the ship. When one considers that we had paid our passages only to Malta, and had no tickets for the *Nubia*, and that she was already so crowded as to have a number of passengers sleeping on sofas in the main saloon, it is not to be doubted that we did honor to the proverbial sagacity of Americans in thus providing ourselves with the best accommodations on board the ship. We found little difficulty, however, in arranging it, and having deposited our luggage in the quarters assigned us, we went on shore to look at the harbor of Valetta and the city itself.

Malta is, of course, an interesting spot to all Christians. To the traveler eastward it possesses the additional interest of being the stepping-stone from the New to the Old world. Here he begins to see the East, half-clothed in the garb of the West. Here he stands for the first time on holy ground, and treads for the first time the footsteps of the apostles of the Lord. You may call it imagination, but I tell you that I could not help it, in the gray twilight of that morning as we rolled heavily along the coast of Malta—I could not help it, I say, when the mists along the shore curled upward in the air, and I thought they formed a gorgeous canopy over a temple, and that I could hear from it the voice of the Apostle of the Gentiles. It might have been the sea on the shore. It might have been the sirocco over the island hills. It might have been; but why waste conjectures? It was in my soul the voice of Paul, as clear, as loud, as firm, as it fell on the ear of the startled islanders in the first century; and if you call it imagination, I have no objection to your believing it was so. As for me, I have some belief in the idea that the voices of the great dead linger in the air that was wont to be moved by them, and reach the ears of later ages with audible accents.

We went on shore at Malta. Twenty dragomen offered their services on the stone steps at the boat landing; but we selected none of them, having no occasion for them. A drive of half an hour finished our business, which consisted in getting certain stores for use on the Nile,

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and we then looked at the remains of the old splendor of this residence and possession of the Knights of the Cross. No man, howsoever prejudiced he may be, can avoid doing reverence to the valor and faith of those gallant men who fought and died to redeem the land of Judea and the sepulchre of our Lord from the hands of the accursed Saracens. The brief and eventful history of the kingdom of Jerusalem is full of interest, full of the deepest and most thrilling interest, and all the glory of the Crusades sheds lustre on the hills of Malta. But there is little left of the ancient magnificence of the place. Here and there some broken memorials exist, and St. John stands as of old, but the rocks and the sea are the most solemn and faithful witness-bearers of men and deeds of renown, to which the thoughtful traveler turns with veneration, while he shrinks with undisguised horror from a museum in which they exhibit arms and tombs as curious relics. But in the crypts under the Cathedral, standing by the tombs of the Grand Masters, it is not difficult to rouse one's enthusiasm — to recall the grandeur of the order to which kings and princes did honor, and before whose strong arms the Saracens were driven like the wind. In those dark vaults one could see the tall form of Villars start from the dust, and could hear the *Deus Vult* ring as of old it rang in the ears of the flying hordes of Egypt. The will of God has overcome the princely order of the Temple, and silken knights and modern *women-at-arms* wear the cross of Villars. It is strange that the dead sleep so well when men so defile their memory, and abuse their legacies.

A hundred boats swarmed around the *Nubia*, through which, with much swearing and under an astounding storm of curses, our boatmen worked their way to the side of the ship. We paused an instant to buy a stock of grapes, apples, and pomegranates from a boat that was loaded with them at the foot of the ship's ladder, and then climbed to the deck and looked around at our fellow-passengers.

They were a motley company, such as nowhere gathers on a vessel except in the Mediterranean. English, of course, predominated. A hundred and fifty of the subjects of her Britannic Majesty, bound to her Indian possessions, composed the body of the group on deck, while the other fifty were Turks, Arabs, Maltese, Italian, Portuguese, Nubian, Lascar, and, ourselves, American. The crew and cabin waiters increased the number of persons on the ship to three hundred and fifty, and a number of second-class passengers made it nearly or quite four hundred.

The scene had already become Oriental in character when the vessel left the harbor. It was a beautiful afternoon. The storm which we had suffered on the *Valetta* having followed us to the entrance of the port, left us there, so that when we came out again on the other steamer we found a calm sea, a cloudless sky, and that deep blue haze which characterizes the Mediterranean in the latter part of the summer. The English ladies on board seemed to vie with each other in the elegance of their afternoon dresses, and no hotel at Saratoga or Newport ever presented a gayer appearance than did the quarter-deck of the *Nubia* on that day. Here lay on a pile of cushions a lady of rare and delicate beauty, dressed in white from head to foot, her dress the finest lawns and laces of exquisite texture; while, by way of contrast or foil to her beauty, an Indian servant, black as an African, and dressed in crimson, with a long piece of yellow cloth wound around his head and shoulders, stood fanning his mistress. There stood a group of young ladies, all in black, but all richly dressed and every neck gleaming with jewels; while a half dozen young men, officers and civilians intermingled, were making the neighborhood intolerable by their incessant flow of nonsense. Two English generals with their families were on deck, and a Portuguese Governor-General with his suite, outward-bound to the possessions of Portugal in the Indies. Children were playing every where, and officers hastening hither or thither found themselves constantly entangled in the games of the young ones, or lost in a circle of laughing girls, or actually made fast by the endless questions of some elderly mother of a family.

And so the sun went down; and as he went down in the waters of the sea, one man, our companion from Marseilles, an Oriental of immense wealth, but a Parsee, might have been seen on the distant forecastle, standing calmly with folded arms and steadfast eyes fixed on his descending god, and following his course with fixed countenance long after he had disappeared, as if he could penetrate the very earth itself with that adoring gaze. And it did not seem strange here that he should worship that orb. I, too, began to feel that there was something grand, majestic—almost like a god—in the everlasting circuit of the sun above these seas. Day by day—day by day—for thousands of years, the eye of his glory had seen the waves of the Great Sea. The Phœnician sailors, Cadmus, Jason—all the bold navigators that are known in song and story—he had watched and guided to port or destruction. Is it the same great sun that looks down on American forests? Is it the same sun that has shone on me when I slept at noonday on the rocky shores of the Delaware, or whose red departure I have watched from the hills of Minnesota? The same sun that beheld the glory of Nineveh, the fall of Persepolis, the crumbling ruins of the Acropolis? In such lands, on such seas as this, he is a poor man, poor in imagination and the power of enjoyment, who does not have new ideas of the grandeur of the sun that has shone on the birth, magnificence, burial, and forgotten graves of so many nations. Well as men have marked them, tall as they have builded their monuments, broad and deep as they have laid their foundations, none know them now save the sun and stars, that have

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marked them day by day with unforgetful visitation. Think it not strange, then, when I say I began to feel that it was not so strange that men should worship the sun. But while I was thinking thus, the day was gone, and the night, with its deep blue filled with ten thousand more stars than I had ever seen before, was around us, and I wrapped my plaid around me, and disdaining any other cover than that glorious canopy, I slept on deck and dreamed of home.

I say I slept and dreamed. It was pleasant though fitful sleep, and I woke at dawn. It could not be otherwise. From my childhood I had one longing desire in my soul, and that was, to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. It grew on me with my growth. It entered into all my plans of life—all my prospects for the future. I talked of it often, thought of it oftener, dreamed of it nightly for years. One and another obstacle was removed, and I began to see before me the immediate realization of my hopes. It would be idle to say my heart did not beat somewhat faster when I saw the blue line of the American horizon go down behind the sea. It would still be more idle to say, that I did not weep sometimes—tears that were not childish—when I remembered the silent parting from those dear lips that had taught me for thirty years to love the land that God's footsteps had hallowed, and whose eyes looked so longingly after me as I hastened away. (God grant me again those dear embraces!) It would be idle to deny that in my restless sleep on the Atlantic in the narrow cabin, my gentle May, who slept less heavily, heard me sometimes speak strange words that might have puzzled others, but that she, as the companion of my studies, recognized as the familiar names of holy places.

But notwithstanding all this, I did not, in my calm, waking hours, feel that I was approaching Eastern climes and classic or sacred soil until I had left Malta, and felt the soft north wind coming down from Greece. That first night on the Nubia was full of it. I could not sleep more than half an hour at a time, and then I would start up wide awake, with the idea that some one had spoken to me; and once, I could not doubt it, I heard as plainly as if it were real, my father's voice—as I have heard it often and often—reading from the old prince and father of song.

Just before daybreak I crossed the deck and bared my forehead to a soft, faint breeze that stole over the sea. The moon lay in the west. The night was clear, and I could read as if it were day. I leaned on the rail, and looked up to windward, where, here and there, I could see the white caps of the thousand waves, silvered in the light of the purest moon I ever saw, and yielding to the temptation of a quotation, where no one was near to hear me and to call it pedantic, I began to recite that splendid passage from the Prometheus, which was born in the poet's brain on this identical water which now rolled around me:

ὦ δῖος αἰθὴρ καὶ ταχύπτεροι πνοιαὶ
ποταμῶν τε πηγαὶ, ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, παμμῆτόρ τε γῆ
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κύκλον ἡλίου, καλῶ.

"And what's the use of calling on them?" said a clear, pleasant voice behind me, as I started around to recognize one of the English generals whom I have mentioned as with us on the ship.

"I say what's the use of calling on them when they won't come? Times are changed. There are no gods in Greece now, and, by Jupiter, no men either, and the river nymphs are all gone; and the smiles of the waves, look at them—they come when they will, and go where they will, but the good old days of poetry are gone, gone, gone!"

"You speak as if you lamented it, General?"

"Well, I do. I have wasted a lifetime in hard work, and I am old enough to wish I could find rest, and talk with something besides men."

"How with the women? Mrs. Harleigh is certainly the best of companions. You need none more beautiful and winning."

"God bless her! yes. She is a gem. Ah! she learned her sweetest tones in the woods of America. I often tell her she learned to sing from the wild birds when she was there."

"You have been in America?"

"Never. But she was there three years, and when I tell her any large stories of India and our campaigning out there, she takes me down with America, and I can't say another word. But here comes one of those dogs of Arabs. They have been lying on the floor of the main-deck, close to the engines, all night. They must enjoy the smells of the oil."

The Bedouin advanced, muttering something to which the General replied in the same guttural dialect.

"Do you know that the Persians and other nations of Asia consider Arabic too vile a language to speak or to understand? They ignore it absolutely and entirely, and will never allow it to be supposed they know any thing about it. Some years ago, after a heavy storm on the coast of the Persian Gulf, a box came on shore which puzzled the Persians not a little, as they themselves relate it. They said it was a large box made with slats like a prison, and containing a biped such as had never before been seen in Persia. He was tall, and looked like a bird; he had feathers on all but his head; but they could make nothing out of him, and so they carried box and animal some hundred miles up the country to one of the chief men, and a very learned man he was too. He inspected it. He pronounced it not a bird. It was human; but the head was what puzzled him. It was bright scarlet, and the scarlet flesh hung down the neck. But he had a beard growing out of his breast, and that was horrible; but it must be a man. So they formed a ring and opened the box, and waited the result. He came out. He looked around, raised his head, dropped his

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scarlet head-covering, dragged his wings on the ground and expanded his feathers, while he swelled to an alarming size, and walked around with an exceedingly proud manner, and then, Sir—if you will believe it—then, Sir, he began to talk Arabic!"

"And they installed him Professor of Arabic in their principal university?"

"Doubtless. But day is breaking yonder. You can see the flush all along the horizon."

"And this land on the starboard bow. What is that?"

"We will ask."

The first officer was on deck, and we learned from him that it was Cape Arabat. This was our first view of Africa. Here were the cities of the Heptapolis. Here in old days was Berenice the beautiful! Here was Ptolemais, and here Cyrene.

That long line of sand, desolate and deserted, was all that remained of that old grandeur. It already becomes tiresome to record, as we have in our journals, the miserable relics that we behold of ancient magnificence.

The sun came up again, and in the forenoon we lost sight of the land, and were left to our own resources in the ship for means to while away the sixty hours yet remaining before we could expect to reach Alexandria.

Our friend the General proved a most interesting companion. He was a veteran in her Majesty's service, having been in active duty for forty-six years, always in India, with only one leave of absence during that entire period. He was a man of extensive reading and rare conversational ability. His very lovely young wife lay on a sofa on deck all the afternoon, enjoying the conversation, and listening to the capital stories which the General told. The sun went westward again. The afternoon was warm, and the ladies, who were all lounging on cushions or sofas, one by one fell asleep, while the General, my friend and companion *Jacques*, and I sat talking cozily and quietly under the awning. I never heard a more curious mingling of subjects of conversation than he and we made, and it was by a slow lapse from one subject to another that we at length arrived at what I will, by your leave, call

THE GENERAL'S STORY.

"I was telling you how to make a curry. My old friend and comrade, Bolton, was perhaps the best hand at it in India. A rare dog he was in his younger days, and full of that devil that possessed young officers in her Majesty's service in India forty years ago. We were friends from boyhood, and together to the last. Poor fellow! poor fellow! I can not believe that it is twenty years since he was lost!

"He was one of those men whose good luck was proverbial. He never needed to make preparation for any thing. All went well with him. He was always in the nick of time—always successful. I recollect one of the most remarkable instances of this that perhaps ever occurred, or was ever remembered if perchance it did occur. Bob was on his way to join the regiment, and had somehow got separated from his baggage and servants, and was left at nightfall alone in a small hut, on the borders of one of the worst districts for tigers that we have in Bengal. There was one spot in particular on his route which always abounded in them, and where they lay in wait for travelers, and were pretty sure once a month or so to get a mouthful of humanity. Bob knew his road, and what company he was likely to fall into, but he had no arms, and nothing but his usual good luck to trust to. So he paused at the hut to rest awhile before entering the dangerous district.

"The hut was already occupied by a traveler bound the other way, and it could not contain much more, for the proprietor of it, who furnished food and lodgings for man and beast, had a family of children and dogs abundantly sufficient to fill all his accommodations. The travelers thought it a little too close an arrangement for sleeping, and so they took cheroots and made themselves comfortable under a tree at the door. The night was still; a light burned clearly and steadily in the open air. 'Let us play,' said Bolton's companion. Bob declined. The other insisted. Bob was firm. The curiosity of his new acquaintance was aroused, and on learning that Bolton's reason for refusing was his inevitable good luck, the other insisted on the ivories, and produced them.

"In half an hour he was cleaned out. But he was an inveterate hand at the dice, and Bob's game was up. The man had a cloak, or a sort of huge dressing-gown, which he put up, and which Bob examined, tried on, and won. He had nothing left but his pistols, and he offered those. Bob told him to load them, and he did so. Then he won them too, and his companion was broken. It was a cool, chilly night, and Bolton wrapped his new gown around him, thrust the pistols into the pockets of it, and went on his lonesome way. Day was breaking in the east, and he was nodding himself into a half doze, when—before he could shake open his eyelids, before he could stir hand or foot—a tiger was on his back, and off with him as if he were a child. By the time he was awake to 'a sense of his position' he was in the jungle. The next moment, as the thought flashed on him, he felt with his free hand for the pocket of his gown and drew a pistol, and the next instant fired it in the very jaws of his gigantic captor. The tiger, with a roar of astonishment and madness, shook him furiously out of the loose garment, and left him lying on the turf, unharmed, unscratched, with an empty pistol in his hand, while his adversary plunged into the thicket with the gown in his shattered jaws. Never tell me there was not a special providence in all that, from the very first throw of the dice! You may laugh. Yes, I see you think it a little profane to talk of a special providence in gambling; but, my friend, when you are as old as I am, which may you live to be, you will learn

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that if men will play cards, and will rattle the bones, there's an overruling God that will take care how they lie.

But the turn of luck always will come. That's the same providence. I call it luck, because the word is more familiar to most men's minds. Men have their day. God has his day. Men waste their hours, squander them, game them away, always losing never winning time, until the hour comes, when, if it be not an irreverent expression, God takes the game into his own hands, and the stakes are fearful—life against death, and there is literally no chance whatever for the man.

His time came, and this was the way of it. We had been away from home twenty years. A long score they were, and we had grown brown and grown old. The sun of India had written all over our faces the stories of our service, and it was time for us to rest. We had a pleasant voyage home. It was long but not tedious, for we had capital company, and I had with me my wife and one child, a full-grown girl, to whom all day long I told stories of her father's home, the hills and valleys of old England.

We had been out more than a hundred days, and the captain told us we were near the shores of England. We looked out then more steadily for the white cliffs, and day after day strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of fatherland. At length, one pleasant morning, a fishing-boat came up to us. We were still out of sight of land, but they told us we were not fifty miles from Deal, and that they were bound to Southampton. Our destination was London. I thought it as well to be put on shore four days earlier, and I bargained with the fishermen to charter their boat, which I succeeded in doing. Bolton yielded to none of my pleas. I tried hard to persuade him to join us, but he resisted firmly. His fate so willed it. He was a doomed man. We parted at the side of the ship, appointing a meeting ten days ahead. I saw him standing there as the little craft sprang off on the waves, and I fancied there was a melancholy look in his attitude. It must have been all fancy, for the day was clear and beautiful, and the wind blowing freshly up the channel. We ran on all day and all night. I can not tell you all I thought, or half the rushing flood of emotion, when next morning I beheld the land once more—the land where I was born, and of which my father's dust formed part and parcel. I lay on the little half deck watching the coast as it grew more and more distinct, and trying to recognize objects familiar to my young eyes, while I explained all that I saw to my daughter, who was opening hers for the first time on the land of her fathers.

"The breeze was constantly increasing. Clouds came over the sun. The sea ran higher and higher, but I did not know it till the men disturbed me in their efforts to shorten sail, and then I saw that the storm had become fearfully violent. The laughter of the waves that you were this morning talking about had become terrible. Still, in the good stout boat which we were in, one of a class best fitted of any for such weather, there was not the slightest occasion for fear, and I rather enjoyed the scene. Or I should have enjoyed it, but for my poor wife, who lay in the stern sheets very ill, and in awful dread of the inhospitable shores before us.

"The men at length began to talk of laying to, or running for a shelter under one of the headlands. I opposed it firmly, determined, if it were possible, to be on shore that night in the good house of my old friend Thompson, who kept the inn at ——, or at least of his successor; and so we held on.

"I have seen tempests, but seldom one like that. It was as if the old gods of the winds were out in company. Now it blew east, now west, now north. It was unsteady, but always furious. The entrance to the harbor was visible in the distance, and the rocky point which we must weather. The reef put out apparently across our course, and we were lying as close to the wind as was possible. It was at this moment that we saw a government cruiser, a revenue cutter, well off to windward of us, and it was very evident by her actions that we were seen.

"'What the deuce can she want?' said the skipper, as she fell off three points and ran down toward us. She ought to have enough to do with taking care of herself to-night.'

"Ten minutes more and we neared each other, both running for the point of the reef.

"'What bunting is that, Tom?' demanded the skipper, as a signal-flag went up to the main-top-mast.

"Tom, who was an old man-of-war's man, seemed puzzled.

"'It means "heave to," Sir, but damme if I know how he expects us to heave to in a seaway like this.'

"The skipper was evidently uneasy. An idea struck me.

"'What if he mistakes you for a smuggler, hey, Mr. Bunsen?'

"'That's it, Sir, by the powers! Well, I suppose we must do it. Hillo there, forward!'

"'Stop a moment, my friend. What are you about now.'

"'Government ship, Sir.'

"'Very likely, but she hasn't shown her colors yet; and who gave a government ship the right to stop an officer in her Majesty's service, bound home with dispatches, especially in a place like this. Suppose you come into the wind for sixty seconds, where will you be in the next thirty?' and I pointed to the ledge of rocks under our lee, which we were running along side of.

"'But she will fire into us.'

"'Let her fire! There's a chance for us then, but none at all if you don't hold your course, and very steady at that.'

"'I believe you are right, Sir; so here goes.

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Lie down there forward, every man of you, and hold on hard.'

"He had scarcely spoken when a ball came over the rolling waves, jumping from wave to wave, but very wide of the mark. Five minutes more, and a second followed. The vessels were not five hundred yards apart, and this one was better aimed. It struck the block of the jib-sheets, and away went the sail on the wind, and the little craft came up in a twinkling and was all standing. The skipper was as pale as a ghost. I caught his eye and saw what he wanted. I sprang to the main-sheets and hauled aft with all my strength. One of the men joined me. The cutter was silent, watching our movements. 'Damn him!' muttered the fisherman through his clenched teeth, 'Damn him! I'll show him a trick worth knowing.'

"By this time we were on our course again.

"'Stand by the main-sheet to ease off.'

"I was as ready as if under his orders. We kept on a hundred fathoms more at a plunging speed, when suddenly he put up his helm hard to starboard, and shouted to us to ease off on the sheet. We obeyed, though it looked like madness. The reef was boiling, roaring before us, and we were driving right on it. The next moment we were in the raging surf, and the next beyond it in smooth sailing, where the worst disturbance was the balls from the cutter that fell flashing on the water around us. Two hours afterward, as the sun was setting in a red sky, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Y——, and I made ready to go on shore. The half hour occupied in getting my baggage up and arranged, and packing those articles we had been using, sufficed to bring up the revenue cutter, and an officer came on board of us in a fury. I heard him blowing up the skipper, and when he was out of breath I walked into him.

"'Do you belong to that cutter, Sir?'

"'Yes, I do.'

"'What the devil do you mean by firing into me as you did to-day? By Jove, Sir! you will find it a costly piece of business when I reach London. I have been twenty years away from my native country, on my King's service, and the first time I return to see home I am fired into as if I were a pirate or a smuggler! Go on board your vessel, Sir, and tell your chief officer that Colonel Harleigh, of the —th Regiment, on his way home with dispatches, swears, by all that is holy, that if there is any law in England he'll have it on him for such treatment.' But see how I am forgetting my story. The revenue chap apologized handsomely, and paid the fisherman for his damages. But I never met Bob Bolton. He went down that night in the Channel, with a hundred others, in the old ship *Bengal*. There was the providence again that took me off the ship the night before she was lost."

With such company as we had, it was not difficult to keep up our spirits and while away the time on the ship. Another night came over us with its wealth of beauty, and another dawn and sunrise woke me from deep slumber on the deck of the vessel. Thursday evening came. At midnight the deck was deserted, and I was alone. In that soft air and exquisite climate I preferred the deck to my cabin, and had made my bed every night on the planks under the sky. This night I could not sleep. The restlessness of which I have spoken had increased as we approached the shore of Egypt, and I walked the deck steadily for an hour, and then threw myself into one of the dozen large chairs which, in the day time, were the private property of as many English ladies. At one o'clock I heard the officer of the deck discussing the power of his eyesight, and springing to the rail, I saw clearly, on the starboard bow, the light of the Pharos at Alexandria.

I shall not pause to speak of emotion now. I did not then pause to think of the magnificence of the old Pharos which this one replaces, or of the grandeur that made it one of the seven wonders of the world. The great mirror that exhibited vessels a hundred miles at sea; the lofty tower that shone in the nights of those old centuries, almost on the rocky shores of Crete; the palaces that lined the shore and stretched far out into the blue Mediterranean; none of these were in my mind. Enough to say that, before I thought of this as the burial-place of the mighty son of Philip; before I thought of it as the residence of the most beautiful of queens; the abode of luxury and magnificence surpassing all that the world had seen or will see; before the remembrance of the fabled Proteus, or even the great Julius came to my mind, I was seated in my chair, my head bowed down on my breast, and before my vision swept a train of old men of lordly mien, each man kingly in his presence and bearing, yet each man in his life poor, lowly, if not despised. I saw the old Academician, his white locks flowing on the wind, and the Stagyrite, the mighty man of all old or modern philosophy, and a host of the great men of learning, whose names are lost now. And last in that visionary procession—calmer, more stately than the rest, with clear, bright eye fixed on the heaven where last of all he saw the flashing footsteps of the angels that bore away his Lord, with that bright light around his white forehead that crowned him a prince and king on earth and in heaven—I saw *Mark*, the Apostle of Him whom Plato longed to see and Aristotle died ignorant of.

With daybreak came the outlines of the shore and the modern city of *Iskendereyeh*, conspicuous above all being the Pillar of Diocletian, known to modern fame as Pompey's Pillar. We lay outside all night waiting for a pilot. The only benefit to be derived from the modern light-house at Alexandria is its warning not to approach the harbor, which is entered by a winding channel among innumerable reefs and rocks. We threw rockets, burned blue-lights, and fired cannon; but an Egyptian pilot is not to be aroused before sunrise, and it was, therefore, two hours after daylight before he came off to

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us, and we entered the old port on the west side of the city.

The instant that the anchor was dropped, a swarm, like the locusts of Egypt, of all manner of specimens of the human animal, poured up the sides of the ship and covered the decks from stem to stern. It would be vain to attempt to describe them. Moors, Egyptians, Bedouins, Turks, Nubians, Maltese, nondescripts—white, black, yellow, copper-colored, and colorless—to the number of two or three hundred, dressed in as many costumes, convinced us that we were in a new country for us. There were many who wore elegant and costly dresses, but the large majority were of the poorest sort, and poverty here seems to make what we call poverty at home positive wealth. Of a hundred or more of this crowd, the dress of each man consisted of one solitary article of clothing—a shirt of coarse cotton cloth, reaching not quite to the knees, and this so thin as to reveal the entire outline of the body, while it was usually so ragged as to leave nothing to be complained of in the way of extra clothing. They went to work like horses, and I never saw men exhibit such feats of strength. The cargo of the ship was to be got out as rapidly as possible. Three or four dollars is ample pay for a hundred of these men. A penny will keep them alive a week, and five to ten cents a day is large wages.

We escaped the crowd as rapidly as possible; and, having hurried our baggage down the side of the ship, we followed it into the small boat of a Coptic boatman, dressed as aforesaid, and in ten minutes we were at the landing-place, and I set my foot on the shore of Egypt.

If the invasion of the ship astonished us, how much more the spot where we now found ourselves and its occupants. If from all the nations that border on the Mediterranean Sea you were to select specimens of every grade and class in society, and of every beast of burden and vehicle for man and merchandise, and throw all into a confused mass to the number of a thousand, and let each man and animal shout in his own dialect to the loudest of his ability, and each car, cart, and carriage shriek with its greaseless axles, you might have an idea, not one iota exaggerated, of the scene and sounds in the Custom-house Square at the landing-place of Alexandria. Conspicuous in and over the crowd are the patient faces of the camels, coming down to the water's edge with goat-skins piled on their backs to receive water for sprinkling streets, or kneeling here and there to take heavy loads of merchandise. The donkeys and donkey-boys throng the square. They are the well known substitute for cabs in Egypt. Among all this crowd imagine our astonishment at finding ourselves seated in an omnibus, and driving at a furious rate through the mass, that yielded right and left, while our horses kept up a tremendous trot or gallop for a mile, through narrow streets in which the upper stories of the houses projected so as almost to meet overhead, until we emerged in the splendid square of the Franks—the grand square of the city, and brought up with a regular European dash and jerk at the door of the *Hôtel d'Europe*.

I think that out of ten books on Egypt and travel hereabouts, you will not find one in which the writer does not speak of the exquisite ludicrousness of the scene in this square to the eyes of a Western person. It was impossible to keep away from the windows, and impossible to resist the inclination to laughter. We actually shouted with merriment. And this mainly from the appearance of the donkeys and their riders.

The Egyptian donkey is the smallest imaginable animal of the species. The average height is from three feet and a half to four feet, though large numbers of them are under three feet. These little fellows carry incredible loads, and apparently with ease. In the square were scores of them. Here an old Turk, fat and shaky, his feet reaching to within six inches of the ground, went trotting across the square; there a dozen half naked boys, each perched between two goat-skins of water. Four or five English sailors, full of wonderment at the novel mode of travel, were plunging along at a fast gallop, and got foul of the old Turk. The boys, one of whom always follows his donkey, however swift the pace, belaboring him with a stick and ingeniously poking him in the ribs or under the saddle-strap, commenced beating each other. Two ladies and two gentlemen, India passengers taking their first donkey ride, became entangled in the group. Twenty long-legged, single-skirted *fellahs* rushed up, some with donkeys and some with long rods. A row



LANDING-PLACE AT ALEXANDRIA.

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of camels stalked slowly by and looked with quiet eyes at the increasing din, and when the confusion seemed to be inextricable, a splendid carriage dashed up the square, and fifty yards in advance of it ran, at all the speed of a swift horse, an elegantly-dressed runner, waving his silver rod, and shouting to make way for the high and mighty Somebody, and forthwith, in a twinkling, the mass scattered in every direction, and the square was free again. The old Turk ambled along his way, and the sailors surrounded one of their number who had managed to lose his seat in the hubbub, and whose curses were decidedly home-like.

Such was our introduction to the Land of Misraim. I have said that I did not sleep on board the ship the night before. Neither did I sleep on shore that first night in Egypt. But the cause of my wakefulness was different. We have been here nearly a week at the time of my present writing, and we have not yet learned to endure the noises of the nights. Dogs abound in all places. They have no special owners, and are a sort of public property, and always respected. But such infernal dog-fights as occur once an hour under our windows no one elsewhere has known or heard of. I counted fifteen dogs in one melée the first evening, each fighting—like an Irishman in a fair—on his own account. Besides this, the watchmen of the city are a nuisance. There are a large number of them, and I believe some twenty are stationed in and around the grand square. Every quarter of an hour the chief of a division enters the square and shouts his call, which is a prolonged cry, to the utmost extent of his breath. As he commences each watchman springs into the square, and by the time he has exhausted his breath they take up the same shout in a body, and reply. He repeats it, and they again reply; and all is then still for fifteen minutes, excepting the voice of one tall *fellah*, who, either for fun or by order, I know not which, shouts under the windows of the hotel, in a voice that shakes the glass, "*All right!*" and once I heard him add, in the same thundering tones, "d—n the rascals!"

One sound there is in the night time that reaches my ears with a sweetness that I can not find words to express. In a moment of the utmost stillness, when I was falling quietly asleep, when all the earth and air and sky was calm and peaceful, a voice fell through the solemn night, clear, rich, prolonged, but in a tone of rare melody that thrilled through my ears, and I needed no one to tell me that it was the muezzin's call to prayer. "There is no God but God!" said the voice, in the words of the Book of the Law given on the mountain of fire, and our hearts answered the call to pray.

My first business in Alexandria was to get on shore from the steamer the various articles which we had purchased at Marseilles and Malta for a winter on the Nile. One of these, a quarter cask of Marsala wine—Woodhouse's best—must necessarily pass through the custom-house, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of witnessing the fashion of collecting the revenue of the Viceroy of Egypt. The cask had been landed from the *Nubia*, and, as all the other goods here landed, was in the public stores of the custom-house. Business is transacted in Arabic or in Italian, or in the mixed Arabic and Italian which forms the Maltese. We—that is, Jacques and I—accompanied by our servant and interpreter, went first to look for the wine. Having found it, I was amused at the simple fashion of getting it through the business which in other countries is made so needlessly tedious. A tall Nubian, black as night, looked at the barrel, weighed it with his eye (it was over three hundred weight), twisted a cord around it and wound the cord around his head, taking the strain on his forehead, and then, with a swing of his giant body, he had it on his back, and followed us to the inspector. This gentleman, an old Turk, with a beard not quite as heavy as my own but much more gray, addressed me very pleasantly in Italian, and passed me along to his clerk, who sat by his side, each with his legs invisible under him. The proper certificate of the contents was here made, and sealed—for a Turk or Copt never writes his name, impressing it on the paper with ink on a seal—and the black carried the wine to the scales to be weighed. This was done in an instant, the weight noted, and another man received the duty, whereupon it was ready to be carried up to the hotel. All this was done in fifteen minutes or less, and the majesty of the Viceroy and ourselves were equally well satisfied.

My next business was with the Viceroy himself, and this was to procure a *firman*, which should enable me to make such investigations in the tombs and temples of the upper country as I might think proper for the furtherance of my objects in visiting Egypt. I shall be pardoned for saying that I have in view the prosecution of studies, in which I have for some years been engaged, into the history of ancient Egypt, and it is my intention—solely for my personal gratification, in the first place, and with some slight hope that I may light on matters of interest to science and the world—to make explorations as far as possible in the unopened fields which abound from Alexandria to the Second Cataract. For this purpose I was aware that a firman, or permission under the seal of the Viceroy, would be necessary, and for this I applied, and with success. This firman obtained, I was prepared to commence my work and pleasure in Egypt, beginning here at Alexandria, where most travelers pause but a single day.

Here indeed but little of the very ancient was to be expected. It was in the later years of Egypt, when the glory of the Pharaohs had departed, and kings that knew not the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph had erased his name, and substituted their own on his monuments; it was when Memphis was old and Thebes was crum-

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bling, that the Alexandrian splendor filled the Eastern, though it was then called the Western world. I had no desire to spend time or money here, farther than to take one step backward in time before I found myself treading the halls of Rameses.

The Pillar of Diocletian, and the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, were of course the first objects to be visited. Then we took donkeys and made a circuit of the ruins of the old city, which lie underground, excavated here and there by the *fellahs* in search of stone for lime and building purposes.

Within a short time past some new catacombs have been discovered or uncovered on the shore of the Mediterranean, two miles east of the city, and thither we directed our donkeys on the morning of the third day. You would have supposed that we were used to riding them all our lives, had you seen the four which we mounted, and the speed at which we dashed down the long street that leads to the Rosetta Gate, followed by our four boys, shouting and screaming to the groups of people walking before us. We raised a cloud of dust all the way, and elicited not a few Mohammedan curses from women with vailed faces, whose black eyes flashed contempt on the bare faces of Amy and May. Now working to windward of a long row of camels laden with stone, now to leeward of a gathering of women around a fruit-stall, now passing a funeral procession that went chanting their songs along the middle of the way—we dashed in a confused heap, donkeys and boys, through the arched gateway, to the terror of the Pasha's soldiers who sat smoking under the shade, across the draw-bridge with a thunder that you would not have believed the donkey's hoof could have extracted from the plank, through the second arch, and out into the desolate, barren tract of land, without grass or tree or living object for miles, where once stood the palaces of the city of Cleopatra.

Winding our way over the mounds of earth that conceal the ruins, catching sight here and there of a projecting cornice, a capital, or a slab of polished stone, we at length descended to the shore at the place where the men are now engaged in digging out stone for lime and buildings in the modern city.

Formerly the shore for a mile or more must have been bordered by a great Necropolis, all cut in solid rock. During a thousand years the entire shore has sunk, I have no means of estimating how much, but not less than thirty feet, as I judge from a rough observation; it may have been fifty, or even more. By this many of the rock-hewn tombs have been submerged entirely, and those on the shore have been depressed, and many of them thrown out of perpendicular, while the rock has been cracked, and sand has filled the subterranean chambers. Of the period at which these tombs were commenced we have no means now of judging. It is sufficiently manifest, however, that they have served the purposes of successive generations of nations, if I may use the expression; and have in turn held Egyptians, who were removed to make room for Romans, who themselves slept only until the Saracens needed places for their long sleep.

No one has examined them with special care, and now from day to day they are disappearing, as the ignorant *fellahs* blow them to pieces with gunpowder.

Selecting a spot where the workmen had gone deepest, and hiring half a dozen men to work under our direction, Jacques and I proceeded to open carefully some of the tombs, hoping to find some indication of their period. May and Amy sat in a niche of an open tomb, shaded from the sun, and looking out at the sea, which broke with a grand surf at their very feet.

After breaking into three in succession of the unopened niches, we at length struck on one



TOMB IN THE CATACOMBS OF ALEXANDRIA.

which had evidently escaped Saracen invasion. It was in the lowest tier of three on the side of an arched chamber, protected by a heavy stone



ALABASTER VASE.

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slab inlaid in cement. It required gunpowder to start it. The tomb was about two feet six inches wide by the same height, and extended seven feet into the rock. The others on all sides of the room were of the same dimensions. There were in all twenty-four.

Upon opening this and entering it, we found a skeleton lying at full length, in remarkable preservation, and evidently that of a man in the prime of life. At his head stood an alabaster vase, plainly but beautifully cut, in perfect preservation, and as pure and white as if carved but yesterday. The height of the vase is seventeen and a half inches, the greatest diameter nine and a half inches.

It consisted of four different pieces — the pedestal, the main part of the vase, the cover, and the small knob or handle on the top; not broken, but so cut originally.

Pursuing our success, we removed the bones of the dead man, reserving only a few to go with the vase, and then searched carefully the floor of the tomb, which was covered with fine dust and sand. Here we at length hit on the top of another vase; and after an hour of careful and diligent work, we took out from a deep sunk hole in the rock, scarcely larger than itself, an Etruscan vase, which on opening we found to contain burned bones and ashes, as fresh in appearance as if but yesterday deposited.

This vase or urn is fifteen inches high, and its largest diameter is eleven inches. It is of fine earthenware, ornamented with flowers and devices, as I have shown in the accompanying drawing.



FUNEREAL VASE.

The next tomb contained nothing but bones and dust; and in the bottom of the next we found another alabaster urn let into the floor, as I have described the second, but of the most common shape, being a simple tub with a cover. We were disappointed in finding no inscriptions, coins, or other indications of the precise period of the sepulture of these relics, and the reader, with the drawings before him, has precisely the same means of conjecture that we had, and may guess as well as we.

By this time the evening was coming on, and we all went down to the sea-shore, and saw the sun set behind the buildings which occupy the site of the old Pharos, and then mounting our donkeys, we came into the city at a slower pace than before, carrying our vases and sundry little pieces of broken pottery in our hands.

The next morning we were up and away at an earlier hour, but fearing to fatigue the ladies too much by a second long ride, we took a carriage to drive out as near as possible to the catacombs. It was not the Oriental fashion. We had no right to try it. The driver said he could do it easily, he had been before, and lied like an Italian about it, so that we trusted him. But we had hardly got out of the Rosetta Gate, and turned up the first hill over the ruins of the ancient city, when one of the horses baulked, and the carriage began backing, but instead of backing straight, the forewheels cramped, and the first plunge of the baulky horse forward took him and us over the side of the bank and down a steep descent into an excavation. The pole of the carriage snapped short off, and the other horse, dragged into the scrape by his companion, fell down, and the carriage ran directly over him, and rested on his body. The ladies sprang out as it stopped, and we all reached the ground safely; but there was another ruin on the top of the old ruins. It was, in point of fact, what we call in America a total smash, and we sent back for donkeys, while we amused ourselves with wandering over the site of the old city.

This day I was determined to go deeper into the vaults of the catacombs, if possible, than before, and I commenced on the side of the sea where an opening existed into a room that was painted in the brilliant colors of the Egyptians, but arched over by Romans at a later period. Setting my men at work here by the light of candles, I was not long in penetrating the bottom of the chamber by a hole which opened into the roof of a similar room below. I thrust myself through the hole as rapidly as possible, but found that the earth had filled it to within three feet of the top. Two hours' work cleared it out; but I found nothing, for the dampness of the sea had reached it, and all was destroyed except the solid walls.

Here May, who had watched my progress with anxious interest, became discouraged, and followed Jacques and Amy, who had previously deserted the catacombs and gone down to the sea-shore to gather shells, which lay in bushels all along the sand. A few moments later one of the men came to tell me that they had opened a new gallery of tombs, and I hastened to see it. Though not what I expected from

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their description, it was sufficiently strange to be worth examining.

Crawling on my hands and knees about twenty feet through an arched passage cut in the stone, and measuring thirty-two inches in width by thirty-six in height at the centre, I found myself in a chamber twenty-one feet long by fifteen broad. The roof was a plain arch. Its height it was impossible to tell, for the earth had sifted into it through huge fissures in the rock, and by the slow accumulation of two thousand years or less, had filled it on one side to within eight feet of the roof. But the earth had come in only on that side, and had run down in a steep slope toward the other side, which was not so full by fifteen feet. Nevertheless there was no floor visible there, but the lowest stones in that wall were huge slabs of granite, and on lying down I could see that the slope of the earth ran under them, into what I have no doubt was a stone staircase, arched with granite, leading down into the catacombs below. The room was plastered plainly with a smooth whitish-gray plaster, on three sides. The fourth side, that over the granite stairway, and, as I have explained, the side where the earth was lowest, was solid rock, with two immense shelves of rock, one six feet above the other, left there in the excavation, and evidently intended as places on which to stand funereal urns and vases. But what struck me as most remarkable, was that a rough projecting cornice was left across the chamber, corresponding with the fronts of the shelves, in which were five immense iron nails, or spikes, with heads measuring two inches across. The heads of but two were left, the others having rusted off. I could not imagine any other object to which these nails were applied unless to hold planks which may at some time have covered these shelves.

Upon the shelves were lying masses of broken pottery and vases; but nothing perfect or valuable. I then proceeded to strike the plastered walls with my hammer, and at length found a place that sounded hollow. Two *fellahs* went to work instantly, and soon opened a niche which had been walled up and plastered over. It was in the usual shape, two feet eight inches wide, by three feet high in the centre, and seven feet deep. In it lay a skeleton and the dust of a dead man, nothing more. I proceeded, and in an hour I had opened twelve similar niches, or openings, some larger, and containing as many as three skeletons each. It was a strange sensation that of crawling into these resting-places of the dead of long ago, on my hands and knees, feeling the soft and moss-like crush of the bones under me, and digging with my fingers in the dust for memorials of its life and activity. My clothes, my eyes, my throat, were covered and filled with the fine dust of the dead, and I came out at length more of an ancient than modern in external appearance.

During the process of my investigations the passage-way by which we had entered was darkened, and I soon saw May on her hands and knees, guided by an Egyptian boy, creeping into the cavern to see what was going on. Having opened all of three tiers of graves that were above ground, I found between the tops of the niches smaller niches, plastered over like the others, and containing broken urns and the remains of burned bones. I found nothing in all this gloomy series of graves but a few lamps of earthenware, blackened about the hole for the wick, sad emblem of departed light and life.

We came out from the vaults and walked down to the beach, where the cool wind revived us. Four hundred feet from the shore was a curious rocky island, and Jacques and I went out to it. It was full of open tombs, a part of the great necropolis sunken in the sea, and all the way from the shore we found traces of the same great burial-place.

We left the catacombs again at sunset, and rode home slowly over the hills. As we entered the gate of the city we met a marriage procession, the bride surrounded by her female friends on the way to her husband's house. She carried on her head a huge box, or chest, containing all her dower, and her friends shouted and sang as they passed us. We quickened our speed as we approached the great square until it was a fast gallop, and we came up to the hotel at a pace that evidently astonished the score or more of English people on the balcony, who are waiting the departure of the steamer for England that will carry this article. This is a fast world. Eight weeks ago I was swimming in Lake Erie by the side of my old friend W——, and to-day I have bathed in the Mediterranean among the tombs of the Greeks and Egyptians.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.—SUN AND SHADOW.

THIRTY years ago, Marseilles lay burning in the sun, one day.

A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Every thing in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there. Strangers were stared out of coun-

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tenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled, night or day, for months. Hindoos, Russians, Chinese, Spaniards, Portuguese, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Genoese, Neapolitans, Venetians, Greeks, Turks, descendants from all the builders of Babel, come to trade at Marseilles, sought the shade alike—taking refuge in any hiding-place from a sea too intensely blue to be looked at, and a sky of purple, set with one great flaming jewel of fire.

The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it softened nowhere else. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields. Every thing that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicala, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed and drawn to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow. The churches were the freest from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadows piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strongly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

In Marseilles that day there was a villainous prison. In one of its chambers, so repulsive a place that even the obtrusive stare blinked at it, and left it to such refuse of reflected light as it could find for itself, were two men. Besides the two men, a notched and disfigured bench, immovable from the wall, with a draught-board rudely hacked upon it with a knife, a set of draughts, made of old buttons and soup bones, a set of dominoes, two mats, and two or three wine bottles. That was all the chamber held, exclusive of rats and other unseen vermin, in addition to the seen vermin, the two men.

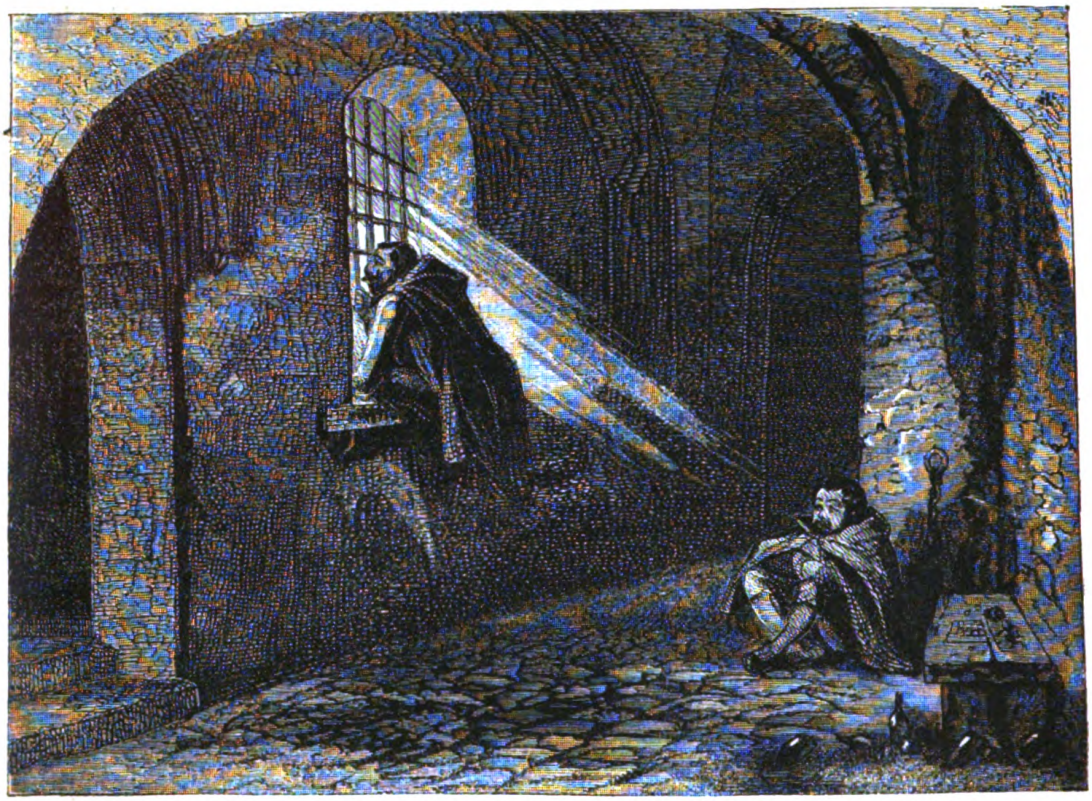
It received such light as it got, through a grating of iron bars, fashioned like a pretty large window, by means of which it could be always inspected from the gloomy staircase on which the grating gave. There was a broad strong ledge of stone to this grating, where the bottom of it was let into the masonry, three or four feet above the ground. Upon it, one of the two men lolled, half sitting and half lying, with his knees drawn up, and his feet and shoulders planted against the opposite sides of the aperture. The bars were wide enough apart to admit of his thrusting his arm through to the elbow; and so he held on negligently, for his greater ease.

A prison taint was on every thing there. The imprisoned air, the imprisoned light, the imprisoned damps, the imprisoned men, were all deteriorated by confinement. As the captive men were faded and haggard, so the iron was rusty, the stone was slimy, the wood was rotten, the air was faint, the light was dim. Like a well, like a vault, like a tomb, the prison had no knowledge of the brightness outside; and would have kept its polluted atmosphere intact in one of the spice islands of the Indian Ocean.

The man who lay on the ledge of the grating was even chilled. He jerked his great cloak more heavily upon him by an impatient movement of one shoulder, and growled, "To the devil with this brigand of a sun that never shines in here!"

He was waiting to be fed; looking sideways through the bars, that he might see the further down the stairs, with much of the expression of a wild beast in similar expectation. But his eyes, too close together, were not so nobly set in his head as those of the king of beasts are in his, and they were sharp rather than bright—pointed weapons with little surface to betray them. They had no depth or change; they glittered, and they opened and shut. So far, and waiving their use to himself, a clockmaker could have made a better pair. He had a hook nose, handsome after its kind, but too high between the eyes, by probably just as much as his eyes were too near to one another. For the rest, he was large and tall in frame, had thin lips, where his thick mustache showed them at all, and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable color, in its shaggy state, but shot with red. The hand with which he held the grating (seamed all over the back with ugly scratches newly healed) was unusually small and plump; would have been unusually white, but for the prison grime.

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The other man was lying on the stone floor, covered with a coarse brown coat.

"Get up, pig!" growled the first. "Don't sleep when I am hungry."

"It's all one, master," said the pig, in a submissive manner, and not without cheerfulness; "I can wake when I will, I can sleep when I will. It's all the same."

As he said it, he rose, shook himself, scratched himself, tied his brown coat loosely round his neck by the sleeves (he had previously used it as a coverlet), and sat down upon the pavement yawning, with his back against the wall opposite to the grating.

"Say what the hour is," grumbled the first man.

"The mid-day bells will ring—in forty minutes." When he made the little pause, he had looked round the prison-room, as if for certain information.

"You are a clock. How is it that you always know?"

"How can I say! I always know what the hour is, and where I am. I was brought in here at night, and out of a boat, but I know where I am. See here! Marseilles harbor;" on his knees on the pavement, mapping it all out with a swarthy forefinger; "Toulon (where the galleys are), Spain over there, Algiers over *there*. Creeping away to the left here, Nice. Round by the Cornice to Genoa. Genoa mole and harbor. Quarantine ground. City there; terrace-gardens blushing with the bella donna. Here, Porto Fino. Stand out for Leghorn. Out again for Civita Vecchia. So away to—hey! there's no room for Naples;" he had got to the wall by this time; "but it's all one; it's in there!"

He remained on his knees, looking up at his fellow-prisoner with a lively look for a prison. A sunburnt, quick, lithe, little man, though rather thickset. Ear-rings in his brown ears, white teeth lighting up his grotesque brown face, intensely black hair clustering about his brown throat, a ragged red shirt open at his brown breast. Loose, seamanlike trowsers, decent shoes, a long red cap, a red sash round his waist, and a knife in it.

"Judge if I come back from Naples as I went! See here, my master! Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Porto Fino, Genoa, Cornice, Off Nice (which is in there), Marseilles, you and me. The apartment of the jailer and his keys is where I put this thumb; and here at my wrist, they keep the national razor in its case—the guillotine locked up."

The other man spat suddenly on the pavement, and gurgled in his throat.

Some lock below gurgled in *its* throat immediately afterward, and then a door clashed. Slow steps began ascending the stairs; the prattle of a sweet little voice mingled with the noise they made; and the prison-keeper appeared, carrying his daughter, three or four years old, and a basket.

"How goes the world this forenoon, gentlemen? My little one, you see, going round with me to have a peep at her father's birds. Fie,

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then! Look at the birds, my pretty, look at the birds."

He looked sharply at the birds himself, as he held the child up at the grate, especially at the little bird, whose activity he seemed to mistrust. "I have brought your bread, Signor John Baptist," said he (they all spoke in French, but the little man was an Italian); "and if I might recommend you not to game—"

"You don't recommend the master!" said John Baptist, showing his teeth as he smiled.

"Oh! but the master wins," returned the jailer, with a passing look of no particular liking at the other man, "and you lose. It's quite another thing. You get husky bread and sour drink by it; and he gets sausage of Lyons, veal in savory jelly, white bread, strachino cheese, and good wine by it. Look at the birds, my pretty!"

"Poor birds!" said the child.

The fair little face, touched with divine compassion, as it peeped shrinkingly through the grate, was like an angel's in the prison. John Baptist rose and moved toward it, as if it had a good attraction for him. The other bird remained as before, except for an impatient glance at the basket.

"Stay!" said the jailer, putting his little daughter on the outer ledge of the grate, "she shall feed the birds. This big loaf is for Signor John Baptist. We must break it to get it through into the cage. So, there's a tame bird, to kiss the little hand! This sausage in a vine-leaf is for Monsieur Rigaud. Again—this veal in savory jelly is for Monsieur Rigaud. Again—these three white little loaves are for Monsieur Rigaud. Again, this cheese—again, this wine—again, this tobacco—all for Monsieur Rigaud. Lucky bird!"

The child put all these things between the bars into the soft, smooth, well-shaped hand, with evident dread—more than once drawing back her own, and looking at the man with her fair brow roughened into an expression half of fright and half of anger. Whereas, she had put the lump of coarse bread into the swart, scaled, knotted hands of John Baptist (who had scarcely as much nail on his eight fingers and two thumbs as would have made out one for Monsieur Rigaud) with ready confidence; and, when he kissed her hand, had herself passed it caressingly over his face. Monsieur Rigaud, indifferent to this distinction, propitiated the father by laughing and nodding at the daughter as often as she gave him any thing; and, so soon as he had all his viands about him in convenient nooks of the ledge on which he rested, began to eat with an appetite.

When Monsieur Rigaud laughed, a change took place in his face that was more remarkable than prepossessing. His mustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his mustache, in a very sinister and cruel manner.

"There!" said the jailer, turning his basket upside down to beat the crumbs out, "I have expended all the money I received; here is the note of it, and *that's* a thing accomplished. Monsieur Rigaud, as I expected yesterday, the President will look for the pleasure of your society at an hour after mid-day, to-day."

"To try me, eh?" said Rigaud, pausing, knife in hand and morsel in mouth.

"You have said it. To try you."

"There is no news for me?" asked John Baptist, who had begun, contentedly, to munch his bread.

The jailer shrugged his shoulders.

"Lady of mine! Am I to lie here all my life, my father?"

"What do I know!" cried the jailer, turning upon him with southern quickness, and gesticulating with both his hands and all his fingers, as if he were threatening to tear him to pieces. "My friend, how is it possible for me to tell how long you are to lie here? What do I know, John Baptist Cavalletto? Death of my life! There are prisoners here sometimes who are not in such a devil of a hurry to be tried."

He seemed to glance obliquely at Monsieur Rigaud in his remark; but Monsieur Rigaud had already resumed his meal, though not with quite so quick an appetite as before.

"Adieu, my birds!" said the keeper of the prison, taking his pretty child in his arms, and dictating the words with a kiss.

"Adieu, my birds!" the pretty child repeated.

Her innocent face looked back so brightly over his shoulder, as he walked away with her, singing her the song of the child's game:

"Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!"

That John Baptist felt it a point of honor to reply at the grate, and, in good time and tune, though a little hoarsely:

"Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Always gay!"

Which accompanied them so far down the few steep stairs, that the prison-keeper had to stop at last for his little daughter to hear the song out, and repeat the Refrain while they were yet in sight. Then the child's head disappeared, and the prison-keeper's head disappeared, but the little voice prolonged the strain until the door clashed.

Monsieur Rigaud, finding the listening John Baptist in his way before the echoes had ceased (even the echoes were the weaker for imprisonment, and seemed to lag), reminded him with a push of his foot that he had better resume his own darker place. The little man sat down again upon the pavement, with the negligent ease of one who was thoroughly accustomed to pavements; and placing three hunks of coarse bread before himself, and falling to upon a fourth, began contentedly to work his way through them, as if to clear them off were a sort of game.

Perhaps he glanced at the Lyons sausage, and

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perhaps he glanced at the veal in savory jelly, but they were not there long to make his mouth water; Monsieur Rigaud soon dispatched them, in spite of the president and tribunal, and proceeded to suck his fingers as clean as he could, and to wipe them on his vine leaves. Then, as he paused in his drink to contemplate his fellow-prisoner, his mustache went up, and his nose came down.

"How do you find the bread?"

"A little dry, but I have my old sauce here," returned John Baptist, holding up his knife.

"How sauce?"

"I can cut my bread so—like a melon. Or so—like an omelette. Or so—like a fried fish. Or so—like Lyons sausage," said John Baptist, demonstrating the various cuts on the bread he held, and soberly chewing what he had in his mouth.

"Here!" cried Monsieur Rigaud. "You may drink. You may finish this."

It was no great gift, for there was mighty little wine left; but Signor Cavalletto, jumping to his feet, received the bottle gratefully, turned it upside down at his mouth, and smacked his lips.

"Put the bottle by with the rest," said Rigaud.

The little man obeyed his orders, and stood ready to give him a lighted match; for he was now rolling his tobacco into cigarettes, by the aid of little squares of paper which had been brought in with it.

"Here! You may have one."

"A thousand thanks, my master!" John Baptist said it, in his own language, and with the quick conciliatory manner of his own countrymen.

Monsieur Rigaud arose, lighted a cigarette, put the rest of his stock into a breast-pocket, and stretched himself out at full length upon the bench. Cavalletto sat down on the pavement, holding one of his ankles in each hand, and smoking peacefully. There seemed to be some uncomfortable attraction of Monsieur Rigaud's eyes to the immediate neighborhood of that part of the pavement where the thumb had been in the plan. They were so drawn in that direction, that the Italian more than once followed them to and back from the pavement in some surprise.

"What an infernal hole this is!" said Monsieur Rigaud, breaking a long pause. "Look at the light of day. Day? The light of yesterday week, the light of six months ago, the light of six years ago. So slack and dead!"

It came languishing down a square funnel that blinded a window in the staircase wall, through which the sky was never seen—nor any thing else.

"Cavalletto," said Monsieur Rigaud, suddenly withdrawing his gaze from this funnel, to which they had both involuntarily turned their eyes, "you know me for a gentleman?"

"Surely, surely!"

"How long have we been here?"

"I, eleven weeks, to-morrow night at midnight. You, nine weeks and three days, at five this afternoon."

"Have I ever done any thing here? Ever touched the broom, or spread the mats, or rolled them up, or found the draughts, or collected the dominoes, or put my hand to any kind of work?"

"Never!"

"Have you ever thought of looking to me to do any kind of work?"

John Baptist answered with that peculiar back-handed shake of the right forefinger which is the most expressive negative in the Italian language.

"No! You knew from the first moment when you saw me here that I was a gentleman?"

"Altro!" returned John Baptist, closing his eyes and giving his head a most vehement toss. The word being, according to its Genoese emphasis, a confirmation, a contradiction, an assertion, a denial, a taunt, a compliment, a joke, and fifty other things, became in the present instance, with a significance beyond all power of written expression, our familiar English "I believe you!"

"Ha, ha! You are right! A gentleman I am! And a gentleman I'll live, and a gentleman I'll die! It's my intent to be a gentleman. It's my game. Death of my soul, I play it out wherever I go!"

He changed his posture to a sitting one, crying with a triumphant air:

"Here I am! See me! Shaken out of destiny's dice-box into the company of a mere smuggler; shut up with a poor little contraband trader, whose papers are wrong, and whom the police lay hold of, besides, for placing his boat (as a means of getting beyond the frontier) at the disposition of other little people whose papers are wrong; and he instinctively recognizes my position, even by this light and in this place. It's well done! By Heaven! I win, however the game goes."

Again his mustache went up, and his nose came down.

"What's the hour, now?" he asked, with a dry hot pallor upon him, rather difficult of association with merriment.

"A little half-hour after mid-day."

"Good! The President will have a gentleman before him soon. Come! Shall I tell you on what accusation? It must be now, or never, for I shall not return here. Either I shall go free, or I shall go to be made ready for shaving. You know where they keep the razor."

Signor Cavalletto took his cigarette from between his parted lips, and showed more momentary discomfiture than might have been expected.

"I am a"—Monsieur Rigaud stood up to say it—"I am a cosmopolitan gentleman. I own no particular country. My father was Swiss—Canton de Vaud. My mother was French by blood, English by birth. I myself was born in Belgium. I am a citizen of the world."

His theatrical air, as he stood with one arm on his hip, within the folds of his cloak, together with his manner of disregarding his companion and addressing the opposite wall instead, seemed to intimate that he was rehearsing for the Presi-

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dent, whose examination he was shortly to undergo, rather than troubling himself merely to enlighten so small a person as John Baptist Cavalletto.

"Call me five-and-thirty years of age. I have seen the world. I have lived here, and lived there, and lived like a gentleman every where. I have been treated and respected as a gentleman universally. If you try to prejudice me, by making out that I have lived by my wits—how do your lawyers live—your politicians—your intriguers—your men of the Exchange?"

He kept his small smooth hand in constant requisition, as if it were a witness to his gentility, that had often done him good service before.

"Two years ago I came to Marseilles. I admit that I was poor; I had been ill. When your lawyers, your politicians, your intriguers, your men of the Exchange, fall ill, and have not scraped money together, *they* become poor. I put up at the Cross of Gold—kept then by Monsieur Henri Barronneau—sixty-five at least, and in a failing state of health. I had lived in the house some four months, when Monsieur Henri Barronneau had the misfortune to die; at any rate, not a rare misfortune that. It happens without any aid of mine, pretty often."

John Baptist having smoked his cigarette down to his fingers' ends, Monsieur Rigaud had the magnanimity to throw him another. He lighted the second at the ashes of the first, and smoked on, looking sideways at his companion, who, preoccupied with his own case, hardly looked at him.

"Monsieur Barronneau left a widow. She was two-and-twenty. She had gained a reputation for beauty, and (which is often another thing) was beautiful. I continued to live at the Cross of Gold. I married Madame Barronneau. It is not for me to say whether there was any great disparity in such a match. Here I stand, with the contamination of a jail upon me; but it is possible that you may think me better suited to her than her former husband was."

He had a certain air of being a handsome man—which he was not; and a certain air of being a well-bred man—which he was not. It was mere swagger and challenge; but in this particular, as in many others, blustering assertion goes for proof, half over the world.

"Be it as it may, Madame Barronneau approved of me. *That* is not to prejudice me I hope?"

His eye happening to light upon John Baptist with this inquiry, that little man briskly shook his head in the negative, and repeated in an argumentative tone under his breath, altro, altro, altro, altro—an infinite number of times.

"Now came the difficulties of our position. I am proud. I say nothing in defense of pride, but I am proud. It is also my character to govern. I can't submit; I must govern. Unfortunately, the property of Madame Rigaud was settled upon herself. Such was the insane act of her late husband. More unfortunately still, she had relations. When a wife's relations interpose against a husband who is a gentleman, who is proud, and who must govern, the consequences are inimical to peace. There was yet another source of difference between us. Madame Rigaud was unfortunately a little vulgar. I sought to improve her manners and ameliorate her general tone; she (supported in this likewise by her relations) resented my endeavors. Quarrels began to arise between us; and, propagated and exaggerated by the slanders of the relations of Madame Rigaud, to become notorious to the neighbors. It has been said that I treated Madame Rigaud with cruelty. I may have been seen to slap her face—nothing more. I have a light hand; and if I have been seen apparently to correct Madame Rigaud in that manner, I have done it almost playfully."

If the playfulness of Monsieur Rigaud were at all expressed by his smile at this point, the relations of Madame Rigaud might have said that they would have much preferred his correcting that unfortunate woman seriously.

"I am sensitive and brave. I do not advance it as a merit to be sensitive and brave, but it is my character. If the male relations of Madame Rigaud had put themselves forward openly, I should have known how to deal with them. They knew that, and their machinations were conducted in secret; consequently Madame Rigaud and I were brought into frequent and unfortunate collision. Even when I wanted any little sum of money for my personal expenses, I could not obtain it without collision—and I too, a man whose character it is to govern! One night Madame Rigaud and myself were walking amicably—I may say like lovers—on a height overhanging the sea. An evil star occasioned Madame Rigaud to advert to her relations; I reasoned with her on that subject, and remonstrated on the want of duty and devotion manifested in her allowing herself to be influenced by their jealous animosity toward her husband. Madame Rigaud retorted, I retorted. Madame Rigaud grew warm; I grew warm, and provoked her. I admit it. Frankness is a part of my character. At length, Madame Rigaud, in an excess of fury that I must ever deplore, threw herself upon me with screams of passion (no doubt those that were overheard at some distance), tore my clothes, tore my hair, lacerated my hands, trampled and trod the dust, and finally leaped over, dashing herself to death upon the rocks below. Such is the train of incidents which malice has perverted into my endeavoring to force from Madame Rigaud a relinquishment of her rights; and, on her persistence in a refusal to make the concession I required, struggling with her—assassinating her!"

He stepped aside to the ledge where the vine leaves yet lay strewn about, collected two or three, and stood wiping his hands upon them, with his back to the light.

"Well," he demanded after a silence, "have you nothing to say to all that?"

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"It's ugly," returned the little man, who had risen, and was brightening his knife upon his shoe, as he leaned an arm against the wall.

"What do you mean?"

John Baptist polished his knife in silence.

"Do you mean that I have not represented the case correctly?"

"Al-tro!" returned John Baptist. The word was an apology now, and stood for, "Oh, by no means!"

"What then?"

"Presidents and tribunals are so prejudiced."

"Well!" cried the other, uneasily flinging the end of his cloak over his shoulder with an oath, "Let them do their worst!"

"Truly I think they will," murmured John Baptist to himself, as he bent his head to put his knife in his sash.

Nothing more was said on either side, though they both began walking to and fro, and necessarily crossed at every turn. Monsieur Rigaud sometimes half stopped, as if he were going to put his case in a new light, or make some irate remonstrance; but Signor Cavalletto continuing to go slowly to and fro at a grotesque kind of jog-trot pace, with his eyes turned downward, nothing came of these inclinings.

By-and-by the noise of the key in the lock arrested them both. The sound of voices succeeded, and the tread of feet. The door clashed, the voices and the feet came on, and the prison-keeper slowly ascended the stairs, followed by a guard of soldiers.

"Now, Monsieur Rigaud," said he, pausing for a moment at the grate, with his keys in his hand, "have the goodness to come out."

"I am to depart in state, I see."

"Why, unless you did," returned the jailer, "you might depart in so many pieces that it would be difficult to get you together again. There's a crowd, Monsieur Rigaud, and it doesn't love you."

He passed on out of sight, and unlocked and unbarred a low door in the corner of the chamber. "Now," said he, as he opened it and appeared within, "come out."

There is no sort of whiteness in all the hues under the sun, at all like the whiteness of Monsieur Rigaud's face as it was then. Neither is there any expression of the human countenance at all like that expression, in every little line of which the frightened heart is seen to beat. Both are conventionally compared with death; but the difference is the whole deep gulf between the struggle done, and the fight at its most desperate extremity.

He lighted another of his paper cigars at his companion's, put it tightly between his teeth, covered his head with a soft slouched hat, threw the end of his cloak over his shoulder again, and walked out into the side gallery on which the door opened, without taking any further notice of Signor Cavalletto. As to that little man himself, his whole attention had become absorbed in getting near the door, and looking out at it. Precisely as a beast might approach the opened gate of his den and eye the freedom beyond, he passed those few moments in watching and peering, until the door was closed upon him.

There was an officer in command of the soldiers; a stout, serviceable, profoundly calm man, with his drawn sword in his hand, smoking a cigar. He very briefly directed the placing of Monsieur Rigaud in the midst of the party, put himself with consummate indifference at their head, gave the word "March!" and so they all went jingling down the staircase. The door clashed—the key turned—and a ray of unusual light, and a breath of unusual air, seemed to have passed through the jail, vanishing in a tiny wreath of smoke from the cigar.

Still, in his captivity, like a lower animal—like some impatient ape, or roused bear of the smaller species—the prisoner, now left solitary, had jumped upon the ledge, to lose no glimpse of this departure. As he yet stood clasping the grate with both hands, an uproar broke upon his hearing; yells, shrieks, oaths, threats, execrations, all comprehended in it, though (as in a storm) nothing but a raging swell of sound distinctly heard.

Excited into a still greater resemblance to a caged wild animal by his anxiety to know more, the prisoner leaped nimbly down, ran round the chamber, leaped nimbly up again, clasped the grate and tried to shake it, leaped down and ran, leaped up and listened, and never rested until the noise, becoming more and more distant, had died away. How many better prisoners have worn their noble hearts out so; no man thinking of it; not even the beloved of their souls realizing it; great kings and governors, who had made them captive, careering in the sunlight jauntily, and men cheering them on. Even the said great personages dying in bed, making exemplary ends and sounding speeches; and polite history, more servile than their instruments, embalming them!

At last John Baptist, now able to choose his own spot within the compass of those walls, for the exercise of his faculty of going to sleep when he would, lay down upon the bench, with his face turned over on his crossed arms, and slumbered. In his submission, in his lightness, in his good-humor, in his short-lived passion, in his easy contentment with hard bread and hard stones, in his ready sleep, in his fits and starts altogether, a true son of the land that gave him birth.

The wide stare stared itself out for one while; the sun went down in a red, green, golden glory; the stars came out in the heavens, and the fire-flies mimicked them in the lower air, as men may feebly imitate the goodness of a better order of beings; the long dusty roads and the interminable plains were in repose—and so deep a hush was on the sea, that it scarcely whispered of the time when it shall give up its dead.

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CHAPTER II.—FELLOW TRAVELERS.

"No more of yesterday's howling over yonder to day, Sir, is there?"

"I have heard none."

"Then you may be sure there *is* none. When these people howl, they howl to be heard."

"Most people do, I suppose."

"Ah! but these people are always howling. Never happy otherwise."

"Do you mean the Marseilles people?"

"I mean the French people. They're always at it. As to Marseilles, we know what Marseilles is. It sent the most insurrectionary tune into the world that was ever composed. It couldn't exist without allonging and marshonging to something or other—victory or death, or blazes, or something."

The speaker, with a whimsical good-humor upon him all the time, looked over the parapet-wall with the greatest disparagement of Marseilles; and taking up a determined position, by putting his hands in his pockets, and rattling his money at it, apostrophized it with a short laugh.

"Allong and marshong, indeed. It would be more creditable to you, I think, to let other people allong and marshong about their lawful business, instead of shutting 'em up in quarantine!"

"Tiresome enough," said the other. "But we shall be out to-day."

"Out to-day!" repeated the first. "It's almost an aggravation of the enormity that we shall be out to-day. Out! What have we ever been in for?"

"For no very strong reason, I must say. But as we come from the East, and as the East is the country of the plague—"

"The plague!" repeated the other. "That's my grievance. I have had the plague continually, ever since I have been here. I am like a sane man shut up in a mad-house; I can't stand the suspicion of the thing. I came here as well as ever I was in my life; but to suspect me of the plague is to give me the plague. And I have had it—and I have got it."

"You bear it very well, Mr. Meagles," said the second speaker, smiling.

"No. If you knew the real state of the case, that's the last observation you would think of making. I have been waking up, night after night, and saying, *now* I have got it, *now* it has developed itself, *now* I am in for it, *now* these fellows are making out their case for their precautions. Why, I'd as soon have a spit put through me, and be stuck upon a card in a collection of beetles, as lead the life I have been leading here."

"Well, Mr. Meagles, say no more about it, now it's over," urged a cheerful feminine voice.

"Over!" repeated Mr. Meagles, who appeared (though without any ill-nature) to be in that peculiar state of mind in which the last word spoken by any body else is a new injury. "Over! and why should I say no more about it because it's over?"

It was Mrs. Meagles who had spoken to Mr. Meagles; and Mrs. Meagles was, like Mr. Meagles, comely and healthy, with a pleasant English face, which had been looking at homely things for five-and-fifty years or more, and shone with a bright reflection of them.

"There! Never mind, father, never mind!" said Mrs. Meagles. "For goodness sake content yourself with Pet."

"With Pet?" repeated Mr. Meagles in his injured vein. Pet, however, being close behind him, touched him on the shoulder, and Mr. Meagles immediately forgave Marseilles from the bottom of his heart.

Pet was about twenty. A fair girl with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets. A lovely girl, with a frank face, and wonderful eyes; so large, so soft, so bright, set to such perfection in her kind good head. She was round and fresh and dimpled and spoilt, and there was in Pet an air of timidity and dependence which was the best weakness in the world, and gave her the only crowning charm a girl so pretty and pleasant could have been without.

"Now, I ask you," said Mr. Meagles in the blandest confidence, falling back a step himself, and handing his daughter a step forward to illustrate his question: "I ask you simply as between man and man, you know, DID you ever hear of such damned nonsense as putting Pet in quarantine?"

"It has had the result of making even quarantine enjoyable."

"Come!" said Mr. Meagles, "that's something, to be sure. I am obliged to you for that remark. Now Pet, my darling, you had better go along with mother and get ready for the boat. The officer of health, and a variety of humbugs in cocked hats, are coming off to let us out of this at last; and all we jail-birds are to breakfast together in something approaching to a Christian style again, before we take wing for our different destinations. Tattycoram, stick you close to your young mistress."

He spoke to a handsome girl with lustrous dark hair and eyes, and very neatly dressed, who replied with a half courtesy as she passed off in the train of Mrs. Meagles and Pet. They crossed the bare scorched terrace, all three together, and disappeared through a staring white archway. Mr. Meagles's companion, a grave dark man of forty, still stood looking toward this archway after they were gone, until Mr. Meagles tapped him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," said he, starting.

"Not at all," said Mr. Meagles.

They took one silent turn backward and forward in the shade of the wall, getting, at the height on which the quarantine barracks are placed, what cool refreshment of sea breeze there was at seven in the morning. Mr. Meagles's companion resumed the conversation.

"May I ask you," he said, "what is the name of—"

"Tattycoram?" Mr. Meagles struck in. "I have not the least idea."

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"I thought," said the other, "that—"

"Tattycoram?" suggested Mr. Meagles again.

"Thank you—that Tattycoram was a name; and I have several times wondered at the oddity of it."

"Why, the fact is," said Mr. Meagles, "Mrs. Meagles and myself are, you see, practical people."

"That you have frequently mentioned in the course of the agreeable and interesting conversations we have had together walking up and down on these stones," said the other, with a half smile breaking through the gravity of his dark face.

"Practical people. So one day, five or six years ago now, when we took Pet to church at the Foundling—you have heard of the Foundling Hospital in London? Similar to the Institution for the Found Children in Paris?"

"I have seen it."

"Well! One day, when we took Pet to church there to hear the music—because, as practical people, it is the business of our lives to show her every thing that we think can please her—Mother (my usual name for Mrs. Meagles) began to cry so, that it was necessary to take her out. 'What's the matter, Mother?' said I, when we had brought her a little round; 'you are frightening Pet, my dear.' 'Yes, I know that, Father,' says Mother, 'but I think it's through my loving her so much that it ever came into my head.' 'That ever what came into your head, Mother?' 'Oh, dear, dear!' cried Mother, breaking out again, 'when I saw all those children ranged tier above tier, and appealing from the father none of them has ever known on earth to the great Father of us all in heaven, I thought, does any wretched mother ever come here and look among those young faces, wondering which is the poor child she brought into this forlorn world, never through all its life to know her love, her kiss, her face, her voice, even her name?' Now that was practical in Mother, and I told her so. I said, 'Mother, that's what I call practical in you, my dear.'"

The other, not unmoved, assented.

"So I said next day: now, Mother, I have a proposition to make that I think you'll approve of. Let us take one of those same children to be a little maid to Pet. We are practical people. So if we should find her temper a little defective, or any of her ways a little wide of ours, we shall know what we have to take into account. We shall know what an immense deduction must be made from all the influences and experiences that have formed us—no parents, no child-brother or sister, no individuality of home, no Glass Slipper, or Fairy Godmother. And that's the way we came by Tattycoram."

"And the name itself—"

"By George!" said Mr. Meagles, "I was forgetting the name itself. Why, she was called in the Institution Harriet Beadle—an arbitrary name, of course. Now, Harriet we changed into Hatty, and then into Tatty, because, as practical people, we thought even a playful name might be a new thing to her, and might have a softening and affectionate kind of effect, don't you see? As to Beadle, that I needn't say was wholly out of the question. If there is any thing that is not to be tolerated on any terms, any thing that is a type of jack-in-office insolence and absurdity, any thing that represents in coats, waistcoats, and big sticks, our English holding-on by nonsense, after every one has found it out, it is a beadle. You haven't seen a beadle lately?"

"As an Englishman, who has been more than twenty years in China, no."

"Then," said Mr. Meagles, laying his forefinger on his companion's breast with great animation, "don't you see a beadle, now, if you can help it. Whenever I see a beadle in full fig, coming down a street on a Sunday at the head of a charity school, I am obliged to turn and run away, or I should hit him. The name of Beadle being out of the question, and the originator of the Institution for these poor foundlings having been a blessed creature of the name of Coram, we gave that name to Pet's little maid. At one time she was Tatty, and at one time she was Coram, until we got into a way of mixing the two names together, and now she is always Tattycoram."

"Your daughter," said the other, when they had taken another silent turn to and fro, and after standing for a moment at the wall glancing down at the sea, had resumed their walk, "is your only child, I know, Mr. Meagles. May I ask you—in no impertinent curiosity, but because I have had so much pleasure in your society, may never in this labyrinth of a world exchange a quiet word with you again, and wish to preserve an accurate remembrance of you and yours—may I ask you, if I have not gathered from your good wife that you have had other children?"

"No. No," said Mr. Meagles. "Not exactly other children. One other child."

"I am afraid I have inadvertently touched upon a tender theme."

"Never mind," said Mr. Meagles. "If I am grave about it, I am not at all sorrowful. It quiets me for a moment, but does not make me unhappy. Pet had a twin sister who died when we could just see her eyes—exactly like Pet's—above the table, as she stood on tiptoe holding by it."

"Ah! indeed, indeed?"

"Yes, and being practical people, a result has gradually sprung up in the minds of Mrs. Meagles and myself which perhaps you may—or perhaps you may not—understand. Pet and her baby sister were so exactly alike, and so completely one, that in our thoughts we have never been able to separate them since. It would be of no use to tell us that our dead child was a mere infant. We have changed that child according to the changes in the child spared to us, and always with us. As Pet has grown, that child has grown; as Pet has become more sen-

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sible and womanly, her sister has become more sensible and womanly, by just the same degrees. It would be as hard to convince me that if I was to pass into the other world to-morrow, I should not, through the mercy of God, be received there by a daughter just like Pet, as to persuade me that Pet herself is not a reality at my side."

"I understand you," said the other, gently.

"As to her," pursued her father, "the sudden loss of her little picture and playfellow, and her early association with that mystery in which we all have our equal share, but which is not often so forcibly presented to a child, has necessarily had some influence on her character. Then, her mother and I were not young when we married, and Pet has always had a sort of grown-up life with us, though we have tried to adapt ourselves to her. We have been advised more than once when she has been a little ailing, to change climate and air for her as often as we could—especially at about this time of her life—and to keep her amused. So, as I have no need to stick at a bank-desk now (though I have been poor enough in my time I assure you, or I should have married Mrs. Meagles long before), we go trotting about the world. This is how you found us staring at the Nile, and the Pyramids, and the Sphinxes, and the Desert, and all the rest of it; and this is how Tattycoram will be a greater traveler in course of time than Captain Cook."

"I thank you," said the other, "very heartily for your confidence."

"Don't mention it," returned Mr. Meagles, "I am sure you are quite welcome. And now, Mr. Clennam, perhaps I may ask you whether you have yet come to a decision where to go next?"

"Indeed, no. I am such a waif and stray every where, that I am liable to be drifted where any current may set."

"It's extraordinary to me—if you'll excuse my freedom in saying so—that you don't go straight to London," said Mr. Meagles, in the tone of a confidential adviser.

"Perhaps I shall."

"Ay! But I mean with a will."

"I have no will. That is to say," he colored a little, "next to none that I can put in action now. Trained by main force; broken, not bent; heavily ironed with an object on which I was never consulted and which was never mine; shipped away to the other end of the world before I was of age, and exiled there until my father's death there, a year ago; always grinding in a mill I always hated; what is to be expected from *me* in middle-life? Will, purpose, hope? All those lights were extinguished before I could sound the words."

"Light 'em up again!" said Mr. Meagles.

"Ah! Easily said. I am the son, Mr. Meagles, of a hard father and mother. I am the only child of parents who weighed, measured, and priced every thing: for whom what could not be weighed, measured, and priced had no existence. Strict people as the phrase is, professors of a stern religion, their very religion was a gloomy sacrifice of tastes and sympathies that were never their own, offered up as part of a bargain for the security of their possessions. Austere faces, inexorable discipline, penance in this world and terror in the next—nothing graceful or gentle any where, and the void in my cowed heart every where—this was my childhood, if I may so misuse the word as to apply it to such a beginning of life."

"Really though?" said Mr. Meagles, made very uncomfortable by the picture offered to his imagination. "That was a tough commencement. But come! You must now study, and profit by all that lies beyond it, like a practical man."

"If the people who are usually called practical were practical in your direction—"

"Why, so they are!" said Mr. Meagles.

"Are they indeed?"

"Well, I suppose so," returned Mr. Meagles, thinking about it. "Eh? One can but *be* practical, and Mrs. Meagles and myself are nothing else."

"My unknown course is easier and more hopeful than I had expected to find it then," said Clennam, shaking his head with his grave smile. "Enough of me. Here is the boat!"

The boat was filled with the cocked hats to which Mr. Meagles entertained a national objection; and the wearers of those cocked hats landed and came up the steps, and all the impounded travelers congregated together. There was then a mighty production of papers on the part of the cocked hats, and a calling over of names, and great work of signing, sealing, stamping, inking, and sanding, with exceedingly blurred, gritty, and undecipherable results. Finally, every thing was done according to rule, and the travelers were at liberty to depart whithersoever they would.

They made little account of stare and glare in the new pleasure of recovering their freedom, but flitted across the harbor in gay boats, and reassembled at a great hotel, whence the sun was excluded by closed lattices, and where bare paved floors, lofty ceilings, and resounding corridors, tempered the intense heat. There, a great table in a great room, was soon profusely covered with a superb repast; and the quarantine quarters became bare indeed, remembered among dainty dishes, southern fruits, cooled wines, flowers from Genoa, snow from the mountain tops, and all the colors of the rainbow flashing in the mirrors.

"But I bear those monotonous walls no ill-will now," said Mr. Meagles. "One always begins to forgive a place as soon as it's left behind; I dare say a prisoner begins to relent toward his prison, after he is let out."

They were about thirty in company, and all talking; but necessarily in groups. Father and Mother Meagles sat with their daughter between them, the last three on one side of the table: on

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the opposite side sat Mr. Clennam; a tall French gentleman with raven hair and beard, of a swart and terrible, not to say genteelly diabolical aspect, but who had shown himself the mildest of men; and a handsome young English woman, traveling quite alone, who had a proud observant face, and had either withdrawn herself from the rest or been avoided by the rest—nobody, herself excepted perhaps, could have quite decided which. The rest of the party were of the usual materials. Travelers on business and travelers for pleasure; officers from India on leave; merchants in the Greek and Turkey trades; a clerical English husband in a meek strait-waistcoat, on a wedding trip with his young wife; a majestic English mamma and papa, of the patrician order, with a family of three growing up daughters, who were keeping a journal for the confusion of their fellow-creatures; and a deaf old English mother, tough in travel, with a very decidedly grown up daughter indeed, which daughter went sketching about the universe in the expectation of ultimately toning herself off into the married state.

The reserved Englishwoman took up Mr. Meagles in his last remark.

"Do you mean that a prisoner forgives his prison?" said she, slowly and with emphasis.

"That was my speculation, Miss Wade. I don't pretend to know positively how a prisoner might feel. I never was one before."

"Mademoiselle doubts," said the French gentleman in his own language, "its being so easy to forgive?"

"I do."

Pet had to translate this passage to Mr. Meagles, who never by any accident acquired any knowledge whatever of the language of any country into which he traveled. "Oh!" said he. "Dear me! But that's a pity, isn't it?"

"That I am not credulous?" said Miss Wade.

"Not exactly that. Put it another way. That you can't believe it easy to forgive."

"My experience," she quietly returned, "has been correcting my belief in many respects, for some years. It is our natural progress, I have heard."

"Well, well! But it's not natural to bear malice, I hope?" said Mr. Meagles cheerily.

"If I had been shut up in any place to pine and suffer, I should always hate that place and wish to burn it down, or raze it to the ground. I know no more."

"Strong, Sir," said Mr. Meagles to the Frenchman; it being another of his habits to address individuals of all nations in idiomatic English, with a perfect conviction that they were bound to understand it somehow. "Rather forcible in our fair friend, you'll agree with me, I think?"

The French gentleman courteously replied, "Plait-il?" To which Mr. Meagles returned with much satisfaction, "You are right. My opinion."

The breakfast beginning by-and-by to languish, Mr. Meagles made the company a speech. It was short enough and sensible enough, considering that it was a speech at all, and hearty. It merely went to the effect that as they had all been thrown together by chance, and had all preserved a good understanding together, and were now about to disperse, and were not likely ever to find themselves all together again, what could they do better than bid farewell to one another, and give one another good speed, in a simultaneous glass of cool Champagne all round the table? It was done, and with a general shaking of hands the assembly broke up forever.

The solitary young lady all this time had said no more. She rose with the rest, and silently withdrew to a remote corner of the great room, where she sat herself on a couch in a window, seeming to watch the reflection of the water as it made a silver quivering on the bars of the lattice. She sat, turned away from the whole length of the apartment, as if she were lonely of her own haughty choice. And yet it would have been as difficult as ever to say, positively, whether she avoided the rest, or was avoided.

The shadow in which she sat, falling like a gloomy vail across her forehead, accorded very well with the character of her beauty. One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows, and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression would be if a change came over it. That it could soften or relent appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretense in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant; your opinion is nothing to me; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference—this it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome, but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature.

Pet had moved up to her (she had been the subject of remark among her family and Mr. Clennam, who were now the only other occupants of the room), and was standing at her side.

"Are you"—she turned her eyes, and Pet faltered—"expecting any one to meet you here, Miss Wade?"

"I? No."

"Father is sending to the Poste Restante. Shall he have the pleasure of directing the messenger to ask if there are any letters for you?"

"I thank him, but I know there can be none."

"We are afraid," said Pet, sitting down beside her, shyly and half tenderly, that you will feel quite deserted when we are all gone."

"Indeed!"

"Not," said Pet, apologetically, and embar-

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nissed by her eyes, "not, of course, that we are any company to you, or that we have been able to be so, or that we thought you wished it."

"I have not intended to make it understood that I did wish it."

"No. Of course. But—in short," said Pet, timidly touching her hand as it lay impassive on the sofa between them, "will you not allow father to render you any slight assistance or service. He will be very glad."

"Very glad," said Mr. Meagles, coming forward with his wife and Clennam. "Any thing short of speaking the language I shall be delighted to undertake, I am sure."

"I am obliged to you," she returned, "but my arrangements are made, and I prefer to go my own way in my own manner."

"*Do* you?" said Mr. Meagles to himself, as he surveyed her with a puzzled look. "Well! There's character in that, too."

"I am not much used to the society of young ladies, and I am afraid I may not show my appreciation of it as others might. A pleasant journey to you. Good-by!"

She would not have put out her hand, it seemed, but that Mr. Meagles put out his so straight before her, that she could not pass it. She put hers in it, and it lay there just as it had lain upon the couch.

"Good-by!" said Mr. Meagles. "This is the last good-by upon the list, for Mother and I have just said it to Mr. Clennam here, and he only waits to say it to Pet. Good-by! We may never meet again."

"In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet *us*, from many strange places and by many strange roads," was the composed reply; "and what it is set to us to do to them, and what it is set to them to do to us, will all be done."

There was something in the manner of these words that jarred upon Pet's ear. It implied that what was to be done was necessarily evil, and it caused her to say in a whisper, "Oh, father!" and to shrink childishly in her spoilt way a little closer to him. This was not lost on the speaker.

"Your pretty daughter," she said, "starts to think of such things. Yet," looking full upon her, "you may be sure that there are men and women already on their road, who have their business to do with *you*, and who will do it. Of a certainty they will do it. They may be coming hundreds, thousands of miles over the sea there; they may be close at hand now; they may be coming, for any thing you know, or any thing you can do to prevent it, from the vilest sweepings of this very town."

With the coldest of farewells, and with a certain worn expression on her beauty that gave it, though scarcely yet in its prime, a wasted look, she left the room.

Now, there were many stairs and passages that she had to traverse in passing from that part of the spacious house to the chamber she had secured for her own occupation. When she had almost completed the journey, and was passing along the gallery in which her room was, she heard an angry sound of muttering and sobbing. A door stood open, and within she saw the attendant upon the girl she had just left—the maid with the curious name.

She stood still to look at this maid. A sullen, passionate girl! Her rich black hair was all about her face, her face was flushed and hot, and as she sobbed and raged she plucked at her lips with an unsparing hand.

"Selfish brutes!" said the girl, sobbing and heaving between whiles. "Not caring what becomes of me! Leaving me here hungry and thirsty and tired, to starve, for any thing they care! Beasts! Devils! Wretches!"

"My poor girl, what is the matter?"

She looked up suddenly, with reddened eyes, and with her hands suspended, in the act of pinching her neck, freshly disfigured with great scarlet blots. "It's nothing to you what's the matter. It don't signify to any one."

"Oh yes it does; I am sorry to see you so."

"You are not sorry," said the girl. "You are glad. You know you are glad. I never was like this but twice, over in the quarantine yonder, and both times you found me. I am afraid of you."

"Afraid of me?"

"Yes. You seem to come like my own anger, my own malice, my own—whatever it is—I don't know what it is. But I am ill-used, I am ill-used, I am ill-used!" Here the sobs and the tears, and the tearing hand, which had all been suspended together since the first surprise, went on together anew.

The visitor stood looking at her with a strange attentive smile. It was wonderful to see the fury of the contest in the girl, and the bodily struggle she made as if she were rent by the Demons of old.

"I am younger than she is by two or three years, and yet it's me that looks after her, as if I was old, and it's she that's always petted and called Baby! I detest the name. I hate her. They make a fool of her, they spoil her. She thinks of nothing but herself, she thinks no more of me than if I was a stock and a stone!" So the girl went on.

"You must have patience."

"I *won't* have patience!"

"If they take much care of themselves, and little or none of you, you must not mind it."

"I *will* mind it!"

"Hush! Be more prudent. You forget your dependent position."

"I don't care for that. I'll run away. I'll do some mischief. I won't bear it; I can't bear it; I shall die if I try to bear it!"

The observer stood with her hand upon her own bosom, looking at the girl, as one afflicted with a diseased part might curiously watch the dissection and exposition of an analogous case.

The girl raged and battled with all the force

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of her youth and fullness of life, until by little and little her passionate exclamations trailed off into broken murmurs as if she were in pain. By corresponding degrees she sunk into a chair, then upon her knees, then upon the ground beside the bed, drawing the coverlet with her, half to hide her shamed head and wet hair in it, and half, as it seemed, to embrace it, rather than have nothing to take to her repentant breast.

"Go away from me, go away from me! When my temper comes upon me, I am mad. I know I might keep it off if I only tried hard enough, and sometimes I do try hard enough, and at other times I don't and won't. What have I said! I knew, when I said it, it was all lies. They think I am being taken care of somewhere, and have all I want. They are nothing but good to me. I love them dearly; no people could ever be kinder to a thankless creature than they always are to me. Do, do go away, for I am afraid of you! I am afraid of myself when I feel my temper coming, and I am as much afraid of you. Go away from me, and let me pray and cry myself better!"

The day passed on; and again the wide stare stared itself out; and the hot night was on Marseilles; and through it the caravan of the morning, all dispersed, went their appointed ways. And thus ever, by day and night, under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and react on one another, move all we restless travelers through the pilgrimage of life.

CHAPTER III.—HOME.

It was a Sunday evening in London, gloomy, close, and stale. Maddening church bells of all degrees of dissonance, sharp and flat, cracked and clear, fast and slow, made the brick and mortar echoes hideous. Melancholy streets in a penitential garb of soot, steeped the souls of the people who were condemned to look at them out of windows, in dire despondency. In every thoroughfare, up almost every alley, and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, tolling, as if the plague were in the city and the dead-carts were going round. Every thing was bolted and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an overworked people. No pictures, no unfamiliar animals, no rare plants or flowers, no natural or artificial wonders of the ancient world—all *taboo* with that enlightened strictness, that the ugly South Sea gods in the British Museum might have supposed themselves at home again. Nothing to see but streets, streets, streets. Nothing to breathe but streets, streets, streets. Nothing to change the brooding mind, or raise it up. Nothing for the spent toiler to do, but to compare the monotony of his seventh day with the monotony of his six days, think what a weary life he led, and make the best of it—or the worst, according to the probabilities.

At such a happy time, so propitious to the interests of religion and morality, Mr. Arthur Clennam, newly arrived from Marseilles by way of Dover, and by Dover coach the Blue-eyed Maid, sat in the window of a coffee-house on Ludgate Hill. Ten thousand responsible houses surrounded him, frowning as heavily on the streets they composed as if they were every one inhabited by the ten young men of the Calender's story, who blackened their faces and bemoaned their miseries every night. Fifty thousand lairs surrounded him where people lived so unwholesomely, that fair water put into their crowded rooms on Saturday night would be corrupt on Sunday morning; albeit my lord, their county member, was amazed that they failed to sleep in company with their butcher's meat. Miles of close wells and pits of houses, where the inhabitants gasped for air, stretched far away toward every point of the compass. Through the heart of the town a deadly sewer ebbed and flowed in the place of a fine fresh river. What secular want could the million or so of human beings whose daily labor, six days in the week, lay among these Arcadian objects, from the sweet sameness of which they had no escape between the cradle and the grave—what secular want could they possibly have upon their seventh day? Clearly they could want nothing but a stringent policeman.

Mr. Arthur Clennam sat in the window of the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, counting one of the neighboring bells, making sentences and burdens of songs out of it in spite of himself, and wondering how many sick people it might be the death of in the course of a year. As the hour approached, its changes of measure made it more and more exasperating. At the quarter, it went off into a condition of deadly lively importunity, urging the populace in a voluble manner to Come to church, Come to church, Come to church! At the ten minutes, it became aware that the congregation would be scanty, and slowly hammered out in low spirits, They *won't* come, they *won't* come, they *won't* come! At five minutes, it abandoned hope and shook every house in the neighborhood for three hundred seconds, with one dismal swing per second, as a groan of despair.

"Thank Heaven!" said Clennam, when the hour struck, and the bell stopped.

But its sound had revived a long train of miserable Sundays, and the procession would not stop with the bell, but continued to march on. "Heaven forgive me," said he, "and those who trained me. How I have hated this day!"

There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to Perdition?—a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy—and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other

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line with some such hiccoughing reference as 2 Ep. Thess. c. iii., v. 6 and 7. There was the sleepy Sunday of his boyhood, when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel by a picket of teachers three times a day, morally handcuffed to another boy; and when he would willingly have bartered two meals of indigestible sermon for another ounce or two of inferior mutton at his scanty dinner in the flesh. There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage; when his mother, stern of face and unrelenting of heart, would sit all day behind a Bible—bound like her own construction of it in the hardest, barest, and straitest boards, with one dinted ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves—as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse. There was the resentful Sunday of a little later, when he sat glowering and glooming through the tardy length of the day, with a sullen sense of injury in his heart, and no more real knowledge of the beneficent history of the New Testament, than if he had been bred among idolaters. There was a legion of Sundays, all days of unserviceable bitterness and mortification, slowly passing before him.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said a brisk waiter, rubbing the table. "Wish see bedroom?"

"Yes. I have just made up my mind to do it."

"Chaymaid!" cried the waiter. "Gelen box num seven wish see room!"

"Stay!" said Clennam, rousing himself. "I was not thinking of what I said; I answered mechanically. I am not going to sleep here. I am going home."

"Deed, Sir? Chaymaid! Gelen box num seven, not go sleep here, gome."

He sat in the same place as the day died, looking at the dull houses opposite, and thinking, if the disembodied spirits of former inhabitants were ever conscious of them, how they must pity themselves for their old places of imprisonment. Sometimes a face would appear behind the dingy glass of a window, and would fade away into the gloom as if it had seen enough of life and had vanished out of it. Presently the rain began to fall in slanting lines between him and those houses, and people began to collect under cover of the public passage opposite, and to look out hopelessly at the sky as the rain dropped thicker and faster. Then wet umbrellas began to appear, draggled skirts, and mud. What the mud had been doing with itself, or where it came from, who could say? But it seemed to collect in a moment, as a crowd will, and in five minutes to have splashed all the sons and daughters of Adam. The lamplighter was going his rounds now; and as the fiery jets sprang up under his touch, one might have fancied them astonished at being suffered to introduce any show of brightness into such a dismal scene.

Mr. Arthur Clennam took up his hat, and buttoned his coat, and walked out. In the country, the rain would have developed a thousand fresh scents, and every drop would have had its bright association with some beautiful form of growth or life. In the city, it developed only foul stale smells, and was a sickly, lukewarm, dirt-stained, wretched addition to the gutters.

He crossed by Saint Paul's and went down, at a long angle, almost to the water's edge, through some of the crooked and descending streets which lie (and lay more crookedly and closely then) between the river and Cheapside. Passing, now the mouldy hall of some obsolete Worshipful Company, now the illuminated windows of a Congregationless Church that seemed to be waiting for some adventurous Belzoni to dig it out and discover its history; passing silent warehouses and wharves, and here and there a narrow alley leading to the river, where a wretched little bill, FOUND DROWNED, was weeping on the wet wall, he came at last to the house he sought. An old brick house, so dingy as to be all but black, standing by itself within a gateway. Before it, a square courtyard where a shrub or two and a patch of grass were as rank (which is saying much) as the iron railings inclosing them were rusty; behind it, a jumble of roofs. It was a double house, with long, narrow, heavily-framed windows. Many years ago, it had had it in its mind to slide down sideways; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half dozen gigantic crutches: which gymnasium for the neighboring cats, weather-stained, smoke-blackened, and overgrown with weeds, appeared in these latter days to be no very sure reliance.

"Nothing changed!" said the traveler, stopping to look round. "Dark and miserable as ever! A light in my mother's window, which seems never to have been extinguished since I came home twice a year from school, and dragged my box over this pavement. Well, well, well!"

He went up to the door, which had a projecting canopy in carved work, of festooned jack-towels and children's heads with water on the brain, designed after a once popular monumental pattern; and knocked. A shuffling step was soon heard on the stone floor of the hall, and the door was opened by an old man, bent and dried, but with keen eyes.

He had a candle in his hand, and he held it up for a moment to assist his keen eyes. "Ah, Mr. Arthur!" he said, without any emotion, "you are come at last! Step in."

Mr. Arthur stepped in and shut the door.

"Your figure is filled out, and set," said the old man, turning to look at him with the light raised again, and shaking his head; "but you don't come up to your father in my opinion. Nor yet your mother."

"How is my mother?"

"She is as she always is now. Keeps her room when not actually bedridden, and hasn't

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been out of it fifteen times in as many years, Arthur." They had walked into a spare, meagre dining-room. The old man had put the candlestick upon the table, and, supporting his right elbow with his left hand, was smoothing his leathern jaws while he looked at the visitor. The visitor offered his hand. The old man took it coldly enough, and seemed to prefer his jaws; to which he returned, as soon as he could.

"I doubt if your mother will approve of your coming home on the Sabbath, Arthur," he said, shaking his head warily.

"You wouldn't have me go away again?"

"Oh! I? I? I am not the master. It's not what *I* would have. I have stood between your father and mother for a number of years. I don't pretend to stand between your mother and you."

"Will you tell her that I have come home?"

"Yes, Arthur, yes. Oh to be sure! I'll tell her that you have come home. Please to wait here. You won't find the room changed." He took another candle from a cupboard, lighted it, left the first on the table, and went upon his errand. He was a short, bald old man, in a high-shouldered black coat and waistcoat, drab breeches, and long drab gaiters. He might, from his dress, have been either clerk or servant, and in fact had long been both. There was nothing about him in the way of decoration but a watch, which was lowered into the depths of its proper pocket by an old black ribbon, and had a tarnished copper key moored above it, to show where it was sunk. His head was awry, and he had a one-sided, crab-like way with him, as if his foundations had yielded at about the same time as those of the house, and he ought to have been propped up in a similar manner.

"How weak am I," said Arthur Clennam, when he was gone, "that I could shed tears at

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this reception! I, who have never experienced any thing else; who have never expected any thing else."

He not only could, but did. It was the momentary yielding of a nature that had been disappointed from the dawn of its perceptions, but had not quite given up all its hopeful yearnings yet. He subdued it, took up the candle and examined the room. The old articles of furniture were in their old places; the Plagues of Egypt, much the dimmer for the fly and smoke plagues of London, were framed and glazed upon the walls. There was the old cellaret with nothing in it, lined with lead, like a sort of coffin in compartments; there was the old dark closet, also with nothing in it, of which he had been many a time the sole contents, in days of punishment, when he had regarded it as the veritable entrance to that bourne to which the tract had found him galloping. There was the large, hard-featured clock on the sideboard, which he used to see bending its figured brows upon him with a savage joy when he was behind-hand with his lessons, and which, when it was wound up once a week with an iron handle, used to sound as if it were growling in ferocious anticipation of the miseries into which it would bring him. But here was the old man come back, saying, "Arthur, I'll go before and light you."

Arthur followed him up the staircase, which was paneled off into spaces like so many mourning tablets, into a dim bedchamber, the floor of which had gradually so sunk and settled that the fire-place was in a dell. On a black bier-like sofa in this hollow, propped up behind with one great angular black bolster, like the block at a state execution in the good old times, sat his mother in a widow's dress.

She and his father had been at variance from his earliest remembrance. To sit speechless himself in the midst of rigid silence, glancing in dread from the one averted face to the other, had been the peacefulest occupation of his childhood. She gave him one glassy kiss, and four stiff fingers muffled in worsted. This embrace concluded, he sat down on the opposite side of her little table. There was a fire in the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a kettle on the hob, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a little mound of damped ashes on the top of the fire, and another little mound swept together under the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a smell of black-dye in the airless room, which the fire had been drawing out of the crape and stuff of the widow's dress for fifteen months, and out of the bier-like sofa for fifteen years.

"Mother, this is a change from your old active habits."

"The world has narrowed to these dimensions, Arthur," she replied, glancing round the room. "It is well for me that I never set my heart upon its hollow vanities."

The old influence of her presence and her stern strong voice, so gathered about her son, that he felt conscious of a renewal of the timid chill and reserve of his childhood.

"Do you never leave your room, mother?"

"What with my rheumatic affection, and what with its attendant debility or nervous weakness —names are of no matter now—I have lost the use of my limbs. I never leave my room. I have not been outside this door for—tell him for how long," she said, speaking over her shoulder.

"A dozen year next Christmas," returned a cracked voice out of the dimness behind.

"Is that Affery?" said Arthur, looking toward it.

The cracked voice replied that it was Affery; and an old woman came forward into what doubtful light there was, and kissed her hand once; then subsided again into the dimness.

"I am able," said Mrs. Clennam, with a slight motion of her worsted-muffled right hand toward a chair on wheels, standing before a tall writing-cabinet close shut up, "I am able to attend to my business duties, and I am thankful for the privilege. It is a great privilege. But no more of business on this day. It is a bad night, is it not?"

"Yes, mother."

'Does it snow?"

"Snow, mother? And we only yet in September?"

"All seasons are alike to me," she returned, with a grim kind of luxuriousness. "I know nothing of summer and winter, shut up here. The Lord has been pleased to put me beyond all that." With her cold gray eyes and her cold gray hair, and her immovable face, as stiff as the folds of her stony head-dress—her being beyond the reach of the seasons seemed but a fit sequence to her being beyond the reach of all changing emotions.

On her little table lay two or three books, her handkerchief, a pair of steel spectacles newly taken off, and an old-fashioned gold watch in a heavy double case. Upon this last object her son's eyes and her own now rested together.

"I see that you received the packet I sent you on my father's death safely, mother."

"You see."

"I never knew my father to show so much anxiety on any subject, as that his watch should be sent straight to you."

"I keep it here as a remembrance of your father."

"It was not until the last that he expressed the wish—when he could only put his hand upon it, and very indistinctly say to me, 'Your mother.' A moment before, I thought him wandering in his mind, as he had been for many hours—I think he had no consciousness of pain in his short illness—when I saw him turn himself in his bed and try to open it."

"Was your father, then, not wandering in his mind when he tried to open it?"

"No. He was quite sensible at that time."

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Mrs. Clennam shook her head; whether in dismissal of the deceased or opposing herself to her son's opinion, was not clearly expressed.

"After my father's death I opened it myself, thinking there might be, for any thing I knew, some memorandum there. However, as I need not tell you, mother, there was nothing but the old silk watch-paper worked in beads, which you found (no doubt) in its place between the cases, where I found it and left it."

Mrs. Clennam signified assent; then added, "No more of business on this day," and then added, "Affery, it is nine o'clock."

Upon this, the old woman cleared the little table, went out of the room, and quickly returned with a tray, on which was a dish of little rusks and a small precise pat of butter, cool, symmetrical, white, and plump. The old man who had been standing by the door in one attitude during the whole interview, looking at the mother up stairs as he had looked at the son down stairs, went out at the same time, and, after a longer absence, returned with another tray, on which was the greater part of a bottle of port wine (which, to judge by his panting, he had brought from the cellar), a lemon, a sugar basin, and a spice-box. With these materials, and the aid of the kettle, he filled a tumbler with a hot and odorous mixture, measured out and compounded with as much nicety as a physician's prescription. Into this mixture Mrs. Clennam dipped certain of the rusks and ate them; while the old woman buttered certain other of the rusks, which were to be eaten alone. When the invalid had eaten all the rusks and drunk all the mixture, the two trays were removed; and the books and the candle, watch, handkerchief, and spectacles were replaced upon the table. She then put on the spectacles and read certain passages aloud from a book—sternly, fiercely, wrathfully—praying that her enemies (she made them by her tone and manner expressly hers) might be put to the edge of the sword, consumed by fire, smitten by plagues and leprosy, that their bones might be ground to dust, and that they might be utterly exterminated. As she read on, years seemed to fall away from her son like the imaginings of a dream, and all the old dark horrors of his usual preparation for the sleep of an innocent child to overshadow him.

She shut the book and remained for a little time with her face shaded by her hand. So did the old man, otherwise still unchanged in attitude; so, probably, did the old woman in her dimmer part of the room. Then the sick woman was ready for bed.

"Good-night, Arthur. Affery will see to your accommodation. Only touch me, for my hand is tender." He touched the worsted muffling of her hand—that was nothing; if his mother had been sheathed in brass there would have been no new barrier between them—and followed the old man and woman down stairs.

The latter asked him, when they were alone together among the heavy shadows of the dining-room, would he have some supper?

"No, Affery, no supper."

"You shall if you like," said Affery. "There's her to-morrow's partridge in the larder—her first this year; say the word and I'll cook it."

No, he had not long dined, and could eat nothing.

"Have something to drink, then," said Affery; "you shall have some of her bottle of port, if you like. I'll tell Jeremiah that you ordered me to bring it you."

No; nor would he have that, either.

"It's no reason, Arthur," said the old woman, bending over him to whisper, "that because I am afeared of my life of 'em, you should be. You've got half the property, haven't you?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well then, don't *you* be cowed. You're clever, Arthur, an't you?"

He nodded, as she seemed to expect an answer in the affirmative.

"Then stand up against them! She's awful clever, and none but a clever one durst say a word to her. *He's* a clever one—oh, he's a clever one!—and he gives it her when he has a mind to't, he does!"

"Your husband does?"

"Does? It makes me shake from head to foot to hear him give it her. My husband, Jeremiah Flintwinch, can conquer even your mother. What can he be but a clever one to do that!"

His shuffling footstep coming toward them caused her to retreat to the other end of the room. Though a tall, hard-favored, sinewy old woman, who in her youth might have enlisted in the Foot Guards without much fear of discovery, she collapsed before the little keen eyed crab-like old man.

"Now Affery," said he, "now woman, what are you doing? Can't you find Master Arthur something or another to pick at?"

Master Arthur repeated his recent refusal to pick at any thing.

"Very well, then," said the old man; "make his bed. Stir yourself." His neck was so twisted that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear; his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether, he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down.

"You'll have bitter words together to-morrow, Arthur; you and your mother," said Jeremiah. "Your having given up the business on your father's death—which she suspects, though we have left it to you to tell her—won't go off smoothly."

"I have given up every thing in life for the business, and the time came for me to give up that."

"Good!" cried Jeremiah, evidently meaning

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Bad. "Very good! only don't expect me to stand between your mother and you, Arthur. I stood between your mother and your father, fending off this, and fending off that, and getting crushed and pounded betwixt them; and I've done with such work."

"You will never be asked to begin it again for me, Jeremiah."

"Good, I'm glad to hear it; because I should have had to decline it, if I had been. That's enough—as your mother says—and more than enough of such matters on a Sabbath night. Affery, woman, have you found what you want yet?"

She had been collecting sheets and blankets from a press, and hastened to gather them up, and to reply, "Yes, Jeremiah." Arthur Clennam helped her by carrying the load himself, wished the old man good-night, and went up stairs with her to the top of the house.

They mounted up and up, through the musty smell of an old close house, little used, to a large garret bedroom. Meagre and spare, like all the other rooms, it was even uglier and grimmer than the rest, by being the place of banishment for the worn-out furniture. Its movables were ugly old chairs with worn-out seats, and ugly old chairs without any seats; a threadbare patternless carpet, a maimed table, a crippled wardrobe, a lean set of fire-irons like the skeleton of a set deceased, a washing-stand that looked as if it had stood for ages in a hail of dirty soapsuds, and a bedstead with four bare atomics of posts, each terminating in a spike, as if for the dismal accommodation of lodgers who might prefer to impale themselves. Arthur opened the long low window, and looked out upon the old blasted and blackened forest of chimneys, and the old red glare in the sky which had seemed to him once upon a time but a nightly reflection of the fiery environment that was presented to his childish fancy in all directions, let it look where it would.

He drew in his head again, sat down at the bedside, and looked on at Affery Flintwinch making the bed.

"Affery, you were not married when I went away."

She screwed her mouth into the form of saying "No," shook her head, and proceeded to get a pillow into its case.

"How did it happen?"

"Why, Jeremiah, o' course," said Affery, with an end of the pillow-case between her teeth.

"Of course he proposed it, but how did it all come about? I should have thought that neither of you would have married; least of all should I have thought of your marrying each other."

"No more should I," said Mrs. Flintwinch, tying the pillow tightly in its case.

"That's what I mean. When did you begin to think otherwise?"

"Never begun to think otherwise at all," said Mrs. Flintwinch.

Seeing, as she patted the pillow into its place on the bolster, that he was still looking at her, as if waiting for the rest of her reply, she gave it a great poke in the middle, and asked, "How could I help myself?"

"How could you help yourself from being married?"

"O' course," said Mrs. Flintwinch. "It was no doing o' mine. *I*'d never thought of it. I'd got something to do, without thinking, indeed! She kept me to it when she could go about, and she could go about then."

"Well?"

"Well?" echoed Mrs. Flintwinch. "That's what I said myself. Well! What's the use of considering? If them two clever ones has made up their minds to it, what's left for *me* to do? Nothing."

"Was it my mother's project, then?"

"The Lord bless you, Arthur, and forgive me the wish!" cried Affery, speaking always in a low tone. "If they hadn't been both of a mind in it, how could it ever have been? Jeremiah never courted me; t'ant likely that he would, after living in the house with me and ordering me about for as many years as he'd done. He said to me one day, he said, 'Affery,' he said, 'now I am going to tell you something. What do you think of the name of Flintwinch?' 'What do I think of it?' I says. 'Yes,' he said; 'because you're going to take it,' he said. 'Take it?' I says. 'Jere-*mi*-ah?' Oh, he's a clever one!"

Mrs. Flintwinch went on to spread the upper sheet over the bed, and the blanket over that, and the counterpane over that, as if she had quite concluded her story.

"Well?" said Arthur again.

"Well?" echoed Mrs. Flintwinch again. "How could I help myself? He said to me, 'Affery, you and me must be married, and I'll tell you why. She's failing in health, and she'll want pretty constant attendance up in her room, and we shall have to be much with her, and there'll be nobody about now but ourselves when we're away from her, and altogether it will be more convenient. She's of my opinion,' he said, 'so if you'll put your bonnet on, next Monday morning at eight, we'll get it over.'" Mrs. Flintwinch tucked up the bed.

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Flintwinch, "I think so! I sits me down and says it. Well!—Jeremiah then says to me, 'As to banns, next Sunday being the third time of asking (for I've put 'em up a fortnight), is my reason for naming Monday. She'll speak to you about it herself, and now she'll find you prepared, Affery.' That same day she spoke to me, and she said, 'So, Affery, I understand that you and Jeremiah are going to be married. I am glad of it, and so are you, with reason. It is a very good thing for you, and very welcome under the circumstances to me. He is a sensible man, and a trustworthy man, and a persevering man, and a

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pious man.' What could I say when it had come to that? Why, if it had been—a Smothering instead of a Wedding," Mrs. Flintwinch cast about in her mind with great pains for this form of expression, "I couldn't have said a word upon it, against them two clever ones."

"In good faith, I believe so."

"And so you may, Arthur."

"Affery, what girl was that in my mother's room just now?"

"Girl?" said Mrs. Flintwinch in a rather sharp key.

"It was a girl, surely, whom I saw near you—almost hidden in the dark corner?"

"Oh! She? Little Dorrit? *She's* nothing; she's a whim of—hers." It was a peculiarity of Affery Flintwinch that she never spoke of Mrs. Clennam by name. "But there's another sort of girls than that about. Have you forgot your old sweetheart? Long and long ago, I'll be bound."

"I suffered enough from my mother's separating us, to remember her. I recollect her very well."

"Have you got another?"

"No."

"Here's news for you, then. She's well to do now, and a widow. And if you like to have her, why you can."

"And how do you know that, Affery?"

"Them two clever ones have been speaking about it. There's Jeremiah on the stairs!" she was gone in a moment.

Mrs. Flintwinch had introduced into the web that his mind was busily weaving, in that old workshop where the loom of his youth had stood, the last thread wanting to the pattern. The airy folly of a boy's love had found its way even into that house, and he had been as wretched under its hopelessness as if the house had been a castle of romance. Little more than a week ago, at Marseilles, the face of the pretty girl from whom he had parted with regret, had had an unusual interest for him, and a tender hold upon him, because of some resemblance, real or imagined, to this first face that had soared out of his gloomy life into the bright glories of fancy. He leaned upon the sill of the long low window, and looking out upon the blackened forest of chimneys again, began to dream. For it had been the uniform tendency of this man's life—so much was wanting in it to think about, so much that might have been better directed and happier to speculate upon—to make him a dreamer, after all.

CHAPTER IV.—MRS. FLINTWINCH HAS A DREAM.

When Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed, she usually dreamed unlike the son of her old mistress, with her eyes shut. She had a curiously vivid dream that night, and before she had left the son of her old mistress many hours. In fact it was not at all like a dream, it was so very real in every respect. It happened in this wise:

The bedchamber occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Flintwinch was within a few paces of that to which Mrs. Clennam had been so long confined. It was not on the same floor, for it was a room at the side of the house, which was approached by a steep descent of a few odd steps, diverging from the main staircase nearly opposite to Mrs. Clennam's door. It could scarcely be said to be within call, the walls, doors, and paneling of the old place were so cumbrous; but it was within easy reach, in any undress, at any hour of the night, in any temperature. At the head of the bed, and within a foot of Mrs. Flintwinch's ear, was a bell, the line of which hung ready to Mrs. Clennam's hand. Whenever this bell rang, up started Affery, and was in the sick room before she was awake.

Having got her mistress into bed, lighted her lamp, and given her good night, Mrs. Flintwinch went to roost as usual, saving that her lord had not yet appeared. It was her lord himself who became—unlike the last theme in the mind, according to the observation of most philosophers—the subject of Mrs. Flintwinch's dream.

It seemed to her that she awoke, after sleeping some hours, and found Jeremiah not yet abed. That she looked at the candle she had left burning, and measuring the time like King Alfred the Great, was confirmed by its wasted state in her belief that she had been asleep for some considerable period. That she arose thereupon, muffled herself up in a wrapper, put on her shoes, and went out on the staircase much surprised, to look for Jeremiah.

The staircase was as wooden and solid as need be, and Affery went straight down it without any of those deviations peculiar to dreams. She did not skim over it, but walked down it, and guided herself by the banisters on account of her candle having died out. In one corner of the hall, behind the house-door, there was a little waiting-room, like a well-shaft, with a long narrow window in it as if it had been ripped up. In this room, which was never used, a light was burning.

Mrs. Flintwinch crossed the hall, feeling its pavement cold to her stockingless feet, and peeped in between the rusty hinges of the door, which stood a little open. She expected to see Jeremiah fast asleep or in a fit, but he was calmly seated in a chair, awake, and in his usual health. But what—hey?—Lord forgive us!—Mrs. Flintwinch muttered some ejaculation to this effect, and turned giddy.

For, Mr. Flintwinch awake, was watching Mr. Flintwinch asleep. He sat on one side of a small table, looking keenly at himself on the other side with his chin sunk on his breast, snoring. The waking Flintwinch had his full front face presented to his wife; the sleeping Flintwinch was in profile. The waking Flintwinch was the old original; the sleeping Flintwinch was the double. Just as she might have distinguished between a tangible object and its reflection in a glass, Affery made out this difference with her head going round and round.

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If she had had any doubt which was her own Jeremiah, it would have been resolved by his impatience. He looked about him for an offensive weapon, caught up the snuffers, and, before applying them to the cabbage-headed candle, lunged at the sleeper as though he would have run him through the body.

"Who's that? What's the matter?" cried the sleeper, starting.

Mr. Flintwinch made a movement with the snuffers, as if he would have enforced silence on his companion by putting them down his throat; the companion coming to himself, said, rubbing his eyes, "I forgot where I was."

"You have been asleep," snarled Jeremiah, referring to his watch, "two hours. You said you would be rested enough if you had a short nap."

"I have had a short nap," said Double.

"Half-past two o'clock in the morning," muttered Jeremiah. "Where's your hat? Where's your coat? Where's the box?"

"All here," said Double, tying up his throat with sleepy carefulness in a shawl. "Stop a minute. Now give me the sleeve—not that sleeve, the other one. Ha! I'm not as young as I was." Mr. Flintwinch had pulled him into his coat with vehement energy. "You promised me a second glass after I was rested."

"Drink it!" returned Jeremiah, "and—choke yourself, I was going to say—but go, I mean." At the same time he produced the identical port-wine bottle, and filled a wine-glass.

"Her port-wine, I believe?" said Double, tasting it as if he were in the Docks, with hours to spare. "Her health."

He took a sip.

"Your health!"

He took another sip.

"His health!"

He took another sip.

"And all friends round Saint Paul's." He emptied and put down the wine-glass half-way through this ancient civic toast, and took up the box. It was an iron box some two feet square, which he carried under his arms pretty easily. Jeremiah watched his manner of adjusting it, with jealous eyes; tried it with his hands, to be sure that he had a firm hold of it; bade him for his life be careful what he was about; and then stole out on tiptoe to open the door for him. Affery, anticipating the last movement, was on the staircase. The sequence of things was so ordinary and natural, that, standing there, she could hear the door open, feel the night air, and see the stars outside.

But now came the most remarkable part of the dream. She felt so afraid of her husband, that being on the staircase, she had not the power to retreat to her room (which she might easily have done before he had fastened the door), but stood there staring. Consequently when he came up the staircase to bed, candle in hand, he came full upon her. He looked astonished, but said not a word. He kept his eyes upon her, and kept advancing; and she, completely under his influence, kept retiring before him. Thus, she walking backward and he walking forward, they came into their own room. They were no sooner shut in there, than Mr. Flintwinch took her by the throat, and shook her until she was black in the face.

"Why Affery, women—Affery!" said Mr. Flintwinch. "What have you been dreaming of? Wake up, wake up! What's the matter?"

"The—the matter, Jeremiah?" gasped Mrs. Flintwinch, rolling her eyes.

"Why, Affery, woman—Affery! You have been getting out of bed in your sleep, my dear! I come up, after having fallen asleep myself, below, and find you in your wrapper here, with the nightmare. Affery, woman," said Mr. Flintwinch, with a friendly grin on his expressive countenance, "if you ever have a dream of this sort again, it'll be a sign of your being in want of physic. And I'll give you such a dose, old woman—such a dose!"

Mrs. Flintwinch thanked him and crept into bed.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE public mind has been very much excited, during the month embraced in our Record, by apprehensions of difficulty between the United States and Great Britain. It was announced in the London *Times*, of October 25th, that the English Government had sent several vessels of war to reinforce its West India squadron, and that this had been done for the purpose of repressing the movements which were in progress in various cities of the United States for the invasion of countries with which we were at peace, and that Great Britain was determined to supply the ability which the American Government lacked to enforce its own laws. Such an article, echoed to some extent by other London journals which were known to enjoy the confidence and to represent the views of the British Ministry, was well calculated to create alarm both in England and the United States. Subsequent discussions showed that the British Government had disavowed the hostile intentions imputed to it by the London journals, and that the professed object of the reinforcement of the West India squadron was to intercept privateers, which, it was believed, were being fitted out in the Russian interest in American ports. This belief grew out of representations made by Mr. A. Barclay, the British Consul at New York, to the British Minister at Washington, concerning the bark *Maury*, which he thought was being fitted out for a privateer. An inquiry into the facts showed that she was engaged in the China trade, and that all the suspicions entertained by the British Consul concerning her were unfounded. The American Government, it is stated, have complained of the conduct of the British Minister and of some of the British

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Consuls in the United States, for their conduct in regard to enlisting recruits for the Crimea within the United States. The action taken in the matter, however, has not yet been made public. The letters of instructions written by Mr. Cushing, the Attorney General, to the District Attorney at Philadelphia, concerning the trials had at that city for violation of our Neutrality Laws, in the enlistment of recruits for the British service, have excited a good deal of indignation in England. In them he declared that the Government of Great Britain had been guilty of a flagrant violation of our sovereign rights, and that this national wrong had been doubled in magnitude by their instructions to their agents to proceed so as not to violate the laws of the United States.——Congress met at Washington on the 3d of December; but as we are compelled to close this Record on that day, we are unable, therefore, to present any account of its proceedings. ——The New York Election, which was mentioned in our last Record, resulted in the election of the American State officers. The vote for Secretary of State was: Headley, American, 146,001; King, Republican, 135,962; Hatch, Administration Democrat, 90,518; Ward, National Democrat, 58,394. In the State Senate are 17 Republicans, 11 Americans, and 4 Democrats. The Assembly will contain 48 Democrats, 42 Republicans, and 38 Americans.——The Maryland election resulted in the election of Purnell, Controller, who received 41,961 votes over Bowie, who received 39,160.—— At the election in Louisiana the Democratic ticket for State officers was elected; three Democrats and one American were elected to Congress.——In Mississippi the Democratic candidates for State officers and for Congress were elected.——The Georgia Legislature met at Milledgeville on the 5th of November. Governor Johnson's Message says that the State debt on the 20th of October was $2,644,222. In regard to national politics, the Governor urges the necessity of taking steps to resist the aggressions constantly made on the institution of Slavery. ——Governor Pease, in his Message to the Legislature of Texas, recommends the acceptance of the Act of Congress for the adjustment of the Texas debt, notwithstanding the result of the late election, which shows a majority of 2200 against it. The finances of Texas are in good condition, and the Governor recommends a reduction of the State tax.——In Alabama, Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick has been re-elected Senator in the Congress of the United States.——The Legislature of South Carolina met on the 26th of November. Governor Adams, in his Message, recommends a revision of the school system of the State, and such an amendment of the laws concerning colored seamen as will allow those from foreign countries to remain on board their vessels instead of being imprisoned. He rebukes the conduct of the State of Massachusetts in impeding the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, and concludes by saying that South Carolina will encounter the dangers of civil war rather than submit to the degradation and ruin which the agitation in regard to slavery threatens to bring upon her.——The anniversary of the victory gained by the Americans over the British in the Revolution, at King's Mountain, in the western part of North Carolina, was celebrated at that place on the 4th of October. Addresses were delivered by George Bancroft and William C. Preston. The exercises were of marked interest.

From *Kansas* we learn that the Free State Convention, which met at Topeka on the 27th of October, closed its session on the 11th of November, having formed a State Constitution which was to be submitted to the suffrages of the people on the 15th of December. This instrument declares that slavery shall not exist in the Territory after the 4th of July, 1857. A resolution was introduced approving the principle of the Nebraska Bill, but it was not passed. It also provides that married women are to be secured in their right of individual property, obtained either before or after marriage, and an equal right in the control and education of the children. In prosecutions for libel the truth may be given in evidence, and shall be deemed a justification. A State University and Normal Schools shall be established. The civilized and friendly Indians may become citizens of the State. Judges are to be elected by the people. Topeka is to be the capital temporarily, till the Legislature shall determine a site for a permanent location of the State buildings. If this Constitution is adopted by the people, an election for State officers is to be held on the third Tuesday of January.——A "Law and Order" Convention met at Leavenworth on the 14th of November. Governor Shannon was appointed President, and on taking the chair made some remarks to illustrate the importance of the Convention. He said that the late Legislature was a legal body, and that those who should refuse obedience to the laws it had enacted, would be guilty of treason against the State. Governor Reeder's election as a delegate to Congress he characterized as a revolutionary movement; and that the Free State men, in calling a Convention to form a Constitution, had taken a step which, if sanctioned by Congress, must lead to civil war. He urged the members of the Convention to adhere to the ground they had taken, and assured them that the Administration would sustain them. A series of resolutions was adopted by the Convention, embodying the same sentiments.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 5th of November. The Chinese were leaving the State in large numbers, in consequence of the heavy tax imposed upon them by the laws. One ship, which left San Francisco for Hong Kong, took four hundred of them as passengers. The official returns of the election for Governor give Johnson, American, 51,157 votes, and Bigler, Democrat, 46,220. An important discovery of gold deposits had been made at Table Mountain in Tuolumne County. Four men, three of whom were Mexicans and the other a German, were hung without trial for stealing cattle, in Stanislaus County, on the 20th of October. At Columbia, Tuolumne County, a young man named Smith was shot by one Barclay for rudeness to his wife. Barclay was hung by a mob the same night.

From *Oregon* we have information of serious Indian troubles. In Rogue River valley, where, in July last, several miners were murdered by the Indians, a volunteer company of 120 men was sent in pursuit of them, and a general fight ensued, in which the Indians were defeated with a loss of forty; twelve of the volunteers were seriously wounded, and one of them, Major Lupton, had died.——Major Haller, while on an expedition, was surrounded with his company by an immense number of Indians, in Yakima County, and were kept without food or water for several days. Reinforcements were sent to his aid by Governor Mason, but before they reached him, as his position was be-

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coming desperate, his troops fought for fifty hours against an overwhelming body of savages. They then charged through the savage horde, and retreated to the Dalles, with the loss of all the animals, provisions, and camp equipage belonging to the expedition. One cannon was spiked and left behind. In the battle and retreat nearly one-fifth of Major Haller's force was either killed or wounded. The Indians are represented to be well-armed, brave, and resolute. It is said that there has been a general combination among the Indians against the Americans, and it is feared that they will commit dreadful depredations, and inflict serious injuries on the inhabitants before they can be repulsed.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From *Nicaragua* we have news of decided interest. Our last Record mentioned the conquest of Granada by Colonel Walker, and his subsequent election to the Presidency of the Republic by the citizens. He declined the office in favor of General Corral, who had command of the government troops, but he declined, and Rivas was elected. At the request of a committee of citizens, Colonel Wheeler, the American Minister, visited the town of Rivas, where Corral was stationed with his troops, for the purpose of negotiating with him. By Corral's order he was detained as a prisoner, but was rescued by the threat of an attack upon the town from a steamboat sent up by his friends. His return was followed by an exchange of letters between General Corral and Mr. Wheeler, in which the former protested against the co-operation of the American Minister with the enemies of the Republic of Nicaragua, and Mr. Wheeler defended his course on the ground that he was influenced alone by the friends of Corral, the chief citizens and clergy of Granada, the tears of Corral's sisters and daughters, and by the pledge of the Secretary of War that his mission should be respected. On the 22d of October, however, a treaty of peace was concluded between the contending parties, General Corral surrendering to Walker at Granada, and agreeing to respect the existing authorities. Don Fruto Mayorza, late Secretary of State of the former government, and a prisoner on parole in the city of Granada, was detected in correspondence with the enemy outside, and, having been tried by a court-martial and found guilty, was shot on the public plaza on the morning of the 22d. Early in November several letters from Corral to one of the officers of the government army were intercepted, and he was put upon his trial at court-martial He was found guilty of having been in traitorous correspondence with the enemy, and by order of Colonel Walker was shot on the 8th. He met his fate with composure. Other arrests had been made, but no further trials had been had at the date of our latest advices. On the 10th of November the President of the Republic waited upon the American Minister, who formally recognized his government, and congratulated him on the end that had been put to the civil war, and the restoration of peace. He urged him to imitate the example of the Republic of the North, and said that the true policy of both countries was to declare and to maintain that the people of American republics can govern themselves; that no foreign power shall be allowed to control in the slightest manner their views, or interfere in the least degree with their interests. Their dignity, their rights and security as republics demand this, and the idea of any interference or colonization by any foreign power, on this side of the ocean, is utterly inadmissible. The President returned his thanks for the kind assurances of Colonel Wheeler, and expressed his profound respect for the institutions and government of the United States.——Colonel Kinney's colony was peaceful and prosperous. Emigrants in considerable numbers have joined him, and he has sent agents to the United States with authority to procure additional settlers.

MEXICO.

Sundry dissensions have arisen in the Ministry of the new President of Mexico, General Alvarez, but at the latest dates the Administration still stood firm. Irreconcilable differences of opinion are said to subsist between the ultras and the conservatives, and it is not believed that peace can long be maintained. The Minister of Finance had given great dissatisfaction by decrees he had issued, and had occasioned diplomatic remonstrances by suspending the payment of the Spanish Convention and delaying that of the French. General Vidaurri has addressed a letter to the American Government, complaining of the invasion of Mexico on the Rio Grande frontier, and especially of the fact that officers of the American army have been engaged in it. The pretext that this invasion is for the purpose of repelling the Indians, he says, can not be true, for Mexico constantly suffers from Indian depredations which the United States have agreed to repress.——Nothing new of any importance has taken place on the frontier. The war still continues, and serious dissensions have broken out in the Mexican army.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British public has been a good deal excited during the month by the demonstrations of the government and the press, which we have noticed elsewhere, indicating the possibility of hostilities with the United States. The opinion seems to be almost unanimous that a war between these two great nations at the present time would be an act of pure insanity, and that the causes mentioned for it are too frivolous to create a moment's uneasiness. The movements in this country which are regarded as indicative of hostile intentions, are charged to the account of the Presidential canvass which is so rapidly approaching, and the English Ministry are sharply censured for doing any thing to create fears of dissension between the two countries at this critical period.——Certain distinguished French exiles, at the head of whom was Victor Hugo, residing in the English Isle of Jersey, published, in a paper established by them, a disrespectful letter to the Queen, for which the journal was suppressed, and all connected with it were expelled from the island by the local authorities. The exiles drew up and signed a protest against this act, as contrary to the spirit of English law, and indicative of the subserviency of the British Government to the Emperor of France. For this, with the sanction of the Government, all the signers of the document were also expelled. Victor Hugo had declared his intention to remain and test the legal right of the authorities thus to expel him without trial.——A manifesto on behalf of the Republican party has been issued by Kossuth, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin, speaking of the fall of Sebastopol as an event which rendered certain the indefinite prolongation of the war, and as thus affording an opportunity for the people of Europe to renew the endeavor to secure their freedom. The people are

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every where called upon to organize and to contribute to a fund which shall afford the means of carrying on the war, when the flag of freedom shall have been raised. An address has also been issued to the people of the United States by the same parties, pointing to the recent demonstrations of Great Britain against this country as proof of the positive hostility of the allied powers, and calling upon them for contributions to the fund for the enfranchisement of Europe.——Three eminent bankers, Strahan, Paul, and Bates, who have for many years occupied a very prominent position in London, have been tried on charges of having converted to their own use securities deposited with them by their customers—convicted and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.——The Lord Mayor of London gave his usual annual banquet on the 9th of November, which was distinguished by the presence of many men of distinction. The French Embassador spoke of the alliance between France and England as resting upon an identity of interests, and as not to be dissolved by any human power. Lord Hardinge testified to the cordial good feeling which prevailed in the army between the French and English soldiers, and Lord Palmerston spoke of the good faith with which France had maintained the alliance, and of the bravery of the troops of all the three nations engaged in the war against Russia. It was regarded as significant of the temper of the large and influential company assembled on that occasion, that Lord John Russell was greeted with hisses when he rose to reply to a toast complimentary to the House of Commons.——Sir Hamilton Seymour, late British Embassador in Russia, has been appointed Minister at Vienna in place of Lord Westmoreland, who resigned. It will be remembered that Sir Hamilton was the Minister whose report of conversations with the Emperor Nicholas betrayed the designs of Russia upon Turkey, which led to the war.——M. Favre, a distinguished French engineer, has published the details of a plan by which, in his opinion, a tunnel can be built under the channel so as to connect the shores of England and France. He thinks it could be completed in five years at a cost of twenty millions of dollars.

FRANCE.

The closing of the grand Exhibition on the 15th of November is the only event of importance in France. It was attended with great interest. An immense multitude of people were in attendance, and the Imperial family were present. The Emperor delivered a speech in which he said that France, by this Exhibition, has commemorated the arts of Peace, because War only threatens disaster to those who provoke it, and from them must be taken guarantees for the security and independence of Europe. He desired a speedy and durable peace—one which shall leave France free to develop the marvelous products of human intelligence. But this peace, to be durable, must distinctly realize the objects for which the war was undertaken. At present Europe must decide who is right and who is wrong. This declaration will in itself be a vast step toward the solution of this difficulty. Indifference may prompt a calculating policy, but the final victory will be achieved by public opinion. Addressing the foreign representatives he said: "State to your countrymen that France has no national hatreds. Let, then, those who sincerely desire peace only pronounce for us or against us. For ourselves, let us (the nations allied in this great cause), without pause or rest, forge those arms which are necessary to carry out the objects of our union, and to our power let us add confidence in God." The prizes were afterward distributed—the United States receiving the largest proportion.——The American officers, Messrs. Delafield, Mordecai, and McClelland, after having first inspected the interior of Sebastopol on the Russian side, then the exterior from the allied side, the first before, the last after the fall of the southern portion, have returned as far as Marseilles, to which point the American Minister has just sent them, at their request, a permit from the French Government to examine all the military and naval establishments of France. These gentlemen were well received by both parties.

SWEDEN.

General Canrobert has been sent by the Emperor Napoleon on a mission to Sweden. This fact, with other circumstances, encourages the opinion that Sweden is about to join the Western Alliance. A pamphlet has recently been published at Stockholm, in which the expediency of such a union is discussed, and the conclusion is reached that the policy of Sweden can not differ from that of Europe; that is to say, it must tend to form a counterpoise to Russia. This can not take place, it is contended, unless the three Scandinavian states—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—are united together under the same government, and form one single state, preserving their distinct constitutions. Sweden can not take part against Russia unless she can look forward to the formation of a union of the North, guaranteed by the Western Powers. It is confidently expected, therefore, that at the opening of the spring campaign the Allies will have the important aid of these Northern states.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor has issued a ukase, dated October 15, declaring a levy of ten men for every ten thousand of the population throughout the empire, except in seven provinces. This new levy is the eighth which has taken place since the commencement of the war. Already fifty-two men in every thousand inhabitants have been raised over the *whole* empire, and in the *western half* sixty-four; and now comes a fresh conscription, making altogether about seventy men per one thousand souls. Count Lanskir, in announcing that he has been appointed Minister of the Interior, takes occasion to say that he is also regarded as the special representative of the nobility near the throne, and assures the nobles that their interests shall receive special care. He urges them, in return, to zealously execute all the plans of the government, and co-operate in the plans of the authorities.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Since the repulse of the Russians by the garrison at Kars, and the destruction of Kinburn by the Allies, no incident of any importance has taken place in the Crimea. General Simpson has been recalled, and Sir William Codrington appointed in his place. Prince Gortschakoff, in a general order to his troops dated October 18, announced that he had been authorized by his government to evacuate the Crimea if he should deem it judicious. He said he should not voluntarily abandon the country, though it might be found expedient to do so. The advance of the cold season seems to have put a stop to the movements of the Allies, and it is not expected that any important step will be taken until spring.

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Literary Notices.

The Lives of the British Historians, by EUGENE LAWRENCE. (C. Scribner.) It is remarkable that among all the great literary names of Great Britain, we have fewer personal details concerning her eminent historians than of almost any class of writers. The autobiographies of Gibbon and Hume, which are certainly the most characteristic compositions of their respective authors, and the stately biographical disquisition on the life of Robertson by Dugald Stewart, are still the most satisfactory sources of information which we possess in regard to their subjects. Mr. Lawrence has, accordingly, made a happy selection of themes for the present work. His volumes will fill a place in biographical literature that has been long vacant. They include elaborately prepared lives of the great historians just named, complete notices of Sir Walter Raleigh, Clarendon, Burnet, Smollett, and Goldsmith, with brief sketches of the early historians Gildas, Bede, Ingulphus of Croyland, Jeffrey of Monmouth, Matthew Paris, Robert Fabian, John Speed, and Sir Richard Baker, and of the more recent writers, as Camden, Carte, and others, the celebrity of whose names has been less than the use made of their collection of historic materials. Hume and Gibbon, though no favorites with the author, have received the greatest share of his attention. Their biographies are the prominent pieces in his work. He has brought to light every incident in their career which could be discovered by diligent research, and has labored on his materials with conscientious fidelity. His task, with regard to these historians, was one of no small delicacy. With an aversion to their skeptical, and indeed irreligious opinions, and with little sympathy with their peculiar traits of character, he was bound to do justice to their literary merits, and to exercise a serene charity toward their personal defects. In treating the subject he has acquitted himself with much ability. His discrimination and impartiality are equally conspicuous. His narrative of events is flowing and lively, while his critical remarks exhibit both the power of reflection and the love of justice. As regards the style of Mr. Lawrence, it must be confessed that occasionally it smells too much of the lamp. It abounds in artificial beauties rather than in the spontaneous graces of expression. He doubtless prefers Gibbon to Hume as a master of composition, and Macaulay to either. His terseness is sometimes almost epigrammatic, but without sufficient brilliancy of point to give it effect. With all the care which he has evidently bestowed on his diction, he does not escape certain inaccuracies that betray the unpracticed writer. At the same time, he exhibits excellent judgment, a cultivated taste, and a general aptitude for literary effort, which indicate future distinction in the field of letters. Mr. Lawrence is wholly unknown to us, and if these volumes are his first production, he is entitled to warm congratulations for his successful commencement as an author.

Notes on Central America, by E. G. Squier (Harper and Brothers), affords a new evidence of the activity and zeal of the author in geographical research, and the success with which he has explored the remote and comparatively unknown regions of the Western continent. Upon all subjects connected with the history, the natural features and resources, climate, population, productions, trade, and capabilities of Central America, as Mr. Squier justly remarks, there exists a profound and universal ignorance. In regard to the general geography of the country, with rare exceptions, we have little precise and accurate information. The few maps which are found in the archives of some of the States are scarcely superior to the rude tracings which the Indian makes on the sand as a guide to his companions on the war-path. The interior geography of the country is no less obscure than it was a hundred years ago. Most of the works written by foreigners on Central America have been vapid narratives of traveling adventures, founded on superficial observation, and filled with erroneous statements. As a general rule, their authors were not qualified for their task by education or habit. Exceptions to this remark, however, it is admitted by Mr. Squier, may be found in the works of Thompson, Henderson, Young, Roberts, Dunn, Bailey, and Crowe, which contain the record of many important facts and observations. The volume before us is certainly not deficient in richness and variety of contents. It opens with a general view of the geographical and topographical features of Central America, and an account of its climate and population—a complete survey is then presented of the republics of Honduras and San Salvador, and the work is brought to a close by a rich collection of notices on various miscellaneous topics. Mr. Squier is a singularly shrewd observer. Nothing seems to escape his vigilance. His eye is no less comprehensive than it is restless. His curiosity is not easily satisfied, nor does he soon tire in his researches. Ever on the alert, he detects a thousand incidents and relations, to which more languid inquirers are blind. His quick sympathies are a signal aid to his investigations. He loves to compare the most opposite manifestations of human character. He thus gathers up a rare store of ethnological knowledge. Combined in this work with the most ample statistical details, and exact local descriptions, are many lively pictures of national manners, reminiscences of personal experience, and sketches of romantic scenery, which give a perpetual charm to its perusal. Mr. Squier is equally at home on the banks of the forest stream and in the gay enjoyments of society, and hence the freshness of his narrative is never compromised by his devotion to geographical accuracy. A very important chapter of his work is devoted to the proposed interoceanic railway through Honduras.

Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, by HENRY REED. (Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan.) In this posthumous volume by the late lamented Professor Reed, we have another evidence of the delicacy of his taste, his various and elegant culture, and his cordial appreciation of the great master-pieces of English literature. It consists of two courses of lectures on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare and on Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by the dramas of King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello. The plan of the work is novel, and is executed with considerateness and original thought. Mr. Reed was less a man of genius than of rare poetic taste, but his suggestions

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are always fresh and living, bearing a decided mark of individuality, and appealing to the highest instincts of susceptible minds. The influence of Coleridge and Wordsworth is, of course, not dimly perceptible in the views of Professor Reed (as he was probably exceeded by no man in enthusiastic admiration of those philosophical poets), but he was not their servile disciple, nor did the lessons so faithfully learned in their school impair the freedom and productiveness of his own mind. Several extracts from his private correspondence have been judiciously added to the volume, in the form of notes, illustrative of the matter in the text, and showing the delightful simplicity, gentleness, and purity of the writer. The work has been edited with pious affectionateness by the brother of Mr. Reed, to whom the public is indebted for the issue of the former series of his Lectures on English Literature. The original notes which the editor has furnished, are usually appropriate and valuable, though perhaps not wholly free from obtrusiveness in the urgent expression of personal opinions. We are glad to receive an intimation of his purpose to prepare a memoir of the life and correspondence of Professor Reed, which, we trust, will be fulfilled at no distant day. Every memorial of such an accomplished scholar and admirable man must be gratefully welcomed by all sincere lovers of literary talent and moral worth.

The Library of Standard Letters, edited by Mrs. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, is announced by Mason Brothers as a new literary enterprise, which we think can not fail of commanding an extensive patronage. The plan contemplates the republication of selections from the correspondence of eminent writers in the different periods of modern history, including letters of the celebrated wits of Queen Anne's time, of favorite English authors of a more recent period, and of some of the brilliant models of epistolary composition in France. The first volume of the "Library" is issued, containing the letters of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter and one or two other correspondents, from the English translation, published in London in 1811, with explanatory and illustrative notes. The selection of this correspondence for the opening volume strikes us as judicious, although Madame de Sévigné has little of the sparkling persiflage and erratic sentiment which characterize so many of the popular French letter-writers. She was a woman of great personal dignity, of unimpeached correctness of morals in a corrupt court, of peculiar sobriety of judgment, and showing no intensity of passion, except in her ardent attachment to her daughter. Her letters partake of the propriety and equilibrium of her character. They are remarkable for their natural graces of style, their lively portraitures of the manners of the age, and the quiet ease of their narrative portions. As authentic illustrations of an extraordinary historical epoch, they claim the attention of modern readers, and can not be consulted without advantage, although in interest and fascination they will probably be surpassed by many succeeding volumes of the promised series.

The Skeptical Era in Modern History, by T. M. POST. (Charles Scribner.) The design of this work is to show the connection between the infidelity of the eighteenth century and the spiritual despotism of the previous age. Believing that an era of democratic liberty in church, state, and society is rapidly approaching, the author is anxious to determine the condition of the religious sentiment which will accord with that political and social order of the world. In his opinion, the progress of freedom will be favorable to religious faith. He sustains this view by examining the history of thought in its transition from the spiritual authority of the Middle Ages to the repudiation of faith in the last century. After an ample survey of the whole ground, he arrives at the conclusion that the great defection of Christendom from the Christian religion in the period alluded to was owing less to speculative than to moral causes—that the quarrel was less with Christianity than the Church—or, at least, was with Christianity because of the Church. A revolt was declared against the Church on account of its championship or indulgence of political or social wrongs, and hence, in order to prevent a similar movement in these days, Christianity must be the great leader and guardian of reform, the religion of amelioration, emancipation, and progress. In conducting his argument the author employs a great variety of vivid illustration, and even sometimes weakens his statements by an excess of rhetorical glow. His work will be deemed a seasonable contribution to the Protestant and Catholic controversy, and will furnish the opponents of spiritual despotism with many formidable weapons.

Napoleon at St. Helena, by J. S. C. ABBOTT (Harper and Brothers), is devoted to an account of the last years of Napoleon during his exile under the command of the British Government. Commencing with the voyage to St. Helena, of which it gives an interesting narrative, it proceeds to describe the daily routine of the fallen Emperor from his landing on the island till his death. The record of his conversations on a great variety of topics is full of interest, and tends to confirm the views presented by Mr. Abbott in his biography of Napoleon.

Poems of Home and Travel, by BAYARD TAYLOR. (Boston: Ticknor and Fields.) Bayard Taylor's poetry holds a cherished place in many American hearts. It is of a character to retain its influence over the affections, by which it has once been prized. Appealing ever to the higher sentiments of our nature, rich in the graces of picturesque expression, and interspersed with the subtlest essences of thought, it is no less adapted to win permanent fame than to challenge immediate popularity. In this volume Mr. Taylor has collected such pieces from the "Rhymes of Travel," and the "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," as he deems worthy of preservation, adding to them a number of new poems written since the appearance of his "Poems of the Orient." Of these later pieces, "The Wind and Sea," "My Dead," "Sunken Treasures," "The Mariners," are the most striking, and will be universally regarded as admirable specimens of imaginative composition.

The Mystic, and other Poems, by PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. (Ticknor and Fields.) In the extraordinary poem called "Festus," the author of this volume gained a strong band of admirers by the wild daring of his imagination, his audacious freedom of thought, the mystic grandeur of his speculations, and the gorgeous splendors of his diction. His friends will, doubtless, recognize their idol in the contents of this work. But without claiming to belong to the initiated, we must own that to us these poems appear to combine the most repulsive features of "Festus," while they exhibit none of

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its redeeming points. Their themes lie beyond the range of natural and healthy human sympathies, and can only be relished by the victims of a morbid curiosity or ill-regulated aspiration. The poet attempts to bring the secrets of the supernatural within the domain of experience. Leaving the broad platform of revelation for Oriental legends and Platonic dreams, he plunges into the depths of "Chaos and Old Night," where he finds nothing but fantastic shapes, and grim, wondrous, frightful apparitions. Such subjects can never be made agreeable by the charms of poetry. They minister no wholesome nutriment to the intellect, and can only gratify a diseased fancy. "The Mystic" is intended to illustrate the ancient reverie of the soul's pre-existence. The hero is a weird, unearthly personage, who is introduced to us as "the initiate of the light, the adopted of the water of the sun." With this dim twilight on his antecedents, we are further informed that "he lived a three-fold life through all the ages;" indeed, his soul "seven times leavened with its light the world." First, he roamed lordly through God's homely universe, speaking to earth the lore of stars, and "instating" mankind in the truths symboled by nature in "gem, bloom, and wing" (or, as Agassiz would say, the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms). Grounded in the sacred cipher of nature, he read the language of the light, inscribed with myths in templed tome and hieroglyphic columns, till initiate and perfect in mysteries, he graduated triumphant. This, however, would seem to have been a superfluous novitiate, for we learn soon after that he received the starry stamps at his birth, and every limb held commune with its god. Endowed with "planetary gifts plenipotent," what need had he of the protracted Egyptian education? He had riches from the moon, mind-wealth from the sun, delight in beauteous shapes and in blue and dewy eyes from love's star. "The god of psychopompous function" had a certain share in these sublime endowments, but it is so obscurely indicated that we had rather not commit ourselves on the subject. At last, having fought his way through flood and flames, helped by good demons, hindered by the bad, he "fainted in perfection," and found that death was life "in the coffined core of the heaven-wedding pyramid." Like the estates of rich men among their heirs, he was now divided among the gods, the stars claimed their portion in his remains, and he became the object of love on earth and adoration in heaven. His head fell to the share of the sun, his eyes to the starry souls, and his redundant hair to the watery powers. But while "time's arid rivulet through its glassy gorge lapsed ceaseless," other metemphychoses were in reserve for the wonderful being. He was next born in a most remarkable, if not most immaculate, manner. As a consecrated damsel was sporting with her fellow-maidens by "Gunga's wave," she was "clasped by a cloud of sunset glory and circumfused with vital brilliance," of whom "dropping," the immortal aspirant of life came down "through the star-gates of the high luminous land." After four or five similar experiences, he becomes "initiate, mystic, perfected, epopt, illuminate, adept, transcendent;" but he has not yet reached the goal—for, "ivy-like, he lived and died, and again lived, resuscitant." He makes splendid progress all the while. His "hyperthral heart," in temple-like totality, was held open to all heaven. At last, he became master of all gifts, "seals and signs of radiant force and triply perfect power." He was taught truths which "passed all search, all height, all depth, all bound, of interspheral orders, and their rise, action, and central end." His nebulous thoughts were grouped in firmamental unities. Here the weird history breaks off somewhat abruptly, though no reason appears why it should not have continued its monotonous drone through interminable "eons." The versification of this poem is a rough and rugged kind of blank verse, interlarded with strange, pedantic epithets, and constantly jarring the ear by its harsh inversions. In its form, then, no less than in its theme, "The Mystic" will be repulsive to the lover of natural, poetic beauty, and must be pronounced a rash and profitless experiment to ingraft the obsolete vagaries of Neo-Platonism upon the æsthetic sense and religious feeling of the present age. Of the two other poems in this volume, the "Spiritual Legend" is a tissue of theosophic jargon, while the "Fairy Tale" is a sweet and beautiful fantasy.

A Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus and on the Calculus of Variations. By EDWARD H. COURTENAY. This posthumous work by the late distinguished Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia is the most profound and exhaustive treatise ever produced by an American author upon the subject of which it treats. It is, at the same time, so clear and precise in its method that it can be used with profit as a College textbook. The Differential Calculus contains elegant investigations of Lagrange's theorem, and of the formula for the radius of curvature of curved surfaces. The Integral Calculus embraces full discussions of the method of solving differential equations. The Calculus of Variations is so presented and applied as to divest it of much of the forbidding aspect which it has heretofore presented to the student. We can confidently recommend this treatise to the attention of those who cultivate the higher branches of mathematics. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.)

The Testimony of an Escaped Novice, by JOSEPHINE M. BUNKLEY (Harper and Brothers), is the authentic narrative of the young Virginian lady whose flight from the Convent of St. Joseph, in Emmettsburgh, was a matter of such general notoriety several months since. It is a work of uncommon interest. Unlike the romances of conventual life, in which the imagination is largely drawn upon for incident and adventure, this is a simple and inartificial record of personal experience, written with no attempt to act on the sympathies of the reader by high-colored statements or pathetic appeals, and disclosing the daily routine within the interior of a "religious house," in a manner which bears every mark of verisimilitude. Miss Bunkley describes the steps by which she was led to renounce Episcopacy for Catholicism, her motives for wishing to become a nun, and the reasons which impelled her to abandon the vocation. With no aim at effective writing, her descriptions are singularly graphic, the facts which she unfolds are in the highest degree curious, and numerous secrets of the nunnery are brought to light, concerning which the public has heretofore had no authentic information. The volume is throughout decorous in its details, and though not suited to gratify a prurient love of scandal, is filled with revelations that can not be read without equal interest and astonishment.

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The Poets and Poetry of America, by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. (Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan.) So rapid is the development of poetry in this country, that the indefatigable editor of the present volume must needs be preternaturally vigilant in order to keep pace with its progress. In this edition of his popular work he has continued his record to the latest date, introducing the names of several new aspirants for poetical fame, and enlarging many of his previous notices by additional biographical incidents and more copious extracts. One gratifying feature of Dr. Griswold's literary chronicle is the evidence which it affords of the improvement in the poetic art by our native writers. Not that the great lights of American poetry, as Bryant, Dana, Halleck, and other names belonging to an elder generation, are in danger of eclipse from any modern imitators or rivals; but the number of the latter is constantly receiving fresh accessions, superior in point of cultivation, of skill in composition, and of true poetic genius, to the general standard of an earlier day. The specimens contained in the volume before us give a striking illustration of this fact. Compare Whittier, Wendel Holmes, Poe, Saxe, Wallace, Parsons, Lowell, Buchanan, Read, Boker, Bayard Taylor, and Stoddard, to mention no other names, with the Connecticut bards of the olden time, Trunbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow, or with the now forgotten Alsop, Honeywood, Clifton, Paine, Munford, and others of a similar calibre, and our remark will be verified. In preparing his volume Dr. Griswold has evidently aimed at preserving an accurate historical illustration of American poetry, rather than at furnishing a collection of choice specimens of the art. Many of the pieces which he has preserved do not merit a second reading, except in the point of view alluded to, and would certainly receive no attention from the gatherer of a model anthology. The critical notices which accompany the extracts in this work generally combine discrimination with kindness, although they will probably fail to satisfy the members of the sensitive race whose conflicting positions they attempt to adjust.

Among the novels of the month a new work by FANNY FERN, called *Rose Clark* (Mason Brothers), is one of the most noteworthy, as illustrating the ability of that popular authoress in the composition of a sustained narrative. The plot of the story is of an unpretending character, free from extravagant incidents and artificial complications, and deriving its interest from the natural pictures of life in the experience of the heroine. Left an orphan in infancy, and exposed to the usual trials of adverse fate, Rose Clark develops a sweet feminine nature, and wins both sympathy and admiration by her noble womanly bearing in the most perplexing circumstances. Several striking episodes are woven into the principal narrative, highly spiced with the pungent satire for which the authoress possesses such a remarkable gift. The personages in the story are represented with most distinct individuality. They are certainly drawn from the life, whether or not they are taken from actual prototypes. Aunt Dolly, Mrs. Markham, Mr. Balch, John, and Gertrude, are veritable beings of flesh and blood, and appear more like reminiscences then inventions. The story, though still too fragmentary for any but the worshipers of Sterne, has a more continuous movement, and is more smoothly rounded in its details than the writer's former productions. It will be read with interest for its terseness of expression and vivacity of description, and in tone and temper will be deemed a marked improvement on "Ruth Hall."

The Elm-Tree Tales, by F. IRENE BURGE SMITH (Mason Brothers), is a collection of original sketches, written in an unaffected style, and containing many passages of quiet beauty and pathos. They describe the lights and shades of social life, both in city and country, and, without any parade of sentiment, exhibit true feeling, and appeal to a wide circle of sympathies.

Friedel; an Autobiography, translated from the German of VAN HORN, by Mrs. C. M. SAWYER (Philadelphia: G. Collins), is a pleasing story portraying the manners of rural life in Germany some hundred years ago. It shows the German naïveté of narrative, and contains an excellent moral beneath its lively pictures. Mrs. Sawyer has succeeded in rendering the original into very readable English.

Winnie and I (J. C. Derby), introduces itself abruptly without bow or courtesy, author's name or preface, but soon makes friends with the reader by its genial air of domesticity, and the freshness and fragrance of its rural descriptions. The opening chapter shows a weakness for "fine-writing," and is quite too stately for the occasion; but the narrative becomes more natural as it advances, and before the close gains upon the heart of the reader by its true pathos. With no parade of vivacity or vigor, the composition of this story betrays a fine natural taste, and abounds in scenes of delicate beauty.

An appropriate gift-book for the season may be found in *Frank Leslie's Port-Folio of Fancy Needle Work*, edited by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, and published by Stringer and Townsend. It contains instructions in the various branches of embroidery, with a great variety of illustrative designs, and is a work both of utility and beauty.

Several new juvenile works make their appearance with the approach of the winter holidays, among which we have examined, and can make a favorable report of three volumes of *Translations* from the French and German, by TRAUERMANTEL, consisting of legends, sketches, and narratives (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.); *Curious Stories about Fairies*, a wonderful book for young imaginations (Ticknor and Fields); *The Mysterous Story Book*, *Out of Debt Out of Danger*, by COUSIN ALICE, and *Uncle John's First and Second Books* (Appleton); and *Prince Life*, by G. P. R. JAMES (J. S. Dickerson).

Stringer and Townsend have issued a noticeable essay on the subject of *Postal Reform*, by PLINY MILES, who has devoted his attention for some time past to the investigation of postal arrangements both in the United States and England. He urges a complete modification of the franking privilege, the establishment of uniform rates of postage throughout the country, and an organization for the delivery of letters in all cities and large towns, together with several other important changes, which, in his opinion, are imperatively required by the public convenience. Mr. Miles has collected a great variety of statistical facts illustrative of his subject, and enforces his suggestions with a cogency of reasoning that must in due time make an impression on our national Legislature.

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Editor's Table.

LITERATURE OF BUSINESS.—There is so much activity of mind in every department of modern life, that it naturally seeks to express itself in literature as well as in labor. The hands ply their busy skill, converting the raw materials of nature into various forms of utility and beauty, and collecting in vast masses the resources of trade and commerce. But they are not the only workers; for such pursuits can not long engage the attention of men without the presence of thought. Toil is the parent of intelligence. It rouses the intellect to think. It not only cultivates the powers of calculation, sagacity, and management, but it advances to a point beyond its own immediate necessities, and connects the relations of business with those great objects that lie within the range of moral and social sentiments. Labor is not a mere earthly law. It is not simply an economic institution, consulting the wants of the animal part of man, and having no higher meaning than the bread which feeds his hunger or the raiment that covers his nakedness. It is not a commercial machinery to make money and accumulate the means of luxury for a leisure future. Labor is a most significant portion of the intellectual, moral, social machinery of the world. It is a discipline of virtue—a trial of character. Nature ordains it as a sacrament, in which she binds herself and man to certain conditions of promise and performance. Not unmindful of its claims, Revelation incorporates it into the Decalogue, associates its repose with the Sabbath, sanctifies its authority, and lays a special emphasis on its obligations. We have in these facts the foundation of the Literature of Business.

If our aim were to present an ideal of literature in this department of mind, we should attach the first importance to the infusion of that moral spirit into its thought which is the primary law of all truthful art. Christianity must inspire the intellect that now seeks to improve the world. Society has outgrown the delusions of a false philosophy, and the meagre satisfactions of an earth-born materialism. It has reached a development that acknowledges religious virtue as its conservative force, and human brotherhood as the end of all institutions. Literature must therefore have a moral soul, if it would exert any great degree of intellectual influence. In the pursuit of mere gratification; in the exercise of taste on tasteful grounds alone; it may afford to do without a high purpose. But if it devote itself to humanity, and write thoughts that are to speak the everlasting sentiments of its nature, it must have the earnest simplicity and vigorous motive that are born out of a divine zeal for the genuine interests of the world. This spirit has begun to show itself in our modern literature. Looking beyond the external attitude of the working-man, it has found beneath the bronzed face and soiled garments the true image of manhood. It has listened to the music which the beating heart throbs perpetually into the ear of God, and caught the key-note of its strains. The humble laborer is no more a drudge. A creature of infinite hopes and divine instincts, he is not a machine for capital to employ for its selfish remuneration, or ambition to sport with for its unhallowed pleasures. The image of God is stamped upon him, and that image lifts him above his circumstances, and pleads for his immortal rights. Who that remembers how Christianity sought its apostles among publicans and fishermen—how Christ himself was the carpenter's son—how the gospel was first known by being a gospel for the poor—who that realizes the moral sublimity of these facts can mistake the position and prospects of the laboring classes! There was a prophecy in the act that chose these men to reform the world. The masses of the people were henceforth to originate the intellect and the heart which were destined to govern the life of men; and literature, yielding to this divine authority, must embody the redeeming truth in its strongest, noblest eloquence. Not a few of the best writers of the age—such writers as Chalmers, Channing, and Dewey—have caught this spirit, and infused it into their works. Others, like Dickens and Kingsley, have adopted it in fiction, and touched the sensibilities of thousands by its pathos. If we go back to the time of Hannah More, who was the Christian pioneer in this style of literature, and compare the general state of cultivated intellect as it regards the appreciation of poverty and labor with what it now is, we can not fail to see that society has made a marked progress in the depth of its sympathies, in so far as their expression in literature is concerned. In nothing has the press been a more valuable auxiliary to the pulpit than in enforcing the great lesson that the people, and not caste or class, are the strength of government, the agents of Providence, the hope of the world.

Turning to what may be called the secular portion of Business Literature, we find that much has been done in the way of teaching those principles of action which are essential to success. The names of Franklin and Cobbett will occur to the intelligent reader as the men of mark in this department. To the genius of Franklin must be accorded no common praise for its devotion to these humble topics. A man of strong and sturdy intellect, who saw every practical truth in a focus of clear light, and had a singularly native manner of giving to his reader not only what he possessed but his own personal manner of grasping it, he was admirably fitted to be an expositor of the virtues of homely thrift and every-day industry. It is not his true distinction that he was born and reared outside of the conventionalisms of human life, but that, in all his prosperous fortune, he kept his heart among the people, and never forgot that he was one of them. A man who could thus retain the simplicity of childhood was the man to change an Almanac from a record of time into a means of pleasant and weighty instruction. Powerful in little things no less than in things that were great, he interpreted the wants of the day, and put them in proverbs that can never die out of the memories of men. No doubt he dwelt too much on the mere worldly aspects of prudence, and confined himself too closely within the boundaries of a cold and calculating materialism; but nevertheless, he left many a thought that contains a higher meaning than he apprehended. The best of men may learn much from his insight and sententiousness, and he can never cease to be regarded as an example of what a benevolent intellect can do when it prizes

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usefulness as a law of action. Other laborers, too, have entered on this field. Some have gone into its fruitful valleys, others to its heavenward summits. Here is Burgh, with his "Dignity of Human Nature," and his many valuable hints for the ordering of human life. Here is Arthur Helps, with his "Hints to Men of Business," full of philosophic and practical wisdom. Here is Freedly's "Essays on Business," with its formularies to guide the speculator, and its judicious advice to young men entering on the struggles of the world. Here is Arthur's "Successful Merchant," with its elevated morality and lofty Christian industry, directed by acute intelligence and sustained by spiritual devotion. Here, too, are women worthy of honorable mention—such women as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Sedgewick.

It is, perhaps, difficult to estimate the amount of service that this kind of literature has rendered to the world. And yet, certain facts are palpable. It has succeeded in showing that labor is a much higher interest than political economy regards it, and that it is intimately identified with the intellectual and moral growth of society. It has evoked, demonstrated, and illustrated the great thought that underlies all this bustle of the crowded thoroughfare. It has taught the souls of men to hear other sounds in the working of the steam-engine, and the confused din of noisy factories, than the friction which stuns the outward ear. In this mighty whirl they listen to the earthly tones of that anthem to which men are now marching to recover their sovereignty over the material world. Nor is this all its work. For as it exhibits the curse of sin, as seen in the derangement of human relations—in the prevalence of sorrow and suffering—in the thoughts that bewilder us as we explore the problems of our being, and look anxiously into those sullen mysteries that so often gather closely about us—it points to that serene faith which, in the absence of knowledge, tells the heart that trust is the highest wisdom, and love the richest treasure of the universe. Its truest, grandest office is to bring Christianity into the factory, into the counting-room, into the exchange, and press upon the heart of toil and business that it needs the presence of the redeeming Christ to ennoble and to bless its labors and struggles. Yes, yes; not at the fireside alone must Christianity have its precious priesthood of affection; not merely at the altar, where youthful love breathes its vows, must it seal the word and clasp those plighted hearts in its holy embrace; nor only at the grave must its voice utter that sublime language of hope and consolation, which the eloquence of classical antiquity never knew; but Christianity must preside over the daily deeds of life, and convert the dusty pathway, where men jostle and crowd and strive, into an avenue to a better world. Intellect! what is it without the support and guardianship of this Christian faith? What symbol of its weakness can the universe give! The bee can teach us geometry, and the bird can instruct us in art. The butterfly surpasses our gayest adorning, and the lion mocks our proudest strength. The lily shames our purity, and the dew-drop is a vaster world than we can build. Faith takes us in our nothingness, and raises us to a height but little "lower than the angels." And it is only as this faith penetrates literature and life that men can subdue the grossness of their fallen nature, and ascend to the true import and enjoyment of their being.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have all been talking about Thackeray's new lectures and Longfellow's new poem. They have been the literary events of the month, and their interest is not ended when the month is. Somehow it seems to be a bad year for the Muses and their ministers. The beautiful poem of "Maud," that irradiated the summer, making "a purer sapphire melt into the sea," was derided and voted a failure. Thackeray's first lecture made the head of the public shake, and Longfellow's poem is only half liked.

We sit in the Chair, and hear the gossip and have our own opinions. It is so hard to know how to value criticism. Who has a right to criticise? Is it criticism of a picture when Jones says he does not like it? or when Jenkins says that he does? Is it criticism of a lecture when Mrs. Crocodile says it's odious and very naughty; and, while a lecturer is sadly saying grave things, little Rosamund Rouge sits blushing as if she had been insulted? Is it criticism of a poem for Smith to say that it is not what he expected?

Yet if it seems foolish in the individual case, it is not in the general. Art addresses itself to every body. An artist has no right to shield himself behind the technicalities of his art. If the public cries out to him, "I don't see your drift," or "I don't like your drift," may he turn upon it and call it names, and deride its dullness and imbecility? For whom is the picture painted? You laugh at Jones's judgment. Is it any better when it is an opinion of a million-Jones power? Is the work not performed for Jones? Is not the artist the middle-man between nature and Jones?

All this has its reason. What a pity that there are always two sides to a thing! We thought "Maud" a lovely poem, and did not think it necessary to state that it was not "Paradise Lost," nor any thing else which it was not. If a friend comes in a new dress, we are not anxious to say, "Why didn't you choose something prettier?" It is the friend, not the dress. It is, also, the poet, the man, the individuality, quite as much as the poem. What charms us in great works is quite as much the sense of power in the worker, as the beauty and success of the work. It is the vague and perfectly intelligible thing called manner. Shall we not drink nectar because it is offered in a tea-cup? "Maud" is labeled a failure. There is no public appeal from the decision of the public. We sit in our Chair and believe in "Maud" still.

There is a feeling of disappointment in Thackeray's Lectures upon the Georges. Mumm, the eminent favorite of Lyceums, is fully persuaded that the four-headed club will not knock him and all his friends out of sight. Nobody, certainly, would be so sorry as the brandisher of that club if it did. And as to the facts, we must remember that the prestige of novelty was gone from the lecturer. We had had him. We had seen him and heard him. His look, his voice, his manner, his method of treatment, were familiar to us. And we *are* capricious. We crown our kings upon the very highest throne to-day, and we tumble them into the kennel to-morrow. Do you remember the Dicken's ovation—the Ole Bull furore—the Fanny Ellsler frenzy—the Jenny Lind enthusiasm—the Kossuth excitement; do you not feel that the chapter of American glory is closed for them?

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"No spring shall e'er visit their mouldering urn."

Look at it; how mossy it is already! How ashamed we already are of having erected it! It is about four years since Kossuth came.

Thackeray himself was no novelty. Then his subject was nearly related to the one which had enchanted us all before. In the Lectures upon the Humorists he had dealt with the life of the last century from the most generally interesting point of view. He had grouped it around its most famous men. He had explored it like a lover, and his appreciation of the men he discussed was as tender and true as that of a lover. They had been his models to some extent, and they were, so far as is possible with such an iconoclast, his idols. There remained only one other great point of view for the century which could be generally interesting. That was the social view. It was the age of wits and dandies. And social organization so near our own times, and yet so different from our own spirit, could not fail to command our interest. The century was to be grouped around the men of society; around Selwyn, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Horace Walpole, and Chesterfield—around the beaux and the politicians, with the episodes of court life, the dreadful dullness of Farmer George and Dame Charlotte—the debauchery of the first George and the dandyism of the last.

For his own reasons Mr. Thackeray preferred another treatment. His lectures were collections of court gossip, illuminated by an occasional vivid sketch of the *personnel* of the court. But he looked at the men from the times, instead of regarding the times from the men. Now an audience is more interested in persons than things, and so far he lost some sympathy. Perhaps, too, he did not sufficiently remember the extreme foreignness of much of the detail of those times to America and Americans.

He had his own reasons for his own treatment. To our minds the Thackeray talent was in them all. The deep undertone of sadness—the grave indignation with the atrocious humbug of the old system—the dreadful democracy, which is strong by clear and calm perception. They were lighted all through with great gushes of wit. Men were painted by a word, spitted upon an epigram, mourned in an episode. They were a sweeping glance over an immense ground. So much lies in that century; over so much human destiny those poor sprats of Georges nominally presided! Such a rich track of history is marked with their name! If there had been a really good man among them, or one really great; if there had been any thing more than dull negative virtues, quite overborne by positive incapabilities, obstinacies, and sins; if there had been any fine touches of heroism in their long and unlovely lives, we might recall their names with some pride, and remember their reigns with some pleasure. But they were as ordinary men in capacity, and three of them quite extraordinary in vice as may be met in history. They have no business in history. They have done nothing for which they should be well mentioned. They are a prodigious argument, a hundred years long, against the social organization which requires such humiliation as honoring them implies. If you must have a nose of wax, a simulacrum called king, why not go to Thibet and import a Grand Lama. It is inexpensive and can not disgrace you, nor put a man to the blush by his consciousness that he is honoring a principle he reveres in a person he despises.

That is the tremendous moral of these lectures, and for that reason, if for no other, they would be of the greatest value. It is a moral which, of course, we Americans extract more naturally than an Englishman. But it is all there.

There could not well be any thing more amusing than Mumm's assertion that Thackeray was trying to palm himself off upon the Americans as a democrat. Surely no one who has ever read Thackeray's books with understanding, has failed to see how they are full of the truest democracy. Also, he is a man of too much sagacity and knowledge of the world to try such a purely transparent trick in America. There is a degree of absurdity in conduct which it is too absurd to attribute. Mr. Thackeray's appeal in this country, and every where, is to intelligent men. Does any man of that kind suppose he does not know better than any body the inevitable result of any "clap-trap." We should be very cautious about measuring others by ourselves. It is just possible that you and this Easy Chair, if we went to England and France, might like to be presented at court and dine in Belgravia and the Faubourg St. Germain. It is a wild idea, of course, but it is just possible that we might like to do those things. Now it would be very mean to suppose every man who comes to us is influenced by the same kind of spirit. It is equally possible that a man of acknowledged eminence in letters, and very cordially respected as a hearty, honest man, might not care to do a thing which he must plainly see would destroy that good feeling, and lower that consideration. Lecturers like applause, but they like approbation more.

There was a little feeling of disappointment in the lectures, but they were still the best lectures we have had since Thackeray was here before. He seems to have the true conception of a popular lecturer. It must be objective. It must treat of things rather than of abstract principles. It must interest by its description. It must cheer and enliven by its humor. It must touch the heart by its pathos. Then his style is so simple and transparent, that there is never any doubt about his meaning. He almost recoils from enforcing a moral or stating a principle. The thing must tell its own story, he seems to say, or the story will not be properly told. The moral is in the drift—in the spirit and meaning. If they are properly presented the moral is clear enough. If they are not, the moral is impertinent.

But Mrs. Crocodile thought it was shocking that he should, in speaking of the sea, allude to fish. Mrs. Crocodile was nervous. She did not know what the man was going to say next. Sophia Dorothea, it appears, was trying to run off with Königsmark, and was stopped upon the way. "Help! help!" cries Mrs. Crocodile; "Virtue, to the rescue!" George the First had a harem, says the lecturer; he was Ahasuerus the First; he was a faithless man, who passed his life with loose women. "Oh! oh!" shouts Mrs. Crocodile, "what a horrid lecturer! How does he dare to outrage, in this manner, the better feelings of our common nature, and especially the tender sensibilities of us women?"

My dear Madame, does your propriety so easily take cold? While you are exclaiming against these prurient pictures, there are no prurient pictures at all; there is only a calm and terrible statement of a loathsome state of society. How is it that you so easily scent filth? You know

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that when the squeamish Mrs. Malaprop said to Dr. Johnson, "Fie! fie! Doctor, how could you put such naughty words in your Dictionary?" the Doctor sternly replied, "Ah, madam, I see you have been looking for them!"

We have heard a good deal also about our all knowing so much about the century discussed by Mr. Thackeray in his lectures. We are all better informed, then, than we had supposed. Yet we do not know where to look for a more detailed, and graphic, and brilliant account of European society, at the opening of the Eighteenth century than he gave us in the first lecture; nor for so kindly and complete a picture of the long reign of George the Third, as in his discourse upon that potentate. The theme was vast. It occupied a century, and a century crowded with remarkable figures. Mr. Thackeray surveyed them with his sad and searching eye. The very tones of his voice mourned for the unfortunate, and covered the guilty with indignant condemnation. He was, as always, true to the generous and manly impulse, to the noble and devoted character. He stung, as always, hypocrisy and flashing pretense. If New York could have every winter such a course of lectures, New York would have reason to be proud and better.

"THE Song of Hiawatha," too, is roughly handled. It is found to be very easy writing, and very hard reading. It is adjudged pointless and uninteresting. It is thought to be a hopeless attempt to invest Indian tradition with the dignity and pathos of a true human romance. It is voted an unfortunate subject, and the simplicity of the treatment is considered to be too simple.

Well, the ways of criticism are hard. Ever since this Easy Chair remembers any thing, it remembers a loud wail that the beautiful and resonant Indian names have been suffered to die out; that none of our poets had endeavored to sweeten their stories with that native music; and that, in general, indifferent to our own resources, we were perpetually turning away to other countries and times. Now comes the most popular of our poets, who has already written the purely American and purely beautiful poem of Evangeline, and sings us a song of the Indian legends, preserving their own simplicity and wayward woodland grace, full of a sweet tenderness and tranquil pathos—of the sound of rustling leaves, and flowing waters, and singing birds—he comes, who has authority, and puts the resonant Indian names into literature, makes half the music of the Indian poem, as was proper, from the music of the Indian names, and we all giggle and grin, and parody the performance we have been crying for, and which is executed with unsurpassed propriety.

For ourselves, we find the matter of Hiawatha just what an Indian subject must be, and the metre is full of music to our ears. There is no profound passion in it, as there is none in the Indian character. There is no variety of experience, as there is nothing of the kind in Indian life. The legends are childlike and tender, as is natural with a simple race. It is, as the poet says, an Indian Edda. It entreats the mind back to the "forest primeval." It quits intentionally the sphere of Manfred and the Lamplighter. It invites you to a morning walk in the dewy woods and across the silent sunny pastures. But it weaves the summer air into stores of airy grace. It blows across the hot city like a breath of pine woods. It certainly is not something else than what it is. But that hardly seems sufficient reason for quarreling sternly with it or making fun of it. It is a measure very easily parodied. But so are all measures that we know. "Evangeline" had to be put through the same ordeal. If it is remembered that "Hiawatha" is an Indian poem, supposed to to be gathered from Indians who had no rhyme, it seems as if the want of rhyme might be forgiven. There is a dramatic propriety in the measure, which is one of the charms of the poem. The poet knows better than the world about that. The journals opened in full cry upon Tennyson's "Maud," because the form was this, or was not that. But it was precisely what he intended; and every man who reads the poem with open mind, as well as open eye, will see its significance and beauty. It is so with our Indian Edda. "The murmur of pines and of hemlocks" is in it. What possible rhymed measure is there to which it could be set?

And are the names so dreadful? and is it so easy to write with sonorous names ready made to your hand? So it was with Homer and with Milton. They found names ready made, and those names are strung in memorable music along their lines. There is a fullness and richness in the Indian names which we have not to learn from this poem; a beauty and ringing melody that have made us all grieve as Tuscarora and Tonnawanda gave way to Smithville and Manlius. Have they suddenly lost their music? Are they not as sonorous in "Hiawatha" as they are in Morse's Geography? The poem of Longfellow's would be a public service if it were only for its use of these names. He may endure a little fun now, for the sake of the future that will value his work. It is clear enough that "Hiawatha" will be our Indian Edda. The lovely legends will survive chiefly, if not only, in this poem. The future student will find here not only the music but the meaning of the old nomenclature. "Therefore," says the intelligent Jones, "let it pass as an Indian dictionary." Are poems written for Jones?

"Hiawatha" is a singular success in the uniformity of feeling which pervades it. The Indian never ceases to be an Indian, and his life does not rise into unnatural proportions. The limitation of his power and experience and intellectual activity are rendered with such faithfulness that it is hard to believe the story is not truly an Indian song. The simple beauty and pathos of the description of the birth of Hiawatha, and all his love, and wooing, and end, are not surpassed. And yet we value the poem, as we do a fine picture, for its general tone, even more than for the excellent details of its execution. It is true that the poet is not an Indian, and it is true that the Indian character and story have not an interest that very deeply touches our sympathy. But neither was Shakspeare an Italian nor a Dane. The success of the poem is in its entire accomplishment of what the subject permitted; and that, too, a perfectly legitimate accomplishment. The charm it has it owes to itself, and to the poet's clear and correct conception and treatment. Most Indian stories have a gloss of sentimentality which experience destroys. Cooper's Indians are quite impossible ideals. They are what unicorns are among animals—creatures with an air of possibility and entirely unreal. The *dramatis personæ* of "Hiawatha" are not in themselves very interesting. They

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have a kind of shadowy actuality, precisely such as is reported of the Indians. But because they are not Greeks nor Italians—because there is no glow of passion in their lives, are they not to be admitted into literature?

Longfellow, we say, can wait a little. We witty fellows in editorial Easy Chairs must have our squib at "Hiawatha." But we shall like it for all that, and like it more and more. Quiet people in quiet places, who read and reflect, will acknowledge the fresh, forest charm of the poem. It will be curious, too, to see what they say in England. They are always hallooing to us to write about Niagara and the Prairies; we shall see how they like our real Indian song.

"MERRY Christmas and happy New Year!" says the urchin at the door with his hands in his pockets and his nose tingling with the touch of Jack Frost. Will it ever cease to be the most musical of greetings, the most welcome of wishes? Shall we ever dissociate from it the great, crackling, blazing, generous log upon the hearth; the mistletoe hung somewhere; for we have "halls" no longer, and the privileges thereunto pertaining. Shall we ever cease to see the fat cook staggering under the monstrous plum-pudding that seems to promise eating for the whole year? Will not those tankards of ale foam forever — foam straight through the toughest Maine Law that was ever devised? Shall there not be bells rung all Christmas-eve, until their voices die into the hymns of the Waits solemnly chanted at midnight, and into the voices of children wishing "Merry Christmas!" at dawn, and pattering with bare feet about the floors to feel—for they can not yet see—what Santa Claus has put into their stockings? Shall there not be the cheerful going to church in the sparkling frosty morning, and the sweet woodland odor of hemlock in the church, while the beautiful story of Christ's birth is told? Shall there not be the dinner at which there is nothing but the warmest and truest affection—the best possible sauce for the huge turkey, the huger beef, and the hugest pudding? Mince pies, too, generous pies, of which to-day even the youngest may eat and defy the doctor, shall stand in beautiful circular array. It is Christmas-day, we will all be happy!

How the spirit of the time has touched all the literature that deals with it! Lately we were looking over a book of Christmas Carols, and we could not think of the good old people who sang them, and heard them sung, as long ago dead and gone to dust; but they seemed full of life and lustiness, and still walking about in some cheerful winter, "frosty but kindly," and singing their Christmas songs. We have no Waits—none of us could say this year, as Wordsworth did:

> "The minstrels sang their Christmas tunes
> Last night beneath my cottage eaves."

But all the unexpressed minstrelsy of the season is in our hearts. We felt what we did not say. Young Arthur, as he left Aminta on Christmas-eve, knew that if he had been an Englishman of a century ago, he would have sat with her high at the board, while far below the salt the minstrel swept his harp and sang through his white beard, as a sighing wind through a snow-storm. It is all changed now. We are the young children of a new time. But the song of Arthur to Aminta was the pretty ring he bought her on Christmas morning—the beautiful bouquet or book. Arthur is no less brave and courtly because he does not wear a sword or a feather in his hat. The song is as full of sentiment though it has no harp accompaniment. In carpeted parlors and not in vast baronial halls he keeps his Christmas. The Yule log is a generously-glowing grate. His mistletoe is the shadow of a moment when all the rest are busy. His namesake, King Arthur of old romance, had not a more romantic time than Arthur, Prince Royal of to-day. Though the Yule log be burnt out, and the mistletoe hung upon the wall no more, the genial, hearty, gracious genius of Christmas-tide survives, and the year eighteen hundred fifty-five was as gay in its merriment as any year of history.

How much Dickens has done for our Christmas feeling! He has been our Christmas minstrel, and his song has made us all better. It is fully penetrated with the spirit of the season. How could any man be miserly, how could any woman be cross and scolding, after those bright pages? There is such a genial mingling of fact and fairy. It might so easily be actual, for it is all so possible. The chimes surely ring such stories to happy hearts on Christmas-eve—the hiss of the cheerful kettle sings them—the blithe Christmas carols say nothing else. How the heart thanks the genial, humorous story-teller! How the coming in of his book at the door is as welcome as the coming of Santa Claus down the chimney!

This Christmas story-telling is one of the loveliest traits of our literature. Thackeray has done it well. The "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and "the Rose and the Ring," are full of his peculiar humor, with that deep undertone of sweet sadness. Not too much fairy, he seems to say in "Dr. Birch," but good solid human happiness, in the marriage of that young woman. Yet in "the Rose and the Ring" what fairy burlesque of fairy! How the good old camp of nursery lore is blown up by a funny bomb planted in the very midst of it!

Why don't our story-tellers tell Christmas stories? Is it because we want the traditions of the season? Is it because the Puritans did not bring with them Waits and Wassail and Mistletoe? Is it, perhaps, because mistletoe is heathenish? Heathenish! Just try it, and see if it be heathenish. Yes, let even the Reverend Cotton Mather try it, and see if he does not like it, so that, upon coming out from the shade of the mistletoe, the Reverend Doctor Cotton Mather shall sing as the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther sang:

> "Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
> He is a fool his whole life long."

Love is the moral of Christmas. What are the gifts but the proofs and signs of love? It is almost the only day in the year especially sacred to the expression of the affectionate relations that make life lovely. On Christmas-day even men with beards say to each other, "I love you."

Well, now there is so much love and good feeling upon that day, why not spread it over the year? why not have all days little Christmases? why not carry into every thing the same generous, hearty spirit that we give to this one day? Let the heart be the Yule log always brightly burning. Its cheerful song will make the whole year sweet.

Yet with what tenderness the kindly thoughts of the season touch those who shall never again in this world wish us merry Christmas. Great joy

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or great sorrow instantly renew our remembrances of all who have been most closely held in our hearts. The loving mother, stealing at midnight to put the gifts of Santa Claus in her darlings' stockings that hang around the chimney, stops with a sorrow that no man shall ever conceive at the spot where one little stocking hangs no more. Into the others she has dropped the pretty gifts from her hands, but on that vacant space she drops the hot tears out of her heart. So stands many a man over the vacant places in his Christmas circle, and recalls the exquisite verses of Tennyson in the "In Memoriam." They shall be our Christmas chimes:

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And sadly fell on Christmas-eve.

"At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretense
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

"We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle, hand-in-hand,
Sat silent, looking each at each.

"Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, though every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year; impetuously we sang:

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet;
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed, and we wept.

"Our voices took a higher range:
Once more we sang; 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change:

"'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from vail to vail.'

"Rise, happy morn! rise holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

We do not talk politics in our Chair, but we discuss morals and manners. What then shall we say of wars and rumors of wars—and not with heathen Hottentots, but with England? There is something ludicrous in the thought, if it were not so terrible. To see Patrick Henry and George Washington pulling each other's noses would hardly have made any man laugh. And yet the huge absurdity of such a proceeding would have been very evident. A man might well despair of men if Washington and Henry could not behave themselves. If they must do what their youngest children would be soundly whipped and sent to bed for doing, what a farce the world is. And if England and America can not hold their hands off each other, why do they persist in calling themselves Christian, and in building churches and supporting a ministry. That they are nations makes no difference. If one individual is a zany for behaving in a certain way, a million individuals doing the same thing are a million zanies. Between two highly civilized nations a war must always cost a great deal more than it comes to, to use a vulgar phrase. There is a kind of grand historical excuse for a higher race conquering a lower. It is easy enough to see that in the economy of the world this continent could not be given up to the Indians as a vast hunting-ground. The savage must give way to the Saxon. But even that is no excuse nor alleviation of the individual pang; and the figure of Logan stands always in a pensive light in the imagination.

This may have a theoretical excuse; but when two leading nations fight, the spectacle is as sad, and disgraceful, and disheartening, as when two noble men go out to the silly field of honor. Fools and fire-eaters may blaze each other out of sight, and be thanked by a relieved community; but we can not afford to lose grave and guiding men. If the world is poorer when a great man dies—is it not still poorer when a great man sets a little example? Does not every fresh and noble heart instinctively feel that the sense of conscience should have been superior to that of a miscalled honor? Is it not notorious, that the men who make the most talk about honor, and who are perpetually punctilious about their position and character as "gentlemen," are precisely the men who have the least knowledge of what a gentleman is, and are by far the most dishonorable men in the community?

These things being so in the individual, how can they be very different from the national point of view?

Of course, war can not be altogether avoided, any more than personal chastisement. There will still be scoundrels who can only be punished by the strong hand—and they are well and wisely punished. But a sensible gentleman, misunderstanding another sensible gentleman, explains and seeks to understand. He does not clench his fist, and strike, in the manner of wild beasts and "gentlemen of honor."

And really there would seem to be no very great harm, nor any very insurmountable difficulty, in leaving grave national differences to arbitrement. If a nation is determined to have its own way, and that way is palpably wrong, then there must come war, because it is as much the duty of every man to prevent the doing of wrong as to preserve the peace. If France should insist upon annexing the State of Virginia to the empire, and would not hear reason, then she must hear cannon—there is no other way. But if you have an orchard, and a neighboring tenant is perpetually pulling down the fences that divide the properties, and you, with a natural regard to your apples, put a placard upon your fence, "Beware of man-traps!" "*Look out for the* DOG!" what would be your opinion of the neighboring tenant who should load his gun and saunter toward your orchard? That he was a gentleman? Does he behave as a thief would behave, or an honest man? Is he a foolishly sensitive neighbor, who conceives himself insulted because you have an eye out for your natural rights; or is he an agreeable and well-behaved fellow-citizen, with whom you would have much explanation before you had a quarrel?

Is it firing into cotton-bags, this kind of talk? Perhaps it is. Perhaps you are determined to have a shindy with your appropriating neighbor. But oh, dear friend! suppose that the boot is on the other leg? suppose that it is your bull that gores his ox?

Circumstances do alter cases.

There are a good many amiable clergymen who go about the country and preach peace on rainy Sunday afternoons. The congregation is usually

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very small, and—perhaps it is the drowsy patter of the rain, or some other kind of drowsy patter—the congregation usually dozes. Do you know how the amiable clergyman could awaken the slumberers, and bring that horizontal congregation to the quick perpendicular? If he should say:

"Now, my friends, the true doctrine is, whack when you are whacked, and when you are smitten on one cheek, smite back again on two. Pommel and pound, and if any body looks after you with an uncertain gaze, be very sure to blacken his eye before you leave him; in quarreling, never explain, but fight it straight out; explanations are a mere subterfuge of cowardice, and there is no salvation for spoons. Christianity is a kind of something which is in a sort of manner adapted to men in their private capacities, and has nothing to do with men in the aggregate, because it is an impracticable sort of something in politics; therefore you must resent injuries—bite when you are bitten, and smash those who smash you—"

—Do you think the congregation would continue to doze on the rainy Sunday afternoons?

Quite the contrary. They would meet after church, and request their pastor not to invite any more men into the pulpit who preached such anti-Christian doctrines.

And then they would go home and sleep, and get up and shave themselves carefully, and then go and live for a week the Gospel that the amiable clergyman had preached.

It is according to that Gospel, and not according to Christianity, that men fight. Why, here we are in the twentieth century almost from the first Christmas, and three out of the four leading nations of Christendom are at loggerheads, and making the Black Sea red with each other's blood. What is the use of history—of Christianity? What is the difference between General Pelissier and General Xerxes? What do the books mean about progress? Who talks of humanity in literature? Who laughs at an Indian with his girdle of scalps? Is it a Zouave? is it a Chasseur de Vincennes? is it a soldier of the Foot? is it Simpson, or Codrington, or Palmerston, or John Bull reading the *Times*, and cheering the attack?

What would Jacques and Timon say?

Mrs. Grundy would say that there was no help for it. Did ever any thing happen that had not the same excuse? Disease was never any excuse for disease. The fact being so, must be taken and treated accordingly; but that it should, therefore, be assumed as a permanent condition is bad logic and worse morals.

It is such a rumor as this, of possible difference between England and America—often enough renewed, but none the more agreeable for that—that makes us wish sometimes that we might lean back in our Chair, and talk politics hard for a day.

You have been in the Coliseum—you have perhaps stood in the silent temple of Neptune in Pæstum—you have looked from the crumbling summit of that central tower in the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, where Shelley sat and wrote his "Prometheus Unbound"—you have stood high in the blue sky among the shattered seats of the theatre of Taormina in Sicily—or farther, and more fabulous still, you have crept along the mighty shadow of the great Pyramid—or stood in admiring awe beneath the perfect ruin of Dendereh.

But we have been to the Crystal Palace—not to Sydenham, in which every zone and climate is renewed, and the impatient visitor can put a girdle round the earth in less than the forty minutes—not to the Exposition, where the pictures are so beautiful, and where every hour is more glittering than the last; but to Fortieth Street—to *our* Crystal Palace—to the ex-Exhibition—to the ex-Banqueting-hall—to the ex-Fair. The Palace is more beautiful than any thing that was ever in it. That exquisite lightness, that airy grace, that almost transparent dome—so delicate that the rarest porcelain in the palmiest days of the show was not so fairy-like—the long, spacious, silent galleries, the flood of sunshine, the cheerful desolation, the few statues—these all leave their mark upon the memory. It becomes a medal, stamped with the graceful beauty of the building.

We leaned over the railing and looked down from the gallery. A dozen people strolled below. The undisturbed Washington of Marochetti had not advanced a step since, two years ago last July, he seemed moving to greet Washington's successor. The intrepid Amazon still drew back her javelin to strike—the noble horse still planted his nervous fore-leg, and in terrified scorn snorted at the beast whose vicious claws were buried in his shoulder—the calm Christ and the cluster of Apostles still stood preaching peace, and breathing beauty in their seclusion—Mercury, just alighted like a bird upon a bough, still piped his "spirit ditties of no tone." The whole scene was an "unheard melody"—it was a poem ready made to the fancy of an Arabian poet.

Are we to lose that lovely structure—the most beautiful building by far that we have ever had in America? It is up town now, but it will go down town fast enough. The city is rapidly catching the skirts of the flying country in that direction. Let us hold and keep it while we may. Such a palace dedicated to Flora—full of flowers, and trees, and fountains—would be as beautiful a winter garden as there is in the world. The public money could not be more usefully spent than in founding a public conservatory, and opening it for a trifle, or for nothing, to the public. A park is a great way off. It is uncertain whether in our day there will be a practicable park; but here is a resort almost ready.

Now Mayor Wood has done many things, and done them well. Why will he not do one more that shall glorify his civic career? Let us have the Crystal Palace made a winter garden, open all day, and sometimes illuminated and open at night, with music. Our children will leave reading the Arabian Nights then for the better fun of seeing them. There shall be plenty of police to keep order and preserve the flowers. But in such a place people would have self-respect enough to respect the trees and plants.

Mayor Wood, shall we say a Winter Garden?

The Thanksgiving turkey is eaten, but Thanksgiving itself is not so soon digested. The good feeling that is the best sauce for that cheerful dinner—the kindly sympathy which that day develops—the sense of rest and repose which is inseparable from the autumn feast—do not pass away. They reach forward until Christmas takes up the wondrous tale, and New Year sends it forward far toward the spring. Had we but some spring festival of the same kind—these, with the Fourth of July, would circle the year with pleasant feasts

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and generous feeling. What can be done? May-day is not ours. There is no May-day worthy the poetic association of the name. May-day is moving-day or nothing. In the city it is detestable—in the country it is worse. The farce of May-day is over. We have played poetry until we all took heavy colds in our heads or worse, and then we ran. In New England there is Fast-day, which is rather a cheerful occasion. The church is opened and business stops. But houses and hearts are opened too, and there is a good dinner. For it is wisely understood that the day is a day of commemoration. It recalls the perils and privations of the early settlers in the wilderness, and the men of to-day pay homage to the men of yesterday, and their heroism and piety.

But, dear Gunnybags, whatever festivals we may yet acquire, let us honor those we already possess. Let us be worthy to have such a world—such an abounding table—such huge roast turkeys. Let us be glad of all the good gifts—every thing that makes the face of man to shine. Yes, Gunnybags, you, who have a million turkeys in your purse, remember, whenever you open it, you make a Thanksgiving whenever you choose.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We see the soldiers hutting themselves in the Crimea; the trenches are leveled; the rifle-pits are filled, and have made easy graves; canvas has given place to the wreck of houses; generals have mantles transported from Sebastopol, and even cornets eat their mess from deal tables. It is a siege no longer—but a city is camped against a city. The nights are lighted with trailing shells flashing over the Bay of Sebastopol; but these are only errant messengers to keep good the practice of the beleagured gunners. The letters are dull that come to us now from the war-country; the slaughter of a few men is but a tame affair after our glorious records of the summer. The heroic record is ended for the season, and *Times* correspondents have subsided into camp gossips.

They tell us that Codrington—the new man who commands the British forces—has excited the jealousy of his elders; and we suddenly find old Sir Colin Campbell and Adjutant-general Airey summoned home by their private cares.

The fat old Marshal Pelissier has, it would seem, grown inactive, and reposes upon the memory of the summer's triumph.

In Constantinople are rumors of the departure of Lord Redcliffe, the bugbear of French letter-writers; and rumors of an attack by the Tunisians upon the newly-built hospitals of France. We venture to predict that, if true, it will not be the last time on which the turbaned men will smite against the stone barracks of their Allies from the West.

The old Emir, Abd-el-Kader, so long a prisoner of France, and since a guest of Louis Napoleon, is just now reported in the City of the Sultans, on his way to retirement in the beautiful Damascus. The Turkish Government, urged on by their French Allies, have granted him a house in that City of the Rivers; and the Emir is now replenishing his harem from the ranks of the pretty Circassian women at Constantinople. Of the extent and taste of his purchases we may form some remote idea, by the fact that nearly five hundred thousand francs have found their way from the imperial exchequer, during the past season, into the pouch of this exile of Damascus. A large offset this to the showy Moslem trinkets which the Emir bestowed upon the fair Empress Eugenie.

Eugenie, meantime, the tattling papers assure us, is in fine health and spirits, and keeps good her promise of making (so far as in her lies) the imperial household a happy one. She wanders daily in the pretty gardens that skirt her parlor at St. Cloud, and from time to time ventures upon a shopping visit to the town of Paris.

Not shopping as most ladies shop, it is true—though she has her freaks of this sort of indulgence, and many a time the shop-goers at the Ville de Paris or at Deslisle are hustled to the wall by the imperial attendants who accompany her Majesty. But the shopping which the Empress affects nowadays is the dispatch of an order to her dress-maker, of the Faubourg Poissoniére, to appear at the palace of the Tuileries, at a given hour of the morning, with all her newest patterns, and with a taste of every novelty of the town. The Empress never breaks her engagements—nor the dress-makers when royalty commands. A brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne brings the Empress to the empty Tuileries salons; and an hour's discussion of the *mode*, with such as Fauvet or Barenne, enlivens the court life, and reduces her Majesty once more to the pleasant level of a gossiping, shopping woman.

But, as we write, the courts of the Tuileries are empty no longer; the imperial household has deserted St. Cloud; the Emperor has had his short gaming frolic at Fontainebleau; the trees of St. Cloud have shed their leaves; the cascade has ceased its Sunday flow; the Sardinian King has come, or is coming, and is the guest of his great French ally.

A very round-faced, dinner-loving boy-man is the King of Sardinia—not disturbing himself so much with politics as with a bad-sighted fowling-piece, and a good match for the Emperor at billiards or at piquet.

Aside from this royal visit—a small one, after the Victoria entertainment of the summer—all Parisians are agog with the close of the Exhibition, and with discussion of the merits of the successful exhibitors. We write too far in the eye of time to tell now of the brilliant ceremonies of the close; we can only record the magnificence of the preparations. The long hulk of buildings by the river, with its accumulation of machinery, has disappeared like magic; the displaced sycamores are finding their old feeding-place again along the quay; the new bridge which sweeps over to the esplanade of the Invalides looms upon the eye, with its flattened arches, a miracle of quick Paris artisans. The showiest stalls within the palace have given way to the festal trappings of throne, and purple hangings, and long draperies of Gobelin tissue. The Emperor himself has uttered the names which the Imperial Commission have decided to honor. Vernet has been voted first of painters—carrying off the golden medal of honor by the highest number of voices.

Poor Rude, the sculptor, we learn, died suddenly in the day of his triumph, and was followed to the grave by the congregated artists of the capital.

Yet, while speaking of sculptors, it is observable that they have won few honors at the hands of the French juries; few native artists have been decreed a medal, and not one of all the competing sculptors of Great Britain. As an art, its representation seems to have been vastly inferior to the sister art

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of painting. Nor do we find that the Parisian taste has confirmed the new English fancy of blending the two, by a revival of the old Greek fashion of coloring the marble.

We are glad, for our own part, to see Vernet ranked foremost. We know it has been the way, with many over-nice art-critics, to decry the actuality of his painting and his lack of idealism; but the man who can carry down to history such real transcripts of the war-life and hazards of this century—so true, so spirited, so full, so earnest—can well afford to ignore the critical talk about unity offended, or poesy discarded. There is something in his men and horses, as they throng to his battle-canvas, which makes an observer breathe quick and stand aside.

Shall we say any thing about American representation in that Paris galaxy of art? If any thing, we shall say, unhappily, more than has been said in the leading journals of the capital. We have looked vainly for any harangue from Theophile Gautier about the American school of painting: we learn, indeed, and with great pleasure, that a bronze medal or two have been granted to American artists; and connecting this with the fact that only a few of our painters now abroad have risked the competition, we may rest satisfied—satisfied, indeed, if Art does not make itself heard loudly in this Western Continent these thirty years to come.

Besides the Exhibition and things belonging thereto, the Paris world is stirring its tongue in these days about the promised visit of the Sultan of Turkey. The great Eastern Ally, of the Moslem faith, is to show himself in the body to the Frank infidels sometime next summer; and the question which the pretty salon-mongers of St. Germain are bruiting nowadays is, what ones of his scores of wives will he bring with him, or will he leave them all among the cypresses of the seraglio?

What favors may be hoped for from the sovereign of so many favorites? What charms must he wear, whose gold and gardens have charmed so many? Will there be a temporary mosque, if not seraglio, for the Padishah?

Will the Archbishop of the Imperial Papal Church do him honor, and preach a sermon of welcome? Will he attend the court mass of the faithful Eugenie? Will he listen to the Protestant blessing of the chaplain of the British Embassy, over the British Embassador's dinner? Will he say "God is great!" in Nôtre Dame? Will he sit cross-legged at the Opera Comique? Will he put his offending handmaids in a sack and drown them off the bridge of the Tuileries?

Will it not be droll—this meeting of the Frank and Mohammedan in the parlor of the world?

And if droll in Paris, what may it be in sober England—to find the Eastern Monarch of the Turban cross-legging by the British fireside of Mr. Bull? Will it not shock my good Lord Shaftesbury to see the great bigamist profaning the English court?

And even upon this side of the water (if we may spend a word upon things other than foreign) will not the Free-Lovers take heart in witnessing the honors paid to the great advocate of Passional Attraction?

Apropos of this free-love matter, we must enter down a story of Lecomte's, which he assures us is a true one.

A pretty *somebody*, with rare attractions of face, soul, and figure, married, ten years ago, a wealthy German baron of twice her age, who kept her immured in his dungeon of a villa, and met always her mirthfulness and waywardness with the hardness of a man wrapped in money and in self. She bore tranquilly and dutifully her doom, but was glad of the freedom which came to her relief when the baron died, eighteen months ago. He even forgot himself to a certain leniency and warmth when he died, and by his will left his widow his whole fortune, provided she never married again.

The beautiful mourner—with no strong love-passages yet written on her life—consoled herself complacently with the enormous rental of the dead baron, and in process of time—when mourning masses were said—came to the metropolis of France with a company of German friends.

The change wrought wonders in her hopes and in her air. She lent herself joyously to the festivities of Paris, and not a salon of splendor but caught an additional ray of attractiveness from the pretty face of the wizard widow.

Once on a time, however, as she was struggling through the throng which beleaguered the doorways on a reception night at the Palace of the Tuileries, she lost sight of her attending friends, and with them lost her ticket of entrance.

What was to be done?

The hall was freezing; the ball-dress light; the crowd more and more annoying. In this crisis of her misfortune she was accosted by the Count V——, who, with the gallantry of a Frenchman, unincumbered by wife or retinue, offered his services to the distressed fair one. The offer of assistance was frank and manly; the acceptance diffident, but honest.

The Count advanced toward the Chamberlain (or his representative) with the fair lost one clinging to his arm.

He announced the Count and Countess V——. The doors were thrown back, and the parties were merged in the brilliant crowd of guests. In every salon and corridor they sought for the missing friends of the pretty estray; and in every corridor and salon they felt the passional attraction making good the place of old acquaintanceship.

At length the German friends were found, and the lady presented her protector as the Count V——, an old acquaintance.

The evening's adventure ripened into familiarity, and from familiarity, in process of time, became French love. The Count was poor, young, handsome. He offered his heart and hand.

The lady, not insensible to the virtues and attractions of the Count, said Yes in her heart, but No with her tongue. She told him, in short, by what tenure she held the fortune, which she would be more than happy to shower upon him; but the law was inexorable; the Count was poor; the thing was impossible.

The marriage-thought was abandoned for the present; but a chance lay in the future; for the Count had in the South Provinces a rich bachelor uncle who had promised to make him heir to his estates. When this should happen, and the kind uncle grow kinder by his death, the fortune of the German baron might well be abandoned, and the two would possess the means of establishing themselves in the world.

But this bachelor uncle was of a very Puritan stamp, and of true Huguenot faith. It came to his ears that his cherished nephew was living in

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strange *liason* with a pretty widow of foreign birth, against whom there had hitherto been no reproach.

He wrote a bitter letter of reproof to the presumptive heir, and bade him, as he valued his peace or his prospects, either to marry the charmer or to abandon her.

The nephew in despair vacillated, equivocated, and, finally, so enraged the old gentleman that he altered his will, bequeathing his property to his nephew only upon condition of his marriage to some other one than the pretty lady in question. After this he died (so runs the story). What was to be done now?

Were both fortunes to be lost? The Count reflected, decided, acted after French manner. He stole away to the flat countries of Holland; sought out a poor, hopeful, elderly maiden, who would be content with the title of Countess and a few rix-dollars without ever a husband to house with her; married her quietly—so quietly that the news only came to the solicitor of his deceased uncle—received the kinsman's fortune, and now sports the free-love doctrines in company with the pretty widow of the German baron.

As they occupy separate establishments (says Lecomte) there is no offense to morality, and the Count V—— and the Widow *Somebody* are to be seen in the starchest salons of the high society.

Editor's Drawer.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR is the brightest and best of the gifts to be found in the Drawer; for the wisest, if not the best of men, who had tried all sorts of good things, and knew them like a book, has left it on record as his candid opinion that "he of a merry heart hath a continual feast;" and in this matter most especially and sincerely agrees the Drawer with Solomon. A continual feast should make A HAPPY NEW YEAR for every guest. Moreover, as the preacher says, a continual feast may derange the digestive apparatus even of a sound man, as too much of a good thing is sometimes worse than none at all, and then, in that case, what physic would the Drawer recommend? Not the pills and powders of the 'pothecaries' drawers, but Dr. Solomon's advice, who tells us that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." To the Drawer, then, come all ye who would have a Happy New Year! let us be merry and glad!

"IN a late month's Drawer," writes a friend of ours from the banks of the Delaware, "you tell us the way some men have of taking a joke, and suggest the expediency of having some visible signs by which the reader or hearer may know when the laugh comes in. Perhaps that plan may be necessary to the discovery of the wit in some matters of fact which have been recently recorded as part of the local history of the Lumber Region, where I am rusticating, and which I propose to send off to lumber up your Drawer with.

"But many a good story is spoiled in the telling; at times, to the great surprise of the teller, who forgets the point, or by the blunder of a word, blunts it so as to kill its effect. That old story of Jones and Brown's coat-tail is a fair specimen. Jones had told Brown that his coat was too short. 'Ah!' said Brown, 'it will be *long* enough before I get another,' at which the by-standers laughed applaudingly. Jones tried it on—the joke, not the coat—the next day in another company. 'Oh!' says he, 'did you hear what a good joke Brown made yesterday? I told him his coat was too short, and he said it would be a *great while* before he got another.' Nobody laughed; but some one remarked that he didn't see the wit of it exactly, and Jones said he could now hardly see it himself.

"Professor Wilson, of Philadelphia, was walking out into the country with a friend, and met a great Pennsylvania wagon, drawn by six or eight horses, which had come from the far interior to market. The friend was a wag, and stopping the wagoner, he said to him, as he laid his hand on the *tire* of one of the wheels, 'My friend, you must have come a long distance to-day?'

"'Yes, I have; but how do you know any thing about it, I should like to know?'

"'Oh, I know you must, because your wheels are so *shockingly tired!*'

"The wagoner laughed and drove on. The Professor, to whom jesting was not familiar, ventured a few days afterward to repeat the conversation, and was mortified to perceive that the story was received with profound silence, as he concluded by saying that his friend replied to the wagoner's demand, 'How do you know any thing about it?'

"'Oh, I know you must, your wheels are so *completely exhausted.*'

"We had a sad accident here last spring when we were getting down our lumber. It turned out better than it threatened at one time, for we had very nearly lost one of our cleverest fellows. Jim and Sam Robertson were brothers and partners in business. It is a mighty ticklish business to go down the rapids of the Delaware with a raft—very particularly so, if one's head is dizzy from the imbibition of too much spirituous liquor. Jim was always afraid of getting the water into him, never of getting into the water himself. 'Water,' he would say, 'is well enough for logs to float in, and in a drought may do upon a pinch for occasional drink; but for a steady drink give me rum.' I have heard of others who held to the same opinion. There was a will case tried out here at the county court, where a hard old customer had made his testament on his dying bed. The question to be determined referred to the old man's being in his right mind. One of his neighbors appeared as a witness, and swore that he was with him till he died, and he knew that he was *sensible to the last.*

"'How do you know that?' asked the counsel.

"'Cause his last words was, "Give me some more rum!" and that's what I call being sensible to the last.'

"Jim Robertson, of whom I was going to tell you a story, was in the tavern at Lackawaxen last fall, and was shocked at the miserable milk-and-water stuff they gave him for rum. He drank a glass of it, and, with a big oath, demanded, 'Do you call that rum?'

"The tavern-keeper knew it was more than half water, and inquired, 'Do you find it too weak, Jim?'

"'Weak, *week!*' roared Jim, 'I should say it was almost a *fortnight!*'

"But I was to mention a disaster by which he nearly lost his life. He and his brother Sam were on their way down the river, on a raft, and Jim was just a little too drunk for safe navigation in bad water, when he slipped through and would have been drowned but for the energy of his soberer brother, who rushed to the end of the raft

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and seized him by the hair as he came out. But the current was strong, and the strength of Sam was fast giving way; he was just thinking of letting go his hold and leaving his brother to that most unfitting of all burials for him—a *watery* grave, when the drowning man got his mouth out of the water, and now *for the first time* opened it, shouting, 'Hold on, Sam! hang on! I'll treat, I vow I will!'

"The appeal and *the pledge* were stimulating. Sam made one more pull and brought his brother on the raft.

"I never heard of but one instance of sticking to it to the last more striking than those I have now mentioned. You remember the scissors story.

"Mr. Snip, having made a handsome fortune in the goose and cabbage line, retired with his wife to a charming country residence, and resolved to forget and deny that he had ever been a tailor. In his pride and his meanness he became very tyrannical, and whenever his wife wished to bring him down a peg or two, she reminded him of the fact that he was no more of a man now than when, like a woman, he sat all day with his needle and scissors. At length the very name of *scissors* became so hateful to him, that he forbade her ever to use it in his presence, and this decree very natually inspired the spirited spouse with a will to use it whenever she pleased, which was whenever she was *dis*pleased. In the cool of the day they were sitting on the bank of a deep-flowing stream that adorned his grounds, and unhappily, indeed, unintentionally, she mentioned in conversation the odious word.

"'My dear,' said he, 'have I not again and again requested you not to use that word in my hearing?'

"'Scissors!' said Mrs. Snip again.

"'Stop that, or I'll make you!'

"'Scissors, scissors!' said the roused woman fiercely.

"They were now on their feet, and up for any thing.

"'Say that again,' cried the puppy of a man, 'and I'll throw you into the river!'

"'Scissors, *scissors*, SCISSORS!!'

"He pushed her in. She went down, but rose head first, and throwing up her hands, she seized his, which he extended to her support, as he, said,

"'Promise never to say *that* word again, and I'll help you out.'

"'Scissors, scissors, scissors!' she cried, and he dropped her.

"'The second time she came up he renewed the pious proposition, and with a fainter voice the unrelenting love replied,

"'Scissors, scissors!'

"Once more, the third and last time, she came to the scratch; he caught her cold hand and made her the generous offer, to which she responded fearlessly,

"'Scissors!'

"And down she went; but, cat-like, she was hard to die, and coming almost to the surface, she thrust the white hand above the wave, and opening her first and second fingers from the others, worked them up and down in the eyes of her bereaved spouse, the symbol and a very fair resemblance of his detested SCISSORS.

"And *that* is what I call sticking to it to the last. 'Never give up!' was this amiable woman's rule, and with the fatal scissors she snipped the thread of life rather than yield the point. And with this I must also come to the close of my letter."

"OLD DAD" was the familiar title by which was generally known the eccentric landlord of the hotel in Lowville, New York. He was a good, easy soul, honest and unsuspicious, preferring to be cheated once in a while rather than to be always looking out for rogues. Hence it was not a very hard matter to impose upon him, and many were the bad bills with which he was *stuck* in the way of trade by his traveling customers. Indeed he would take almost any thing that was offered him in the shape of a bill, saying that bad money was about as good as any, as somehow it wouldn't stay in his pocket." Once, however, he took a V which stuck to him like a plaster. The more he tried to get rid of it, the more he couldn't. He had paid it out several times, but it came back as often, returned as "bogus." At length a traveler, with whom he was acquainted, stopped for dinner on his way to Utica, and it occurred to "Old Dad" that his bill might *go* down there, and stepping into the dining-room with it, handed it to his guest, asking him to put it off *on the first old fool he met*, and he would allow him one-half the amount.

The guest took it, and promised to do as well with it as he could, and account for it on his return. On his way back from Utica he called, and "Old Dad" asked him where he had paid out the bill, as he had got it again, but could not, for the life of him, tell where it had come from. "Why," said the friend, "you told me to put it off on the first old fool I saw, and so I paid you for my dinner with it." The old fellow acknowledged himself sold, and after paying his guest the half, according to promise, and giving him his dinner besides, insisted that he had five dollars' worth of wisdom out of the operation.

A COLORED clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit: "There will be a four days' meeting every evening this week, except Wednesday afternoon."

EVERY body who has traveled much on our Northern railroads, must have noticed that in many of the cars the name of the makers, "Eaton, Gilbert, and Co.," is conspicuously posted. Not long since, in one of these cars, a passenger by the name of *Gilbert* was traveling with a company of friends, and seeing another sign over the above to the effect that "passengers are requested not to crack nuts in the cars," his innate love of fun was awakened. At the first stopping-place he filled his pockets with pea-nuts, and distributing them among his friends, they were all soon busily engaged in eating them, and strewing the floor with the shells. The conductor in passing, gently intimated that it was against the rules, and pointed to the printed notice.

"Oh yes," said Gilbert, "I see, I see that, but you see by your own rules we are privileged."

The conductor, thinking that they would soon stop without any further trouble, passed on. On his next rounds he found the same party still at the nuts, and making a great display of shells on the floor. Out of patience he now spoke up quite sharply, and said to Mr. Gilbert:

"You must comply with the rules of the company if you travel in these cars."

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"Certainly, certainly, we will, but you do not seem to be aware that I and my company are excepted from the rule you refer to."

"No, I do not know any thing of the sort, nor you either, and there is no use of having any words about it; you must stop or quit the cars."

"Be quiet a minute," replied Mr. Gilbert, "and I will convince you. To be sure it says, 'Passengers are forbid to crack nuts in the cars,' but right underneath is written, 'EAT on, Gilbert and Co.' Now my name is *Gilbert*, and this is my *company*, and we are doing as we are told."

The conductor gave it up.

"WE were very much amused with your account of the Western plan of fencing the cemetery, by compelling every man who *swore* an oath to pay a fine toward paying for the fence; and," says an Ohio contributor, "I must tell you that by a similar arrangement a great improvement was effected in our village some years ago. This was nothing less than drinking the stumps out of the streets. It was in war times, and our village was the headquarters of General Harrison's army. The soldiers and citizens were lax in their morals, and drunkenness became 'altogether too common in this community,' as Recorder Riker used to say in yours. Accordingly Squire M'Cracken, Billy Cooper, and a few others, took it on themselves and ordered that every person found drunk should be required to dig up a stump from the streets: and as the village was in a new country, these stumps were very many and great. It is not on record how long this ordinance remained in force, but tradition relates that the offenders, as soon as they were sober enough, would go to work with right good will, joining good-naturedly in the pleasantries of the by-standers, who usually gathered in numbers to 'assist' in the sport. The stumps are all gone now, and a neater village than Urbana now is it would be hard to find."

HALF the pleasure of winter evenings has been lost to half of civilized mankind since hard coal has taken the place of hard wood. A grate full of anthracite is not a grateful fire to one who was "brought up" in the country where wood is cheap and abundant. We have sympathy with our correspondent, who celebrates in the lines following the praises of

A WOOD FIRE.

By my lonely fireside sitting,
Where no other save its flitting,
Flickering light is nigh;
What a world of dreamy fancies
In each little bright flame dances,
Keeping time with memory!

Cold and dead and dreary, seeming
With no germ of fierce life teeming,
Lies the unkindled pile;
Till by flaming brand ignited,
Hearth and heart and home are lighted
With a glowing smile.

Cold and dead and dreary, seeming
With no germ of passion teeming
Throbb'd my heart awhile,
Till its pent flames were ignited,
And my heart and home were lighted
By *her* glowing smile.

Now the flames are dancing, singing,
Cheerful thoughts and feelings bringing
To my heart and home,
And a golden light is glowing
With a radiant splendor flowing
Over all my room.

She was gayly dancing, singing,
And her merry laugh was ringing
Through my heart and home;
All her soul with joy o'erflowing,
And her radiant face was glowing
With a roseate bloom.

Now the flames are fainting, reeling
Ghastly, shadowy forms are stealing
Noiseless through my room;
Flickering, fading, dying, dying—
Hearth and heart and home are lying
Wrapt in cheerless gloom.

Shadows o'er my heart were stealing,
And I saw her struggling, reeling
Downward to the tomb?
Gloom was on my hearthstone lying,
She I lov'd was dying, dying
In her youthful bloom.

Dead the smould'ring heap now lieth;
Dead! the boding gloom replieth;
Shading now my hearth:
Dead! and like its flame are dying
All the pleasures that are lying
On our wayward path.

Dead! O God, the form I cherish'd;
Dead! and with her being perish'd
Cheer from off my hearth.
Dead my hopes! my heart is dying!
Dead the roses that are lying
On my lonely path. BEPPO.

RAVENSWOOD, *Nov.* 4.

The reader came as suddenly as we did into the soul of our correspondent's musings over his wood-fire, and found his music, "like the memories of joys that are past, pleasing but mournful to the soul."

As an "awful warning" to the ninety-nine hundreds of aspirants for place and power, read the summary of the dreadful ends to which all the Prime Ministers of England came, from the time of William the Conqueror down to the execution of the Earl of Strafford. The compiler of this table says:

"I shall conclude this short abstract of history with the observation of as wise a politician as ever England bred—'That there never yet was a prime minister in Britain but either broke his own neck, or his master's, or both; unless he saved his own by sacrificing his master's.'

"As the reader may perhaps be desirous to behold, at one view, the diverse casualties of the sundry prime ministers, I have here subjoined a table of them:

"*Prime Ministers.*

"Died by the halter	8
Ditto by the ax	19
Ditto by sturdy beggars	3
Ditto untimely by private hands	2
Ditto in imprisonment	4
Ditto in exile	4
Ditto penitent	1
Saved by sacrificing their master	4
Sum total of prime ministers	31"

AND now that we are in old English history, admire this ancient will in rhyme, as it was written by William Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel under Edward VI., and afterward Chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth:

"To God my soule I do bequeathe, because it is his owen,
My body to be layd in grave, where to my friends best knowen;

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Executors I wyll none make, thereby great stryfe may grow,
Because the goods that I shall leave wyll not pay all I owe."

A very good reason, most indubitably, for not bothering his executors.

A SENSIBLE girl she was who in an old song says:

"Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can
A man that wanteth gold, than gold that wants a man."

IT has been generally believed, since a very wise man said so, that there is "nothing new under the sun;" and yet who would have thought that a Baltimore correspondent of the Drawer could produce such proof of the fact as that Livy was written by Homer, and Julius Cæsar was the author of Kent's Commentaries? But let the gentleman speak for himself. He writes:

"A famous Greek Professor in one of the New York colleges once amused me with the assertion that he could show me, from his own library, a work of no less importance and curiosity than a veritable edition of Livy by Homer! Smiling at my incredulity, sure enough he took down a copy of the writings of T. Livy by the Rev. *John Homer!*

"But I am indebted to nothing but happy accident and my own profound research for the discovery of an allusion in Shakspeare's writings to a work supposed to be of modern and American origin. In the play of King Henry VI., Part II., Act IV., Scene 7th, Lord Say is made to say that

"'Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,' etc.

"It is obvious that, in the times of Shakspeare, Kent was not considered as the author of the Commentaries by a long shot."

THE poetry of a crazy poet is melancholy enough, even when it compels a smile. Nat Lee is still remembered by many who have forgotten the following stanzas in which he attempts the ratiocinative:

"I grant that drunken rainbows lulled to sleep,
Snort like French rabbits in a fair maid's eyes;
Because he laughed to see a pudding creep,
For creeping puddings only please the wise.

"Not that a hard roe'd herring dare presume
To swing a tithe-pig in a catakin purse;
Cause of the great hailstones that fell at Rome
By lessening the fall might make it worse."

DR. JOHNSON was seldom more essentially Johnsonian than when, in his life of Milton, he thus sums up the duties of the faithful schoolmaster:

"To recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension."

WE have known "several" youngsters whose memories were just about as long as that of the little boy who was munching a bit of ginger-bread. His mother asked who gave it to him.

"Miss Johnson give it to me."

"And did you thank her for it?" inquired the mother.

"Ye—s, I did, *but I didn't tell her so!*" was the decided, and no doubt the truthful reply.

EQUALLY new and original, if not equally witty, was a similar dialogue between the teacher and one of the pupils of a public school in the city, as they stepped out of the door, and saw the moon, which on that occasion wore a very red face.

"Is that a wet or a dry moon?" inquired the teacher.

The boy had never heard these terms applied to the moon as a weather-sign, and after some hesitation he said, "I should think it was a wet moon."

"Why so, sonny?" asked the gentle teacher, wishing to draw the little fellow out.

"Well," said the boy, "it looks so plaguy red, I think it hain't been painted long enough to get right dry yet."

I HAD both I lent my I sought my I lost my	Money	and a to my from my and my	Friend	of either thought I store, and tooke his word therefore; which I had wanted long, and was not this a wrong!
At length with I got my. But had I I'd keep my	Money	came my but my and a and my	Friend	which pleas'd me wond'rous well, away quite from me fell; as I have had before, and play the fool no more.

NOTHING more tenderly beautiful and touching has been found in our Drawer than this incident: A lady of remarkable loveliness was about to die. Her sister, lovely like herself, and loving her with the affection that must unite such hearts, approached her dying bed, and with a sweet but faltering voice she sang these words:

"Pilgrim, dost thou see yon stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale?
Should its dreary waves o'erflow thee,
Then will not thy courage fail?"

The dying, in a clear, unfaltering voice, replied by singing,

"No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end."

Another moment, and the beautiful and beloved Mrs. T—— had ceased to sing and ceased to breathe.

THIS scene recalls most vividly "the Death-Bed" lines by Thomas Hood. His infinite humor has made his name so closely associated with the mirthful we forget that Hood could write such lines as these:

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

James Aldrich is the author of eight lines not less perfect:

"Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

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"But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's Morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise."

A RECENT writer, describing with much display of learning and great regard to the precision of facts the discoveries made at Nineveh, says, "An image was taken from one of these mounds which was found in the second story of a temple weighing twenty-seven tuns." An anxious inquirer addressed the writer a letter, wanting to know "how large the image was, and why the mound was placed in the second story of the temple, and whether it is probable that the temple was weighed on the spot."

AN Eastern gentleman traveling in Arkansas meets with the following *rules* for the regulation of the hotel at which he puts up in that frontier State. Believing that they may furnish a hint or two to the hotel-men in this region, and some entertainment to the readers of the Drawer, he copies them in pencil from the placard on the door of his chamber, and sends them to us:

RULES OF THIS HOUSE.

1. Gentlemen will black their boots before leaving their rooms, or they will not be admitted to the table without an extra charge of a bit a meal.

2. Gentlemen going to bed with their boots on will be fined a quarter for the first offense, four bits for the second, and turned out and sued for their board for the third, the landlord holding on to the plunder.

3. No person allowed to call twice for the same dish without paying an extra bit.

4. Gentlemen not on hand at meal-time can not come to the table without paying an extra bit.

5. Any gentleman found going to the ladies ooms will be fined —— dollars, and perhaps turned out as the case is aggravating.

6. All travelers are expected to treat before leaving the house; the landlord holding on to the plunder till he comes out.

7. Loud snoring not allowed, and a fine of a bit for every offense.

8. Country soap for washing given here: a bit a week for town soap.

9. A half dime will be charged for the privilege of the back porch on shady afternoons.

10. Liquors with white sugar a bit a drink; with common brown sugar, five cents.

11. The landlord hopes that his boarders will observe the above rules and say nothing, or means will be taken to see that they do.

THE close of an election brings to a head many a sore that has been festering within for many a month. Jones was left high and dry by his party, who believed him to be playing them false, and even making terms with the enemy; but Jones said he didn't care if they did compare him to Judas Iscariot!

"Ah, yes!" remarked, very quietly, one of his former friends, "it may be well enough for you, Mr. Jones, to say that you don't care about being compared to Judas, but how do you suppose Judas likes it?"

MRS. WOODSUM was always dying, but never coming quite to the point. Her husband, hard-working farmer as he was, had spent a great deal of money on the doctors, who told him his wife was a victim of hypochondria, a disease of which people are always dying but never die. She sent for him one day when he was very busy on a distant part of the farm, and he had to leave his work and hasten home, for the hired girl who came to call him said Mrs. Woodsum had bid all the children good-by, and was afraid she would go before Mr. Woodsum would come. He arrived, however, while she was yet breathing. Indeed, he could not see any sign of approaching dissolution, for her hand was warm and her eye was bright; but she spoke very feebly as she said to him:

"Now, my dear, the time has come at last. I hope we shall be resigned; but there is one thing on my mind that I must speak of; it's about you and the dear children. Now, don't you think it will be best for you to get married to some kind, good woman, that will be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late," said Mr. Woodsum, with a long face, "it might be the best thing I could do."

"So *you've* been thinking of it, have you?" said the dying dove with more earnestness than before.

"Why yes," replied the good but rather mischievous man, "I have sometimes thought about it since you've had spells of being so dreadful sick; perhaps it's my duty."

"Well, it all depends on your getting the right kind of a woman; I hope you will be very particular about who you get—very."

"You needn't be oneasy about that, wife; I shall be very particular: the one I think of is one of the kindest and best-tempered women in the world."

"What! have you been thinking of any one in particular!" cried Mrs. Woodsum, much alarmed. "I should really like to know who on earth it is that you've been picking out a-ready. You haven't named it to her, have you?" she demanded, with more of earth than heaven in her eye.

"Not at all, my dear; but the subject agitates you, and we will drop it: indeed you ought not to have introduced it."

"But you must tell me who it is; I can't die in peace till you do."

"It is too painful," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh; it will not be best to call names: compose yourself, my dear."

"But I insist on knowing who it is that you are after; and if you have one spark of love for me, you will tell me before I die."

"Well, then," said Mr. W., "if you insist upon it, my dear, I have thought, if it be the will of Providence to take you from us, if I have to marry again, I might, perhaps, get for my second wife your friend Hannah Lovejoy."

That was enough. Mrs. Woodsum was struck as if an electric shock had gone through her. She jumped out of bed like a cat, walked across the room, and seating herself in a chair, cried out:

"What! marry that idle, sleepy, good-for-nothing Hannah Lovejoy—just because she's got a pretty face! Mr. Woodsum, that's too much for flesh and blood to bear. I can't endure that, nor I won't! Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children! No, that she never shall; so you may go to your work and set your heart to rest about my dying, or your getting that girl, I tell you. You needn't stay any longer, dear, on my account, I'm going to get dinner ready."

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Mr. Woodsum went to his plow, and at noon he came in and found his wife dressed and at the head of the table, looking five years younger than when he went out. Her health improved rapidly, and she had no more of that terrible hypo, which had killed her so many times before.

SINCE butter has become so very dear, a receipt has been prepared for an admirable substitute: Marry a nice, good girl, and when she presides at table you will not require any *but her!*

THE WIDOW BEDOTT was as widely known almost as Mrs. Partington, a few years ago, and her charming papers have been gathered into a volume. The Widow was a fine specimen of the back-country Yankee-woman—her great fault was self-conceit, and her chief failing was in making poetry. She was better at puddings. The first specimen we have of her talents in the art of poesy, is the effusion in which she celebrates the praises of her deceased husband, whom she is slanderously reported to have scolded to death. "It begins as follers:"

"He never jawed in all his life,
He never was onkind,
And (though I say it that was his wife)
Such men you seldom find.

"I never changed my single lot—
I thought 'twould be a sin—
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin."

The Widow goes on at this rate for a score of verses, and finally brings her poem to a close with this tenderly pathetic stanza:

"I'll never change my single lot—
I think 'twould be a sin—
The inconsolable Widder o' Deacon Bedott
Don't intend to git married agin."

But she did though. She went visiting to a sister of hers in another town, and there she heard a Baptist minister, who had just lost his wife, preaching on the uncertainty of all human expectations. The Widow was all struck up and broke down with this sermon, and with the sudden idea that the loss of the Deacon might be made up by getting the Elder. Accordingly she composed the following poem, entitled

"CAN'T CALCILATE.

"What poor short-sighted worms we be—
For we can't calcilate
With any sort of sartintee,
What is to be our fate.

"These words Prissilla's heart did reach,
And caused her tears to flow,
When first she heard the elder preach
About six months ago.

"How true it is what he did state,
And thus affected her,
That nobody can't calcilate
What is a-gwine to occur.

"When we retire, can't calcilate
But what afore the morn
Our housen will conflaggerate,
And we be left forlorn.

"Can't calcilate when we come in
From ary neighborin' place,
Whether we'll ever go out agin
To look on Natur's face.

"Can't calcilate upon the weather,
It always changes so;
Hain't go means of telling whether
It's gwine to rain or snow.

"Can't calcilate with no precision
On naught beneath the sky;
And so I've come to the decision,
That 'taint worth while to try."

"What does the minister say to our new burying ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor.

"He don't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives."

"Well," says Hines, "if the Lord spares my life I will."

"SILENCE silence!" cried the Judge, in great wrath; "here—we have decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them!"

GENERAL JACKSON was a man, every inch a man, and loved manliness, frankness, and sincerity in others. Peter Cartwright was a backwoods orator, as bold in the pulpit as "Old Hickory" was in the field. He had never rubbed his back against a college, or gone through one—into one door and out of the other. Indeed, he was never known to quote Latin but on one occasion, and then after hearing a sermon so deeply metaphysical that he could not understand it, and being asked his opinion of the preacher, he exclaimed "*in swampus non comatibus.*"

But Peter Cartwright was a noble preacher, and not afraid to declare the whole truth, whoever was present to hear. As he was to preach in the neighborhood, General Jackson went to hear him. One of his friends whispered to Peter, as he entered the church, that General Jackson was in the house, and gave him a caution about his manner. Cartwright never whispered, but spoke out aloud, "Who cares for General Jackson; he'll go to hell as soon as any other man if he don't repent."

Then taking the pulpit, he preached with his usual bluntness and in the thundering tones of his native eloquence, which ever and anon made his hearers quake. After the service was over, a gentleman asked General Jackson what he thought of that "rough old fellow?" The General answered, "Sir, give me twenty thousand of such men, and I'll conquer the world, including the devil!"

THAT no one may suspect us of trifling with serious things, we certify that we copy the following from a poem of five stanzas, being appended to an obituary notice of a child, and published in a Tennessee paper:

"I am coming, sweet Willie,
And so is your Ma,
For to meet you in glory
Along with your Pa.
Come meet us a-flying
And light on each breast,
Then we'll sing hallelujah
At home with the blest."

ELIJAH HEDDING was one of the noblest men and most godly bishops that the Methodist or any other Church has ever produced. He was "the *good* bishop" emphatically, and the savor of his name will be fragrant for successive generations. Like all other true men, he could enjoy a joke, and even to the latest days of his life on earth, he would say a pleasant thing that would make those around him smile even in the midst of their tears.

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When the aged saint was drawing near to death, and was compelled by the nature of his disease to sit in a large rotary chair, one of his friends desired to fasten it, so that its motion might not disturb him.

"No, no, brother," said the dying man, "you fixed it for me the other day, and I thought I should like it, but I had to have it unfastened again. The fact is, *I never could endure to ride a hobbled horse!*"

But he was a man of faith and earnestness, and here was the secret of his power. While he was yet a young man, and before he was made a bishop, he was called to settle a bitter feud between two brothers-in-law. He brought them together, in the presence of several friends, taking his seat between them, and the wife of each sat by the side of her husband. They began to talk over the subject of dispute, when one of them suddenly warmed up and called the other a liar. Instantly both started to their feet and rushed at each other, the females screamed, and a general alarm ensued. Mr. Hedding rushed between them, seized each by the collar of his coat, and with his Herculean frame and strength held them at arm's length, face to face, but unable to strike. Then he lectured them as he held them, and made such an appeal as would have moved the stoutest heart. After he had calmed them somewhat, he suddenly exclaimed,

"Let us pray!"

And bringing the two men with him upon the floor, he prayed for them in the most powerful manner, still retaining his grasp on both. When he had concluded, he shook the one in his right hand, saying,

"*Pray*, brother, PRAY."

There was no refusing, and when he had concluded, he made the same demand to the other, and then Mr. Hedding said,

"Amen. Now shake hands and live as brethren, and love each other as long as you live."

They immediately embraced, settled their dispute, the only difficulty being to see which could concede the most to the other.

While Mr. Hedding was an itinerant preacher he was traveling among the Indians, some of whom had been converted. He says in his journal,

"It was astonishing and sometimes amusing to hear the questions they proposed. A squaw said she had heard her boy read in the New Testament, that a man and his wife are one; now suppose that the squaw is converted and her husband is a drunkard, when they die, will the Indian go to heaven with the squaw, or must she go to hell with her husband, for the Testament says they are one?"

After he became a bishop he displayed great tact in making the appointments of ministers to particular circuits—the most delicate and difficult of all the tasks that fall on a Methodist bishop's hands. Sometimes it was impossible to give satisfaction. At the close of one of the conferences, after he had given out the appointments, and retired to his lodgings, a colored boy rushed into the room where he was sitting, and cried out in the greatest alarm, "O bishop, bishop, bishop! go up stairs quick, quick, quick! there is a man dying up in your room!" He hastened up, and found one of the preachers on the bed, with his head pushed into the clothes, and blubbering like a whipped school-boy because he did not like his appointment. He made the man get up, and then said to him, "Now, stop this bawling, and go to your post and labor like a man." He then dismissed him, supposing that would be the last he should hear from him. But a few days after the man came to see him again, and now he was fierce. "I don't blame you, bishop, I don't blame you; it is that Chris. Frye, my presiding elder. And now, bishop, if you will only hear him and me preach two bouts of twenty sermons apiece, if I don't beat him I'll give up." The bishop did not concede to the man's proposal of a preaching match, but sent him to his place, from which he ran away before his year was up.

The bishop was traveling, and as it was nearly the close of Saturday, he inquired at a tavern who were the principal men among the Methodists in the place he was passing through. The landlord pointed him to the house of the man who might be called the principal one, to whom the bishop immediately went, and introduced himself as a Methodist minister on a journey, adding that if it was convenient he would pass the Sabbath there. The man made no reply, but spoke of other matters.

Presently the bishop took up his hat and said, "Good-afternoon, Sir!"

The man stammered out, "I—I—guess you had better stay."

The bishop said he did not wish to be a burden; to which the surly man replied, "Oh, you can stay."

After a while the bishop concluded to make a stay of it, for better or worse, but the prospect was sufficiently discouraging. When evening came, his host said to him, "There's a prayer-meeting at the meeting-house: you can go, if you please; I can't go." The bishop went to the meeting, took his seat with the congregation, prayed with the other brethren, and returned to his lodgings. The house of his host was large and elegantly furnished; but at the hour of rest they sent the bishop to a small, remote chamber, and one far from being clean. Here he had three apprentice-boys for his companions, one of them occupying the same bed with himself. In the morning his host, in a half-inviting, half-repelling manner, remarked that there was to be a love feast, and inquired if he would go.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the bishop.

Soon after he had taken his seat in the congregation the preacher came in. The host went up and spoke to the preacher, and both turned their eyes at once upon the stranger. The preacher instantly recognized the bishop and pronounced his name, when the man went covered with shame to his seat. Bishop Hedding was now called to the altar, and took charge of the love feast, preaching afterward. At the close of the service his poor host came up to him, and half-mad, half-gracious, but thoroughly confused and ashamed, said in a quick, impatient manner,

"Why didn't you tell me you was a bishop?"

"Oh," said he, "I am a plain Methodist preacher."

Both the man and his wife were completely overcome with mortification, and it was a relief to the bishop to get away from them and go home with the minister.

Fond as the bishop was of pleasantry, and playful in his private and social intercourse, he was remarkable for his gravity in public life. A pillar of marble could scarcely be more immovable. His biographer says:

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"I never saw him thrown off his balance but once. At a certain conference a brother was recommended for admission on trial. But his reception was opposed by an influential member, on the ground of his insufficient education. He sustained this objection by citing instances of false syntax in a discourse which he said he had heard the candidate preach. In the midst of these rather ungracious remarks an Irish member, whose ready wit was known to all, hastily rose, and advancing a step toward the speaker, said, with an air and earnestness which it would be difficult to describe,

"*Brother! brother! don't you think he was embarrassed because* YOU *were there?*"

The stroke was irresistible. The conference was convulsed. Even the bishop could not stand before it; giving himself up to his emotions, his whole frame shook as if receiving successive shocks from a galvanic battery.

ONE seldom meets with more sententious and amusing dialogues than are to be found among the "examinations" before our metropolitan magistrates, in the matter of infractions of the new prohibitory law. The following "examination" of a legal "derelict," an English Cockney, may be taken as a specimen:

JUDGE. "You are a hard subject."

PRISONER. "Dessay" (dare say).

JUDGE. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be found lying drunk in door-ways?"

PRISONER. "B'lieve so."

JUDGE. "Are you not *certain* that you are?"

PRISONER. "Probably."

JUDGE. "Did you drink liquor last night?"

PRISONER. "P'raps."

JUDGE. "Where did you get your liquor?"

PRISONER. "Dun' no."

JUDGE. "What kind of liquor did you drink?"

PRISONER. "I halways 'ad a passion for gin."

JUDGE. "Did you drink gin last night?"

PRISONER. "Dessay."

JUDGE. "Are you not *certain* that you did?"

PRISONER. "Mebbee."

JUDGE. "How *often* did you drink?"

PRISONER. "Honly ven I've got the 'tin' to pay. Dutchmen vont trust now."

JUDGE. "Did you have any money last night?"

PRISONER. "Likely."

JUDGE. "How did you get it?"

PRISONER. "'Oldin' ov an 'orse't."

JUDGE. "How much did you get for the service?"

PRISONER. "A shillin'."

JUDGE. "And with that you bought your gin?"

PRISONER. "Probably."

JUDGE. "And got drunk?"

PRISONER. "Poss'bly."

JUDGE. "Where do you live?"

PRISONER. "No vares in partic'lar."

JUDGE. "Where do you *eat?*"

PRISONER. "Where the wittles is."

JUDGE. "Where do you *sleep?*"

PRISONER. "Any vares vere the vatchman can't nab me."

JUDGE. "I shall have to send you up to the Island as a vagabond."

PRISONER. "Dessay."

JUDGE. "You've been there before?"

PRISONER. "Mebbee."

JUDGE. "Don't you *know* whether you have been there or not?"

PRISONER. "Pr'aps."

JUDGE. "Are you *positively* certain of *any thing?*"

PRISONER. "Dun' no."

As Samivel Veller says, "Not much information elicited from *that* witness!"

THE affectation of a knowledge—"knowledge above what is written"—in the matter of musical criticism, is well hit off in the following capital burlesque:

"Madame Blank's is a real, or twelve-and-a-half cent contralto, of the purest and most sonorious description. She goes down derry down to the lower fe, fi, fo, fum, in the basement, and up again to the *hut* above the clothes-line on the *soperalito*—thus embracing an extent of two Octavians and a half in the Mountaineers. One must hear this artist to understand the consumptive skill with which she uses her munificent organ. It is even, odd, light, dark, liquid vocalization, combined with the diamond-setting on a style Maccaroni. It is really impossible in words to give any clear idea of such a voice; so sure, so uncertain, so true—such effort without exertion—and every note as perfect as a drop of dew, mist, rain, or a thaw. Never a scream irradiating or offending the ear, nor the slightest dramatic proportion. Madame Blank is perfection!"

HOOD had to pick up his living at the point of his pen, and puns sold better than poetry. He could turn every thing to punning account, and scattered puns by mouthfuls. In him punning was tolerable, because he was also a poet, and graced it with poetry. His poetry and prose ode addressed to his son, three years and five months old, is a capital specimen of his power. The last stanza is as follows:

"Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south;
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star:
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove!
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I can not write unless he's sent above!)"

THOMAS HOLLOWAY, the great pill and ointment man in London, writes to the *Prairie News* on the subject of advertising. He says:

"DEAR SIR,—A correspondent of yours has recommended your paper to me as an advertising medium. He mentioned the circulation, but may have been mistaken in the amount. Will you kindly inform me as to the circulation of your weekly, as I wish to make a contract with you for the insertion of my advertisement. I am unlimited in my advertising; my list of papers is now 1300, and I pay in advance. Yours respectfully.

To which the editor of the *News* responds:

VERY DEAR SIR,—The circulation of the *Prairie News*, which has been increasing with unexampled rapidity for more than two years, now amounts to *forty-three*, though I am bound in honor to say that two of my subscribers being very precarious pay, I shall probably cut them off before this letter reaches you, so that you are at liberty to consider the list reduced to forty-one. To this number should be added seven gratis copies, sent to as

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many friends of mine at a distance, out of compliment to their indefatigable exertions in procuring new subscribers. This number should be further augmented by a permanent exchange list of sixty-five, making in all a constant weekly circulation of one hundred and thirteen, besides an average of half a dozen surplus copies a week, which are sent with religious scrupulosity to postmasters and other distinguished individuals in benighted parts of the world. I have good grounds for estimating my *reading* patronage at forty-nine persons per copy. You may safely calculate that the 5537 readers of my paper would consume on an average ten dollars worth per annum, each, of your pills and ointment, particularly the pills, for I can not promise you an extensive sale of your ointment in this region, cutaneous diseases being rare, as may be inferred from the fact that the foreign born population of Mississippi is only one in sixty-two of the aggregate. So you perceive I shall be the means of opening a market to you for $55,370 worth of the invaluable remedies which have immortal-*lies*-ed your name, on which, after deducting the cost of the materials, boxes, etc., your profit will be about eighty-five per cent, or $47,064 50. Upon this handsome increase of your profits, accruing through my instrumentality, I propose to charge the moderate commission of one per cent, or $473 62½. If these terms do not suit you, come over by the next steamer, and we'll talk about it. If you are satisfied with them, for the first quarterly instalment of $117 66, be so good as to pay for me one year's subscription to *Punch*, *Diogenes*, and *The Times*, all of which are good papers, and should be encouraged, and send me the balance in cuttings of the London Particular Madeira grape-vine. Subsequent installments may be sent, at your option, in Bank of England notes, or any sort of truck except your medicines. Give my best respects to Queen Victoria, the next time you see her; tell her she is a lady whom I greatly esteem, and that I often think with what satisfaction, while this disastrous war is so thinning the population of her realms, she must reflect that she, at least, has done her duty in the way of keeping it up.

Your obedient servant, THE EDITOR.

ANY John Smith is to be pitied. He has no personal identity. He can not "hold property," not even an umbrella, with his name in it. What are post-offices and city dispatches to him? Listen for a moment to only a few of the annoyances which beset the John Smith "you read of" at this present:

"I have been advertised in the newspapers; persecuted by females whom I knew not; had callow bantlings laid on my door-steps. In short, I have suffered every thing but death, and all for my name. I am still plodding along the vale of existence, looking at the bright steep of fame in the distance, knowing it "impossible to climb." My name hangs to my tail as heavy as the stone of Sysiphus. I almost wish I was entirely defunct!

"I have got a home of my own, and am 'well to do in the world.' But I am not happy. I disburse the postage for a weekly mass of letters, of which three in five are intended for others. I read notices concerning me, hymeneal and obituary, several times in a month. I have been waited upon simultaneously by persons who had come to wish me joy, in the expectancy of a punch-drinking, and by rival tomb-stone cutters, desirous of a job 'to my memory,' from the surviving members of my bachelor household.

"I pay twice my own amount of bills. A John Smith lives next door, to whom half my choice rounds and sirloins, selected personally in the market—for I love good feed—are sent without distinction. My name is a bore, and my life a burden. Touching the debts I have paid which were not my own, they have harassed me beyond measure. Such is the perplexity arising from their constant and unavoidable occurrence, that I begin to think myself a member of that class of reprobates mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, who have been given up by Divine Providence to 'do those things which *are not convenient*.'

"The last and crowning enormity was in being represented in the daily newspapers as having been arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island for stealing clothes from different hotels!—and, although innocent and out of prison, yet it is almost as hard as confinement to have every other friend one meets ask him, 'How did you get out?'—'When did you leave the Island?' and congratulating him upon having, after all, escaped the fangs of the law!"

"IMPORTANT personages" are much more common in churches "over the water"—in the congregations, we mean—than they are in our republican country. This is very amusingly exemplified in the following:

"Old Mr. R—— was the great man of a small neighborhood, and 'patronized' a Protestant church in his vicinity. The congregation was small, and Mr. R—— had the most important face, and was altogether the most important personage in the church. The parson never commenced the service until he made his appearance. Sometimes the latter would fall asleep during the sermon; upon which the clergyman, out of respect to his patron, would pause awhile. Presently the old gentleman would wake up, rub his eyes, and exclaim, with a gentle wave of his hand, 'Go on, Sir—go on; I am with you!'"

Apropos of sermons, but more especially of *long sermons*, here is a "case in point:"

We once knew a judge, "learned in the law," who, when at church (forgetting that he was not on the bench), invariably fell asleep. He always sat out the service, however, except on one occasion. It was a sultry summer afternoon; he had listened long, and slept patiently; but at length, in a pause of the discourse, which the dominie had split into twenty-four remaining parts, he opened the pew-door and walked out into the porch, where he was accosted, by a tired-out hearer like himself, with:

"Why, what's the matter, Judge? what has brought *you* out?"

"I am going for my night-gown and slippers," he replied; "for I find I must take up my quarters here to-night!"

He should have stood his ground, looked at the minister, and—*yawned!*

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, the inventor of Morse's Electric Telegraph, "known and honored" throughout the world, gave, on a recent public occasion, a very interesting account of his struggles in bringing the wonderful thing before the public, and in obtaining a grant from Congress to "*try it*" on a line between Washington and Baltimore

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Mr. Morse was in Washington, almost worn out with his incessant exertions, in endeavoring to procure the passage of his bill. It finally was got through the House, and for the rest — which is briefly stated — we leave the great "*Lightning School-teacher*" to tell his own most interesting story:

"My bill had indeed passed the House of Representatives, and it was on the calendar of the Senate; but the evening of the last day had commenced with more than one hundred bills, to be considered and passed upon, before mine could be reached.

"Wearied out with the anxiety of suspense, I consulted with one of my senatorial friends. He thought the chance of reaching it to be so small, that he advised me to consider it as lost. In a state of mind, gentlemen, which I must leave you to imagine, I returned to my lodgings, to make preparations for returning home the next day.

"My funds were reduced to the fraction of a dollar. In the morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, the servant announced that a young lady desired to see me in the parlor. It was the daughter of my excellent friend and college class-mate, the Commissioner of Patents. She had called, she said, by her father's permission, and in the exuberance of her own joy, to announce to me *the passage of my Telegraph Bill at midnight*, but a moment before the Senate's adjournment!

"This was the turning-point of the Telegraph Invention in America.

"As an appropriate acknowledgment for the young lady's sympathy and kindness—a sympathy which only a woman can feel and express—I promised that the first dispatch, by the first line of telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, should be indited by her. To which she replied: 'Remember, now, I shall hold you to your word!'

"In about a year from that time the line was completed; and every thing being prepared, I apprised my young friend of the fact. A note from her inclosed this dispatch:

"'*What hath God wrought?*'

"These were the first words that passed on the first completed line of electric wires in America. None could have been chosen more in accordance with my own feelings. It baptized the American Telegraph with the name of its author."

It will be hard to resist a tear to the memory of the brave, in reading the following incident, which occurred on board Perry's vessel, after the battle of Lake Erie:

One poor fellow was sent below to the surgeon, with his right arm dangling like an empty coat-sleeve at his side. It had been shattered near the shoulder, and amputation was pronounced unavoidable. He bore the painful operation without a groan or a murmur, although "cold drops of agony stood on his trembling flesh."

An hour or two after his arm was amputated, he called the surgeon to his side, and said:

"I should like to *see* my arm, if you have no objection."

"None in the world," replied the surgeon, "if you desire it."

The amputated limb was at once brought to him, and poor Jack, pressing the cold hand which had "forgot its cunning" in his left, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes:

"Farewell, old messmate! You and I have weathered many a tough gale together, but now we must part! You have been a good friend to me; I shall never find such another!"

"One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," is an old maxim; but it is "wonderfully wonderful," as the man in the play has it, what changes there *are* in fashions. Just now, the wits are satirizing and laughing at the diminutive hats of the ladies. It was not exactly "the mode" in New England in the

"—— Good Old Colony times,
When we lived under the King,"

if we may trust the "Simple Cobbler of Agawan," who wrote in Massachusetts as early as 1647, as follows, of the ladies' dresses of that period:

"I can make myselfe sick at any time with comparing the dazzling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits with the *goose-down* wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. We have about five or six of them in our colony. If I see any of them accidentally, I can not cleanse my phansie of them for a moneth after. It is enow to break the heart for to see our goodly women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes (*big* bonnets were 'the thing' in *those* days) for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody to relieve them. It is no marvel they weare *drailes* on the hinder-part of their heads, leaving nothing, as it seems, in the fore-part but a few squirrel's brains, to help them frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another. It is no little labor to be continually putting up English women into outlandish caskes; who, if they be not shifted anew, once in a few moneths, grow too sour for their husbands.

"When I hear a nagiperous gentledame inquire what is the newest fashion of the Court, with desire to be in it in all haste, whatever it be, I look at her as the very *gizzard of a trifle*, the product of the *quarter of a cipher*—the *epitome of nothing!*"

The old Cobbler certainly does not mean by these compliments to indicate one of the strong-minded women "of our day and generation!"

Some go to Church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there their time to spend,
Some the impulse ne'er discover,
Some go there to meet a lover,
Some go there to sleep or nod,
And some go there to worship God."

Tall oaks from little acorns grow: large streams from little fountains flow: a great matter a little fire kindleth; and a score of other sayings assure us of the great effects that follow very slight causes, but we have scarcely met any thing more admirably illustrative of the fact, and, at the same time, of the adhesiveness of governments to old usages, than is given by Charles Dickens in his late reform speech:

"Ages ago a mode of keeping accounts in the Exchequer by means of notched sticks was introduced. In the course of time the celebrated Cocker was born and died: then Walkinghame, the author of the 'Tutor's Assistant,' and a multitude of accountants, actuaries, and mathematicians, who discovered and published means of account-keeping

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by ordinary arithmetic, far more ready, and which, in their every-day transactions, every body used; but official routine looked upon these notched sticks as part of the Constitution, and the Exchequer still continued to be kept by these willow tallies. But toward the end of the reign of George III., it occurred to some innovating and revolutionary spirit to suggest the abolition of this barbarous custom, and immediately all the red tape in all the public departments turned redder at the idea of so bold a conception; and it was not until the year 1826 that the custom of keeping these Exchequer accounts by willow tallies ceased. In 1834 it was found that a large accumulation of these tallies had grown up in the course of time, and the question arose what was to be done with these old worm-eaten, useless bits of wood? They were housed at Westminster. Common sense would have suggested that they should have been given to some of the poor miserable people who abounded in that neighborhood for fire-wood; but official routine could not endure that; and, accordingly, an order was given that they should be burned privately. They were burned in a stove in the House of Lords; but the stove, being overheated with them, set fire to the paneling of the room, the paneling set fire to the House of Lords, the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons, and the two Houses were reduced to ashes."

It is admitted and mourned by many that a prohibitory law, by general acquiescence in its requirements, should not have proved more effective; but neither the friends nor the enemies of the "bill" will find any thing to complain of in the following playful exposition of the way in which the provisions of the law may be evaded. It is an extract from a "*Maine Law Melody*," and is supposed to be a modern midnight conversation between *Spirits*:

"Humph!" said Brandy the Bold,
I'm condemned to be sold
No more in the way of a frolic;
Only this very day,
A chap over the way,
To procure me, pretended a colic.
When I saw myself pass
In an ounce-measure glass,
I felt *such* a measure improper;
And with anger I vow,
For I've not a cork now,
I exploded, and blew out my stopper."

"Faugh!" said Port—"only think
That such comforting drink
As I'm well known to be, should *see* a
Metamorphose so strange,
And, oh! terrible change!
Note my name in the Pharmacopeia.
To be sure, I am sold
Just as much as of old,
To many a 'dry' dropping-in gent.;
Who makes a wry face,
Says, 'Mine's a bad case,
Just give me a pint of Astringent.'"

"That's how they take *me* in,"
Then out-gurgled Gin,
"As 'cock-tail' or 'sling' I'm not lawful;
But for 'spasms' or 'giddiness,'
Or pains in the kidneys,
The way that I'm swallowed is awful!"
"True!" quoth Rum; "just to see
How the patients bolt *me*,
With a phiz as if I was emetic;
And, by way of a sham,
Pass me off as a fiam,
By calling me '*Diaphoretic*.'"
* * * * * *

Thus each one chimed in,
That he thought it a sin
With such nauseous new friends to be dwelling;
With cough-stuff and senna,
Ipecacuanha!
And vile asafœtida smelling;
What with hartshorn and "ile,"
And stuff for the bile,
And many a quack mixture cried up:
And nasty black leaches,
Each stomach it retches,
And one really brings his *inside* up.

The foregoing would seem to indicate that many places have become very sickly since the passage of the Maine Law, which "were not so before." Some have even gone so far as to quote Saint Paul in favor of wine as remedy for a very "popular" ailment under the new law:

"*Take a little wine for the stomach-ache!*"

It is not often that we encounter any thing which combines pathos and poetry to the same marvelous extent as in the following doleful ballad. We give but part of it, including one catastrophe, that of murder. The subsequent trial and execution of the criminal would be too much to bear at once. It is a choice specimen of Hoosier literature; and what is more, is from the pen of a schoolmaster:

A SONG.

On the death of Fuller, who was executed at Lawrence Burgh, Dearborn County, and Indiana. Wrote by Josiah I. Cooper, Aug. 17, A.D. 1831, Clinton County, Indiana.

Ye sons of Columbia your attention I crave
Whilst a sorrowful Dity I tell
Which happened of late in the Indiana State
On a hero who many did excele
Like Sampson he courted and made choice of the fair
Intending to make her his Wife
But she like Delilah when his heart she did ensnare
Oh she cost him both his honor and his Life

A gold wring he gave her in token of love
On the poesy was the image of the Dove
And mutually agreed for to marry with Speed
For she promised by the powers above
His deportment was lovely he was handsome and trim
No man was more Loyal and Brave
But I am sorry for to say instead of a wedding day
Poor Fuller lies silent in the grave

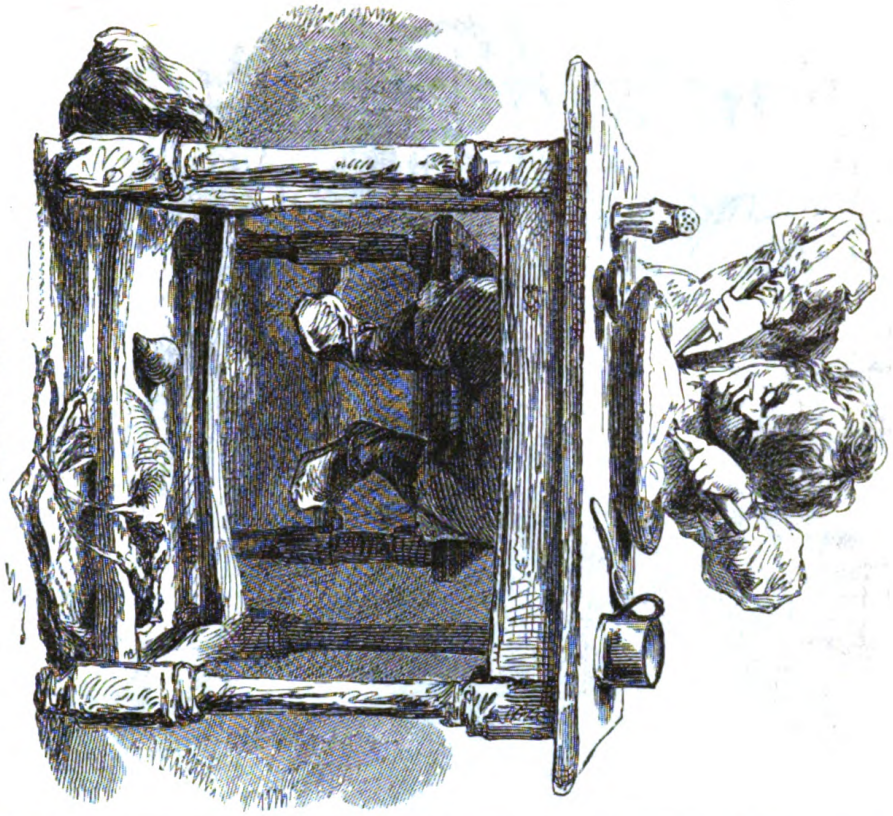
For this feeble minded maid she Vowed again to Wead
With young Warren a liver in that place
Which was a fatal blow for it prooved his overthrow
And added to her shame and disgrace
For Satan through the hands of the Woman laid a snare
To deprive these two heroes of their lives
So young men be cautious be wise and be ware
Of your Vows when you are coarting of your Wives

For when Fuller came to hear that he was deprived of his dear
Whom he had vowed by the powers for to Wead
Straight to Warren he did go with his heart so full of Woe
And smiling unto him he said
Young man you have injured me to gratify your cause
By Reporting I have left a prudent wife
Oh acknowledge you have wronged me or tho I Break the law
Oh Warren I'le deprive you of your life!

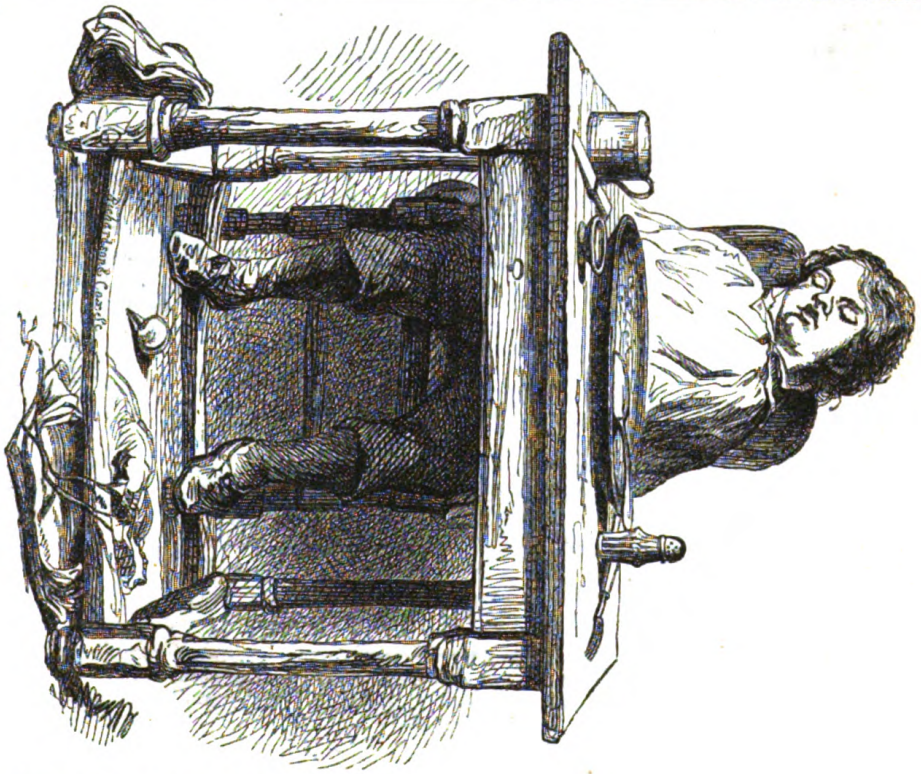
Then Warren he Replied your Request must be denied
Unto your darling my heart it is bound
And further I can say this is my wedding day
In spite of all the heroes in Town
Then fuller by the passion of Love and anger bound
Alas it caused many for to cry
For at one fatal shot he killed Warren on the spot
And smiling said I am Willing for to Die

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The Seat of War.



THE ATTACK.



THE DEFEAT.

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Life Insurance—A Dream.



Mr. SMYTHE, having read about Life Insurance, dreams thereof, as follows:



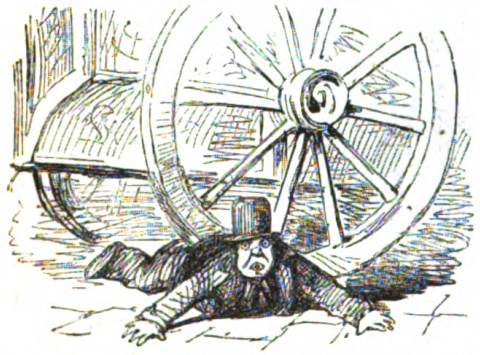
He calls at the Insurance Office; whereat the officials rejoice greatly.



The Physician declareth that his brain, lungs, and heart are affected.—Premium accordingly.



He leaveth the Office. Meeteth with Accident Number One. Life not lost.



Trying to cross Broadway, he falleth into trouble. Miraculous Escape.



The pavement gives way, and he falleth into a Lager Bier Saloon.



Reacheth Home.—Camphene Explosion—Hair burnt off.—Presence of Mind of Mrs. S.



Procureth a Wig. Ardent Politician mistakes him for a Member of the other Party.

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The Doctor consoleth him by the assurance that his wounds are not mortal.



Goeth to the country to recruit. Meeteth an accident in Hunting.



Tries Fishing. Falleth into the water; but is not quite drowned.



Goeth to Philadelphia *via* Camden and Amboy R. R.—Natural consequences follow.



On board a Steamer.—Is blown up. What he dreamt became of him.



Awakes.—Finds he is really blown up—by Wife for putting Foot on Baby.



Examines himself.—Finds it was all a Dream; but it might have been true.

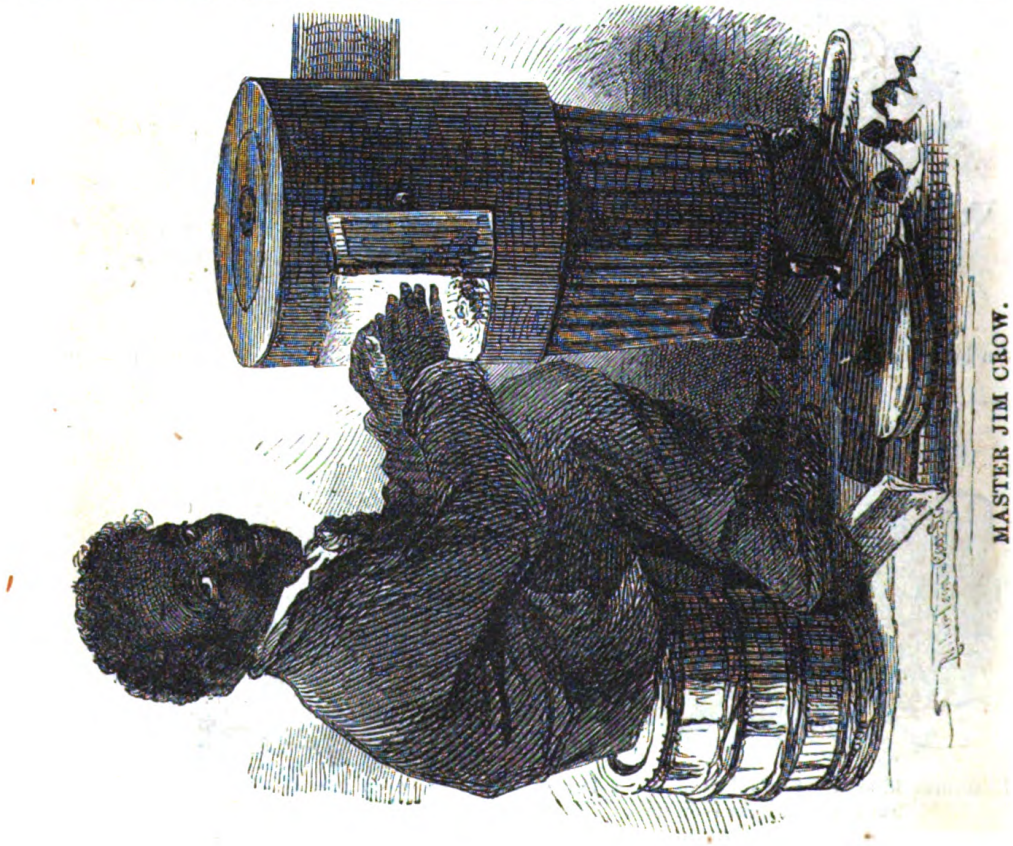


Best to be on the safe side. Proceeds to get his **Life insured.**

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MISS DINAH CROW.



MASTER JIM CROW.

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Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Home Dress and Boy's Costume.

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THE special novelty in the HOME DRESS illustrated on the preceding page consists in the fashion of the Sleeve. This will commend itself to a correct taste as giving full effect to the graceful droop of the shoulder, which forms so striking an element in the beauty of the female form. It is difficult to construct a sleeve that shall start with fullness from its insertion at the shoulder, which shall not offend the cultivated eye by the unnatural width given by it to the figure at this point. This difficulty has here been obviated by the manner in which the triangular piece is inserted. The cuff is turned back upon the sleeve, and is confined by buttons, similar to those upon the *moire antique* trimming upon the other portions of the dress. In order to avoid the inconvenience, in a Home Dress, of having the sleeves continually falling in the way, no greater fullness has been given to them than is absolutely necessary to avoid a poor and meagre appearance of the outline.—The Boddice is high, close-fitting, and plain; somewhat pointed, a form which we can not avoid regarding as more graceful than the rounded waists, which are much in vogue with those who do not affect the jacket or lappets. We must, however, state that the *Basque* is very generally adopted, and bids fair to retain its place for some time.—The Skirt is made full and long, being ornamented in the same manner as the sleeve. The diamonding lines are composed of piping. This trimming is continued in the manner indicated, and at the bottom occupies a full width of the skirt.—The under-sleeves are close at the waist. They and the collar are of English embroidery. The coiffure is Valenciennes.

The BOY'S COSTUME is composed of a coat of green embroidered velvet, of which the illustration gives the details of construction. The Pantaloons are of drab-colored cloth, embroidered at the bottom. Similar embroidery ornaments the outside seam along its whole length. The linen is of English embroidery.

For out-door Costume, Furs have never been more extensively in vogue. They are worn of every conceivable variety of form, from the ample cape or cardinal down to the narrowest pelerine. They are also in favor as trimming upon fabrics of almost every variety. The expense lavished upon them, would almost seem to justify the re-enactment of the sumptuary laws of olden time.

Flounces are universally worn, the number resting entirely at the option of the wearer. Skirts are very full, and so long as to touch the ground, even when distended by the most ample under-dress. The hoops of our grandmothers certainly threaten to reappear, if we may not say that they have actually appeared again. We are confident, however, that the good taste of our countrywomen will prevent a fashion so opposed to correct taste from becoming at all prevalent.

We append two styles of UNDER-SLEEVES, appropriate to the season. Both are close at the wrists, with ribbons and *nœuds*. *Bouillonnées* with ribbon insertions are placed around the wrists in both. In one these *bouillonnées* are also placed lengthwise; in the other ribbon-



FIG. 3.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

bars appear through the transparent *tulle*. Transparencies of this kind are, in fact, especial favorites. They are in the above of peach-blossom and light-blue respectively.

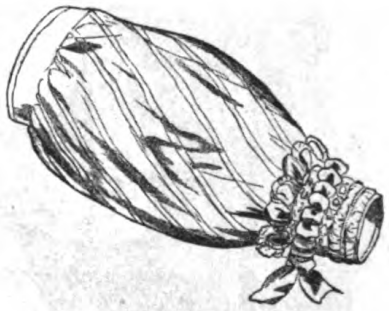


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

Below we illustrate a NURSERY BASKET of a unique style, which may afford a not unwelcome hint to young mothers. The inside is of white satin, ornamented with sprays of the "morning-glory," embroidered in natural colors. The various adjuncts of the toilet are represented within. The special novelty of this basket consists in the festooned lace, caught up with silken cords and tassels.

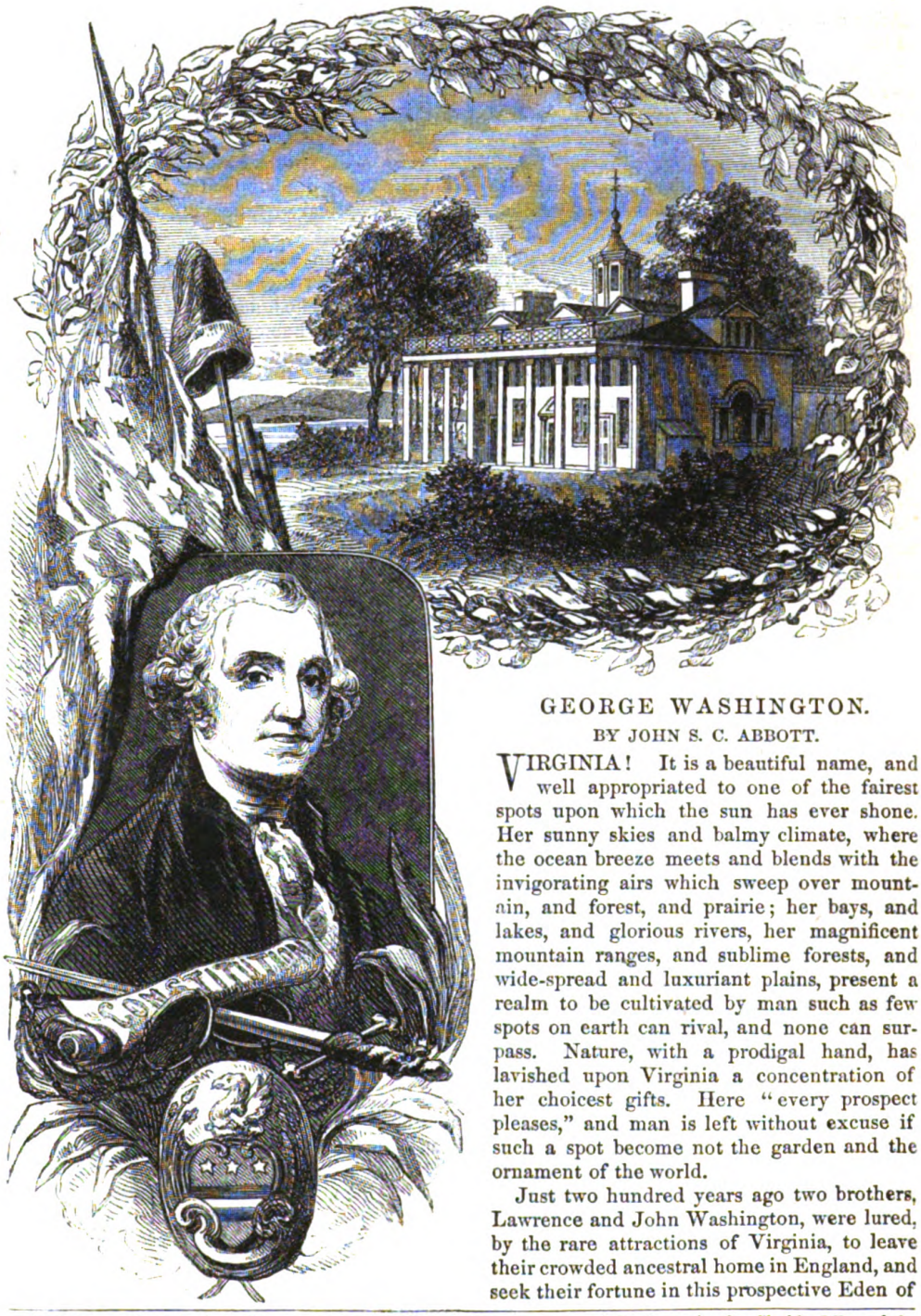


FIGURE 5.—NURSERY BASKET.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXIX.—FEBRUARY, 1856.—Vol. XII.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VIRGINIA! It is a beautiful name, and well appropriated to one of the fairest spots upon which the sun has ever shone. Her sunny skies and balmy climate, where the ocean breeze meets and blends with the invigorating airs which sweep over mountain, and forest, and prairie; her bays, and lakes, and glorious rivers, her magnificent mountain ranges, and sublime forests, and wide-spread and luxuriant plains, present a realm to be cultivated by man such as few spots on earth can rival, and none can surpass. Nature, with a prodigal hand, has lavished upon Virginia a concentration of her choicest gifts. Here "every prospect pleases," and man is left without excuse if such a spot become not the garden and the ornament of the world.

Just two hundred years ago two brothers, Lawrence and John Washington, were lured, by the rare attractions of Virginia, to leave their crowded ancestral home in England, and seek their fortune in this prospective Eden of

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America. They were young men of intelligence, of opulence, and of lofty moral principle. Lawrence, the elder of the two, had just left the classic halls of Oxford. He was a finished scholar and an accomplished man. Several articles from his pen had embellished the world-renowned pages of the *Spectator*. The younger brother, John, was more familiar with the cares of an estate, and with the practical duties of life.

After a weary voyage of three or four months the little vessel in which they embarked entered the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. Sailing up this magnificent inland sea some hundred miles, they entered the Potomac river. It was a beautiful morning in summer. The scene now opened to the eye of these young emigrants was indeed one of fairy beauty. On either side of the mirrored stream the primeval forest extended interminably over meadow and hillside. The birch canoe with the plumed Indian glided over the unrippled and glassy stream. The merry shouts of childhood echoed from the shore, as young barbarians, in the graceful costume of Venus de Medici, hailed the passing ship. The picturesque villages of the native tribes, with their conical wigwams, to which "distance lent enchantment," seemed to grow from the green and unbroken turf of the indented bays, or stood out upon the cliff in bold relief against the golden sky.

About fifty miles above the mouth of the Potomac the two brothers purchased a large tract of land. John soon built him a house, and married a young lady of congenial spirit, Miss Anne Pope. His life was the ordinary life of man. Children were born and children died. Days of sunshine and of storm, of joy and of grief, succeeded each other as life rapidly glided away, until his allotted pilgrimage was finished. A few weeks of sickness, the dying groan, the shroud, the funeral, and the tomb—and all was over. What shadows!

Augustine, the second son of John, inherited his father's virtues and intelligence, and continued on the broad acres of the paternal homestead. The drama of life with him also often caused the heart to throb with joy, and often brought the tears of anguish gushing into his eyes. He led his beautiful and youthful bride, Jane Butler, to his home of refinement and comfort, and when two little sons and a daughter had twined themselves around a mother's heart, Jane sickened and died. It was the first grief she had brought to the household. A few years passed away, and the saddened father sought another mother for his then two surviving children. He found the companion he needed in Mary Ball. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of that land, then far-famed for the loveliness and the culture of its fair daughters. Mary Ball! May her name be held in everlasting remembrance. She was a noble girl, a noble wife, a noble mother.

Augustine and Mary were married on the 6th of March, 1730. In not quite two years from that time, on the 22d of February, 1732, Mary heard the wailing cry of her first-born son, and pressed to her throbbing heart the infant

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George was the child of exalted birth, of lofty lineage—the lineage of commanding intelligence, of warm affections, of firm principles, and of indomitable energy. Nature's gifts were conferred lavishly upon him. He was opulently endowed with all that can be externally bestowed to aid in an illustrious career. His parents were wealthy, and yet they were living with frugality and simplicity, in the cultivation of those Puritan virtues which have ever been found the best safeguards against temptation, and the most powerful stimulus to heroic and self-sacrificing deeds. God gave him a mind, a heart, a physical organization, each of the noblest cast.

The spot on which he was born, upon the picturesque shores of the Potomac, was one of rare beauty. The house was a capacious, comfortable cottage homestead, filled and surrounded with all the solid comforts which an opulent planter could in that day gather around him. From the lawn where George engaged in infantile sports with the brothers and sisters who were subsequently born, the eye commanded an extended reach of the majestic Potomac, as its vast flood of waters moved sublimely on to the Chesapeake Bay, and through that to the Atlantic ocean. Across the magnificent river, at this place nearly ten miles wide, rose the forest-clad hills and plains of Maryland. A few islands, in the beauty of a solitude which was enhanced, not interrupted, by the spiral wreaths of smoke which rose, through the unmarred foliage, from the fire of the Indian's wigwam, relieved the expanse of water and cheered the eye.

George was a vigorous, courageous, manly boy. The same noble traits of character which made him illustrious among men embellished his youthful years. He was noted for his fearlessness, and yet he was never known to become involved in a quarrel with a companion. He had a generous and a magnanimous spirit which prevented him from ever attempting to play the tyrant over others; and none were found so bold as to attempt the hopeless task of enacting the tyrant over him. George Washington upon the play-ground was a just, magnanimous, and fearless boy, as George Washington, leading the armies of the Revolution or presiding in the Presidential chair, was a just, magnanimous, and fearless man. From his earliest years he was signalized by probity and truthfulness.

It was a severe ordeal through which he passed, when, in the thoughtlessness of almost infantile years, he tried the edge of his new hatchet upon his father's favorite cherry-tree. The tree was girdled and ruined. With flushed cheek the impetuous father, who carried "anger as the flint bears fire," demanded the perpetrator of the outrage. George, trembling with

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BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

agitation, for a moment hesitated. But instantly his noble nature rose triumphant over the unworthy temptation to deceive. Looking his father frankly and earnestly in the face, he said,

"Father, I can not tell a lie: *I* cut the tree."

The father was worthy of the son. Generous tears gushed into his eyes. "Come to my heart, my boy," said he, as he folded his arms affectionately around him; "I had rather lose a thousand trees than find falsehood in my son!"

When George was but eleven years of age his father died, and he was left entirely to the care of his mother. The dying father had so much confidence in the judgment of his wife, that he directed that all the property of the five children should be at her disposal until they should respectively come of age. Well did the mother fulfill her weighty responsibilities. Washington ever recognized his obligations to his mother for the principles which sustained him and animated him through his eventful life. Augustine Washington left a large property in lands. To his oldest son, Lawrence, the child of Jane Butler, he left the estate of Mount Vernon, then consisting of two thousand five hundred acres. To George was left the paternal mansion and the broad and fertile acres which were attached to it. All the other children were also left in a state of independence.

Lady Washington was a woman of commanding figure, of much native dignity, and endowed with features of uncommon loveliness. Before her marriage she was generally regarded as one of the most beautiful girls of Virginia. Her manners were simple and unaffected. She was a woman of sincere piety, and trained up her family, in their secluded yet most hospitable home, at an infinite remove from all fashionable frivolities. Through her whole life she retained a mother's influence over her illustrious son.

When Washington was in the meridian of his fame, a large party was given in his honor at Fredericksburg. When the church bell rang the hour of nine, Lady Washington rose and said, "Come, George, it is nine o'clock. It is time for us to go home." And taking her son's arm, they retired. Such is the material of which mothers of Washingtons are made. The pallid belles of midnight are for a different function.*

* Perhaps we ought in honesty to record that Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who was present on this occasion, states that after General Washington had seen his mother safely home, *he came back again to the party.*

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There are no two conspicuous characters in history which more strikingly resemble each other in all physical, intellectual, and affectional qualities than Letitia Raniolini, the mother of Napoleon, and Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington. And each of these illustrious men attributed to his mother those primal influences which controlled and guided subsequent life.

Lady Washington had a span of elegant gray horses, of which she was very fond. She loved, as she sat with her needle at the parlor window, to see the lordly and graceful animals feeding upon the lawn or bounding over the turf in caressing gambols. One of these beautiful colts had never been broken to the saddle. Some young men at the lawn one day proposed to try the dapple gray on horseback. But the spirited steed set them at defiance, and no one could mount. George, though one of the youngest of the party, was remarkably vigorous and athletic. With a little address he soothed the fretted steed, and adroitly leaped into the saddle. He was a perfect horseman. The terrified animal struggled for a few moments in the vain attempt to throw him, and then, with the speed of the wind, started off upon a race. George, exulting in his victory, gave her free rein. But the blooded steed, true to her nature, yielded not till she fell in utter exhaustion prostrate beneath her rider. The panting animal appeared seriously, perhaps fatally injured. George was greatly alarmed. He knew how highly his mother prized and even loved the beautiful span. But, true to his characteristic instincts, he immediately hastened to her and informed her of what had happened. The mother's reply reveals to us the influence which formed the character of her child.

"My son," said she, after a moment's pause, "I forgive you, because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. Had you skulked away I should have despised you."

George attended a common school, where he was instructed in the ordinary branches of an English education. His intelligence, manliness, and elevated character immediately gave him a high rank among his school-mates. He was almost invariably made the arbiter of their disputes, and there was ever a prompt acquiescence in the justice of his decisions. At this early age, for he was then but thirteen, he developed some intellectual traits which were very extraordinary. There is now extant a manuscript in his handwriting, in which he had carefully written different forms of business papers, that he might ever be ready, on any emergency, to draw up such a paper in concise and correct phraseology. There are copies of promissory notes, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills. These are written out with much care, in a distinct and well-formed hand.

Then follow some hymns of a serious, earnest, religious nature. The elevated soul is always meditative and earnest. A tinge of pensiveness overshadows every spirit which really awakes to the consciousness of the profound, the awful mystery of this our earthly being. The religious element *must* predominate in every intellect sufficiently capacious to range the vast sweep of infinity and of eternity. George Washington, as a boy, was soulful, thoughtful, devout. The wonder of life, inexplicable, astounding—the dread enigma of death, present duty, future destiny, weighed heavily upon his meditative spirit even before he left the play-grounds of childhood.

Another manuscript book, characteristic of this noble youth, contains a record of Rules of Behavior in Company and in Conversation. True politeness has been beautifully defined to be "real kindness kindly expressed." Washington was a gentleman. When a boy he studied the art of courteous and agreeable intercourse. He laid down rules to guide him to the avoidance of every thing that might offend



WASHINGTON ON THE UNTAMED HORSE.

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a refined taste, and to the culture of all that was pleasing in tone, in manner, and in habits. The gentleness of the boy expanded in the urbanity and the graceful courtesy of the man. Great are the fascinations of that polished exterior which is but the exponent of a warm, generous, friendly heart.

Thus we see Washington, even in childhood, impelled by some inward monitor, acquiring an acquaintance with the important forms of business, investing his own nature with sublimity by the cultivation of a religious spirit, and carefully watching over his own words and his own actions, that dignity, decorum, and unaffected politeness might mark all his intercourse with his fellow-men. His temperament was ardent. His passions were strong. The fire in his veins and in his soul burned glowingly. But under the guidance of a judicious mother he commenced in early life the conquest of himself, and thus became the *model man;* not the spiritless being who is virtuous because he has no passions and no temptations, and who has never entered into the fierce strife of the soul's deadly conflict, but the man of Herculean energies and of volcanic emotions, who has vanquished his almost indomitable spirit, and disciplined it into the meekness and the lowliness of the child.

When sixteen years of age George left school. For two years he had very diligently studied geometry, trigonometry, and surveying. His mathematical attainments were, for that day, of a high order. Many manuscripts still remain which attest his diligence, his accuracy, and his skill. It was then his intention to engage in the employment of a surveyor of public lands, which was, at that time, a very lucrative profession. Every thing which came from his pen was executed with extraordinary precision and neatness. His handwriting was round and distinct as print. Every fact occupied its proper place. All the diagrams and tables were drawn and arranged with very much care and beauty.

These invaluable habits, thus early formed, Washington retained through life. Every thing he did was well done. There has perhaps never appeared a more perfectly-balanced character, or one in which all the endowments of a lofty creation were more harmoniously blended.

George, upon leaving school, went to visit his elder half-brother Lawrence, who was residing upon his estate at Mount Vernon, a spot of enchanting beauty upon the swelling hills of the Potomac, about a hundred miles above George's paternal home. It was his first visit to the place. Little did the ingenuous boy then imagine that his subsequent fame was to draw to that spot visitors from all lands, and confer upon it a world-wide renown.

In the immediate vicinity of Mount Vernon —for a distance of eight miles then constituted neighborhood—an English gentleman, Mr. William Fairfax, resided. He was of a noble family, opulent, intelligent, of polished manners, and, more than all, a man of integrity and of great private worth. He had an interesting family of accomplished daughters. Lawrence Washington had married one of them. George became very intimate in this family, and in the society of these polished ladies derived advantages which were of vast importance to him through the whole of his subsequent life.

Lord Fairfax, a near relative of William, a man of romantic tastes and of large wealth, was also lured by the charms of Virginia to emigrate to this new world. From his rank he had been accustomed to the best society of England, and his mind was polished and disciplined by high literary culture. Lord Fairfax, who was then residing with William, owned a vast territory, covered by the primeval forest, which extended far away into the interior, over hills and valleys, beyond the blue ridge of the Alleghanies. The scientific acquirements of George Washington, his energy, and frank and noble character, attracted the attention and won the regard of Lord Fairfax. Though in years George was still but a boy, the English nobleman made arrangements with him to undertake the arduous and perilous enterprise of exploring and surveying these pathless wilds. With but one companion the heroic boy entered the wilderness. He was then but one month over sixteen years of age.

It was cold and blustering March. The snows of winter still lingered in the laps of the mountains, and whitened with their chill expanse the sunless ravines. The rivers were swollen into torrents by the inundations of the opening spring. Boldly George plunged into the solitudes of the forest, and pursued his course along the trail of the Indian, over mountain and moor, by the margin of the lake and across the swollen stream, where the white man's foot had seldom, if ever, trod. His adventurous spirit enjoyed the exciting enterprise, and proudly he faced all the perils and the hardships of forest life. As he slept upon the ground, in these vast and sublime solitudes, beneath such shelter as the hour could afford, he listened to the midnight howl of the wolf and the barking of the bear. Occasionally the cabin of an adventurous settler, who had felled an opening in the forest upon some silent stream, afforded him a night's hospitality. At other times the young explorer found himself in the wigwam of the friendly Indian, surrounded by the tawny warriors of the forest. In the silent hours of the night he gazed upon the brands flickering at his feet, and upon the Indian brave, his squaw, and his pappooses, with whom he was sharing the fragrant hemlock couch. A youth trained to manhood under such influences must possess a marked character. From this expedition George returned successfully. He was no longer a boy. Peril, hardship, responsibility had consolidated all his energies, and he was now, though still but in his seventeenth year, a man—a capable, efficient, self-reliant man.

He immediately received a commission from

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WASHINGTON A SURVEYOR.

the State of Virginia as a public surveyor. For three years he pursued this employment, which was ever opening before him fields of the most romantic adventure. His spirit of enterprise was gratified by the novel scenes of grandeur, of beauty, of peril, to which he was often introduced. He floated along the river guided by the noiseless paddle of the Indian's canoe. He climbed the mountain cliff, and, with a throbbing heart, looked out over the wide range of mountain, lake, and forest smiling beneath the sunny skies of lovely Virginia—of Virginia as God had made it. Though he often during these three years visited his mother, he considered his brother's residence at Mount Vernon as his home, since it was nearer the scene of his labors. As there were but few civil engineers in those days, Washington found abundant employment and ample remuneration.

With the manly character which such training as this secured, it is not strange to find that when George Washington was nineteen years of age he was one of the prominent men of his native State. The Indians, alarmed by the encroachments which the white men were making upon their hunting-grounds, began to manifest a hostile spirit. Their council fires were lighted. The fearful war-whoop echoed through the forest. The lonely cabin of the settler blazed at midnight, and the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were red with blood.

For protection Virginia was divided into districts. The militia was organized and drilled. Over each district was appointed a military commander, with the title of Major. This officer had great responsibilities and great powers. The lives and the property of the inhabitants of the district, exposed to the ravages of a wary and an implacable foe, were under his protection. George Washington, though but nineteen years of age, was appointed Major of one of these districts. With his accustomed energy he immediately devoted himself to the study of the military art, read all the important treatises to which he could get access, and made himself familiar with the manual exercise and with the accomplishments of a good swordsman.

But man is born to mourn. Life is ever a tragedy. Lawrence Washington, George's beloved brother, was attacked by fatal disease. With fraternal love and care George accompanied him to the West Indies. It was of no avail. He returned but to die at the age of thirty-four, leaving an infant child, and a wife desolate and woe-stricken, to weep such tears as the widow only can shed. Lawrence Washington was a man worthy of the name of Washington. He was of a lofty nature, and every noble and generous affection found a congenial home in his bosom.

George wept bitterly. Lawrence had been

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to him as a beloved father. It was, indeed, a dark cloud which had thus suddenly obscured his sky. Lawrence left a large property. He bequeathed Mount Vernon to his infant daughter, and, in case of her death without issue, it was to pass to his brother George. As George was familiar with his brother's affairs, he became the principal executor of the estate.

The western frontiers of Virginia, along an extent of several hundred miles, are washed by the waters of the beautiful Ohio. England had established her colonies on the Atlantic coast. France had taken possession of the boundless bosom of the St. Lawrence, and had also commenced her settlements at the mouth of the Mississippi. Both kingdoms were anxious to obtain possession of the limitless interior of this new world. The French, from Canada, crossed the lakes, followed down the Ohio, established military posts at important points, and entered into friendly alliances with the Indians. At the same time they sent military bands up the river from New Orleans to establish forts at commanding points, and take possession of the southern waters of the Ohio. It was their object to form a line of military posts from Louisiana to Canada, which should confine the English to the Atlantic coast, and effectually prevent them from crossing the waters of the Ohio or of the Mississippi.

The English landed and established colonies upon the Atlantic coast, and claimed, from the right of occupancy, the whole breadth of the continent to the Pacific. The French had paddled a canoe down the Mississippi. This was their title to the uncounted millions of square miles washed by the Father of Waters and his majestic tributaries. Both claims were absurd. While the conflict raged, the Indians, with native keenness of wit, sent a deputation to the belligerents to inquire where the Indian lands were to be found, since the English claimed all the land on one side of the river, and the French all upon the other. France and England quietly smiled and made no reply. Neither party would yield, and the question was left to the infernal arbitration of the sword.

Woes consequently ensued which can never be told, which can never be conceived. Both parties called to their aid the "tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage." All the unimaginable horrors of barbarian warfare desolated our defenseless frontier, and conflagration, torture, blood, and woe held high carnival. Many a midnight tragedy was enacted in the solitude of the forest as prowling Indians, with whoop and yell, applied the torch to the settler's cabin, which fiends from pandemonium could not have aggravated. The shriek of the tortured father, and the dying wail of the mother and the maiden, faded away in the silence of the wilderness. But God saw and heard. The day of scrutiny is yet to come.

George Washington was now twenty-one years of age. He was appointed by the Governor of Virginia, before active hostilities commenced, as a peaceful commissioner, to traverse the wilderness, five hundred and sixty miles in breadth, until he should arrive at some French post on the waters of the Ohio. Here he was to present his credentials, demand of the French the object of their movements, and ascertain as accurately as possible their plans, their strength, and their resources.

The enterprise was considered so perilous that no one could be found who would undertake it until Washington volunteered. He was then but twenty years and six months of age. When Governor Dinwiddie, a sturdy old Scotsman, eagerly accepted his proffered service, he exclaimed,

"Truly you are a brave lad, and if you play your cards well you shall have no cause to repent your bargain."

Washington took with him eight men, two of them Indians, with horses, tents, baggage, and provisions, and passing through the thriving settlements which were here and there springing up in the wilderness, about the middle of November left the extreme verge of civilization, and plunged into the pathless forest. The gales of approaching winter sighed through the tree-tops. The falling snow whitened the summits of the mountains. The streams, swollen into torrents by the autumnal rains, came roaring from the hills and flooded the valleys. The difficulties to be encountered were innumerable, but judgment and energy surmounted them all.

Following their Indian guides they soon reached the Monongahela river, and passing down its waters in a canoe, in eight days they reached the mouth of the Alleghany, where the junction of the two streams form the Ohio, and where Pittsburg now stands. He then followed down the Ohio river one hundred and twenty miles, visited the post of the French commandant, accomplished all the purposes of his mission, and, after an absence of about four months, returned again to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, to make his report to the Governor. The English Governor had, through Washington, ordered the French to leave those waters. The French commandant replied that he should obey the directions of his government, and remain where he was.

The Legislature of the State of Virginia was then in session at Williamsburg. Washington entered the gallery. The Speaker saw him, and immediately rose and proposed that

"The thanks of the House be given to Major Washington, who now sits in the gallery, for the gallant manner in which he has executed the important trust lately reposed in him by his Excellency the Governor."

Every member of the House rose and saluted Washington with applause. Overwhelmed with confusion in being thus the object of all eyes, he endeavored to make some acknowledgment of this high honor, but he was quite unable to utter a word. The Speaker came happily to his relief, saying:

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"Sit down, Major Washington. Your modesty is alone equal to your merit."

The Governor, a rash, unthinking, headstrong man, much to the dissatisfaction of the colonists generally, promptly decided that the king's territories were invaded, and immediately organized a force to "drive away, kill, or seize as prisoners, all persons not the subjects of the King of Great Britain who should attempt to take possession of the lands on the Ohio or any of its tributaries."

Atrocious as this may, at first glance, seem, candor must admit that the French were the aggressors. England had as good a claim to the banks of the Ohio as had France. When the French established their forts there, avowedly to exclude the English from ever entering that fairest valley upon the face of our globe, it was an act of aggression, and they surely could not complain that it provoked aggressive retaliation. But neither France nor England were at that time burdened with tender consciences. *Might* with them both made *right*.

Washington was now appointed Colonel, and, with a military band of about four hundred men, again commenced his march through the vast wilderness, to drive the French from the Ohio. He encountered innumerable difficulties and embarrassments, which he surmounted with great judgment and skill. But when he arrived near the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela rivers, he learned that the French had already established themselves in large numbers at that junction, and were, with skillful engineers, constructing Fort Duquesne. A small party of forty men had been sent in advance by Washington to take possession of this most important post. While this English party were building a fort, the French came down the river, one thousand strong, with eighteen pieces of cannon, sixty batteaux, and three hundred canoes. To such a force the English could of course make no resistance. They capitulated, and the French, allowing them to retire, immediately reared the fortress which subsequently acquired so much celebrity. This was the first act of hostility, though no blood was shed.

Such was the alarming report which was brought to Washington when he was struggling along through the wilderness, with his exhausted and feeble band, but a few marches from Fort Duquesne. To attack such a foe was not to be thought of. Retreat was the only alternative.

But the French, with their Indian allies, were on the alert. The peril of Washington was most imminent. He was surrounded with snares. Hostile bands from different points, it was reported by the Indian scouts, were crowding down upon him. Washington was then but twenty-two years of age. He had never heard the shrill whistle of a bullet thrown in anger.

One dark and stormy night, as floods of rain deluged the forest, some Indians came to the camp and informed Washington that a detachment of the French were very near, and were marching to take him by surprise. The night was dark even to blackness. The raging storm howled through the tree-tops, and the mountain streams were swollen into roaring torrents. Immediately Washington took forty men, leaving the rest to guard the camp, and, guided by the Indians, all night long clambered over the rocks and fallen trees as he groped his way through the intricate paths of the forest. In the early dawn of the dark and dreary morning, his party reached an encampment of friendly Indians which they were seeking. With a band of these rude allies Washington continued his advance toward the position occupied by the unsuspecting French. The march was pursued in single file, in two lines, the Indians to attack upon the right, the English upon the left.

It was the 28th of May, 1754. Suddenly the forest echoed with the rattle of musketry and the war-whoop of the savage. The conflict was short. Jumonville, the French commander, and ten of his men, almost immediately fell, and the rest of his party, twenty-two in number, were taken prisoners. This was the first battle which ushered in the long, cruel, and bloody French and Indian war of seven years. Billows of unearthly misery were thus rolled over our Western frontier. War had not yet been declared. The diplomatists on both sides were still professing friendship and discussing terms of amicable adjustment. It subsequently appeared that Jumonville was the bearer of a summons to Colonel Washington.

For this transaction Washington was for a time very severely censured in France. It was said that Jumonville, while bearing a summons as a civil messenger, without any hostile intentions, was waylaid and assassinated. Washington was denounced in prose and verse as the murderer, the assassin of Jumonville. But now, when the passions of that day have passed, even the French generously admit that the occurrence can only be regarded as an untoward accident. Under the peculiar peril and uncertainty of the case, it is now universally granted that the high integrity and lofty sense of honor of George Washington remain unsullied.

But the flame of war was kindled. For seven years blood flowed in torrents before that flame was quenched. The French, from Fort Duquesne, immediately sent out a detachment of one thousand five hundred French and Indians against Washington. He was too feeble to attempt a retreat before them. At New Meadows, behind such breast-works as could be hastily thrown up, his little band of three hundred men fought for a whole day against overwhelming odds, and was then, starvation reigning in his camp, compelled to capitulate. He obtained honorable terms, and returned to Virginia, retaining baggage and arms. He had done every thing which could have been done under the circumstances of the case. The Legislature voted him its thanks for the skill, judgment, and gallantry with which he had conducted the enterprise.

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Washington had a thorough abhorrence, both as a gentleman and as a Christian, of the vulgar and degrading vice of profane swearing. We extract the following record from one of the orders of the day:

"Colonel Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them, that if they do not leave them off they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court-martial. For a second offense he shall be more severely punished."

Could this order now be enforced all over our land, it might exert a very salutary influence—an influence highly conducive to the respectability of our national character. Religious services were scrupulously attended in the camp every Sabbath, and Washington earnestly urged upon the Legislature of Virginia the importance of providing chaplains for every regiment. He did not cease his importunities until his request was granted.

Early the next spring, 1755, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of regular troops from Great Britain. It was supposed that such a force would sweep all opposition away. With such fool-hardy confidence as ignorance gives, Braddock marched boldly into the wilderness. Colonel Washington was induced to accompany General Braddock as aid-de-camp. Love of adventure and patriotism were the apparently commingling motives, for he received no remuneration for his service, and his own pecuniary interest would suffer severely from his absence. In a straggling line, four miles in length, this army of two thousand men, with artillery and baggage-wagons, commenced its march through the solemn forests toward Fort Duquesne. Washington urged caution, but in vain. English troops, under an English general, were not to be taught the art of war by a provincial colonel. They arrived within ten miles of Fort Duquesne, not having encountered any foe. Braddock was without an anxiety or a doubt. He fancied that neither Frenchman nor Indian would dare to meet him. Washington was conscious of their peril, and begged to lead the march with the Virginia volunteers, to guard against an ambush. But the English despised the Americans, and concealed not their pride and contempt. Washington was wounded deeply in his feelings by this treatment. To such superciliousness he could make no reply, though he saw that the lives of the whole party were fearfully imperiled. The provincial troops were silent but exasperated, as they perceived that they were guided by a leader who knew not his duty. Some friendly Indians came with the proffer of their services. They would have been invaluable as scouts to guard against ambuscade. Notwithstanding the earnest recommendation of Washington, they were rejected, and sent from the camp with contempt and insult.

A mild and brilliant summer's day illumined the forest as the troops drew near the end of their march. The crystal waters of the Monongahela flowed without a ripple by their side. The gigantic trees of the eternal wilderness overshadowed them with solemn grandeur. From burnished arms, and gleaming helmets, and polished cannon, the rays of the morning sun were reflected, and the whole scene presented an aspect of picturesque and romantic beauty such as has rarely been equaled. They entered a wild defile. Lofty trees extended in all directions. A luxurious growth of underbrush, reaching nearly as high as the men's heads, covered the ground. Silence and solitude reigned: not a leaf moved: not a bird-cry was heard.

Suddenly, like the burst of thunder, came the crash of musketry, and a tempest of lead swept through their astounded ranks. Crash followed crash in quick succession, before, behind, on the right, on the left. No foe was to be seen. Yet every bullet accomplished its mission. The ground was already covered with the dead. Amazement and consternation ran through the ranks. The British regulars could detect no foe. Unseen arms attacked them. It was supernatural: it was ghostly. Braddock stood his ground with senseless, bull-dog courage until he fell. After a short scene of horror and confusion, when nearly half of the army were gory in death, the remnant broke in wild disorder and fled. The ambush was entirely successful. Six hundred of these assailants were Indians. They laughed the folly of Braddock to scorn.

This was just what Washington had expected. He did every thing which skill and intrepidity could do to retrieve the disaster. Two horses fell beneath him. Four bullets passed through his coat. About eight hundred were killed or wounded, while the invisible foe lost not more than forty. Washington stationed the Virginia provincials, each man behind a tree, according to the necessities of forest warfare, and thus checked the retreat, and saved the army from total destruction. He endeavored to rally the British regulars, but "they ran away," he says, "like sheep before the hounds." The panic-stricken troops, abandoning baggage, artillery, and public stores, hastened with all speed to the protection and the repose of Philadelphia. Washington, with the provincial troops, returned with dignity and with honor to Virginia. The disastrous battle of Monongahela added much renown to the name of Colonel Washington.

The situation of Virginia was now terrible. The savages had lapped their tongues in blood. Their fierce natures were roused by the terrible excitements of war. The whole frontier, extending three hundred and sixty miles, was exposed to their ravages. Horrible, horrible beyond all imagination, were the scenes which

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BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

ensued. Conflagration, murder, torture, became the amusement of prowling bands of savages. Age and infancy, maidens and matrons, were alike their victims. The story is too shocking to be told. Fifteen hundred demons, with fire-brand and scalping-knife, swept with whirlwind ferocity over the land, and, unresisted, made themselves merry with death and woe.

The old Scottish Governor was annoyed by the disgrace of the British regulars, and by the renown acquired by the provincials. He became apparently indifferent to the desolation of the frontiers. A force of but seven hundred men was raised, and Washington placed in command, to protect the scattered villages and dwellings of the extended wilderness from a tireless and a sleepless foe. For three years Washington devoted himself, day and night, to this humane yet arduous enterprise. It would

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require a volume to relate the wonderful adventures, the heroism, the bloody frays of this conflict, as fierce as any which was ever waged on earth. In after life, Washington's heart recoiled from the recollection of the horrors which he was called to witness. The anguish he endured was awful. He wrote to the Governor:

"The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, could that contribute to the people's ease."

"One day," we give the narrative in Washington's words, "as we were traversing a part of the frontier, we came upon a single log-house, standing in the centre of a little clearing, surrounded by woods on all sides. As we approached, we heard the report of a gun, the usual signal of coming horrors. Our party crept cautiously through the underwood until we approached near enough to see what we already foreboded. A smoke was slowly making its way through the roof of the house, while, at the same moment, a party of Indians came forth laden with plunder, consisting of clothes, domestic utensils, household furniture, and dripping scalps.

"On entering the hut we saw a sight that, though we were familiar with blood and massacre, struck us, at least myself, with feelings more mournful than I had ever experienced before. On a bed in one corner of the room lay the body of a young woman swimming in blood, with a gash in her forehead which almost separated the head into two parts. On her breast lay two little babes, apparently twins, less than a twelvemonth old, with their heads also cut open. Their innocent blood, which had once flowed in the same veins, now mingled in one current again. I was inured to scenes of bloodshed and misery, but this cut me to the soul; and never in my after-life did I raise my hand against a savage without calling to mind the mother with her little twins, their heads cleft asunder.

"On examining the tracks of the Indians, to see what other murders they might have committed, we found a little boy, and, a few steps beyond, his father, both scalped and both stone dead. From the prints of the feet of the boy, it would seem he had been following the plow with his father, who being probably shot down, he had attempted to escape. But the poor boy was followed, overtaken, and murdered. The ruin was complete. Not one of the family had been spared. Such was the character of our miserable warfare. The wretched people on the frontier never went to rest without bidding each other farewell. On leaving one spot for the purpose of giving protection to another point of exposure, the scene was often such as I shall never forget. The women and children clung round our knees, beseeching us to stay and protect them, and crying out for God's sake not to leave them to be butchered by the savages. A hundred times, I declare to Heaven, I would have laid down my life with pleasure, even under the tomahawk and scalping-knife, could I have insured the safety of those suffering people by the sacrifice."

Washington rapidly acquired fame and influence. His advice was listened to and heeded. By a bold march in the stormy month of November, 1758, Fort Duquesne was wrested from the enemy, and the French power upon the Ohio ceased forever. Not long after this the Canadas surrendered to the heroism of Wolfe, and thus, after seven years of awful carnage and woe, the colonies enjoyed the blessings, the unspeakable blessings of peace. Washington retired to beautiful Mount Vernon, rich in the gratitude and love which his heroism and self-sacrifice so abundantly merited.

Washington was now twenty-six years of age. On the 6th of January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of great worth and beauty. She was the mother of two children by a former husband, a son of six years and a daughter of four. This union added to Washington's already very considerable estates a property of one hundred thousand dollars. As a friend, a companion, a wife, Lady Washington was every thing which the most affectionate heart could desire.

Washington now, in the lovely retreat of Mount Vernon, enjoyed fifteen years of such felicity as is rarely experienced on earth. He was wealthy, respected, and universally beloved. His passions, subdued by the discipline of his early years, were under perfect control. Days calm and cloudless dawned and faded away upon the tranquil lawn of Mount Vernon, while the favored inmates of that dwelling were sheltered from almost every storm.

Washington—though his imposing mansion, commanding one of the most attractive landscapes in the world, was the abode of the most generous hospitality—was frugal, temperate, and methodical in the highest degree. Religious decorum regulated all the arrangements of the household. Every hour had its allotted duty. He invariably retired to rest at nine o'clock at night, whether he had company or not, and rose at four o'clock in the morning. All the affairs of his extensive plantation were managed with the greatest prudence and economy. Though a strict disciplinarian in the enforcement of regular habits, he was exceedingly kind and affectionate to all the members of his household. He was a cordial supporter of the gospel ministry, and took a deep interest in the religious prosperity of the parish. As these peaceful and happy years glided rapidly away, a tempest was gathering of portentous blackness, of appalling fury.

The year 1775 arrived. Washington was forty-three years of age. The haughty British Ministry, denying to Americans the rights of British subjects, began to trample remorselessly upon the liberties of these Colonies. The

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Americans remonstrated. The British Ministers spurned their remonstrances with scorn, and sent over disciplined armies to enforce obedience. The Americans were too feeble to command respect. Goaded by injustice and insults, they seized their arms, weak, scattered, disunited as they were, to resist the assaults of the mighty monarchy of Great Britain, then outvieing ancient Rome in her fleets and armies. The Americans met in Congress, raised an army, and unanimously chose George Washington commander-in-chief. A more perilous office man never accepted. Three millions of people, without resources, without military supplies, without forts, without ships, marched boldly to the encounter of the fleets and the hosts of England, who held the opulence of the world and the resources of the world in her lap. It was David meeting Goliath. The Americans were denounced as rebels. Washington was stigmatized as the leader of banditti bands. He fought with the felon's rope around his neck. The odds were such that victory seemed impossible. Defeat was not merely ruin—it was death upon the gibbet, and the consignment of a noble name to eternal infamy. But Washington was the man for the occasion. Calmly, serenely, sublimely he came forward to the perilous post.

The plains of Lexington had already been crimsoned with blood; and the conflict of Bunker's Hill had sent its echoes through the world. To a friend in England Washington wrote:

"The Americans will fight for their liberties and property. Unhappy it is, though, to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched in blood or to be inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

To the Congress which elected him he said: "I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge. That is all I desire."

To his wife—the revered and beloved partner of all his joys and griefs—he tenderly wrote, that it was his greatest affliction to be separated from her; that duty called and he must obey; that he could not decline the appointment without dishonoring his own name, and sinking himself even in her esteem.

A formidable army of about twelve thousand British regulars were intrenched on Bunker's Hill and in the streets of Boston. The American militia, undisciplined and wretchedly armed, about fifteen thousand in number, had formed a line twelve miles in extent around Charlestown and Boston to Dorchester. This feeble line was liable at any moment to be pierced by an impetuous assault from an English column. "A man is not a soldier," said Napoleon. A thousand *soldiers*, under almost any circumstances, are equal to two or three thousand *men*. It takes long discipline to destroy that individual manhood and to create that obedient and unquestioning machine which alone constitutes the disciplined soldier. The intelligent religious farmers of New England, fresh from the fireside and from the tears and embraces of wife and children, were to meet in unequal conflict the heartless and homeless veterans of the barracks.

Early in July Washington arrived at Cambridge to take command of the army besieging Boston. The ceremony of assuming the command took place under the shadow of a majestic elm-tree, which still stands, revered, immortalized by the deed which it that day witnessed. He found in the vicinity of Boston about fifteen thousand American troops, almost totally destitute of all the necessary materials of war. With firmness, judgment, and energy which have never been surpassed, struggling against innumerable embarrassments, disappointments, and apparent impossibilities, he availed himself of every resource within his reach. General Gage commanded in Boston. He had been the friend of Washington during the seven years' war with the French, and had fought by his side in the bloody disaster of Monongahela. And yet General Gage mercilessly seized all in Boston who espoused the American cause as *rebels*, and threw them all, without regard to their station or rank, into loathsome imprisonment. Washington remonstrated. Gage insolently replied:

"My clemency is great in sparing the lives of those who, by the laws of the land, are destined *to the cord*. I recognize no difference of rank but that which the King confers."

Washington resolved to retaliate by inflicting similar severity upon the English prisoners who were in his hands. But his generous nature recoiled from the cruelty, and he countermanded the order, directing that all the English prisoners should be treated with every indulgence and civility consistent with their security.

To General Gage he wrote, with true republican dignity, "You affect, Sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I can not conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power."

In the subsequent and more successful war which the English Government waged against France, to crush popular rights in Europe and to reinstate feudal monarchy, similar inhumanity was practiced. The French prisoners were thrown into hulks and perished by thousands. Napoleon, adopting the humane policy of Washington, refused to retaliate. Virtue ever secures, in the end, its reward. The prisoners taken from England and the Allies, when restored, carried back from France to their comrades tidings of their kind treatment and glow-

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WASHINGTON ASSUMING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

ing accounts of the humanity of Napoleon. Thus the common soldiers of the Allies, in the hour of peril, were more ready to surrender. War was thus divested of a portion of its ferocity. The French soldiers, on the contrary, appalled by the awful narratives received from their countrymen who had been captives, were ready to die a thousand deaths rather than surrender. The plausible suggestion has recently been made that the heart-rending woes of the English army in the Crimea, and of the sick and wounded in their own hospitals, indicates that the misery of the French prisoners is not to be attributed to disregard of suffering on the part of the English Government, but to its incapacity. The lords who ruled in Parliament were the petted favorites of fortune, and were unacquainted with the details of practical duty.*

* Napoleon, speaking upon this subject at St. Helena, remarked:

"Then commenced for our unfortunate countrymen the odious system of confinement in the hulks—a species of

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At length matters were arranged for a decisive action. In a dark and stormy night of the ensuing March, Washington opened upon the city an incessant cannonade and bombardment. Under cover of the midnight storm, the roar of the batteries, and the clamor and confusion of the assault, he dispatched a large force of picked troops to proceed, with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, to the heights of Dorchester, there to strain every nerve, during the hours of darkness, in throwing up breast-works which would protect them from the broadsides of the English fleet in the harbor. These heights commanded the harbor. From that point a well-manned battery could soon blow every English ship into the air.

In the early dawn of the dark and stormy morning, while the icy gale swept floods of rain over earth and sea, the English Admiral, to his amazement and consternation, found that during the night a fort, bristling with cannon, had sprung up over his head. He immediately opened upon the bold adventurers the broadsides of all his ships. But the Americans, defiant of the storm of iron which fell like hailstones around them, continued to pile their sand-bags and ply their shovels, and very soon a redoubt rose around them which even that formidable cannonade could not injure. It was at once manifest to every eye that the English fleet was at the mercy of that battery. Three thousand men were immediately ordered to embark in boats, and at every hazard take the heights. But God came kindly to the aid of the feeble battalions. The tempest swept the bay with billows so fierce that no boat could be launched. Before another day and night had passed the redoubt was so strengthened as to bid defiance to any attack.

The situation of the two parties was now peculiar in the extreme. The English fleet was at the mercy of the Americans. The American city was at the mercy of the English.

"If you fire into my fleet," said the English commander, "I will burn Boston."

"If you harm Boston," said the American general, "I will sink your fleet."

By a tacit understanding the English were permitted to retire unharmed if they left the city uninjured.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1776. The storm had passed away. The blue sky overarched the beleaguered city and the encamping armies. Washington sat upon his horse serene and majestic, and contemplated in silent triumph, from the heights of Dorchester, the evacuation of Boston. Every gun was shotted and aimed at the hostile fleet. Every torch was lighted. The English army crowded on board the ships. A fresh breeze from the west filled the sails, and the hostile armament, before the sun went down, had disappeared forever in the distant horizon of the sea. As the last boats, loaded to the gunwales with English soldiers, left the shore, the American army, with streaming banners and triumphant music, marched over the Neck into the rejoicing city. It was a glorious victory won by genius without the effusion of blood.

The English, thus driven from Boston, prepared to make an attack upon New York. There were many in the country who were zealous monarchists, warm partisans of the English, and eager for every opportunity to assist the enemy to crush the American republicans. There can be no doubt that many of these were sincere and good men, and consequently far more dangerous to the independence of America, since the sincerity of their convictions would lead them to corresponding efforts. They were spies upon the Americans, and kept the enemy informed of every movement. In this terrible peril Congress deemed it necessary to establish a secret committee to try suspected persons. It was a dangerous but a necessary stretch of power. When the ship is sinking the most precious freight must be cast into the sea. In the terrible convulsions of revolution *necessity* becomes *law*.

Congress now resolved to strike for Independence. A committee was appointed, with Jefferson at its head, to draft a Declaration. This sacred document was prepared and unanimously adopted. History has recorded no spectacle more sublime than that in which each of these venerable men came forward, in his turn, to give his signature to that paper which would be his inevitable death-warrant should the arms of America fail. But no one faltered. To this cause, so noble yet so perilous, every individual pledged "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor." It was the 4th of July, 1776.

The Declaration was soon read, from the steps of the State House in Philadelphia, to an immense concourse, and it was received with enthusiastic acclamation. The Declaration of Independence was sent to Washington. The regiments were paraded to hear it read. It was greeted with tumultuous applause. The troops thus defiantly threw back the epithet of "rebellious colonists," and assumed the proud title

torture which the ancients would have added to the horrors of the infernal regions had their imaginations been capable of conceiving it. When it is considered that men unaccustomed to live on shipboard were crowded together in little unwholesome cabins, too small to afford them room to move, that, by way of indulgence, they were permitted twice during the twenty-four hours to breathe pestilential exhalations at ebb tide, and that this misery was prolonged for the space of ten or twelve years, the blood curdles at such a picture of odious inhumanity.

"On this point I blame myself for not having made reprisals. It would have been well had I thrown into similar confinement, not the poor sailors and soldiers, whose complaints would never have been attended to, but all the English nobility and persons of fortune who were then in France. I should have permitted them to maintain a free correspondence with their friends and families, and their complaints would soon have assailed the ears of the English Ministers and checked their odious measures. Certain parties in Paris, who were ever the best allies of the enemy, would, of course, have called me a tiger and a cannibal. But no matter. I should have discharged my duty to the French people, who had made me their protector and defender. In this instance my decision of character failed me."

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of "The Army of the United States." Washington, in the order of the day, thus alludes to the momentous occurrence:

"The General hopes that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms, and that he is now in the service of a state possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit and advance him to the highest honors of a free country."

The latter part of June a large hostile fleet, uniting from Halifax and from England, arrived at the Hook and took possession of Staten Island. Washington made every effort to collect an army in the vicinity of New York. The English Government, denouncing the Americans as rebels, and their leaders as felons destined to the scaffold, refused to recognize any dignity or any title conferred by their voice. George Washington the Americans had appointed *General-in-chief*. The English Government scornfully trampled this title in the dust. The King alone could confer titles and office. Popular suffrage was deemed impudence and rebellion. Washington, jealous of the rights of the people, and of his own dignity as their agent, peremptorily refused to receive any communication from the English commander in which his title was not recognized. The withholding the title under the circumstances was an insult. To submit to it would have been a degradation.

General Howe sent a flag of truce with a letter to "*George Washington, Esq.*" The letter was returned unopened. As occasional intercourse was necessary between the chiefs of the two armies, in reference to the exchange of prisoners and other matters, General Howe wrote again to the same address. The letter was again returned unopened, with the renewed declaration that the Commander-in-chief of the American army could receive no letters which were addressed to "George Washington, Esq." General Howe then wrote a letter which he insolently addressed to "*George Washington, Esq., etc., etc., etc.*" This letter was also refused. A communication was then sent to "*General Washington.*"

Thus were the English Ministers disciplined into civility; for General Howe frankly confessed that his only object had been to avoid censure from his government at home. Washington writing upon this subject to the Congress, said:

"I would not on any occasion sacrifice essentials to punctilio. But in this instance I deemed it my duty to my country, and to my appointment, to insist upon that respect which, in any other than a public view, I would willingly have waived."

In the same spirit the English Government subsequently refused to recognize the right of the French to choose Napoleon as their chief magistrate. Napoleon, influenced by the same spirit which guided Washington, refused to acquiesce in an insult thus cast upon himself, upon France, and upon the sacred cause of popular suffrage. But Napoleon was a captive in their hands. Still he, like Washington, came off finally a victor in the strife, but not till after he had been consigned to the silence of the tomb.

In Washington's *Orderly Book* for July 9th, 1776, just after the Declaration of Independence, we find the following entry of an order given to the army:

"The Honorable Continental Congress having been pleased to allow a chaplain to each regiment, the colonels or commanding officers of each regiment are directed to procure chaplains accordingly; persons of good character and exemplary lives, and to see that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them a suitable respect. The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger. The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

A month after this, in the order of the day, Washington issued the following notice to the troops:

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Add to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

By the middle of August the English had assembled at the mouth of the Hudson River a force of nearly thirty thousand soldiers, with a numerous and well-equipped fleet. To oppose them Washington had but twelve thousand men, most of them quite unaccustomed to arms and to the hardship of a camp. A few regiments of American troops, about five thousand in number, were stationed near Brooklyn. A few thousand more were posted at other points on the island. The English landed without opposition, fifteen thousand strong, and made a combined assault upon the Americans. The battle was short but bloody. The Americans, overpowered, sullenly retired, leaving fifteen hundred of their number either dead or in the hands of the English. Washington witnessed this route with the keenest anguish, for he could not detach any troops from New York to arrest the carnage.

The East River flowed deep and wide between the Americans and their friends in New York. An overpowering and victorious foe was crowding upon their rear. The English fleet had already weighed anchor at the Narrows to enter

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the river and cut off their retreat. Their situation seemed desperate—utterly desperate. To resist such a foe was impossible. To attempt to cross the stream in sight of the batteries and ships of the exultant enemy was inevitable and total destruction.

In this dark hour, as the heart of Washington was sinking within him, God kindly came again to the aid of the feeble battalions. Ungrateful and brutal unbelief will not recognize God's hand. But Washington, in that night of anguish, with a grateful heart gave thanks to God for coming to his rescue. The wind died away into a perfect calm, and no ship could stem the current of the Narrows. A dense fog was rolled in from the ocean, which settled down over river and land, enveloping victors and vanquished in almost impenetrable darkness. The English, strangers to the country, and apprehensive of surprise, groped like blind men through the gloom, and stood to their arms. The Americans, familiar with every land-mark, plied the energies of despair.

Boats were collected. Every available arm on either shore was brought into requisition, and in a few hours nine thousand men, with their military stores, and nearly all their artillery, were safely landed in New York. This transportation was conducted with such secrecy, silence, and order, that though the Americans were within hearing of the challenge of the hostile sentinels, the last boat had left the shore before the retreat was discovered. The spirit of infidelity has said "God always helps the heavy battalions." But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

The English now presented themselves in so much force, with fleet and army, before New York, that Washington, with his feeble band of disheartened troops, was compelled to evacuate the city. A rash and headstrong man would have been goaded to desperation, and would have risked a general engagement. Thus the cause of American Independence would have been inevitably crushed. A man of any merely ordinary strength of character would, in hours apparently so hopeless, have abandoned the enterprise in despair. Thousands in the country were the friends of the English Government, and were aiding, in every possible way, to put down what they called the rebellion. Nearly all the Government officials and their friends were in favor of the British Ministry.

The American army was almost entirely destitute of resources, without arms, without ammunition, without food. The soldiers were unpaid and in rags. The colonies were all distinct, with no bond of union, no unity of counsel, no concentration of effort. England's omnipotent fleet swept bay and river unobstructed. England's well-drilled armies, strengthened with all abundance, strode proudly and contemptuously from village to village, to shoot down the husbands and fathers who had left loved ones at the peaceful fireside that they might defend the liberties of their country. These patriotic sufferers, weary and crushed in spirit, began to throw down their arms and return to their homes. General Howe scattered proclamations far and wide, offering pardon to all the *rebels* who would return to their allegiance to the British king, excepting Washington, Franklin, and a few others of the most notorious of the band, who were to be hung as felons.

But Washington was equal to this fearful crisis. He saw that the only possible hope for the country was to be found in avoiding an engagement, and in wearing out the resources of the enemy in protracted campaigns. It required inconceivable moral courage and self-sacrifice to adopt this course. To rush madly into the conflict and fall, required nothing but the most ordinary and commonplace courage of exasperation. One can find ten thousand any day ready to do this. Animal courage is the very cheapest of all earthly virtues. Every vagabond in the streets, after a few months' drilling, may become a heroic soldier, laughing lead, and iron, and steel to scorn. But to lead an army through campaigns of defeat—ever to refuse battle; to meet the enemy but to retire before him; to encounter the insults and the scorn of the foe; to be denounced by friends for incapacity and cowardice; this required a degree of moral courage and an amount of heroic virtue which we look for in vain but in a Washington. America had many able generals; but it may be doubted whether there was another man upon this continent who could have conducted the desperate struggle of the American revolution to a successful issue.

Washington slowly retired from New York to the heights of Harlem, eying with sleepless vigilance every movement of the powerful foe, that he might take advantage of the least indiscretion. Here he threw up breast-works which the enemy did not venture to approach. English troops passed up the Hudson and the East River to assail Washington in his rear. A weary and gloomy campaign of marches and countermarches ensued, in which Washington, with hardly the shadow of an army, sustained, in the midst of a constant succession of disasters, the apparently hopeless fortunes of his country. At one time General Reed, in anguish, exclaimed:

"My God! General Washington, how long shall we fly?"

Serenely General Washington replied: "We will retreat, if necessary, over every river of our country, and then over the mountains, where I will make a last stand against the enemies of my country."

Washington crossed the Hudson into the Jerseys. The English pursued him. With matchless dexterity and consummate skill he baffled all the efforts of his flushed and overpowering foe. He retreated to Trenton, his army now diminished to but three thousand men. The British, in proud array, with contumely and derision, pursued the freezing, starving, threadbare patriots. They considered the conflict ended, and the rebellion crushed. The

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CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

Congress in Philadelphia, alarmed by the near approach of the enemy, hastily adjourned to Baltimore, lest they should suddenly be surrounded by a hostile cavalcade.

It was cold December. The "strong battalions" in pursuit, tracked the path of their despised opponents by the blood from their lacerated feet on the frozen ground and on the snow. The English army pressed vigorously on, and Washington succeeded, with extreme difficulty, in crossing the Delaware, just before his triumphant pursuers, filling the whole country with their martial ranks of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, arrived upon the shores of the stream. Nearly all New Jersey was now in the power of the English. They had but to cross the Delaware to take possession of Philadelphia. The frosts of winter would soon enable the foe to pass the river at any point, and without any obstruction. The darkness of midnight now brooded over the prospects of our country. The enemy, having nothing more to fear, remitted his vigilance. Welcomed by the Tories in the large towns, the English officers sought a few days of recreation in feasting and dances, till the floating ice, which was swept down the stream in enormous masses, should be consolidated into a firm foothold.

The night of the 25th of December, 1776, was one of Egyptian darkness. The cold, piercing wind of winter swept the icy waves of the Delaware. A raging storm howled dismally, driving man and beast to any shelter which could be obtained. The English and Hessian officers and soldiers, feeling that they had no foe to fear, were enjoying the luxury of the warm firesides of Trenton and its vicinity. But in the darkness of that tempestuous night, and amidst the conflict of its terrible elements, Washington embarked his little army to recross the Delaware. A more heroic deed history has never recorded. It was the sublimity of combined

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daring and prudence. Forcing his boats against the gale, against the sleet, against the masses of ice which came crashing down the stream, he succeeded, before the dawn of the morning, in landing upon the opposite shore two thousand four hundred men and twenty pieces of cannon.

The British were dispersed in careless bands, not dreaming of danger. The Americans, nerved by the energies of despair, thus suddenly elevated into sanguine hope, plunged upon the first body of the foe they met, and after a bloody strife, scattered them like the snow-flakes before the gale, taking a thousand prisoners and six pieces of cannon. After this bold and defiant adventure, which astounded the foe, Washington, on the same day, recrossed the icy stream with his prisoners, and gained his encampment in safety.

The English alarmed, retreated to Princeton. Washington again crossed the Delaware to Trenton, and from his head-quarters there, watched his now more wary foe. The English soon collected an overwhelming force, and marched to Trenton, to drive Washington into the freezing Delaware. It was at the close of a cold winter's day that Lord Cornwallis, with his proud army, arrived before Trenton. Washington's last hour was now apparently tolled. To resist such a foe was merely to sell life as dearly as possible. Sir William Erskine urged the British commander to make an immediate attack.

"Now is the time," said he, "to make sure of Washington!"

"Our troops are hungry and tired," Cornwallis replied. "He and his tatterdemalions are now in my power. They can not escape to-night, for the ice of the Delaware will neither bear their weight nor admit the passage of boats. To-morrow, at break of day, I will attack them. The rising sun shall see the end of rebellion."

The cold, wintry sun rose cloudless in the morning. But the American army had vanished. Perfect solitude reigned along those lines, which, when the last evening's sun went down, had been crowded with the ranks of war. In the night Washington silently sent his luggage to Burlington. Replenishing all his camp-fires to deceive the enemy, he noiselessly, and with extraordinary precipitation, evacuated his camp by a circuitous route, fell upon the rear-guard of the English at Princeton, and after a short conflict, in which one hundred and sixty of the English fell, took three hundred prisoners.

The morning sun was just brilliantly dawning as Washington made this unexpected onset upon his foes. At this moment Cornwallis stood upon an eminence and gazed astounded upon the deserted and waning fires of the Americans. Bewildered, he pressed his hand to his brow, exclaiming:

"Where can Washington be gone!" Just then the heavy booming of the conflict of Princeton fell upon his ear. "There he is!" he added. "*By Jove! Washington deserves to fight in the cause of his king.*"

Cheered by this success, Washington led his handful of patriots to the heights of Morristown, where he fortified himself in winter-quarters. From this spot he sent out such detachments to harass the enemy, that in a short time New Jersey was almost entirely delivered from the presence of a hostile army. These achievements, won by the most extraordinary blending of prudence and courage, revived the despondency of the people. Congress was roused to new exertions, and morning began faintly to dawn over the midnight darkness of our land.

Washington employed the winter in making vigorous efforts for the spring campaign. Troops were sent from the different States to join the army at Morristown. The French kindly sent to Washington, whose cause and whose character they loved, two vessels containing twenty-four thousand muskets. This was an inestimable favor. The Marquis de Lafayette also, left his mansion of opulence and his youthful bride to lend his sword and to peril his life in the cause of American Independence.

The English, after various conflicts in New Jersey, during the early part of summer, in which they accomplished nothing of any moment, now sent a powerful fleet, with eighteen thousand soldiers, to ascend the Delaware and capture Philadelphia. Washington, who was watching their movements with unceasing vigilance, hastened to oppose them. Early in September this formidable hostile force of well-armed veterans, landed near Elkton, at the head of Chesapeake Bay. Washington, with eleven thousand patriots, marched to encounter them. The hostile armies met in the celebrated battle of the Brandywine. It was a fierce and bloody strife. Lafayette was wounded. The Americans, overwhelmed by numbers, were compelled to retire. The discomfited army retreated to Philadelphia. Congress had already invested Washington with dictatorial powers, to meet the fearful crisis which could not be averted. The whole country approved of the act. The army was rapidly recruited in Philadelphia, and before the English had left the dearly-bought hills and valleys of the Brandywine, Washington again boldly marched to meet the foe. It was so important to save Philadelphia from the enemy, that he was resolved to hazard a battle. The invaders and their patriotic opponents met twenty-three miles from the city. A fierce engagement had just commenced, when a storm came on, with such floods of rain, that neither army could long pursue the contest. Washington was compelled to retire, after a severe engagement at Germantown, for his ammunition was utterly ruined. The British triumphantly entered Philadelphia. Congress precipitately adjourned to Lancaster, and thence to York. For eight months the English held the city. Various bloody skirmishes ensued, which led to no important results, but which were gradually giving the inexperienced Americans new courage to face their formidable foes. At the same time the surrender of Burgoyne at Sar-

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atoga rolled a wave of exultation through America.

The cold blasts of winter again came on. The English, comfortably housed in Philadelphia, were provided with every luxury. It became necessary for Washington to seek winter-quarters where he could fortify himself against surprise. He selected Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. The latter part of December the soldiers commenced rearing their log-huts. Each hut was fourteen feet by sixteen, and accommodated twelve soldiers. The encampment, surrounded by entrenchments, resembled a neat though exceedingly picturesque city, with streets and avenues. Eleven thousand men here passed the winter of 1777, 1778. It was a season of awful suffering. The tragedy of Valley Forge! the heart sickens to contemplate it. The inactivity of the army, destitute of food, of clothing, of powder, was by some unjustly and cruelly condemned, and bitter were the reproaches which were often thrown on the noble name of Washington.

"I can assure those gentlemen," Washington wrote, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets."

Washington devoted himself with untiring energy, during the winter, to ameliorate the condition of the army and to prepare for a new campaign. In the mean time France gener-



WINTER-QUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

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ously recognized our independence, and entering into friendly alliance with us, sent a fleet and an army to our aid. These tidings were received with unbounded joy in the encampment at Valley Forge. The day of rejoicing was ushered in by prayers and hymns of gratitude and praise. Parades, music, the thunders of artillery and patriotic toasts concluded the festival of hope and exultation. It is ungrateful in us ever to forget this kindness of our generous allies.

Efforts were now made to destroy the reputation of Washington. A pamphlet, professing to contain letters from George Washington, was published in London, and republished in New York, and circulated very widely, through every possible agency, all over the country. It was asserted that this correspondence was composed of private letters to Mrs. Washington and other friends, and that they had been found in a portmanteau taken from a servant of Washington after the evacuation of Fort Lee. The forgery was very skillfully got up, and represented Washington as a hypocrite, denouncing, in his confidential letters, the misguided rashness of Congress in declaring Independence. The letters were filled with sentiments which, if true, would prove Washington totally unfit to be at the head of the American army. The authenticity of the letters was undoubted in England. But in this country the character of Washington and the frauds of the unscrupulous enemy were both too well known to allow the Americans to be misled by so ignoble a deception.

During the winter there were many bloody conflicts, as foraging parties from the English in Philadelphia were met and driven back by detachments from Valley Forge. The English army in New York and Philadelphia now amounted to thirty thousand men, many of whom were mercenary soldiers from Germany. Washington, however, was not aware that the enemy was so strong. The whole American army, by the first of May, did not exceed fifteen thousand men. But the alliance with France gave us new strength. The British, apprehensive that a French fleet might soon appear in the Delaware, to the serious embarrassment of the English army, evacuated Philadelphia. They sent a part of their forces, with provision train and heavy baggage, by water to New York, and commenced their march through New Jersey with the main body of their troops.

The British were now retiring, and Washington, though with feebler numbers, followed closely in their rear, eager for an opportunity to strike a blow. The 28th of June, 1778, was a day of intense heat. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sun, with blistering power, poured down its undimmed rays upon the panting armies, the pursuers and the pursued. The English were at Monmouth. The march of another day would place them beyond the reach of attack. Washington, resolved that they should not escape without at least one blow, ordered an assault. General Lee was in the advance with five thousand men. Washington sent orders to him immediately to commence the onset, with the assurance that he would march vigorously to his support. As Washington was pressing eagerly on, to his amazement and his inexpressible indignation he met Lee in full retreat. Washington plunged his spurs into his horse, rode furiously to the retreating general, and with a countenance livid with the vehemence of his feelings, in a voice of thunder shouted,

"In the name of God, General Lee, what has caused this ill-timed prudence?"

Lee angrily retorted, "I know of no man blessed with a larger portion of that rascally virtue than your Excellency."

It was no time for debate. Washington turned to the men. They greeted him with three cheers. At his command they instantly turned and charged the enemy. A fierce and bloody battle ensued, and the English were compelled to retire and seek protection in their strong-holds. Night at length terminated the conflict.

Washington resolved to renew the battle in the morning. He ordered his men to lie upon their arms upon the ground which they then occupied. Wrapping his cloak around him, he threw himself upon the grass and slept in the midst of his soldiers. But when the morning dawned no enemy was to be seen. They had silently retreated in the night to the heights of Middletown, where they were unapproachable. They left three hundred of their dead behind them. The Americans lost but sixty-nine. The British lost also one hundred in prisoners; and more than six hundred had deserted since they left Philadelphia. The English soldiers did not love to fight against their brothers who were struggling for independence. Lee was court-martialed and suspended from service. The English crowded into their ships and made good their retreat to New York. Occasionally the English sent foraging parties over into the defenseless regions of New Jersey, which marauding bands perpetrated atrocities hitherto unparalleled in civilized warfare. They had called the cruel savage to their aid. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were mercilessly employed. Towns, villages, farm-houses were burned down, and the inhabitants were plundered with pitiless cruelty. The British Ministry openly encouraged these atrocities. They said that rebellious America must be punished into submission; and that in inflicting this punishment it was right to make use of all the instruments which God and nature had placed in their hands.

But we must not forget that there were many noble Englishmen, who with great moral courage espoused our cause. They scorned that detestable maxim, "Our country right or wrong." They pleaded for us at home. They aided us with their money and their council. They entered our ranks as officers and soldiers, and

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bled for the sacred cause of human liberty. Many a voice was eloquently raised in Parliament in advocacy of America. And the immortal Lord Chatham, in tones which echoed throughout the civilized world, exclaimed, in the House of Lords and at the very foot of the throne, "Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms—never, *never*, NEVER!"

An important distinction must be made between the English people, our brothers, and the aristocratic government of that day, then so fearfully dominant, and so determined to maintain aristocratic usurpation.

Another cold and cheerless winter came, and the American army went into winter-quarters mainly at West Point. The British remained within their lines at New York. They sent agents, however, to the Six Nations of Indians; and these fierce savages, joined by a band of Tories, ravaged unresisted the wide frontier, perpetrating the horrid massacres of Cherry Valley and of Wyoming. These fiendish deeds sent a thrill of horror through England as well as through America. Four thousand men were sent by Washington into the wilderness to arrest, if possible, these horrors. The Indians and their blood-stained allies were driven to Niagara, where the gory marauders, civilized and savage, were received in the protecting arms of an English fortress.

The summer campaign opened with an indiscriminate system of devastation and plunder pursued vigorously by the English.

"A war of this sort," said Lord George Germain, "will probably induce the rebellious provinces to return to their allegiance."

The English now collected all their forces to make an assault upon West Point and the upper waters of the Hudson. The vigilance of Washington detected and thwarted their plans. Exasperated by this discomfiture, General Clinton, who was then in command of the British forces, commenced a more vigorous prosecution of violence and plunder upon the defenseless towns and farm-houses of the Americans who were unprotected. Savage warfare was hardly more merciless. The sky was reddened with wanton conflagrations. Women and children were driven houseless into the fields. The flourishing towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, in Connecticut, were reduced to ashes. While the enemy were thus ravaging that defenseless State, Washington planned an expedition against Stony Point, on the Hudson, which was held by the British. General Wayne conducted the enterprise on the night of the 15th of July, with great gallantry and success. Sixty-three of the English were killed, five hundred and forty-three taken prisoners, and all the military stores of the fortress captured. In such fierce yet undecisive warfare another summer passed away. The American army was never sufficiently strong to take the offensive. It was, however, incessantly employed striking blows upon the English wherever the eagle eye of Washington could discern an exposed spot, and the Americans growing daily more bold, were gradually gaining in the conflict. Under the circumstances of the case any other warfare than this would have been fatally disastrous.

The winter of 1779 set in early and with unusual severity. The American army was in such a starving condition that Washington was compelled to make the utmost exertions to save his wasting bands from annihilation. His efforts were successful, and the colonies, urged by his incessant appeals, made new efforts to augment their forces for a more vigorous campaign in the spring. Cheering intelligence arrived that a naval and land force might soon be expected from our generous allies the French. A skirmishing warfare was recommenced early in the spring, and the English sent detachments to *punish* distant parts of rebellious America. In July twelve vessels of war arrived from France with arms, ammunition, and five thousand soldiers. This squadron, however, was immediately blockaded in Newport by a stronger British fleet, and another expedition, which was about to sail from Brest in France, was effectually shut up there. The war still raged in detachments, and conflagration, blood, and misery deluged our unhappy land. But nothing decisive could be accomplished toward driving the invaders from these shores.

These long years of war and woe filled many even of the most sanguine hearts with dismay and despair. Many of the wisest deemed it folly for these impoverished and feeble colonies longer to contend against the wealth, the power, and the numbers of Great Britain, then the Roman Empire of the modern world. General Arnold, who was at this time in command at West Point, saw no hope for his country. Believing the ship to be inevitably sinking, he ingloriously sought to take care of himself. He turned traitor, and offered to sell his fortress to the English. The treason was detected, but the traitor escaped, and the lamented Andrè became the necessary victim of Arnold's crime.

Lord Cornwallis was now, with a well-provided army, and an assisting navy, overrunning the two Carolinas. General Green was sent to afford such protection as he could to the inhabitants, and to annoy as much as possible the invaders. Lafayette was vigilant in the vicinity of New York, watching the foe with an eagle eye, ready to pounce upon any detachment which presented the slightest exposure. Washington was every where, with patriotism which never flagged, with hope which never failed, cheering the army, animating the inhabitants, rousing Congress, and with his judicious mind guiding the movements of the army and the decisions of legislation. Thus the dreary summer of 1780 lingered away in our war-scathed land.

Again our heroic little army went into winter-quarters mainly upon the Highlands of the Hudson. As the spring of 1781 opened the war was renewed. The English directed their chief at-

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tention to the South, which was far weaker than the North. Richmond, in Virginia, was laid in ashes, and a general system of devastation and plunder prevailed. The enemy ascended the Chesapeake and the Potomac with armed vessels. They landed at Mount Vernon. The manager of the estate, to save the mansions from pillage and flames, furnished the legalized robbers with abundance of supplies. Washington was much displeased. He wrote to his agent:

"It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them with a view to prevent a conflagration."

The prospects of the country were still dark and gloomy in the extreme. Washington wrote, on the first of May, 1781: "Instead of magazines filled with provisions, we have a scanty pittance scattered here and there in the different States. Instead of arsenals well supplied they are poorly provided, and the workmen all leaving. Instead of having field-equipage in readiness, the Quarter-master-general is but now applying to the several States to provide these things. Instead of having the regiments completed, scarce any State has at this hour an eighth part of its quota in the field, and there is little prospect of their ever getting more than half. In a word, instead of having every thing in readiness to take the field, we have nothing. Instead of having the prospect of a glorious offensive campaign, we have a bewildering and gloomy defensive one, unless we should receive a powerful aid of ships, land troops, and money from our generous allies."

The army had, in fact, about this time dwindled away to three thousand, and the paper-money issued by Congress, with which the troops were paid, had become almost entirely valueless. Lord Cornwallis was now at Yorktown, in Virginia, but a few miles from Chesapeake Bay. There was no force in his vicinity seriously to annoy him. Washington resolved, in conjunction with our allies from France, to make a bold movement for his capture. He succeeded in deceiving the English into the belief that he was making great preparations for the siege of New York. Thus they were prevented from rendering any aid to Yorktown.

By rapid marches Washington hastened to encircle the foe. Early in September Lord Cornwallis, as he arose one morning, was amazed to see, in the rays of the rising sun, the heights around him gleaming with the bayonets and the batteries of the Americans. At about the same hour the French fleet appeared in invincible strength before the harbor. Cornwallis was hopelessly caught. There was no extrication. There was no retreat. Neither by land nor by sea could he obtain any supplies. Shot and shells began to fall thickly into his despairing lines. Famine stared him in the face. After a few days of hopeless conflict, on the 19th of October, 1781, he was compelled to surrender. Seven thousand British veterans laid down their arms to the victors. One hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, with corresponding military stores, graced the triumph. Without the assistance of our noble allies we could not have gained this victory. Let not our gratitude be stinted or cold.

This glorious capture roused hope and vigor all over the country. The English became disheartened by our indomitable perseverance. The darkness of the long night was passing away.

The day after the capitulation, Washington devoutly issued the following order to the army:

"Divine service is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demands of us."

The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia at midnight. A watchman traversed the streets shouting at intervals,

"*Past twelve o'clock, and a pleasant morning! Cornwallis is taken!*"

These words rang upon the ear almost like the trump which wakes the dead. Candles were lighted, windows thrown up, figures in night-robes and night-caps bent eagerly out to catch the thrilling sound. Shouts were raised. Citizens rushed into the streets half-clad. They wept. They laughed. They embraced each other. The news flew upon the wings of the wind, nobody can tell how, and the shout of an enfranchised people rose like a roar of thunder from our whole land. With France for an ally, and with such a victory, republican America would never again yield to the aristocratic government of England. The question was now settled, and settled forever.

Though the fury of the storm was over, the billows of war had not yet subsided. Washington, late in November of 1781, again retired to winter-quarters. He urged Congress to make preparations for the vigorous prosecution of the war in the spring, as the most effectual means of securing a speedy and an honorable peace. The conviction, however, was now so general that the war was virtually at an end, that with difficulty ten thousand men were marshaled in the camp. The army, disheartened by the inefficiency of Congress, now expressed the wish that Washington would assume the supreme command of government, and organize the country into a constitutional kingdom, with himself at the head. But Washington was a republican. He believed that the people of

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NEWS OF CAPTURE OF CORNWALLIS.

this country, trained in the science of legislation, religious in their habits, and intelligent, were abundantly capable of governing themselves. He repelled the suggestion promptly and almost indignantly.

Early in May England opened negotiations for peace. Hostilities were by each party tacitly laid aside. Negotiations were protracted in Paris during the summer and the ensuing winter. Washington had established his headquarters at Newburg, and was very busy in consolidating the interests of our divided and distracted country. A government, of republican liberty and yet of efficiency, was to be organized, and its construction required the highest energies of every thinking mind. It was also necessary to keep the army ever ready for battle, for a new conflict might at any moment break out. Thus another summer and winter passed away.

The snows were still lingering in the laps of the Highlands when the joyful tidings arrived that a treaty of peace had been signed at Paris. The intelligence was communicated to the American army the 19th of April, 1783, just eight years from the day when the conflict was commenced on the plain of Lexington. England had for eight years deluged this land with blood and woe. Thousands had perished on the gory field of battle. Thousands had been beggared. Thousands had been made widows and orphans, and doomed to a life-long wretchedness. It was the fearful price which America paid for independence.

Late in November the English evacuated New York, entered their ships, and sailed for their homes. Washington, with his troops, marched from West Point, and entered the city as the English departed. It was a joyful day, and no untoward incident marred its festivities. America was free and independent. Washington was the saviour of his country.

And now the day arrived when Washington was to take his leave of his companions in arms, to retire to his beloved retreat at Mount Vernon. The affecting interview took place on the 4th of December. Washington, firm as he was, with a flushed cheek and a swimming eye entered the room where the principal officers of his army were assembled. His voice trembled with emotion as he said:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

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Tears blinded his eyes, and he could say no more. One after another these heroic men gave the warm parting. No one was capable of utterance. Silence, as of the grave, prevailed as each one took an affecting adieu of the noble chieftain who had secured peace and independence to America. Washington left the room bowed down with irrepressible emotion. He traveled slowly toward his home, greeted with love and veneration in every city and village through which he passed. He met Congress at Annapolis to resign his commission. It was the 23d of December, 1783. All the members of Congress, and a large concourse of spectators, were present. His address was closed with the following words:

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The next day he returned to Mount Vernon. He wrote to Lafayette: "At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe were insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all. And this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

The great problem which now engrossed all minds was the consolidation of the thirteen



WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

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INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

States of America, in some way which should preserve State rights, and at the same time secure the energies of centralization. To this problem Washington devoted much thought. A convention was assembled to deliberate upon this momentous question. It met at Philadelphia in 1787. Washington was sent a delegate from Virginia, and was placed in the President's chair by a unanimous vote. The result was the present Constitution of the United States, on the whole probably the most sagacious instrument which ever came from uninspired minds. It has made the United States of America what they now are. The world must look at the fruit, and wonder and admire. Nothing human is perfect. There were some provisions in the compromises of the Constitution from which Washington's mind and heart recoiled. He had fought for liberty. "All men are born free and equal," was the motto of the banner under which he had rallied his strength.

"There are some things," he wrote, "in this new form, I will readily acknowledge, which never did, and I am persuaded never will, obtain my cordial approbation. But I did then conceive, and do now most firmly believe, that in the aggregate it is the best Constitution that can be obtained at this epoch, and that this or a dissolution awaits our choice, and is the only alternative."

A spirit of compromise and concession prevailed, and the Constitution was adopted by all the States. All eyes were now turned to Washington as chief magistrate. By the unanimous vote of the electors he was chosen the first President of the United States. It is not known that there was a dissentient voice in the nation.

New York was then the seat of government. As Washington left Mount Vernon for the metroplis to assume these new duties of toil and care, we find recorded in his journal:

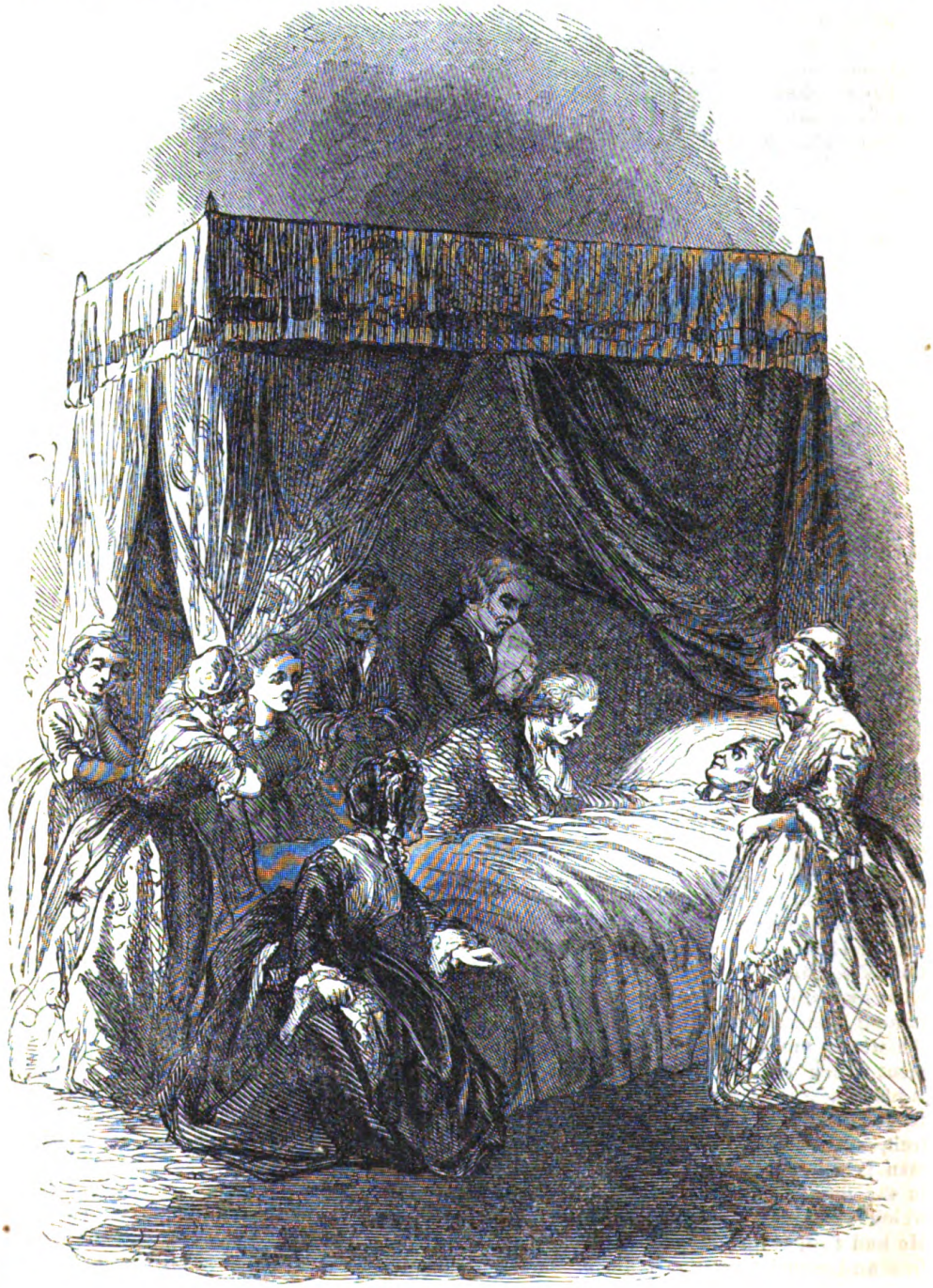
"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount

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Vernon, to private life, and domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best disposition to render service to my country, in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

He was inaugurated with religious ceremonies and appropriate festivities, on the 30th of April, 1789, and became a model President. He remained in the Presidental chair two terms, until 1796, when he again retired to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon, bequeathing to his grateful countrymen the rich legacy of his Farewell Address. The admiration with which this address was universally received will never wane. May its precious counsels ever be heeded.

The United States Congress, under Washington, was the glory of America. Our best men, the most lofty in character, and the most distinguished in intelligence, integrity, and dignity, were then elected to discharge the immense responsibilities of the Senate and of the House.



WASHINGTON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

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One of the compatriots of Washington, who was then familiar with all the scenes occurring at the seat of government, after a lapse of forty years, in 1836, visited the capital. He thus, in a letter to a friend, describes the difference between the ancient and the modern Congress.

"In the years '94, '95, '96, I often used to see the House and Senate of that day. In the month of May last I went to Washington, solely to see the House and Senate of forty years later. Good Heavens! what a contrast! If the majority of our nation be now fairly represented, we are the lowest and the most vulgar of all the Caucasian race."

There are now men in Congress who can sneer at the idea of imploring God's blessing. May our National Legislature soon be purified of all such degrading and abominable nuisances.

Soon after Washington's return to Mount Vernon, he wrote a letter to a friend, in which he described the manner in which he passed his time. He rose with the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day. "By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss to see strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect to me. And how different is this from having a few friends at a social board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candlelight; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year."

The 12th of December, 1799, was chill and damp. Washington, however, took his usual round on horseback to his farms, and returned, late in the afternoon, wet with sleet and shivering with cold. A sore throat and hoarseness ensued. His disorder rapidly advanced till he breathed with much difficulty, and could not swallow. All remedies proved unavailing. His sufferings continued to increase, and it was soon found that he must die. Turning to a friend, he said:

"I find I am going. My breath can not continue long. I believed from the first attack it would be fatal."

He thanked his physicians for their kindness, but assuring them that no efforts could be of any avail, entreated them to let him die quietly. On the night of the 14th, between the hours of ten and eleven, he gently expired in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and in the full possession of all his faculties. At the moment of death Mrs. Washington sat in silent grief at the foot of the bed.

"Is he gone?" she asked, in a firm and collected voice.

The physician, unable to speak, gave a silent signal of assent.

"'Tis well," she added, in the same untremulous utterance; "all is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

On the 18th his remains were deposited in the family tomb, and his name and his fame will forever, as now, fill the world.

ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD FIELDS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

"Auri sacra fames."—HORACE.

I HAVE been requested to communicate, in a brief and popular form, the results of my journey into the interior of Spanish Honduras. The materials which I collected for a statistical and political account of Honduras, and more particularly of the gold fields of Yoro and Olancho, together with my diary of travel and personal adventures, from September, 1854, to May, 1855, would fill a large volume, and are accompanied by original maps of regions hitherto unknown to miners and geographers, and a series of pencil sketches made by an artist of rare talent, illustrating many interesting features of the scenery and costume of Honduras. From these materials I have endeavored, in the present instance, to select such traits of adventure and novel information as would prove acceptable to the general reader.

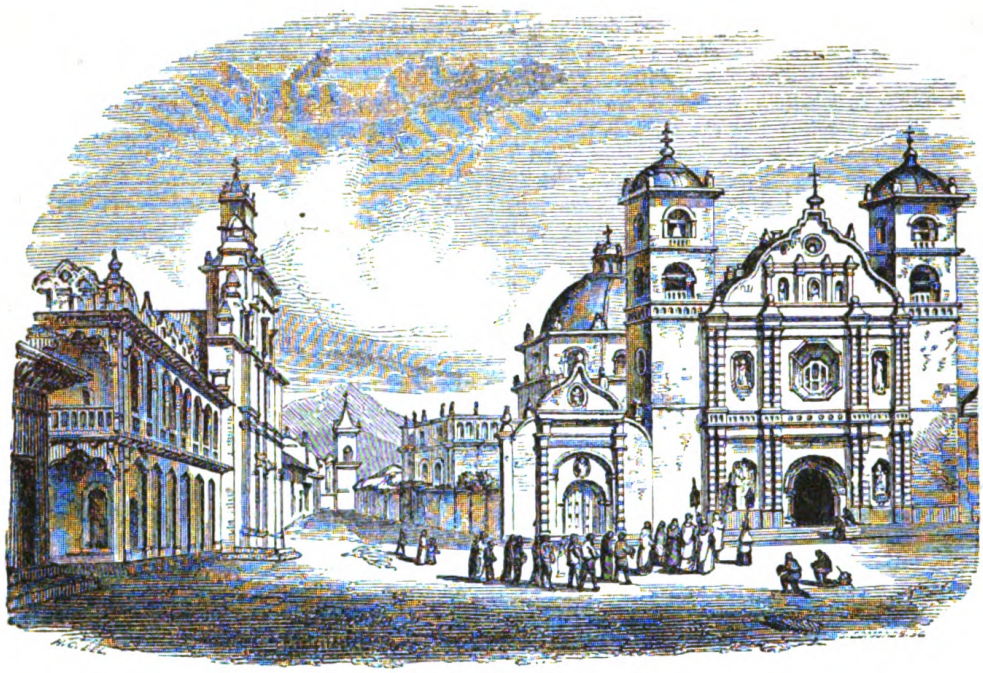
During the gradual subsidence of popular interest in Californian adventure, a new field of inquiry has been opened in Central America. The republican State of Nicaragua, illustrated in this Magazine by the pen of an accomplished traveler and negotiator, and the pencil of an artist unequaled in the delineation of tropical costume and scenery, has at length become familiar to the reading public. That State is filling up with a powerful and practical emigration from California and the Atlantic States; and we may expect soon to hear that its ruinous revolutions, the work of native desperadoes, have terminated in the establishment of peace and a democratic government.

Honduras, the counterpart and natural ally of Nicaragua on the north, has awakened an equal interest in the minds of intelligent Americans, not only as an inexhaustible field of mining and commercial enterprise, but as a portion of the continent shaped by nature and position to sustain a populous and powerful republic.*

In the year 1848 a young merchant of New

* Without estimating the heavy expenditure which it required, we have not only secured for our readers the latest and most original information in regard to this important and interesting portion of America, but have embodied that information in the most attractive form which can be impressed by the genius of accomplished travelers, artists, and men of letters. We wish to gratify the reading community with rare and fresh information, and at the same time satisfy their cultivated taste in the mode of presenting it. In the present article we have given the personal narrative of an American traveler in Eastern and Central Honduras. This, together with our previous articles on Nicaragua and other parts of Central America, and our forthcoming work on Honduras by Mr. Squier, will form a complete body of correct and novel information.—ED.

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PLAZA OF TEGUCIGALPA.

York, while visiting the city of Leon, in Nicaragua, was tempted, by the glowing descriptions given him by natives of the country, to attempt the overland journey from the Lake of Nicaragua, by the way of Segovia, Matagalpa, and Tegucigalpa, to the *placers* of Eastern Honduras, at that period but little known, but now promising to share some portion of the fame of California and Australia. The rich sands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin engrossed at that period the adventurous spirit of the continent. Central America, as yet unillumined by the talent and antiquarian industry of a Squier, or the genius of a Bard,* lay under a cloud, awaiting, as it were, in modest obscurity the brilliant future prepared for it by the example and splendid successes of the Northern and Australian El Dorados.

Our adventurer, after many painful delays, and overcoming obstacles against which only a strong enthusiasm would have ventured, arrived at length in Olancho, the auriferous region of Central America. He soon satisfied himself, by a cursory survey, of the value and accessibility of these *placers*; and being of an amiable disposition, with much social address, induced the proprietors of the soil to grant to him, and those whom he might associate with himself in the United States, an exclusive right of mining in a district thirty by sixty miles in extent, including all the head-waters of Patook or Guayape river; the sands and earth of these waters seeming to him to be the richest in the world. A year's time was consumed in these investigations. A year of probation was allowed, by the terms of the grant, for the formation of a company and the commencement of the enterprise. The year expired almost before his return, and the grants were forfeited.

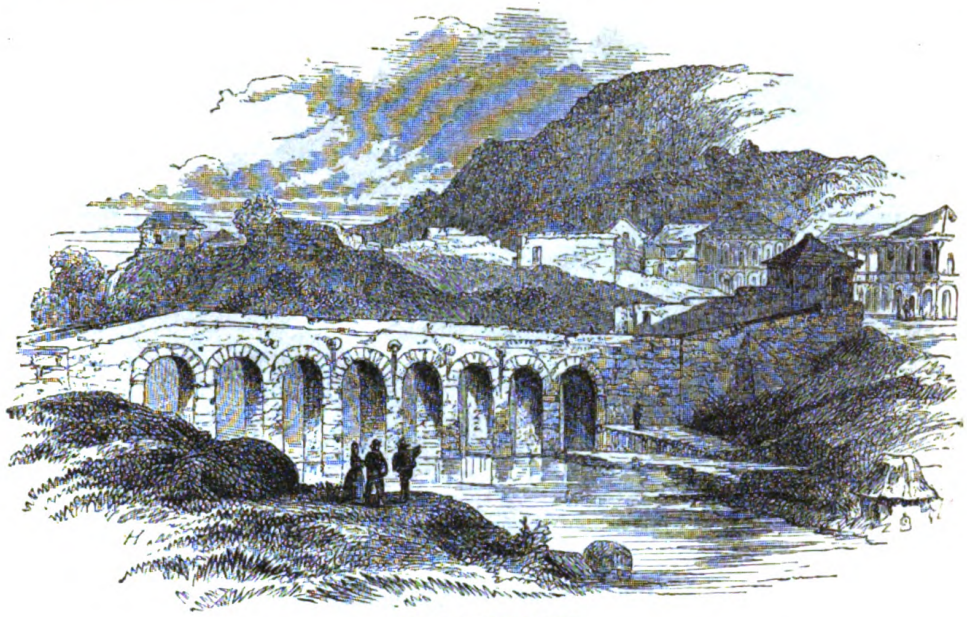
The written report and correspondence of this first adventurer, with a copy of the now worthless grant, were subsequently taken to California, and there, under the intelligent guidance of a few far-seeing Americans, an association was formed, and I had the good fortune to be selected as their agent to go from California into the interior and eastern part of Honduras, to examine the gold fields of Yoro and Olancho, and make a report upon their condition and value for the purposes of American miners and merchants. I was also instructed to make a survey and map of the Guayape or Patook river, to ascertain how far it might be navigated by steamers from the ocean; and finally, if it seemed to be an object worth the attention of capitalists, to procure a renewal and extension of the famous Guayape grant and contract.

I made the voyage from San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, up the coast to Tigre Island, in the bay of Fonseca, in an open boat fitted with a sail; the road by the way of Rivas and Leon being closed at that time to Americans by the guerrillas of Chamorro, at war with the republican government of Leon. Tigre Island, in the bay of Fonseca, belongs to Honduras, and here I showed my letters from Governor Bigler and other dignitaries of California, and procured from a distinguished merchant of that place certain private letters of introduction to the President of Honduras.

From Tigre Island I proceeded in a row-

* The best known and most reliable works on Nicaragua and Honduras are the published and forthcoming volumes of E. G. Squier, and that of Samuel A. Bard, distinguished, the first by great accuracy and research, and the second by a delightful narrative style.—Ed.

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BRIDGE OF JUTECALPA.

boat across the bay, and up the Rio Grande to the foot of the western Cordilleras. Thence by mule travel, winding along and gradually ascending the declivities of the mountains, I made my way to the ancient city of Tegucigalpa, once a powerful and wealthy metropolis, but in these days containing only thirteen thousand inhabitants.

As I was still enfeebled by the fever which attacked me on the hot marshes of the Pacific coast, I was ill prepared to enjoy the romantic and novel scenery of this journey, or the hospitable and kindly reception which the friends of the President had prepared for me at Tegucigalpa. Sick and exhausted, I passed almost unobservant over the beautiful bridge which spans the torrent at the entrance of the city. Here the bright waters of the Rio Grande rush down from the green forests and grassy slopes of the Cordilleras, unobstructed by dam or sluice, but destined at no remote period to turn the wheels of silver-mills and cloth-factories. My secretary was too lazy or too sullen to converse, and did not entertain me with the usual narrative of sieges, defeats, and victories—the alternate failures and successes—of which the antique arches of the bridge are at once the witness and the monument.

Tegucigalpa is the capital of the silver region, and second only to Comayagua as a political centre.

As a citizen of the United States (*Americano del Norte*), and the representative of a commercial organization of Americans, I was received with many demonstrations of respect and hospitality by the members of the Supreme Government of Honduras. My first interview with the President was invested with the formalities and etiquette so agreeable to the Spanish character; but these detracted nothing from the democratic hospitality of the venerable and amiable Cabañas. In conformity with usage, I was received, at an appointed hour, by the President in full costume—wearing uniform, and adorned with military and civic orders—in the presence of his family and secretaries. Only personal compliments, and the ordinary conversation of gentlemen at a first introduction, were permissible; business being invariably deferred for a second interview.

President Cabañas* is by far the most refined and intelligent man I have met with in Central America, and on a wider stage of action would take his place among the great statesmen of the age. His reputation for skill as a military tactician is inferior to that of some others; but this deficiency—if this deficiency be not indeed more apparent than real—is more than compensated by romantic gallantry and real grandeur of character. His body is scarred and pierced with the wounds of many battles, leaving only a venerable wreck of manhood, white-haired, and full of placid dignity. After a victory over the aristocratic faction, some years ago, he entered Tegucigalpa, at the head of his army, enthusiastically greeted by a concourse of citizens as the liberator of the country. An old woman, haggard with grief, whose son had fallen in the opposite ranks, rushed before Cabañas, whom she regarded as the cause of her loss, and with violent imprecations accusing him as the author of the war

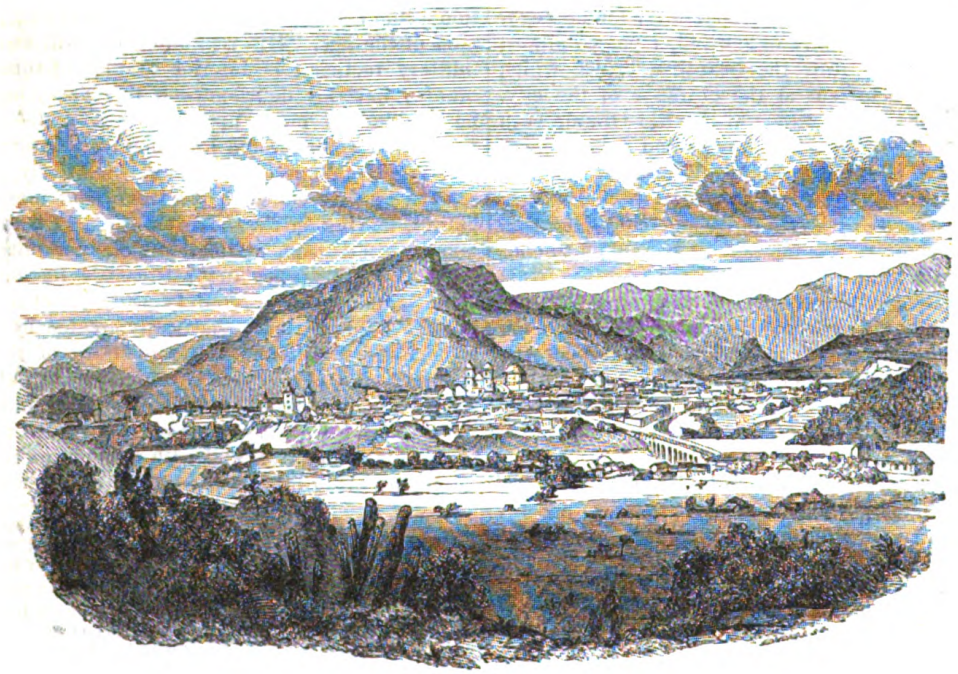
* I procured the materials at Tegucigalpa for a biographical notice of this distinguished statesman and republican. He is justly regarded as the successor of the lamented Morazan, and the true liberator and defender of Honduras. He treats Americans with uniform hospitality and kindness, and gives every proper encouragement to such of them as offer benefits to Honduras by increasing her trade and opening her abundant internal resources.

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LIMESTONE HILL.—ROAD TO OLANCHO.

and of her sorrows, hurled a stone which struck him on the face, inflicting a wound. The soldiers rushed upon her with drawn sabres; but the General, wiping the blood from his face, bade them forbear. "Pity her," said he; "we have all of us lost friends or brothers in the war. Grief is sacred even to us, my friends; and hers is for a son." The generosity of Cabañas is proverbial, and no man enjoys more personal influence. He has an expression of face that is singularly winning; a subtle, irresistible smile, which shows a consciousness of power, with the wish to use it beneficently. The aristocratic factions of Guatemala and Nicaragua have done their utmost to overthrow Cabañas, but without success. His grant of a charter to E. G. Squier and others for an Interoceanic Railroad and Transit route across Honduras, from Omoa to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific, excited a violent jealousy in Guatemala, and was made a cause of serious accusation against him, as a "friend of Americans." Cabañas and his party are a two-thirds majority in Honduras, and continue to be stanch friends of the United States. I am since gratified to learn that the "friends of Americans" in Hon-



CITY OF TEGUCIGALPA.

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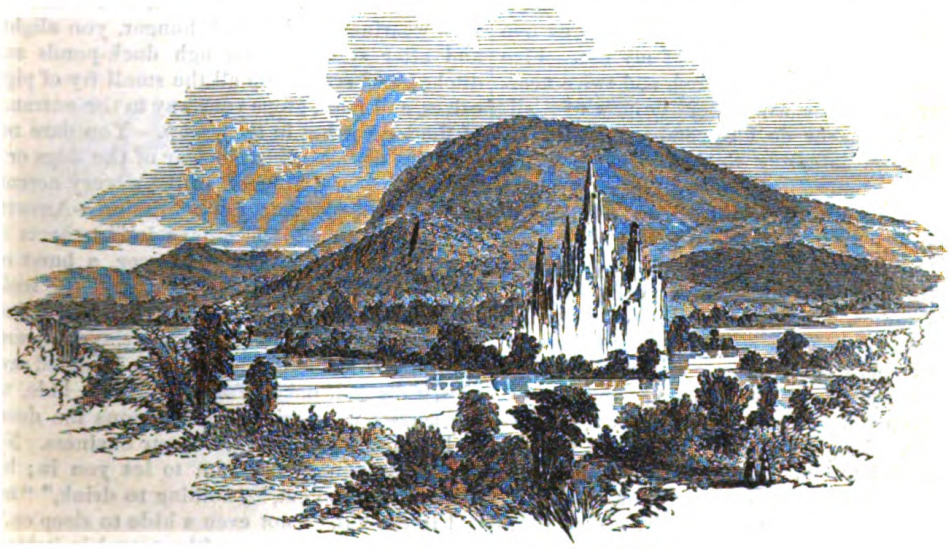


JUSTERIGUE HILL.—ROAD TO OLANCHO.

duras have beaten their enemies in several battles, and are now firmly established in the government.

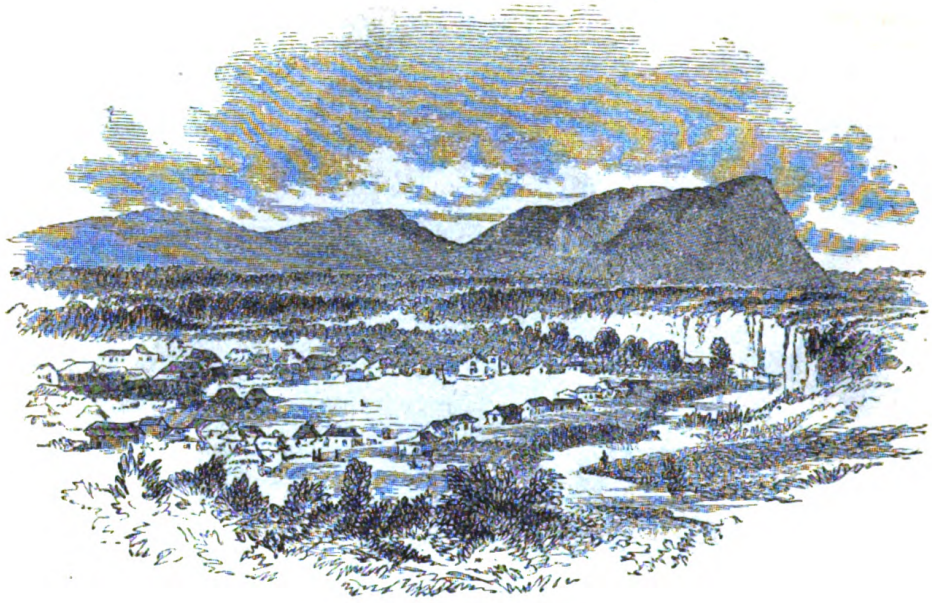
The Supreme Government appointed three Commissioners to exchange credentials with me, and report on the merit of my proposals. The details of these negotiations, although highly interesting in a political and economical view, I am obliged to pass over, and confine myself to the incidents of my journey to the gold fields of Lepaguaré, and my subsequent residence and geographical survey in those new and picturesque placers. Suffice it, then, to say that, with the advice and friendly assistance of the Supreme Government, who published an edict giving me permission to survey and make contracts, within the year, in the districts of Yoro and Olancho, I proceeded with letters and passports to Jutecalpa, the central city of the gold region.

On the 19th of November, 1854, after closing important negotiations with the government, and making a rapid preliminary survey of the silver department of Tegucigalpa, I began my journey and exploration. The ride from Tegucigalpa to the great hacienda, or cattle estate of Lepaguaré, in the heart of Olancho, the residence and property of the Zelaya family, and now the centre of the "Guayape Grant," occupied seven days, and was inexpressibly tedious, and beset with discomfort to me. Tegucigalpa, although at least four thousand feet above the ocean, is rich in vegetation, with a temperate atmosphere, and sheltered



SANDSTONE ROCKS.—RIO ABAJO, TEGUCIGALPA.

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SAN DIEGO DE YALANGA.

from the more violent winds by the high ridges of the Cordilleras; but the scene changed when I took the mountain road to Olancho, through those miserable outposts of civilization, the Indian villages of San Diégo de Yalanga, Guayamaca, Salto, Campamento, and Cofradilla. I saw nothing here to charm the eye or the imagination. Winds of extraordinary violence; a dreary, interminable labyrinth of steep mountains, through which the road toiled with a perverse and painful tortuosity toward every point of the compass; ridges of white rocks, so dazzling as to produce headache and temporary blindness; and, above all, the squalor, laziness, and excessive poverty of the villages that lay at long intervals, with each thirty or forty miles of intermediate desolation: these features, with the burden of a dull companion and an anxious mind, have impressed the journey as one of the disagreeable passages of my life. Five times I have been shipwrecked, and twice nearly starved on the wind-swept deserts of California; but never do I remember to have realized more intensely than on this road the pain of existence.

The villagers seemed to have nothing to eat, or if they had, it was so little they were loth to share or sell it; nor could I discover any visible means of subsistence for them or their families. Let the reader picture to himself a barren road, winding among forests of pine or small oaks, or over arid and desolate ridges bordered with a scanty vegetation—the path steep and dangerous even to the sure-footed mule. You have journeyed all day without seeing a habitation. Night has closed in around you, and a cold wind, carrying clouds of dust, almost tears you from the saddle. Your companion, sombre and shivering, urges his weary animal at some distance behind. You have taken no food since daylight. Darkness, during the last two hours, has rested upon the mountains, and the melancholy sighing of the wind in the low herbage excites sad forebodings, in a mind predisposed to despondency by weariness and hunger, for a long time silently endured. All at once the bark of a dog in the distance arouses your sensitive mules. They quicken their pace, and slide rapidly down the steep declivities. Soon you are advancing upon level ground, and in the middle of a small plain, an eighth of a mile wide, may be seen the outline of some Indian huts. A cry of dogs rushes out, and your advance is announced by a grand chorus of pigs, mules, horses, dogs, and feathered choristers; but, as yet, no sign or voice of humanity; no lights in the village; all dark, silent, and asleep. Saddle-sore, and trembling with weariness and a day's hunger, you alight; and after stumbling through duck-ponds and ditches, and scaring up all the small fry of pigs, calves, and pups, grope your way to the entrance of the largest hut in the group. You dare not open the door forcibly, for fear of the dogs or a Spanish knife. You cry, in the silvery accents of Castilian, pleading for admission—Answer, a grunt. You add pecuniary inducements in more emphatic Castilian—Answer, a burst of baby-voices, shrieking in chorus, and the scold of the vigilant Señora rousing her sleepy Don and bidding him open the door to the strangers. Don José, Alcaldé Primero of two hundred savages, rolls half-naked from his bull's hide, to the sorrow of a million fleas, opens the door, and in a gruff voice inquires your business. No persuasion can induce him to let you in; he has "nothing to eat," "nothing to drink," "no bed in the hut," "not even a hide to sleep on." He will not take money (the rascal is itching for it! but he is proud, lazy, and suspicious).

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At length you utter the magical name of "Cabañas" or "Zelaya," and the door is opened, with permission to occupy the floor and the fleas for the night, your saddle for a pillow, with hope of breakfast in the morning. To sleep, however, is impossible. The snoring of the Don, who answers with an invariable grunt the hourly scolding of the Señora, urging his attention to the natural necessities of a half dozen unsavory brats; the crowing and stirring of fowls overhead, of whose situation you are exactly informed by the laws of gravitation; the shrieking of mules, and the baying of dogs; these, with the indomitable flea, render the night more miserable than the day. You arise at dawn, dispirited and weary, and after a scanty breakfast set forward for another day of labor, to be followed by another night of dirt, fleas, and feverish disturbance.

On my arrival at Campamento, a village on the mountains of that name, about seventeen hundred feet above the sea, my spirits began to rise. During the last three days we had descended rapidly, and I caught glimpses of a blue distance toward the Caribbean, which my guide assured me was the grassy plain of Lepaguaré. The sterile summits over which we had passed, five thousand feet above the sea, were composed of a porous, silicious stone, unfavorable to vegetation, and clothed at best with interrupted growths of oak and pine. Now, the foliage began again to assume the luxurious features of the tropics. Two ranges of mountains, the Salto and Campamento, separate Tegucigalpa from Olancho. From the eastern slopes of the Campamento range—at the foot of which is Lepaguaré—various spurs shoot out, known as the Jalan, the Moro, the Juticapa, Los Ranchitos, and Los Vindeles. These are masses of slate and limestone, intermingled with auriferous quartzose rocks.

On these mountains and their foot-hills the waters take their rise which flow into the Patook—a river of great dimensions, bearing the drainage of nearly a fourth of Honduras and a small part of Nicaragua. On all the foot-hills of the Campamento the washing of auriferous earth is an immemorial custom of the Indian women, who are thence called *lavaderas*, or washers. At Campamento I first saw the native women engaged upon the banks of the Guayapita, a little tributary of the Guayape. As we left the village in the morning, the guide called my attention to a woman who stood knee-deep in the stream, with a wooden bowl in her hands, from which she was throwing off the earth and water, with the skill of an experienced gold-washer. I rode up to her and watched the process with a degree of interest which only an old gold-hunter of '49 can appreciate. Here was the first evidence, *to my own proper senses*, of the future destiny of Olancho and of Central America. The bowl was filled with earth by the use of a horn-spoon, and the washing several times repeated. In about an hour the *lavadera* had collected enough 'coarse gold' to equal seventy-five cents of our coinage, and was well satisfied with the twenty-five pieces of Government coined copper, called copper dollars, which I offered her for the amount. The metal was of a deep, heavy, yellow color, differing in tint from the dust of Australia or California. Specimens of this gold, assayed for me by Mr. Hewston, a chemist and analyst of high reputation, of the Mint in San Francisco, gave eighteen dollars and eighty-four cents to the ounce.

Encouraged by this evidence of the wealth of the country, I rode forward in high spirits, making observations at short intervals upon the character of the rocks and the nature of the soil. Two years of practical mining, and frequent disappointment, in '49 and '50, on the



CAMPAMENTO MOUNTAINS.—CHICHICASTA TREES.

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VILLAGE OF CAMPAMENTO.

Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers, had qualified me for a sharp and critical judgment; but I was soon satisfied that the foot-hills of the Campamento range are well worthy of their ancient reputation. Auriferous quartz veins are of frequent occurrence in other parts of Central America as well as in Olancho; but no other portion of the continent, excepting California, has *placers*—dry and wet diggings—superior to those which I visited in Lepaguaré. The rock formations are *analagous*, but not identical, with those on the Stanislaus river. The differences in soil are accounted for by the denser and richer vegetation of this region. I am disposed to regard the Campamento and Salto ranges as of later formation, in point of *time*, and more disturbed by volcanic interference, than those of the Sierra Nevada.*

A day's ride down the hills from Campamento, brought me to the hacienda of Don Francisco Zelaya, Ex-Commandante and General of Brigade of all the forces of Olancho; a very independent citizen, who has a small army of retainers at his service, and shares with his two brothers the purse, the sword, the judiciary, and some twenty-five hundred square miles of "real estate," gold fields, forested hills, and plains enriched by tens of thousands of cattle, mules, and horses. This family is, or will soon become, the wealthiest on the continent. Their domain, defended on three sides by ranges of mountains, exceeds that of many princes, and their personal authority has no visible check.

The Department of Olancho, into which the traveler descends eastward from Campamento, is by far the largest and the most beautiful in Honduras. Its boundaries are the Rio Tinto and the Department of Yoro on the north, the Caribbean on the east, the Wauks or Segovia river on the south, and Tegucigalpa on the west. It has more than a hundred miles of sea-coast. The territories of the Zelayas extend from the high ridges of the mountains inland to Jutecalpa, eastward toward the sea, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. Of the soil they are undisputed owners, by royal grants made centuries ago to the first Zelaya who came over from Spain. The history of these grants will be found in my Report to the Trustees of the Honduras Mining and Trading Company.



PLOWING AT LEPAGUARÉ.

* I find it necessary to omit in this connection a number of scientific and topographical details, more interesting to miners and savans than to the general reader. These I have embodied in my Report to the Honduras Mining and Trading Company, who deputed me as their agent.

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The view over Lepaguaré from the mountains exceeded any thing I had ever seen, both for softness of outline and splendor of coloring. On the plain, I found myself traversing a prairie, varied with grand undulations, and covered with deep grass and flowers. Herds of cattle, droves of horses, and of the much-prized mules of Olancho, gave life and variety to every new opening of the view. They indicated the source of that primitive wealth and prosperity which has given rule and continuance to the aristocratic blood of Spain in this rich nook of the earth. At intervals the familar cry of the *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, dispelled the sense of loneliness which attends the traveler in new scenes. All around me a blue horizon of mountains—embracing a wide landscape, breathed on by the evening wind, and retiring, with richest verdure, into the gold and purple tints of sunset—brought vividly to mind the scenery of California, where the foot-hills of the Sierras decline westward, as do these of the Cordilleras eastward, toward the ocean.

The *vaqueros*, who met me on the edge of Lepaguaré, inquired the object of my visit. I showed them my passports, and was conducted before nightfall to the hacienda, or country house of General Zelaya.

Many times I was powerfully affected by the extreme and novel beauty of the views which met my sight in Lepaguaré. This plain, with its girdle of mountains, is a park of verdure springing from a deep, rich soil, wide enough to sustain the population of a commercial and agricultural State. Temperate in climate, and free from the local fevers and miasm of our own Western States, it is capable of giving full occupation to thousands of adventurous emigrants who would here find homes, and healthful, remunerative occupation.

The population of Olancho consists mainly of Indians, descendants of aborigines, at present entirely subjugated and peaceful. These are the great body of the people, which is scattered sparsely over the region. The Indian women are universally gold-washers; though from indolence or superstition they seldom work on the rivers, during the dry season, more than one day out of seven, and then only a few hours in the day. After a freshet, when there is promise of a rich yield, men will engage in this business, and bring up the auriferous sand by diving on the bars. The head-waters of the Guayape yield in this way about $60,000 a year, all of which passes through Jutecalpa. Mr. Bard gives $129,000 as the annual yield passing through Jutecalpa. The above estimate was given to me by Don Francisco Zelaya. The two districts of Yoro and Olancho together, are said to furnish annually not less than $150,000 by this inefficient system of mining. As mines are worked in California, these placers would probably produce at least $6,000,000 a year.

The Indians are chiefly engaged in a primitive kind of agriculture, a very small amount



INDIAN FARM LABORERS.

of labor being needful to produce the vegetable food and grain required for home consumption. Negroes and mulattoes compose a part of the lower population of the towns. A tribe of several thousand "Carib" Indians, occupies the seacoast and lagoons between Truxillo and the Patook river. The wild Poyos tribes inhabit a belt of country inside the lagoons, south of the Rio Tinto, and north of the Mosquitos and Sambos.

My information concerning the habits and manners of the Poyas, differs in some particulars from the account given by that excellent author and traveler, Mr. Samuel A. Bard. I had not time to penetrate into the interior of the Poyas country south of Olancho, and saw very few of the tribe. Those whom I did see were dressed in quills and feathers, and had a very wild appearance. They hold no intercourse with the Spaniards of Olancho, except for occasional trade; exchanging gold dust for European commodities. Mr. Bard's account of drum-head divination by raps among the Poyas is very interesting, nevertheless, and may be regarded as an important addition to the rapidly accumulating mass of "scientific" evidence in that field of inquiry. Mr. Bard is, in very vulgar language, *a perfect trump*.

Catholicism is the religion of all the natives of this country, except the wild tribes, who are few in number. The Catholic settlements commence about fifty miles inland from the mouth of the Patook. Here, on the northwest side of the river Patook, are large Indian villages. Catacamas has from 800 to 1000 inhabitants.

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Population increases in density going inland, until we reach Jutecalpa, a point ninety-five miles S.S.E. from Truxillo, and the same distance S.W. from the mouth of the Patook.

Jutecalpa is the ancient capital of Olancho, and has dwelling-houses for two thousand inhabitants. Mr. Bard was misinformed in regard to the population of Jutecalpa. It never exceeds 2500. It is a prosperous and beautiful town, laid out with a public square, a cathedral, and a crowd of well-built *adobé* houses of one story. A branch of the Guayape river flows from hence to the ocean, a distance of 220 miles, near the town, and there is a canoe navigation by the tortuous channels of the river; available at all times of the year for steamers of light draught.

Before proceeding to Jutecalpa, I passed a number of days enjoying the hospitality of the



BULL-FIGHT IN JUTECALPA.

old Don at his comfortable hacienda. He is, literally, "monarch of all he surveys."* From this point his land extends in all directions to the head-waters of the Guayape and its branches; an immense drainage—commencing in the high Cordilleras, and including one-half of the valley or prairie of Lepaguaré. Don Francisco is tall and handsome, with a portly figure and a commanding aspect; very courteous to strangers, and not wanting in political knowledge or sagacity, in the affairs of his own country; though the total absence of newspapers and society leaves him less cognizant of those of Europe and the United States. He is an "ardent republican," however, and looks with great favor upon *los Americanos del Norte*. His brother, Santiago, is a judge of original jurisdiction—so styled in all contracts and legal documents—having the power of life and death, and decision without appeal. The political and social authority of Lepaguaré is very fairly divided between the two. There is a third brother, also rich in land and herds. During my negotiations with the elder Don, the two younger were present in consultation.

The government of this retired territory is thus a very compact and well-established despotism, with a few democratic forms of election to satisfy the middle class, or dependents upon the great landholders. This middle class consists of the relatives of the Zelayas by descent or intermarriage; a large and powerful family, owning by far the greater portion of Olancho—and of the general body of Blancos, or families of Spanish blood, who may have settled as landowners or residents in the country. Priests and lawyers are not numerous. Señor Rosas, the advocate at Jutecalpa, is a man of intelligence, well versed in the laws of Honduras, and has all the legal formalities at command. He was very serviceable to me.

My secretary and artist has given an excellent drawing of the hacienda of Galera, the residence of one of the Zelayas, which will convey a very clear idea of the appearance of a first-class farm-house, or hacienda, in this quarter of Honduras.

The walls are thick, made of sun-dried clay, called *adobé*, with a floor of the same material. The furniture within is of the plainest. Nothing for luxury; all for utility. Ordinary kitchen utensils; plain tables, made of huge slabs of cedar; a few imported chairs; ham-



HACIENDA DE GALERA, LEPAGUARÉ.

* I examined with as much care as circumstances would permit, during my four months' residence in Olancho, the origin of land titles in that district. There have been no confiscations, and there are few disputed titles. The crown grants to the Zelayas are still in existence, and confer upon them a perfect ownership, which has never been disputed. All the more valuable mines and placers have been *denounced* by them, and the right of working them transferred to the Company under the laws of Honduras, with the witness and permission of the Supreme Government. To *denounce* a mine, or placer, is to secure it by a species of pre-emption, according to the immemorial laws of Spain, and of all the Spanish Republics of this continent.

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mocks, or a bull's hide stretched between posts, for a bedstead and mattress, as hard as iron; cloths, blankets, etc., imported; the better class dressing in the European fashion, and the inferior in costumes very correctly given by my artist. These points of interest have been repeatedly described by travelers in other parts of Central America, more especially in the admirable works of Stephens and Squier, and hardly demand a notice from me.

Had I been the embassador of President Pierce, or the French Envoy, I could not have been treated with greater hospitality or distinction at Lepaguaré. Don Francisco read my letters of introduction with evident satisfaction, but declined entering for the present into any business negotiations. He wished me to ride over the country with him, and become familiar with its features and resources, after which he would treat with me. Accordingly, I bent myself for several months to the task of surveying, map-making, collecting statistical information, and enjoying at intervals the hospitalities of Jutecalpa and the haciendas in its vicinity.

The amusements of the better class in this neighborhood, as in other parts of Spanish America, are of a simple and primitive character. Guitar-playing and singing, dancing, smoking cigaritos made of excellent native tobacco, story-telling, love-making, dozing in hammocks, and chatting village politics, serve to fill up the lazy intervals of life in a region removed out of the world, where the inferior offices are performed by *peons* (Indians in a state of civil slavery), and where the excitements of commerce and industrial speculation are unknown and impossible. Nearly all play, or strum a little, on the guitar. After sunset, until late into darkness, the soft air of a tropical night is made still more voluptuous and entrancing by dreamy and passionate love-songs, rude in composition, and sung in a drawling, nasal tone, but very tender in expression, and calling to mind the gay romance of the Troubadours.



SPANISH DANCE.

The sun sets to music in Olancho, and the air breathes sweet sounds and delicious odors. Nor is the rude Olanchano unworthy, in point of taste, of his Castilian origin. As fully as the more cultivated stranger, he appreciates the wonderful beauty of the nature which surrounds him. His native land to him, as to others, appears an earthly paradise. Without labor, he is rich—without art, he is free from disease. To live, to love, to enjoy; to dream away hours in the tinted shadows; to sing songs expressive of the flitting emotions which stir the surface of passion; to sleep quietly without care or fear; to lead, when in action, the life of a centaur, lifted and borne above the earth—on which he scorns to tread—by his familiar servant, the horse; not to know the number of his herds, or the antiquity of his family;—the extent of his lands, or the hidden riches they contain; to contemn the menial offices of life, and impose upon himself the requirements of mere motion and existence; such is the life-tide and being of men whose fathers, two centuries ago, vied with the colonists of New England in hardihood and industry!

My sojourn in Lepaguaré and Jutecalpa was chiefly during the dry season; which I afterward saw reason to regret, as I then learned that a summer in the interior of Honduras brings with it such luxuries of air and scenery as can be enjoyed in no other part of the world. The summer, or wet season, is not, as many suppose, a continued fall of rains. A succession of quick showers and thunder-storms, with intervals of brilliant sunshine, make up the season. The rain will fall all night in torrents, with lightning, and thunder, and wind—alarming but not destroying; and then the sun bursts through the clouds of morning over a landscape richly and tenderly diversified with green and gold. A warm air charms the sense; the eyes are pleased, but not dazzled, with rainbow tints reflected by the glittering moisture of the foliage; and the curtain-work of silver and purple clouds, fading gradually as day advances, makes these lovely pictures seem near and familiar to the beholder.

It is the intensity with which Nature works—producing, in close groups, every form of vegetable life—that gives its peculiar beauty to this region. The grass and trees look fat with sap, and ready to burst their rinds. The solidest and tenderest—vegetable ivory, and cork; the cocoa-nut and the banana; the grape and guava; gum of Arabia and barley of the North; the most delicate of perfumes and the ill-scented

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but useful India-rubber; mahogany and pitch-pine; rose-wood and common oak; frankincense and anise; cedar and logwood; all the vegetable utilities have made their home in Lepaguaré. There is not a conceivable work of human hands which may not be executed here, with materials found upon the surface; not a month of the year when the workmen may not proceed; not a day too hot or too cold; not a taint in the atmosphere, nor any indigenous or imported pestilence. The traveler is bewildered with the richness and splendor of all that meets the sense. Here is no African desolation, no horrors of an Italian Campagna; the soil reeks with gold, the rocks are tenacious with silver. In one quarter, fiery cinnabar, looking like a mouldered brick-pile, thrusts forward its mercurial red; reminding you of uncounted millions of liquid treasure; and above it the humble and useful pitch-pine offers itself as food for the artisan's fire. The wealth and power of an empire lies here asleep, like night upon the hills, and needs only that those heralds of civilization—the Northern miners—should awaken it into a brilliant life.

Imagine the vegetable and mineral wealth of New England and Virginia intensified, tenfold; the same genera of plants and trees, American in tint and physiognomy; our own Northern June greens and September browns, alternating with the same familiar evergreen tints, but closer, firmer, softer, richer, and more varied and expanded in every way. It is the New World at its best—its summit of beauty and utility. The aphorism of Lord Bacon, that knowledge is power, and, by converse, that ignorance is weakness—exemplifies itself in the ignorance of the American people regarding the real character of the interior of tropical America. A young gentleman, whose knowledge of these countries has come principally from the traveling menagerie and the picture-books, associates it only with horrid serpents, destructive tigers, poisonous spiders, and an air reeking with death in every form. He has not learned that the white and grizzly bears of the North, the panther of the West, the rattlesnakes of Virginia, and the fevers of the prairies are far beyond any of the dangers of that class to be met with in interior Honduras. The treeless hills of California offer no sustenance to the traveler. In the swamps of Pennsylvania the party of Lieutenant Strain, without food as they were, would have perished to a man. I have lived for months in Olancho without seeing a mosquito, and, I believe, but one tarantula, or poisonous spider. I could not, without great trouble and expense, have stocked an ordinary museum with stuffed monsters. The country is old, and nature accustomed, long ago, to civilization. Centuries ago it was inhabited by the mild and cultivated aborigines of Central America. To these came the Spanish caballeros, and established their slave system—mines were worked, fields cultivated, cities built—the interior of Honduras became a treasure-house and a garden; nor have twenty years' war and deprivation as yet wholly uncivilized it.

As the main object of my visit to this region was to obtain satisfactory information in regard to the gold washings of the Guayape, I lost no opportunity of seeing them in company with intelligent persons who were acquainted with their history and value. The placer region proper extends from the head-waters of the Guayambre and Segovia rivers, in a northeasterly direction as low down as *Corte Lara*—the mahogany cuttings of Señor Ocampo—on the Guayambre; thence in a north and northwesterly direction



MURCIELEGO BAR.—RIO GUAYAPE.

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along the foot-hills of the Campamento range to the head-waters of the Tinto or Black River. The *general* direction of the great cañons and ravines is toward the northeast. The northeast trades, blowing from the Caribbean Sea and the Bay of Honduras, send waves of air loaded with the moisture of the sea and rivers along all their valleys; and these waves reaching a cooler region deposit a vapor, which keeps the valleys on the eastern sides of the Cordilleras perpetually green, while the western and southern slopes are parched with the dry winds of winter. It is this feature of Central and Eastern Honduras which confers upon it such unrivaled salubrity and beauty.

I could not visit all the localities of gold dust, not even all of those that are well known. The most celebrated of Lepaguaré are Las Almaciguerras, the Espumoza, the Murcielego, and Las Marias. The general wealth of these, and some far richer but less famous localities which I visited, is fully equal to those I saw worked by successful miners in California. We estimate the value of a placer in California, not by sudden yields of lumps, or "lucky strikes," but by the *average*, for a year or two years labor. Two cents to a bucket of earth will make the fortune of a company who will continue to work. As for sudden yields, I saw several, and was lucky enough in the one or two experiments which my duties as a topographer and negotiator allowed me to make. Half an ounce is not infrequently taken out in an hour, but this is too rich for continuance. The experienced miner relies upon his *average*, not for weeks but for months, and even years.

My visit to the bar or deposit called Murcielego, in English "the Bat," was well timed, and gave me an opportunity of observing the *lavaderas* at work. A few women were washing on the bar when we arrived. The river was at medium height, and in a favorable condition.* The *lavaderas* worked slowly and stupidly, performing about a third as much labor each as an American miner. The General told them that we would buy all they could get that day and the next, and pay in copper, but this did not seem to quicken their operations. I saw taken from one to two and three cents of gold to the pan of earth—in rare instances five cents to the pan, which is a good yield. One cent to the bucket of earth "pays" in California, where expenses are heavy. The particles were not scale-like, but round or irregular, and polished by attrition. Pieces weighing five and even eight ounces have been taken from this bar. The General led me to a shallow excavation on the upper level of the bar, which is reached by the river only during a freshet, at least twenty feet above low water, where his *lavaderas* took out several pounds of gold in the course of six days' washing. American miners would dig deep and attack the "ledges."

* During the wet season only dry diggings are accessible. The rivers rise to a great height.

I mentioned the buccaneers, and alluded to my researches among old volumes of the Spanish library at Tegucigalpa. The General listened attentively. Follow me, and I will show you, said he, the old mines where the Spaniards used to take out gold. He wheeled his horse, leaping a fallen tree in a style which I dared not imitate. So, making a circuit, with much difficulty I forced my horse up the bank after him. On a slope more than sixty feet above, I found him standing near some large and deep pits, partly filled with earth. There were four of these pits. Heaps of stones and earth, overgrown with grass, lie near their mouths. Trees of near a century's growth are rooted in the bottom of the pits, indicating their great antiquity.

Twenty years ago, said the General, we took out rusted tools and bars of iron of Spanish manufacture, which were left here more than a hundred years since. From this kind of pits, in the old time, while Honduras was a Spanish province—she is now free, thank God! he added—the gold was taken that freighted the galleons of Spain. Had Spain been faithful to us, she would not have been poor, as she now is. The entire coast from Belize, in Yucatan, to San Juan del Norte, became a resort of ocean robbers—buccaneers. These were the wretches of whom you were speaking. The English of the West India Islands allowed them to carry on private war against the colonies of Spain. Not a ship could sail from Omoa or Truxillo, without falling into their hands. They leagued themselves with the Mosquitos and Sambos of the coast; supplied them with weapons; pensioned their chiefs, and encouraged them to a perpetual war upon Honduras and Nicaragua.

"It was this then, Señor, that prevented the development of your mines."

"Yes, in part. Who would send gold or silver to Spain, when it was invariably taken by the pirates, and sold to the English at Belize and Jamaica? We became discouraged."

"You, Señor?"

"Yes, we; the people of Honduras. We had every thing but a commerce. The Indians and Negroes were our slaves. We *made* them work. Now, they work only for their own convenience."

"Americans work all the time."

"So I hear—*caramba!* That is astonishing! Do you dig pits with your own hands in California, my friend?"

"Yes, Señor; I myself, in 1849, dug a pit on the banks of the Tuolumne river, twenty feet square by twenty deep."

"Did you get much gold from it?"

"One dollar, Señor, and the pit caved in and buried me to my neck. I cried out lustily, and a friend who was within hearing in another pit came and dug me out."

"Jesu Maria! what an escape; you dug no more then?"

"No; I crossed the desert on foot, followed night after night by the wolves, and reached a

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grass country, where I became a farmer, and then an engineer."

"You have wonderful versatility, Guillermo."

"It is a trait of our people: we can do any thing."

"God is favorable to your nation. All of you that come to Honduras are young men, full of activity and talent. Have you seen Señor Squier?"

"I have not had that pleasure, but am well acquainted with his projects."

"Will they succeed?"

"They always succeed."

"*Caramba!* that is astonishing. He is very rich then?"

"I do not know. When an American has rich ideas, he finds men of wealth to execute them. Did you ever hear the story of King Cyrus?"

"No. Let us hear it."

"When Cyrus the Younger entered Babylon as a conqueror, he received a visit from the Spanish Embassador, who wished to strengthen an alliance between his master the great Ferdinand and the young hero Cyrus."

"Ah! I recollect," said the General.

"Well, the Spanish Embassador was very inquisitive."

"That was a fault," said the General, mildly.

"He wished to know how much money the conqueror of Babylon might have in his treasury."

"Impertinent!"

"Cyrus replied that he had no treasury."

"Poor Cyrus! He had money buried, perhaps?"

"Well, the Embassador was astonished, and made a disrespectful remark, as Embassadors do, you know, when any one is found not to have money."

"True, they are a rude set of men. Well."

"Cyrus called for his writing-desk—"

"He had a writing-desk?"

"Yes, and dispatched several notes to his friends, saying that he required money. Immediately they sent him each a check upon some bank."

"The Bank of England?"

"Doubtless—for several millions."

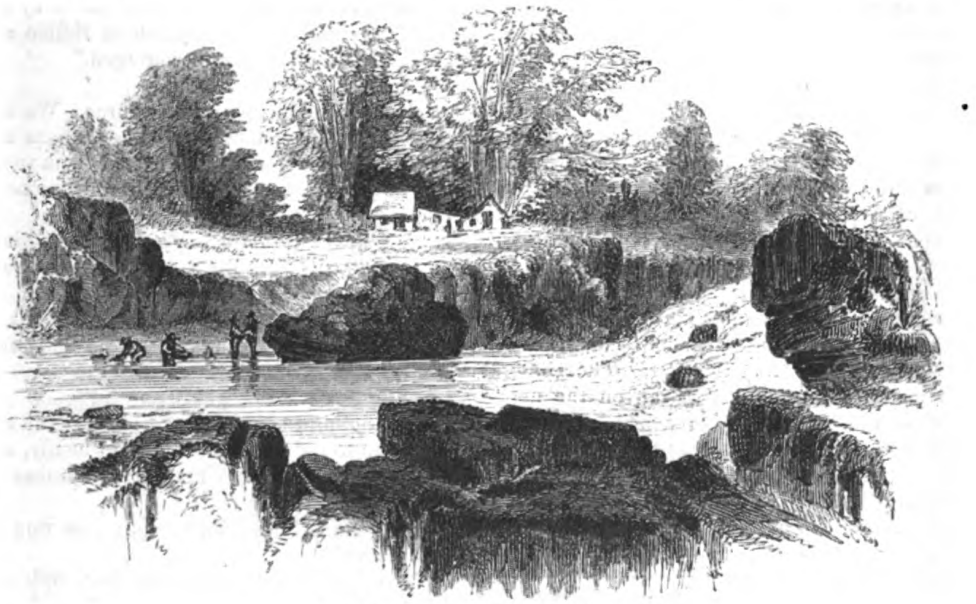
"And is that the way Señor Squier and the others get money in the United States?"

"Yes; but now, Señor, I will try to show you how we separate gold dust from sand in California."

"*Bueno!* let us see it."

By my direction one of the Indians who accompanied us had brought a dozen rusty nails and some pieces of board, which I fortunately lighted upon at the hacienda. With these, and a stone for a hammer, after some trouble I succeeded in knocking together a rude kind of rocker, of the primeval style of '48, in common use among the earlier placer-miners. My proceedings excited great interest, and the Indian women, with our little party of four, including the General, gathered about and looked on in silent amazement. With this crazy instrument, and the help of the natives to bring earth and water to wash it, I "rocked out" *one dollar and fifty cents* in fine dust in about an hour, to the huge satisfaction of the General and his followers. This was my only experiment with machinery.

Want of space obliges me to pass over the many pleasant incidents and agreeable discoveries which welcomed me daily in Lepaguaré and Jutecalpa. In my exploring expeditions to placers, and along the main stream and branches of the Guayape, I was always accompanied by some one of the Zelayas, or by my esteemed friend Señor Opolonio Ocampo. This gentleman interested himself in my efforts

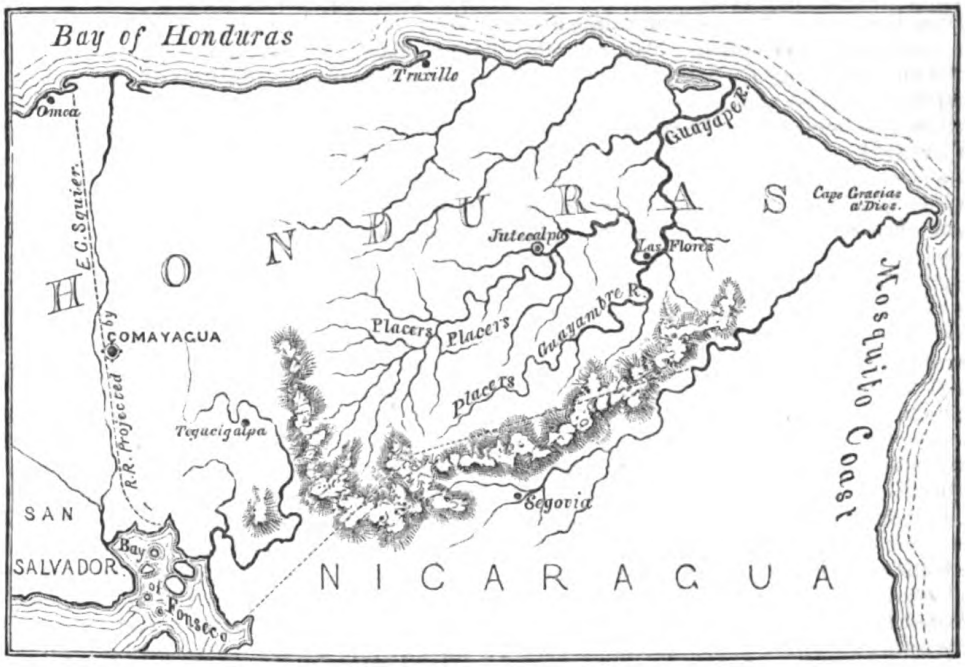


GUAYAPE RIVER, NEAR LEPAGUARÉ.

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to obtain information, and I am indebted to him for the topography of the Guayambre and Jalan rivers, with their branches. My map was an object of singular interest at Jutecalpa, and attracted crowds, each person having some hacienda to insert, or some range of hills or river course to suggest. The most ignorant understood the nature of the work, but I found their estimates of distance and direction very unreliable, where an American backwoodsman would be clear and accurate.

Lepaguaré, with its beautiful rivers, the Almendarez, Garcia, Chifilingo, Moran España, and Guayape, is truly a desirable land; nor do I deem it probable that Americans going into this thinly-inhabited region will degenerate by



reason of the air, or of too great wealth of soil. Over fields teeming with gold, the Yankee can not resist the temptation to labor; and it is my firm conviction that in Olancho alone, of all tropical America, the problem of colonization by the industrious and frugal citizens of North America will be peacefully and effectually solved. The hills crowned with foliage, and the plains covered with deep grass, preserve a constant moisture in the earth. The trade-winds, blowing at all seasons from the ocean, temper the air to a delightful mean. At Jutecalpa the mercury in the hottest weather of summer seldom rises above 95° of Fahrenheit, and my own thermometrical tables, kept during the fall and winter seasons, never fell below 52°, and only once rose above 82°, the best medium for health and exercise.*

By far the most interesting excursion which I made from Lepaguaré was to the celebrated *Espumosa*, a huge pot, or whirlpool, some miles below the Murcielego, on the main stream of the Guayape. A "pot-hole," in miner's parlance, is a hollow excavated by a waterfall or rapid, in the body of a rock or *stratum* of rocks. Pot-holes of antediluvian origin, filled with sand and *detritus* from the mountains, are usually rich in gold. Those that are of very small dimensions, mere water-worn crevices, are called "pockets." One day, after visiting and inspecting a number of India-rubber and mahogany trees, which are large and frequent in this vicinity, I rode in the afternoon through *cañons* (glades?) of magnificent *cedros* (cedar-trees),* some of which are seven and eight feet through the bole, solid at heart, and nearly two hundred feet in height. At evening we reached the famous rapid and whirlpool of *Espumosa*, or "The Foam." Señor José Maria Cacho, Minister of Finance in Honduras, at one time organized a company to work *Espumosa*, supposed to be the richest gold deposit in the world. This enterprise, like all others undertaken by natives of Central America without foreign assistance, was stifled in its birth by a revolution. A sec-

* My observations of temperature were made daily three times a day, from September 27th, 1854, to January 15th, 1855. At six o'clock in the morning, observations made from December 16th to January 15th, showed an extreme variation of only nine degrees, 52° to 61°. Noon observations for the same days showed the same variation, 72° to 80°. Evening observations, at six P.M., gave only six degrees of variation, 69° to 75°. The morning temperature at Lepaguaré was about 59°, the noon about 78°, the evening about 74°, for the winter season. It has never been known as hot at Jutecalpa, during July and August, as is frequent at New York and New Orleans. The temperature of Lepaguaré is probably finer and more equable than in any other part of Central America. The reasons for this are geographical, and do not apply generally to the Tropics. At Truxillo the heat is distressing, and bilious fevers and dysenteries are as common as in New Orleans, but not so fatal, because of the better location of the place.

* The cedar of Honduras corresponds with the "red wood" of California, and the "white pine" of the North.

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ond time it was granted to Señor M., my predecessor in this survey, and his failure had so discouraged the old Don, that he swore, during the first three weeks of my stay with him, that he would be at no further trouble in regard to it. He saw reason, however, to change his mind.

The approaches to the *Espumosa* from Aleman, a few miles below, on the Guayape river, or from the great gold bar of Murcielego above, are picturesque and varied. The solitude is profound. No trace of human industry or of habitations; not even the smoke of a distant camp-fire to indicate the presence of humanity. We rode over hills which reminded me of some parts of the interior of Massachusetts, wooded in copses, with a vast variety of trees and shrubbery, separated by slopes and plains of grass. A low ridge, crowned with cedar, pine, India-rubber, and mahogany trees, impedes the course of the Guayape, which rushes down between walls of rock one hundred and fifty feet apart, plunging into a deep basin or "pot," which the torrent seems to have hollowed out for itself, as may be seen on the Merrimac in the vicinity of Franconia. The pot must be at least twenty feet in depth, and is a mere whirlpool of foam, hissing and thundering.

My thoughts were so intensely occupied with imagining the wealth which lies hidden under the boiling waters of the *Espumosa*, that the adjacent scenery made only a slight impression. I pictured to myself a company of Californians, forty or fifty, stalwart, bearded men, the flower of modern manhood, building—as they do in these days—a grand water way, or timber sluice, to carry the torrent of the Guayape high over the *Espumosa*, and leave dry and accessible the rich accumulation. I seemed to hear the ringing blows of the ax, felling tall cedars along the borders of the torrent; the click and crash of the saw-mill, and the hiss of its untiring engine, fired with spicy and unctuous woods. The illusion, strengthened by the memories of such scenes in former days, became more and more intense, as I stood motionless gazing upon the foam. The waters were there, but through and under them I seemed to see the dry bed of sand and rocks; the crowd of red-shirted miners, delving and singing—others washing the sands, and now and then one of the party utters a cry, holding up a pebble heavy with gold. The cheerful voices of my friends as they sounded in the old times, were again audible to me; I clasped my hands, and an involuntary shout of recognition escaped me, when a rude grasp upon the shoulder, and an exclamation from the Don, brought me back to reality:

"Guillermo," said he, "you cry out! and see, you are weeping!" True enough—large tears were coursing down my cheeks.

"I was dreaming of home, Señor."

"Oh yes!" replied the kind old man, "that is natural. Bring them all with you to Lepaguaré, and come soon."

During our return I noticed for the hundreth time the regularity of form which gives these hills their unequaled beauty. With an even, almost insensible gradation, range beyond range, west, north, and south, rises an amphitheatre of grassy elevations, wood-crowned eminences, aspiring hills, lofty ranges; and farther still, peaks of such a blueness, they seemed solid ether; as though the liquid atmosphere had been mixed with light, and crystalized in aery glaciers. The hour of sunset at this season banishes all but sensuous and poetical emotions. All is softened and tinted with gold and azure. The pure air elevates the spirits and clears the lungs. The voice deepens, muscular exertion becomes easy—almost unconscious. You find yourself enjoying the more delicate pleasures of perception, and poetic emotions flow in upon you at every step. Nothing is more absurd, or farther from truth, than our popular dread of these "unknown regions under the Tropics." The sandy horrors of Sahara, or the Colorado, are not here. Here, the sun neither scorches the skin nor dries the blood; the earth is warm, but not infectious. Throughout all the new countries of our own Western States, the local unhealthiness is prevalent and hard to be resisted, even by good constitutions. I found nothing of this influence in Olancho. On the sea-coast, where there are marshes, the heat of summer breeds bilious fevers; but even at the mouth of Patook, and along the shore of Brewer's and Carataska lagoons, at Cape Gracias a Dios, and as far South as Bluefields river, fevers are slight, and not so prevalent as on the Ohio or Mississippi.*

Two summers in the mines of California led me to believe that the interior of Africa might be exceeded there; and this, too, alternating with deep snows and intense cold. So different, however, is this climate, that work may be done, at all seasons of the year, in Lepaguaré, in the open air; and as the rivers are never dry, because of the constant moisture condensed upon the interior mountains by the trade-winds, gold-washing—on wet or dry diggings—may be carried on without interruption, by well-organized mining parties.

When the river is low on the Espumosa, after the subsidence of a freshet, the *lavaderas* wade into the torrent, and bring up gold sand and pebbles of remarkable richness. As there are no washings above this point, until we reach the beginning of the next cataracts, it is presumed that an unusual deposit of the precious metal has been made here by the action of the torrent, continued for a long period of time.

From the reverend Padre C——, whose good-

* The eastern coast of Central America north of Cape Gracias a Dios, is uniformly healthy, excepting at a few points where there are miasmatic flats, hummocks, or marshes. From the Cape, as you sail N.W., the coast becomes higher, and from the Patook to Truxillo, ranges of hills come down nearly to the sea. Beyond Truxillo again there are a few decidedly pestilential localities, but the major part of the N.E. coast of Central America is superior in salubrity to any of the West India Islands except, perhaps, the Bahamas.

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will I had the happiness to conciliate, I heard many facts and reports in regard to the Espumosa, and some curious traditions, tending all to confirm the general opinion of its value. I shall not here repeat them, but only reveal a part of my conversations with that intelligent and excellent friend, in regard to the general wealth of the region as far as he himself was acquainted with it. The good Padre is proud of his horsemanship, and while I was with him always rode a good steed. On the occasion which I now call to mind, we rose with the sun; and, after a breakfast of corn-bread and chocolate, leaped briskly into the saddle and cantered over the prairie in the face of a cool, invigorating breeze. The Padre—a little, round, smiling fellow, with a great brain stuffed with country knowledge, but no reading beyond the missal, the prayer-book, and once a year a newspaper or so from Tegucigalpa—after galloping an hour in deep thought, reined in his horse on a sudden:

"Señor," he exclaimed, "what is your religion?"

"Protestant," I replied in English, pulling on the rein without looking back. The Padre rode up, and we sat quietly in our saddles, he meanwhile looking at me with a confused expression.

"Not heretic, I hope?"

"Oh no, Father—Protestant."

"That is different," said he. "Eh, yes, Protes-tan-té—and yet, Señor, I am at a loss—is not the Catholic Church one and indivisible?"

"It should be so, Father; but men, you are aware, will have disagreements. My doctrines, or rather, the doctrines in which I was educated—"

"You were finely educated, my son. But what is the difference between your faith and mine? I hope we are of the same Church—Sancta Maria!—I should grieve, otherwise."

Unwilling to disturb the equanimity of my simple-minded friend, I eluded his question, and for answer repeated to him in Spanish the familiar creed—"I believe in God, the Father," etc., etc.

He was delighted, and clapped his hands, but added in a moment: "It astonishes me, Señor, to read of Protestants at war with Catholics for differences of faith!"

"Ah!" said I, "the Church of Christ embraces many opinions. There are Dominicans, you know, and those who follow the doctrines of St. Ignatius; there is the partial heresy of Origen, and the pure idealism of St. Augustine; in short, there are many shades of opinion, but all embraced under the one Church. We must bear and forbear, and not quarrel, as some do, for a difference of words or ritual."

The Padre seemed satisfied. "Ah!" said he, Señor, I knew you were sound on that point. We have no books here, and know but little of what is going on, and it is a pleasure to be in the company of intelligent men. And now," said he, riding on at a gentle trot, "we will talk about the gold. But first," he continued, checking his horse a second time, while his face assumed a cunning expression, "tell me a little about California. Your countrymen are so numerous and powerful there, we are told, the poor natives have no chance at all. You have taken their lands and mines away from them. Is it not so?"

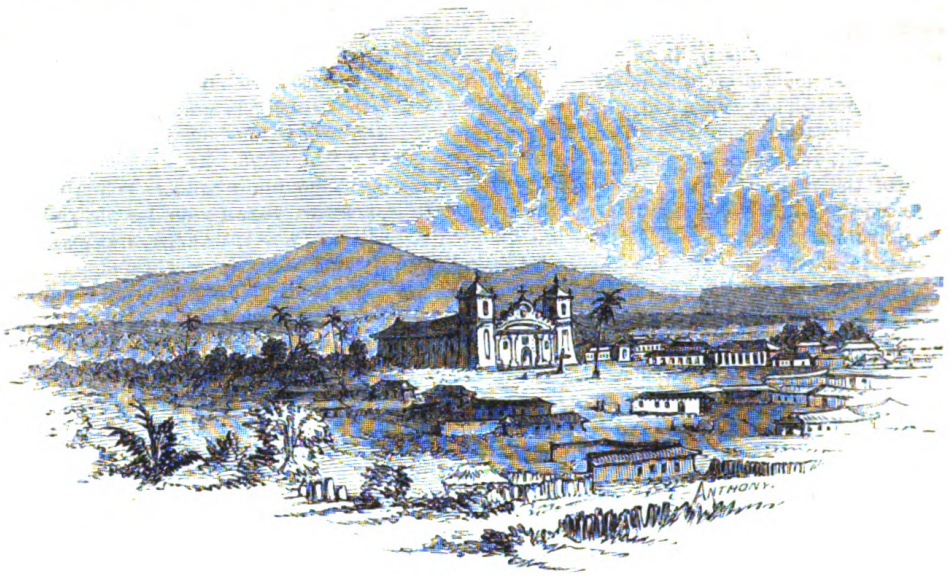
"On the contrary," I answered, "they have become rich by selling to us. When we went to California, we found your people rude and barbarous—no money, no fairs, no comfortable clothes or furniture—in fact, a poor, unhappy nation. But now, look at them! They are rich—they have splendid houses, magnificent cathedrals of stone, fine music in the churches, plenty of books, and every thing that is desirable. And so it will be if we come into Olancho."

"But you are an ambitious nation," persisted the Padre; "a proud people, and your weapons are always in your hands. I fear you will quarrel with our young men. And then you have another fault, worse than that—you deceive our women, young man." The good Father spoke sternly, but his eye did not show great severity of soul; and as I had heard several scandals touching his tenderness toward the gentler sex, I answered with confidence, appealing to my own behavior as an instance of the general correctness of my countrymen. The Padre only smiled, and hitched backward and forward in his saddle, seeming to attach very little weight to my defense of Yankee innocence. We rode for a few miles further to a range of hills, where we were to inspect an old silver mine, which, tradition says, was worked in former times by the aborigines. While viewing a green mound covered with trees, which the Padre asserted was composed of the earth and rubbish taken out of the mine, I picked up pieces of argenti-



WOMEN OF LEPAGUARÉ.

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VIEW OF JUTECALPA.

ferous lead ore; but as the specimens were inferior to the ores of Tegucigalpa, I found nothing to interest me in the locality, and occupied myself with examining the trees of the copse, among which were some bearing the valuable vanilla vine.

These trees abound in Olancho, and support vines, which produce qualities of vanilla finer than any that is brought to the United States. I found the vine which bears the pod, or bean, growing parasitically; extracting its nourishment from the bark of the trees to which it clings. The roots shoot out at short distances, as the vine ascends, the long lanceolate leaves springing from the same points with the root fibres. The pods depend from the angles, where the leaf unites with the stem, two or three together. They vary in length from three to nine inches, when full grown. Three species of forest trees have a bark which affords nutriment to the roots of the vanilla vine. Of these, plantations may be made, and the vine propagated by tying slips to the bark. They take root in the rind, and grow freely.

The preparation of the pod for market is a rather tedious process. For wages of not more than twelve cents a day, Indians are employed to go through the forests and collect vanilla. The green pods are laid upon flannel, in a broken light, that they may not dry too rapidly. The women who watch this process turn them over and touch them occasionally with olive-oil, to prevent hardening. Every night they are covered from the dews. In the course of two or three weeks—according to the dryness or temperature of the air—they become brown and wrinkled lengthways, and the unrivaled perfume of vanilla is developed by the change. From ten cents, they acquire the value of three and four dollars the pound, and may be rolled up in soft cloths and packed for exportation.

On our return, after three or four applications to a flask of aguardiente, which I carried in my pocket, the Padre became communicative on the subject of mines, and the precious metals in general. He said that he knew of a priest in Northern Olancho, who lived a secluded life, associating only with Indians, who revered him as a saint. He was enormously rich in silver, and could, at any moment, produce several thousand dollars at once, from a mine of which no one but himself and the Indians had the secret. It was impossible to get it from the Indians, whose reverence for the Padre amounted to fanaticism. Many persons had searched for this treasure without success, but its existence was generally believed. As I had seen enough of the silver mines of Tegucigalpa to find nothing extravagant or improbable in this account, my curiosity was powerfully awakened, and I proposed to the Padre to engage with me in searching for it. He, however, would not meddle in the affair, and advised me to let it alone, for fear of awakening the superstitious jealousy of the Indians.

Touching upon the mines and treasure—a subject evidently congenial to the Padre—I hinted to him that perhaps he himself might be possessed of some equally valuable secret. The old man put on a knowing look: "Oh," said he, "I am too liberal; I can not keep a secret; but there *are* hidden treasures in Olancho.—There are the Z—— family.—When I was a boy, I remember the streams of gold that flowed through Jutecalpa. Then we threw off our allegiance to the Spanish crown, and since that day, money has disappeared. Five millions of silver went every year from Tegucigalpa, within my memory, and half a million of gold dust from the Guayape. But when the wars began, it was dangerous to have money. The rich proprietors filled up their mines, and buried large sums. Every body did the same. All the workmen on the mines were taken by the Gov-

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ernment for soldiers, and gradually we became—as we are now. But we know well the natural riches of Honduras, and expect you with your labor and your engines to bring them to light."

"How is it," said I, doubtfully, "the people of Olancho remain poor, if they have so great wealth under their feet?"

"We are not poor in hope or in possibility," said the Padre; "but, at the same time, we are not visibly rich. Our soil gives us what we require, almost without labor; but we are indolent—it is in the blood—we are distrustful of each other. The powerful hate each other, the weak are timid and sullen. God has given *you* a new destiny; ours is already accomplished. Come you, then, and unite with us; bring your youth, your genius, and your industry, and make us a new people. Of the old race there are only a few left—one in a hundred. The Indians are every day less manageable, and by-and-by there will be insurrections, and we shall be swept away, as it has happened in Yucatan. You alone can save us."

"You are not afraid, then, to open the floodgates for colonists?"

"No, no; let them come; there is room enough. We have land, cattle, horses, mules, food, spices, indigo, vanilla, gold, and silver; all ours, and worth money. You will buy them. We shall accumulate wealth. We are *not* afraid of your people, whatever some foreign rogues may tell you. You are honest—republican—you do *not* rob, steal, terrify, and cheat, like the English."

"Padre," said I, "you are too hard upon the English. They are a great people—a powerful nation. They have rendered, and are still rendering important services to humanity. Two centuries ago, *we* were English, as you were Spanish. We must not contemn the blood from whence we sprung."

"Good!" said he, "they have always been enemies. I do not know what others think of them; but we look upon them with suspicion."

"They have injured you, then, in Honduras?"

"Worse than that; they wish to rob us of our territory. They encourage the coast Indians to harass and injure us. Not long ago, Señor Blanchard, an Englishman, came into Olancho and discovered the riches of the Guayape. He tried to establish a colony of Englishmen at Las Flores, on the river below Jutecalpa. But we would not suffer him, because the feeling of his nation was aggressive, and not kindly toward us; nor will it ever be until *you* show them how much better it would be for all foreign nations to deal kindly and honorably with us, and not to harrass us with rascally agents, who misrepresent and injure their own government while they endeavor to rob and spoil us."

Not caring to waste time in discussing the character of the worthy Mr. Bull and his employees, I suggested that the establishment of an annual fair for all nations, at Jutecalpa, would be highly beneficial to Olancho. He was delighted with the idea, but said that the Indian town of Catacamas was more accessible, being near the head of deep navigation on the Patook river.

The trade of two-thirds of Honduras is supplied by the annual fair of San Miguel, in San Salvador. Goods sold at this fair are taken round Cape Horn by French, German, and English merchants, chiefly the latter, to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. Here they pay duty in the port of Amapala, on Tigre Island, and are taken thence inland to San Miguel. Goods to the value of a million are disposed of by this arrangement. The inland dealers exchange cattle, and other commodities of Honduras, San Salvador, and portions of Nicaragua and Guatemala, for the imports of the foreign merchants. The gold dust of Yoro and Olancho, the silver of Comayagua and Tegucigalpa, the cocoa, indigo, cochineal, sarsaparilla, vanilla, and a great variety of valuable products of Honduras, find a ready, but not a profitable, market. Cattle, driven from the Guayape river across the continent to San Miguel, hardly yield two dollars a head in profit to the driver. He pays four dollars a head for them at Lepaguaré,



STREET IN JUTECALPA.

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SILVER-MINING TOWN IN THE SALTO RANGE.

and receives eight dollars—it may be—at the fair; the cost and trouble of driving these herds, a three weeks' journey across the entire State of Honduras, being equal to at least half the difference. The native sellers at the fair are at the mercy of the importers, who reap enormous profits, and pay slender prices. Vanilla, at $3 or $4 a pound, bought by the foreign dealer at San Miguel, will often be sold at $15 a pound in American or European ports. Other things are in proportion.

"And now," said the Padre—on the evening of this day of our excursion—turning to me with a benignant expression, "since we have finished our repast, and you are weary with the day's ride, get into that hammock and take your cigarito and enjoy yourself, while I read you Señor Bernardis's pamphlet. Señor Bernardis lives at Truxillo, and you will doubtless one day become acquainted with him; but I myselfam much better informed than he, regarding the wealth of the Guayape river, and in a few days I will go with you to some of our richest placers, where you will see gold more abundant, and of a finer quality, than any other in the world."

The fact was, I had lent the Padre a copy of the pamphlet in question, given me by Señor Travieso of Tegucigalpa. It was published some years ago in *La Gaceta Oficial de Honduras*—a newspaper issued semi-monthly at Comayagua. The author of this pamphlet, Señor Jacobo Bernardis,* resides at Truxillo, and has for a long time collected information in regard to the placers.

Under the head of "*Tesoros en Olancho, y Santa Cruz del Oro*," Bernardis writes nearly as follows:

"The world is generally well informed in regard to the mineral wealth of California, Australia, and the head-waters of the Amazon. These discoveries originated in the eagerness of commercial nations to accumulate wealth by colonizing new countries; and were not owing merely to the intrinsic value of the regions themselves." . . . . "It may be affirmed, without exaggeration, that nearly the entire State of Honduras is enriched with metallic veins, and conceals, in all parts of its territory, treasures which demand only a superficial exploration for their development. The scarcity of labor, the depopulated condition of the country, the want of mineralogical knowledge, of capital, and of mining adventurers; and, above all, the peculiar inertness and indolence of the Spanish-American people in all occupations which require physical labor have prevented the enjoyment of this natural wealth. Add to this, a continued state of revolution, making all property insecure for natives of the State, and it is apparent why Honduras is not in all respects the equal of other gold regions.

"The departments of Olancho, and a portion of Santa Cruz del Oro (called also Yoro), are naturally the rivals and equals of the California placers. The rivers Guayape and Jalan, which form the Patook river by their junction at Jutecalpa (about ninety-five miles S.S.E. of Truxillo), bear in their waters sands of gold collected along their entire course." . . . . "The bar of the Patook river (Lat. 15° 48′ 30″ N., and Long.

* My very excellent friend Opolonio Ocampo, the enterprising mahogany-cutter of Patook river, represented to me that Bernardis did not half know the importance and advantages of the river Patook. Ocampo has passed the bar at all seasons of the year, and finds the river entirely navigable for its whole length.

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84° 18′ W. of Greenwich), is an entrance over which vessels of deep draught can not pass with safety, the depth of water varying between five and eleven feet, according to the season and state of the river.* From the bar to the confluence of the Guayambre—a distance of sixty miles inland, in a southeasterly direction, as the crow flies—the least depth of water is from two to five feet as far as the Chifflones or rapids; above which is the junction of the great river Guayambre, which comes in from the southeast, taking its rise on the mountains which divide Nicaragua from Honduras. From the Confluence (*La Confluencia*) to the mouth of the Jalan, the depth is three and a half to four feet without obstacle, through a level country, to a point five miles below Jutecalpa, above which are the placers, or gold-washings, extending over a region between seventy and eighty miles in width."

At this moment I fixed my eyes upon the Padre, whose ruddy visage was flushed to a deep red, by the excitement of reading, and lighting a fresh cigarito to conceal a slight embarrassment.

"Padre," said I, "stay a little and let us talk."

"*Bueno!*" replied he, wiping the perspiration from his face, and leaning back with a smile. "Let us talk, Guillermo."

"Do you not perceive," I began, "that when this valuable information, furnished to the world by your inestimable friend Bernardis, shall be possessed by our intelligent and adventurous friends, *los Americanos del Norte*, as you call them—the young *caballeros* (gentlemen) of the United States—they will turn eagerly to share with you the advantages of this new California? Was it not rash of that excellent Señor Bernardis—?"

At the very instant while I was speaking, a furious outcry arose in the rear of the Padre's house. I leaped, or rather, from want of habit, fell, from the hammock, and seizing my revolver, ran in great haste, followed by the terrified Padre, to ascertain the cause of the uproar. The house stands apart from the village, in the centre of a green plot, surrounded with shrubbery, which unites on the south side with a line of forest and chapperal stretching up from the river. On this green plot, three sheep, the pets of the good man and his withered housekeeper, were used to graze. They had once been a flock of ten, the wonder and pride of the vicinity, but the wild dogs had gradually thinned their ranks. A small tiger-cat, which had been prowling for several weeks in the neighborhood—doubtless with interested views upon the mutton—seeing a favorable opportunity, had leaped suddenly out of a tree and seized the smallest of the three woolly strangers by the throat. Excited by the taste of blood, the furious little puss had forgotten danger, and lay rolling and tumbling over and over with the helpless wether, kicking out its bowels, with successive jerks of the hind-paws like a kitten at play. The two others, an old one-horned ram and a ragged ewe, rushed furiously into the door of the cottage, nearly overturning the Padre in their haste. At the same moment with ourselves, arrived upon the scene of action the housewife, a withered hag of sixty, and began banging away at the cat with a hoe-handle. Her dress had fallen entirely off the upper half of her person, which consisted of a skeleton, over which a whity-brown parchment seemed to have been stretched instead of a skin, with two prolongations, like a couple of old leather pouches, depending below the girdle, and flapping about in a very extraordinary manner as she belabored the excited and oblivious cat. The last rays of sunset deepened the shadows and gilded the lights of this singular group, which might have been taken for two demons contending for the possession of an unfortunate soul in purgatory. The Padre stamped and swore, and tore his hair for the loss of his pet, in a style by no means clerical, and begged me to fire upon the cat; without seeming to observe the risk I ran of putting a ball through the Señora's leather instead of the tiger's hide. I called to her to stand aside, as I intended to "shoot;" on which hint she retired precipitately, and with a lucky ball the wild-cat was sent suddenly to that region described by the poet Catullus, from which neither sparrows nor wild-cats have been ever known to return.

The Padre was too much excited by this incident to continue the reading of Bernardis's



TRAVELERS NOONING.

* The depth is actually eleven to twelve feet in winter, and six to seven feet in summer. The variations are due to storms and freshets.

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pamphlet, but the next day we resumed it, after another excursion, during which I obtained several angles for the foundation of my map.

"Señor," said he, recurring with evident pleasure to the topic of the previous day, "if our brave Olanchanos had weapons like yours, they would be independent of all nations; but now let us hear the rest of Señor Bernardis, as follows:

"'The gold of the Guayape, Jalan, and Mangerlile rivers is well known in Olancho; as those of the Sulaco, Yuguale, Caminito, and Pacaya are in Yoro. Some of these streams are of the richest order of rivers, and compare well with that of Copaipo and Guasco in Chili.' . . . . . 'The Supreme Government should use every means in its power to entice immigration for the turning to account of this vast resource of the soil.'" . . . . . .

As the remainder of this remarkable document is merely a description of the mineral and agricultural resources of Honduras, I will no longer follow the patriotic Padre in his statistical readings. At a later period I made a personal survey of the great river Guayape. During my sojourn in Olancho it was a formidable stream, flowing majestically toward the sea, fed by numerous mountain affluents—the Jalan, Guayapita, Concordia, España, Moran, Garcia, Rio de Olancho, Masatepé, Rio Real, Rio de Catacamas, and the Lesser Tinto. Below Jutecalpa the Guayape (now called Patook)—increased by the Guayambre from the S.S.W., and then successively by the Gineo, Rio de Tabaco on the south, Coyamel, Wampeo—all large branches with numerous smaller tributaries—becomes an immense stream, capable of bearing the steamers of the Upper Ohio and Mississippi upon its bosom. During the rainy or summer months, the body of the water rises to twice its ordinary depth, and spreads into vast reaches, "sloughs," and fresh-water lagoons. When I visited the Chifflones I found four feet of water on the rapids, and could discover no obstacle to steamboat navigation—as it is now practiced on our Western rivers—from the ocean to the immediate vicinity of the placers.

And here, with regret, I am compelled to bid adieu to the reader.* The region I have described to him, although not more than four days' distance from New Orleans by ordinary steam navigation, has been hitherto unknown even to geographers. Its rivers and mountains, like those of the mysterious O. Brazil, so ludicrously noticed by Swift in the Tale of a Tub, have been created by desperate map-makers to fill unsightly blanks. Now, on the contrary, I have spread before me a map of the noble river Patook and all its branches, with every farmhouse and village in Olancho, and the number of their inhabitants—a work which can not here be introduced; but as a substitute, our artist has given in his best manner the beauties of a scenery for the first time represented and described by an American.

* I have been obliged, for want of space, to omit all mention of the valuable copper-mines of Lepaguaré, on the lands of the Zelayas, and which are now included in their grants to their American associates. These, and the silver, rock-gold, and cinnabar deposits of Tegucigalpa and Olancho, require a full description, and will repay the attention of mineralogists and miners.

BIRCHKNOLL.

A NEW GHOST STORY OF OLD VIRGINIA.

"EH—eh—em—em!"

If you have ever had the honor of an acquaintance with a nice old, motherly, shrewd, superstitious, affectionate, troublesome, indispensable, useless, sable daughter of Ham, you can pronounce that interjection. If you have not had intercourse with any such person, you can not imitate the sound, and you need not try. It would be as useless for me to attempt to teach you, as it is to attempt "French without a master," or to essay to convey the Gaulic sounds in the characters of the English alphabet.

"Eh—eh—em—em!"

There is a deal of meaning conveyed in this apparently meaningless sound—quite as much as in Lord Burleigh's shake of the head. There is more, indeed, for his Lordship's pantomime needs daylight or lamplight, but Aunt Susannah said or humphed that wise exclamation to me in the evening, when you could no more see her sable pow than you could discern the exact form of midnight.

Aunt Susannah had been regaling me with a ghost story. I had told her that I did not believe a word of it. I had told her, moreover, that if the spirits of the dead could return to earth, I should be glad to see my brother's wife—two years dead—whose little child found in old Susannah's breast as affectionate a heart as ever beat in any bosom, black or white. Susannah is my dear little Charley's nurse. She was his father's; and she was looking forward to a long line of duty in a new generation, when my dear sister sickened and died. She was my nurse. She was my mother's, and she pretends that she was her mother's too. I don't know. These old negro aunties never grow any older, and nobody can remember when they seemed younger. I can recollect the time when, if Aunt Susannah had told me that Pharaoh's daughter gave her Moses to nurse, when she took him out of the Nile, I should have believed her. [There's an idea for Mr. Barnum. They have no baptismal registers in Egypt—which is awkward—but Mr. B. may as well play upon our credulity with the hieroglyphic and demotic inscriptions as to leave them entirely to more scientific pretenders.]

When I expressed the doubt and the wish above mentioned, Aunty humphed. She then went on to tell me that I need not be so skeptical, that she could oppose experience to my young ignorance, and demonstrate the possibility of ghosts by proofs of their actual appearance. Such was the purport of Susannah's remarks—such is rather a paraphrase. If I remember the exact words, they were:

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"Eh—eh—em—em! I hear you talkin'! Need'n tell dis chile dere's no gosisses. I *know* dere is!"

I was silenced for a moment, but not convinced. I feel my growing years. I am almost twenty. I am fresh from boarding-school, and have thirty intimate friends with whom I correspond. Perhaps I should say twenty-nine—but that would be anticipating my story. And one of those friends, my dear Angeline, was with us on a visit at the very time. Aunt Susannah coldly included her under the contempt with which she regards all "dese 'ere Yankees," and I was piqued, and determined to assert my womanhood. It would not do for a girl of eighteen, with a guest in the house, to be silenced before Aunt Susannah. I must convince her that I am a woman, or she will nurse me forever. I told her something in exchange for her marvels. I gave her the newest wonders of modern spiritualism—how the dead talk with the living, and not only talk, but write, through the spiritual telegraph. I did not tell her how much of my information came from Angeline, for then she would have classed it all with wooden hams, silver side-saddles, and surreptitious meetings. Of course, invention was not spared, and what the books, and newspapers, and Angelina did not furnish, was supplied from a tolerably fertile imagination.

"How dey look?" asked Aunt Susannah.

I informed her that no one saw the spirits.

"How dey speak?"

I told her that no one heard their voices, but that these spiritual essences borrowed the tongues of living people, who were called mediums, or used their fingers to write, or rapped under the tables, or in the walls; giving her, in short, the most approved relations of spiritualistic phenomena. "Don' believe it. Dey isn't true spirits. S'pose dey can come, can't dey show theirselves? S'pose dey can walk, can't dey speak? Don' believe it. But don' tell me dere *isn't* gosisses—real gosisses, 'cause I *know* dere is!"

It seemed as if Susannah were resolved to revenge herself for my unbelief in her ghostly narratives, by refusing obstinately to credit the new spiritual manifestations. She would not believe a word of the spiritualist theory, whether that of Andrew Jackson Davis, or the emendations of judges and *ci devant* parsons. Whenever I repeated them, she met me with the invariable interjection of doubt. As to any printed accounts of marvel, she had a sovereign contempt for all "made up lies," which came in the heterodox shape of books and newspapers. Nothing in the way of a ghost story is to be believed which comes in such a suspicious form. "Dere is things," Susannah said, "dat ain't to be printed. Why dere was gosisses fo' ever dere was a printer. S'pose dey goern to be put in books? Put 'em in de Red Sea fust."

The reasoning is plausible, if not logical. The connection between the premises and the conclusion is not made exactly clear; but the fact is, as Aunt Susannah presents it, that the only legitimate vehicle of ghostly lore is oral tradition. It proves nothing to print it, for you can print nay as well as yea. But what has been every where believed, and by every body, is surely true. Who don't believe in ghosts? Don't you? I wish, then, you could hear Aunt Susannah upon the subject. One word of hers would settle you—yes, less than a word: "Eh—eh—em—em!" And when did not people believe in them? If antiquity is the test and warrant of truth, the farther back you go into the dim past, the more ghosts you find. Spiritual manifestations are only the old story in a new dress—Aunt Susannah to the contrary notwithstanding.

Little Charley cried, and an end was put to our colloquy. "B'lieve de gosisses is here now," said Aunt Susannah, "if you could only see 'em. Dey won't let the chile sleep. Dey make hosses kick in the stable, and shy and stumble in de road. Hosses see gosisses, or else what dey 'fraid of in de dark? Eh—em! You is mighty piert, Mess Car*line;* but you fine out one dese days, I tell *you!*"

I wonder if every body is superstitious. I think sometimes that I am. At any rate the conversation with old Aunty did not at all prepare me to sit alone and in darkness, while the autumn winds suddenly hissing put the doors and shutters in motion; and I sought the family in the sitting-room. There must have been something contagious in the air, or the spirits must have been at work, influencing all parts of the house at once, for the family topic tonight was spiritualism. All were inclined to speak of it lightly, leaving what they said to be treated as subsequent revelations might prompt. Angeline was the oracle. She had the newest wonders and the most of them. But you could never tell by what she said whether she meant to be serious or was mocking you with romance. She had a capital De Foe-like method of narrative—the perfect art of most elaborate simplicity. When you *looked* to see what she meant, she was more a puzzle than ever. I was not to be outdone. As I had puzzled Susannah in the kitchen with the parlor lore, I turned the kitchen artillery against the parlor. We all reached such a comfortable state—except father, who went to sleep—that the slam of a door made us jump from our chairs.

I saw that my brother was specially uncomfortable, and made an effort to change the subject. Poor fellow! He never has been *half* himself since he brought his young wife home to die! But the effort to change the subject of conversation only succeeded so far that it produced silence. Father waked up, and withdrew. Mother followed; and then the rest, except Edward, who stood at the window gazing out into the night. I went to him, and placed my hand upon his arm. He started, then said,

"Oh, is it you, Caroline?"

"You were thinking of *her*."

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"Yes. In my reverie I had forgotten she was dead; and your quiet approach, so like the manner in which she used to steal upon me, made me turn to greet her, Caroline."

"Well!"

"If one *could* believe what they say of the presence of the loved and dead near us!"

"My dear brother!"

"Don't argue. Don't ridicule. I know such a thing is contrary to all reason. I know it is opposed to all experience. I know that to indulge such thoughts is folly, and worse. But I can not be reasoned with. I can not hear such things lightly spoken of. My recent affliction makes me sensitive. It is wonderful how many advocates the delusion has!"

"Did it never occur to you, Edward, that in your own self you may read the solution of the wonder? Who has not lost a friend, parent or child, brother or sister, wife or husband? And who does not incline to wish that true which might preserve to us continued intercourse with these loved ones? In this playing upon our sensibilities, and making traitors of our affections, is the secret of the too-ready faith with which we listen to impossibilities."

"It may be, indeed."

"Be assured it is."

It is curious how, when once we let our minds run upon forbidden subjects, they haunt and perplex us. I could not divest myself of the feeling of superstition which had been called up, and was not at all sorry to find that Angeline had taken possession of a spare bed in my room. She had retired before me, but when I entered was not yet asleep. "I have taken a liberty, Caroline, but you must excuse it. The edifying conversation in which we have been engaged has made a complete coward of me. I was really afraid to sleep in my own room alone."

I smiled, and told her she was welcome. I did not tell her how welcome, or how much of a coward I was myself. I am afraid of the observant witch. Besides, if I was glad, heartily glad to find her in the room, I soon wished her away. She talked, talked, talked, till past midnight, and still on the same theme. I wished she would be silent, but still listened in a sort of fascination, and even made her repeat the words and sentences which I did not at first catch. Tired nature at length gave way, and I fell asleep, leaving Angeline still in the seventh sphere—or in some such indefinite position.

I dreamed. I dreamed of spirit-rappers and spirit-rappings, and never in my life did I hear sounds more distinct than the tap—tap—tap! on the foot-board. I waked in a tremor of fright, and felicitated myself that it was a dream. There is no more delightful sensation in the world than the feeling that you are really broad awake, and that the terrors with which you still tremble were not realities, but merely the sleeping fancies caused by an over-excited mind. A sceptre could not be held with more ecstasy than you clasp the bed-post!

Such was my triumph—but, alas! short-lived. The conviction that I was indeed broad awake ceased to be a satisfaction, when upon my waking ears distinctly fell the tap—tap—tap! Now I was sure it was no dream, but a distinct and not-to-be-doubted reality, let it come from whence it might. I buried my head in the bed-clothes—and still came, distinct though muffled, the tap—tap—tap!

"If you intend to open a communication with me," thought I, "you shall be disappointed." It is wonderful with what philosophy I acted in my fear—for afraid I was, and I confess it. I lay awake, wishing for day or for sleep, I cared little which, for I was exceedingly fatigued. I slipped from the bed with the first gray streak of light, and finding that Angeline was sound asleep, and in perfect composure, I became convinced that it was all delusion, and prepared to compensate myself for a sleepless night by taking a long morning nap.

But scarce had my head touched the pillow when the furniture in the room became possessed. The old easy chair advanced to its contemporary, the tall bureau, with the stately and measured grace of the days when Virginia was the Old Dominion. An *étagerè*, a modern toilet-table, and two or three light chairs—all parvenues and innovations—capered round the dowager furniture, like frisky new people, uncertain of their position. Strange as my mirth may appear, I could not avoid laughing out at the scene, and forthwith, to rebuke my levity, the bed underneath me began to ascend, and went as near the ceiling as the posts would permit, coming down with an audible bounce and a sensible jar. The water in the ewer poured itself into the bowl, and the towels wiped invisible hands. Every thing was in a state of most unexplainable topsy-turvity. I can't account for it, and don't pretend to. The breakfast-bell sounded, and forgetting my threatened nap, I astonished Aunt Susannah and all the rest of the servants by answering the first summons. I looked inquiringly round the room. Angeline had disappeared in the tumult, but the chairs and tables all were there, and all in their places, and rebuked me for my folly. But the towels *were* wet, and the pitcher was empty.

"Where did you dress?" I asked Angeline at the breakfast-table.

"In my own room."

"And how did you rest?"

"Sweetly!" That was her answer. I wonder if she did not lie—*twice?* Edward looked haggard and weary. I strongly suspected that he had passed as troubled a night as myself, but I asked no questions, for I was determined not to add to the mystification. But what could have introduced such vagaries into a quiet, old mansion, which was never before suspected of any thing contrary to established rule and precedent? Our family have always lived here. Marriages, births, and deaths have followed each other in due sequence; and there is not a line of romance, that I ever heard of, coupled with my name in all our generations.

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But now, of a certainty Birchknoll is losing its good character.

Spiritualism still continued to be the theme of conversation. Angeline now would relate a case with due circumstantial minuteness, and now laugh at the whole subject. Aunt Susannah caught a word here and there as she moved about the premises, but the brief and only remark she made the reader is already acquainted with. The younger fry, always under foot, would stop and listen till their sable faces shone and their eyes protruded. About dusk they would cluster up to us like a brood of black chickens, and there was no making them move without louder threats than had ever before been heard at Birchknoll. Aunt Susannah declared the place was bewitched, and that was all about it! I think Edward began to think so, or if he did not, he gave the strongest evidence of being under a spell of any of us. Walking or riding, sitting or standing, eating or drinking, he was sure to be with Angeline. I began to be jealous. Mother looked thoughtful. Father asked me a great many questions in a quiet, and he thought a very unconcerned way, about Angeline's family. Of course I could give him only the very best account, since all I knew was from Angeline herself; and if boarding-school girls are the representatives of our population, we are certainly a most exalted people. They never fail, at school, to honor father and mother in their accounts of home. Aunt Susannah only said, "Eh—eh—em—em!"

All visits must come to a close. Angeline left us. It was dull at Birchknoll. How delightful, in a quiet country-place, to have somebody come out to you full of what is going on in the great world. The stock which is thrown into the common fund of amusement is not to be found in the newspapers, or even in your correspondence. Time flies. And when the guest goes time lags. You try to chat over again what you have been talking about. But it is pecking at the *débris* of a feast. It is sipping stale Champagne, and nibbling the frosting of departed cakes. The freshness is gone. The *esprit* is fled. You can't get up the interest over again. We were dull, very dull.

Edward proposed a week in the city. No matter *what* city. I don't care to open, or cause to be opened a newspaper correspondence, and the events I am to tell are too recent to permit me to give precise dates and localities. It is pleasant to go to town, if you go *right*. Take possession of paid quarters, and verify the old proverb, that there is no welcome like that of an inn. Denizens of cities are hospitable in their way. They like to dine you and sup you; they are delighted at a call; they are pleased if you can spend a night. But never, if you wish to be welcome, drive to the door with trunks and boxes, and surprise your city friends with a deliberate invasion. Fortify yourself in a public-house, and thence make agreeable sorties on your relations and friends in rotation.

We had been installed in our quarters an hour—perhaps two. Edward rang for a servant, and directed our boy to be sent up—the factotum, a boy of forty, Aunt Susannah's youngest. He is coachman, footman, valet, and all; a useful fellow, but spoiled. He was not to be found. Edward stormed, and I laughed at him. Reserving his wrath until Sam should return—that wrath, of course, to be entirely forgotten when the object of it should make his appearance—my brother took up his hat and went himself for what he had intended to send—some little toilet article or other.

He returned with half his errand unattended to; I saw him coming round the corner in such a state of blind abstraction that he could see nobody. I saw Sam too, cunning varlet! escape without falling under his master's eye, for the rogue had heard from me of my brother's anger. Edward threw himself on the sofa without a word. I was glad that Sam had escaped, for I hate scenes; and ever since this spiritualism had found its way to Birchknoll my brother had been peevish and impatient. I waited his sullen worship's pleasure.

"Caroline, it's deuced queer, but the city is haunted too, or bewitched, as Susannah says. I was *impressed* to come here, you know."

"Nonsense! Edward. You were weary at home, and came here to be amused."

"Well, well," he said, impatiently, "have that your own way. But what think you of *this?* Nobody knows we are here. We have not met an acquaintance. I have not even registered our names in the office. But just now, as I turned the corner in going out, a stranger met me. 'Edward ——,' said he, 'the spirit which sent you to this city will meet you this evening at nine o'clock, at 40 R—— Street. Come alone!' Shall I go?"

Here was a question to put to a young woman of weak nerves. I parried it. "I thought you were going this evening to call on cousin Kate!"

But it was of no use. He would keep the mysterious appointment; and I dispatched a note to Kate, begging her to come round, as Edward had an engagement which left me alone, and prevented him from calling upon her.

He came back at eleven o'clock. He was any thing but pleased to find Kate with me, and there was a strong struggle between his preoccupation and his politeness. The latter triumphed, though the struggle was evident. Kate has told me since that she felt sure he had been at play and lost.

And what had happened? It occupied the time till four o'clock in telling, not to Kate and me, but to me alone. I shall put it in briefer words and shorter time. And—but now I think of it, there's a briefer way still to narrate this tale of *diablérie*—let it tell itself. We spent the week in town, during which Edward had never a whole evening for his friends; and every day he grew more moody, and I more unhappy,

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for after the first night he told me no more. A seal was on his lips. I insisted upon returning home. I threatened to go without him, and to advise his father of his infatuation. At length he proposed a compromise. He would go back, if I would engage not to tell the family what had taken place. I consented to the condition.

It was hard. Here was Edward, growing more incomprehensible daily, and I sharing his awkwardness. The house was uncomfortable. I was frightened. I dared not trust him out of my sight, and I hated to be with him. I could not laugh at his folly, for it was preying sadly on his spirits and on mine too. I would have given the world for a confidant and adviser. Think of a girl of eighteen with such a secret, and nobody to tell it to! Besides, I could not guess where it would all end, and I was full of undefinable fear.

Is Aunt Susannah *any body?* I had promised not to tell *any body*. Could that mean that I must not tell old Aunty? I looked and wondered as she sat with little Charley on her lap, the faithful old creature pretending to be wrapped up in the baby, but stealing every now and then a watchful look at me, when she thought I did not observe her. At last she asked plumply, "What's de matter, Miss Carline?"

"Matter! Aunty? Nothing!"

"Eh—eh—em—em!"

That expressive humph! I saw that my secret was out—my manner observed—my uneasiness detected.

"Need'n' tell dis chile dat!" Aunt Susannah added.

I felt she was right. I told her the truth. In short I made a clean breast of it. I told her of the mysterious stranger who met Edward as he was going to the shop.

"Massa Edward goern to the shop! Where was dat Sam?"

"Why, Sam was not to be found for an hour or two after he put up his horses."

"Eh—eh—em—em!"

I told her of the spiritualist circle, and that Edward had been put in communication with the spirit of his deceased wife. That was enough for Aunt Susannah. She could guess the rest, and so could I. She did not hesitate to speak out the suspicions which I hardly dared trust myself to think. "And now," I asked, "what do you think of all this?"

"I tell you byme-by."

Another night of fright at Birchknoll. But this night my dreams were interrupted and colored by screams of terror, not in my chamber, but without. I thought of fire—of any thing rather than of ghosts or spirits; for the cries were too much like those of some brazen human throat to be mistaken fo. spirit cries, or the voice of any thing disembodied. I ran to the chamber-door, and am very much mistaken if something white did not flit into the nursery. All was soon quiet, and the next day I asked Susannah why she was running about at the dead hours?

"Me! me run about! So *you* see something? Eh—em! I tole you, Miss Carline, dere is gosisses, and now you believe it!"

All the servants were in perturbation, even old Susannah pretended to look frightened. As to Sam, he had not turned pale in a night, but he had grown thin. He was the oracle. He *had* seen ghosts. There was no mere tale of rapping in his revelations, but a genuine old orthodox ghost story. Aunt Susannah listened with great appearance of interest. Again came midnight, and again poor Sam was haunted!

Human nature could not stand this—particularly ebony nature, which has a peculiar terror of white ghosts. Aunt Susannah took the opportunity of placing Sam in the confessional, and his admissions, relative to his misdeeds and machinations, clearly indicated to Edward what course to take with him. The threat of dismissal from the house and banishment to the plantation forced Sam to acknowledge—need I say what? His absence from the hotel was duly accounted for; and when it fully appeared to my brother that black spirits as well as white were implicated in the manifestations; that Miss Angeline was a visitor in the city, though in all the week we had never seen or heard of her, while Sam often had the honor of an interview, and was her unconscious tool; then, I say, it was understood why the spirit of the dead so considerately advised that the widowed husband should find solace in a second marriage. And the family secrets which the "medium" could declare ceased to be wonders.

"Now, do you think, Aunty, that girl could have expected to bring such a thing about?"

"Eh—em!" said Aunt Susannah. "Dese 'ere Yankees! Dere is gosisses—and I know it."

"So does Sam!"

The old ebony rolled with a peal of laughter, which subsided into a silent choking chuckle, while her adiposity shook like a jelly. I need add no more, except that I have not seen Angeline since, nor do we correspond. So, as above hinted, I have but twenty-nine intimate friends left.

FUR-HUNTING IN OREGON.

A FEW years hence, Oregon will be peopled. Wharves will have supplanted beaver-traps on the rivers, and steam-engines will drive busy wheels in the valleys where the Snakes and the Blackfeet have so long been used to muster their war parties. In anticipation of the passing away of the good old times of hunters, and trappers, and Indian wars, several industrious gentlemen are giving the world the benefit of their experience in that wild region. One of these, Mr. Alexander Ross, who was a servant of the old Pacific Fur Company, and subsequently transferred his services to the ill-fated Northwest, and afterward to the Hudson's Bay Company, spent forty years in the wilderness, like the Israelites, and having at last reached the land of promise at Red River, is beguiling his old age

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by spinning pleasant stories about his exploits and his marvelous adventures.

He is, like most of the hunters of that region, a Scotchman, and seems to possess most of the virtues of his race. A man of cool nerve, iron constitution, and sure eye; slow to wrath, but inflexible in his purpose; fonder of conciliation than menace, but brave as steel in the hour of danger; a devout Christian, with a keen eye to trade: he must have been a valuable servant to his employers, and the right sort of man to thrive in the Northwest. He had been one of the first explorers—after Lewis and Clarke—of the Columbia River and Oregon; when the Pacific Fur Company went to pieces, at the breaking out of the war with England, he transferred his services to the Northwest Company, from which at that time great results were expected. He was at Astoria when the formal transfer took place, and started to resume the command of his post in the interior, at a place called She-Whaps, in company with the returning adventurers of Astor's association.

They traveled together as far as Onkanagan, where they were stopped for want of horses. In a valley, some two hundred miles distant, the Indians assemble every spring to settle questions of peace and war between the tribes. There horses can always be bought in any quantities, at about half the price of a trained dog, or some ten dollars apiece in money. Ross was dispatched to purchase the required supply.

The valley is beautiful and spacious. But Ross had no time to take note of its beauties. He had scarcely entered it, when he saw a camp, in true Mameluke style, covering more than six miles in every direction, and containing not less than 3000 men, exclusive of women and children, and perhaps 10,000 horses. The scene was indescribable. His ears were stunned by the whooping, yelling, drumming, singing, laughing, crying of human beings, the neighing of horses, the grunting of bears, the howling of dogs and wolves. It was like a great city gone mad. Every living thing—but the bears and wolves, which were tied up—was in a fever of motion. Ross rode boldly through the camp to the chiefs' tents; when he dismounted he was appalled by the stern greeting from an old chief —"These are the men who kill our relations, who cause us to mourn." At the hint, some of the Indians drove off the horses on which Ross and his men had ridden to the camp. This was unpromising enough; but Ross, putting a bold face on matters, commenced a trade in horses, and bought all that were offered. As fast as he bought them they were driven off by the Indians, amidst savage yells. Then the savages, emboldened by the forbearance of the white men, began to search their baggage, and finding nothing to steal, grew more insolent than ever, snatched the men's guns out of their hands, fired them off, and returned them with jeers. Worse than all, Ross and his party had had nothing to eat since their arrival but a few raw roots; and when they tried to cook a meal, the Indians thrust spears into the kettle and bore off its contents; thirty or forty of them adding emphasis to the proceeding by firing their guns into the ashes. All this time Ross never allowed any sign of impatience to escape him, but waited his opportunity. At last an Indian, seeing one of the whites use his knife, snatched it from him. The owner claimed it angrily. The Indian threw off his robe, and grasping the knife, prepared for battle. This was evidently the crisis. Round the disputants gathered a crowd of Indians, eager to see the fight. Ross could no longer hold back. Cocking a pistol, he walked toward the thief with the intention of making him the first victim in the tragedy; but while in the act of drawing the weapon, the thought flashed across his mind that conciliation might possibly yet answer. He drew a knife instead of a pistol, and approaching the robber, said—"Here, my friend, is a chief's knife which I give you. The other is not a chief's knife—return it to the man."

This simple act turned the tide. The Indian took the proffered knife with childish pleasure, and in the flush of his gratitude made a speech in favor of the whites. Ross followed up his advantage, and in a few minutes the squaws were loading a table with dainties for his benefit. Still the stolen horses were not restored. Turning to one of the principal chiefs, Ross asked him what he should say to his white father when he asked for the horses they had bought of the Indians? He touched a sensitive chord; the horses were found, and delivered up; and thus, after a peril whose magnitude they did not fully realize till they had escaped it, Ross and his party returned to their friends.

In this instance, bravado would have been useless, as the Indians were over five hundred to one. Where the disparity of numbers was not so enormous, Mr. Ross found a bold policy to answer best. For many years the Indians on the Columbia endeavored to levy tribute on the hunters and their furs as they passed up or down the stream. They were confirmed in their purpose by the folly of several of the old Nor'westers, who either allowed themselves to be frightened, or made a senseless and ineffective parade of force.

On one occasion, as Ross was conducting a party, heavily laden, to the trading-post, the Indians gathered in great numbers on the shores of the river, and one fellow, more like a baboon than a man, cried out, flourishing his gun—"How long are the whites to pass here, troubling our waters and scaring our fish, without paying us?"

Ross heard this Ciceronian exordium, and, turning sharply round upon the Indian, asked—"Who gave you that gun?"

"The whites," said he.

"And who gave you tobacco to smoke?"

"The whites."

"Are you fond of your gun and your tobacco?"

"Yes."

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"Then you ought to be fond of the whites."

This last retort seems to have been considered jocular on the Columbia, for the whole tribe roared, greatly to the discomfiture of the "baboon," and for the moment the peril was averted. At the next portage, however, the Indians pressed the whites anew, and so closely that the embarkation was only accomplished under cover of a file of muskets, cocked and pointed, and a swivel, likewise pointed, with match burning beside it. A third time that day the Indians were baffled through the sagacity and nerve of one of the hunters. It seems that they had delegated the command to three of their most daring warriors, who pressed toward the whites at the head of the throng. One of the white leaders, Mackenzie, noticed this, and walking up to the three, he presented them with a stone to sharpen their arrows. Then priming his own gun and pistols in their sight, he eyed them sternly, stamped on the ground, and motioned them to sit down opposite him and compose themselves. They could not resist his eye, and obeyed. He sat in front of them until the whole of the goods were embarked, having the satisfaction of seeing the rest of the tribe wait patiently for the signal from the three chiefs whom he was magnetizing, and thus the Indian project of levying "Sound dues" on the goods passing over the Columbia was defeated.

These Indians of the Far West are for the most part incorrigible horse-thieves. If the sharpest look-out is not kept up at night by parties traveling through the wilderness, they may rest assured that some of their cattle will be missing before morning. Horses are the usual game of the robbers; but, in truth, nothing comes amiss to them. On one of Mr. Ross's hunting expeditions, a party of friendly Indians, with whom he was in company, stole twelve of his beaver traps. Fearful of worse if they were permitted to steal with impunity, he armed thirty-five of his men, rode over to their camp, seized ten of their horses by way of payment, and drove them to his quarters. He then gave orders that every man should prepare for battle, and keep his eye on his gun, yet appear careless, as if nothing was expected. He would give the signal for action by striking the foremost Indian with his pipe-stem.

The Indians soon approached the camp. Ross drew a line, as usual, and civilly notified them that they must not cross it. The crowd obeyed sulkily; but a few of them stepped forward and demanded the horses in a menacing tone. Ross replied by demanding the restoration of the traps. They protested they had not stolen them, and seeing the whites apparently unprepared, began to clamor and advance toward the horses. One fellow seized a horse by the halter, and tried to drag him off. Ross remonstrated for a while; but the Indian persisting, he knocked him down with the long ash stem of his pipe. At the signal, the whole party sprang to arms with a shout, and in an instant every gun was leveled at the Indians. These, stunned by the shock, lost their wits, threw off their clothes, and plunged in a body into the river; so that, in five minutes, there was nothing to be seen of the noisy host but a few heads bobbing up and down in the water.

The Snakes and other Indian tribes of Oregon differ in no essential characteristic from the branches of the great red family with which we are familiar. The same virtues and the same vices are conspicuous in all. Like all Indian traders, Mr. Ross had much reason to complain of their fickleness and ingratitude.

A young Indian, known by the name of Prince, had lost his sister, who had been carried off by a war party of the Snakes. Prince was inconsolable. He sat down outside the fort of the whites and began to sing the death-song. Mr. Ross, fearing that he was going to commit suicide, went to him, and tried to reason with him; but the Indian never raised his head, and continued to sing furiously. Ross turned away from him, and a moment or two afterward a loud report was heard. Prince had shot himself. The ball had entered his left breast and emerged near the backbone; he lay in a pool of his own blood. Mr. Ross humanely picked him up and carried him into the fort. He had seen instances of Indians recovering from wounds as severe; one fellow, whose skull had been broken, and from whose head Ross had himself picked out several pieces of bone, had to his knowledge ridden on a hunt within six weeks afterward. Notwithstanding the desperate character of Prince's wound, what remedies Ross had were applied hopefully, and sure enough, after six months' careful nursing, he was well again.

His first proceeding on his recovery was to demand a gun from Mr. Ross. The latter reminded him that he owned plenty of horses, and could buy a gun if he chose. The Indian hung his head sulkily, and cried,

"Since you are so stingy, keep your gun, and give me an ax!"

Ross, nettled by the imperative tone of the man, refused point blank. The next moment, as he turned round to speak with some one, Prince caught up a gun and made an attempt to shoot him in the back; the gun happily missed fire.

When he left the fort, as he was rather imprudently allowed to do, he met a Canadian belonging to the place, and asked to look at his gun. The Canadian handed it to him, when he instantly shot the horse which he rode, and scampered off with the gun, abusing the whites, and Mr. Ross in particular.

It must be hoped that Prince is not a fair average of his tribe. Quite certain it is, however, that the Iroquois, who are employed in great numbers by the factors of the fur companies, are treacherous and unreliable. Mr. Ross mentions frequently, that at the first obstacle on his hunting expeditions, they invariably wanted to desert, and more than once might have attempted to do mischief had it not been

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for his sharp watch on them. Mr. Mackenzie, the well known *bourgeois* of the Northwest Company, once narrowly escaped being murdered by some of them. They were on a hunting-party under his command, and persisted, contrary to his orders, in trafficking on their own account with the Indians whom they met. To put a stop to these practices, a quarrel having arisen between a Nez Percé Indian and an Iroquois about a horse which the latter had purchased, Mr. Mackenzie drew a pistol and shot the horse dead. For this the Iroquois resolved to murder him. He soon won over the other men of his tribe, and while Mr. Mackenzie was asleep in his tent, a little before the break of day, they started on their murderous expedition. Fortunately for the white leader, one of his servants heard their footsteps and aroused his master just as the Iroquois and one of his companions rushed into the tent. Mackenzie tried to seize his pistols, but could not find them in the darkness; but, being a very powerful man, he grasped one of the tent-poles and knocked down the first and second of his assailants as fast as they appeared; this gave the servant time to rouse a few faithful Canadians, who very quickly put the other Iroquois to flight.

The best men in that country are the French-Canadians and the half-breeds. Some of the latter, as the old hunters gravely say, acquire loose notions and bad principles from associating with the independent whites and vagabonds—the white trash, as a Southerner would say—who are occasionally to be found in the Northwest country; but these are the exception, not the rule; and all the half-breeds are strong, brave, and indefatigable.

The worst men in the Northwest are the white stragglers who come there by accident, from vagabondage, or to escape the hands of justice. Mr. Ross, like all the other officers of the great fur corporations, regards the service of "the Company" as the only possible guarantee of respectability in the fur regions; this may be doubted by persons who do not live in the fear of Sir George Simpson; but at the same time, it is quite easy to understand how the forts, especially those on the sea-board, are occasionally infested by some of the vilest human vermin that breathe. The thief—the murderer—is secure from justice in the Northwest territory; let him have strength and industry, and he may lead a life of royal independence and plenty by the side of the silent rivers of the Far West, in the midst of Indians whose confidence he may easily win, and over whom he may soon exercise the influence belonging to his superior mind.

One of these fellows Mr. Ross met at Fort George, on the Columbia. He was a Russian named Jacob, who was brought thither in irons for mutiny in a Boston vessel. He made such fair promises of amendment, that the commander at the fort ventured to give him his liberty, and set him to work at the forge. But he soon developed under his true colors. He grew a favorite with the Indians, and one day induced eighteen of them to run away with him on a voyage of discovery. The Indians were overtaken by a party sent from the fort, and persuaded to return; but Jacob made his escape, and associated himself with a wild native tribe in the neighborhood. In order to win their confidence, he offered to rob the fort; and so daring and skillful a fellow was he, that he eluded the watch, scaled the twenty feet palisade, and carried off his booty. After this he was chosen a chief of the tribe, and word soon reached the fort that he was planning expeditions of a more extensive character.

It was absolutely necessary to free the country of so desperate a vagabond. With forty well-armed men, Mr. Ross set out, and marched straight to the encampment of the tribe which Jacob had honored with his company. A spy gave him information as to the locality of his tent, and when night had fairly set in, Mr. Ross, with two powerful men, followed the guide to the spot indicated. As they approached, the sound of their footsteps betrayed them, and two shots were fired at them in rapid succession from the tent. As they rushed in, Jacob was in the act of seizing a third gun. It was wrested from him; but he contrived to draw a knife, and inflicted a terrible wound on one of his captors. The three, however, were too many for him; he was knocked down, handcuffed, and carried off.

The Company's officers might have settled Jacob's business for him; but they preferred keeping him in irons till a ship arrived, and then sending him out of the country. When they put him in the boat to convey him on board the ship, he rose, took off his old Russian cap, and giving three loud cheers, cried, "Confusion to all my enemies!" A pleasant companion for a lonely place was Jacob!

It was while Ross was in the service of the Northwest Company that the council at Fort William resolved to transfer the central dépôt of their trade on the Columbia to the spot where Lewis and Clarke had made their great treaty with the Indians some thirteen years before. It was in the heart of the country of the fierce Nez Percés Indians, and was considered a post of no small danger. Ross was named to the command. The site is one of the most beautiful in the Western country, being on the bank of the Columbia at a point where it expands into a small lake, and in the centre of a fertile and picturesque region. At first, the adventurers met with the usual, and more than the usual difficulties. The Indians assembled and complained of the encroachments of the whites. What they offered to sell they valued at enormous prices, and for a few days the pioneers actually suffered from want of food. Then the red men offered to come to terms if the whites would give each of them a present. Ross yielded to none of their demands, but patiently negotiated, and waited, and argued, until he wore them out. The whites were too

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formidable to be easily expelled by force; the Indians agreed at last to trade with them, and the building of the fort commenced. It is considered the strongest of the Company's forts on the west of the Rocky Mountains—the Gibraltar of the Columbia. Four pieces of ordnance, of from one to three pounds, ten swivels, sixty stand of muskets, twenty boarding-pikes, and a box of hand-grenades constitute its weapons of defense. It is strengthened by four strong wooden towers or bastions, and the gate is provided with a sort of rude portcullis.

In this castle Mr. Ross began to enjoy the life of a *bourgeois*. Most readers are doubtless aware that a *bourgeois* is the chief of a trading post or dépôt; it is the dignity to which all hunters aspire, as being, next to a partnership, the highest reward earth can offer them. Nor is the life of a *bourgeois* in any wise unworthy of the ambition it awakens. The *bourgeois*, like Robinson in his isle, is lord of all he surveys. The hunters and Indians are his slaves. His income provides him with every luxury and comfort which the forest affords, and enables him to procure many foreign luxuries which are far beyond the reach of men with the same stipend in civilized countries. Some excellent private libraries are to be found at the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Some of the best Port and Madeira in America is stored in their cellars. The *bourgeois* leads a life of delightful leisure. Once a year for a few weeks, at the time of the annual migration of the hunters, he is kept busily employed in fitting out parties, and forwarding couriers with dispatches. The remainder of the twelve months he can spend in study agreeably diversified by the chase. Nor is society wanting. Many of the hunters of the fur companies—like Mr. Ross—are well-educated men, who have taken to the woods from love of sport and adventure. They invariably marry the whitest girl they can find; and thus round each fort a small circle of society is formed, which is said to be pleasant and even refined. The balls which used to be given at Spokane House—the old central dépôt of the Northwest Company—are celebrated to this day. It is impossible to persuade an old Northwester that Paris itself contains prettier girls, more lovely dresses, more graceful dancing, better music, and pleasanter parties generally. If any cavil, let them go and see.

That there is a strange fascination in life in the wilderness, is proved not only by the nostalgia which every hunter feels after he has left the country, but by the wonderful tenacity with which the *voyageurs*, who enjoy so few of the comforts allotted to the *bourgeois*, cling to their wretched calling. Their stories remind one of Robin Hood and his merry men, without the windfalls from fat priors and the flagons of brimming wine. Mr. Ross met an old French Canadian who was over sixty, and took down his story in his own language.

"I have now," said he, "been forty-two years in this country. For twenty-four I was a light canoe-man; I required but little sleep, but sometimes got less than I required. No portage was too long for me; my end of the canoe never touched the ground till I saw the end of it. Fifty songs a day were nothing to me. I have saved the lives of ten *bourgeois*, and was always a favorite, because, when others stopped to carry at a bad spot and lost time, I pushed on, over rapids, over cascades, over falls—all were the same to me. No water, no weather ever stopped the paddle or the canoe. I have had twelve wives in the country, and once owned fifty horses and six running dogs trimmed in the best style. I was then like a *bourgeois*, rich and happy. No *bourgeois* had better-dressed wives than mine. I wanted for nothing, and I spent all my earnings in the enjoyment of pleasure. Five hundred pounds twice told have passed through my hands, though now I have not a spare shirt, or a penny to buy one. Yet were I young again, I would glory in commencing the same career again. There is no life so happy as the *voyageur's* life; none so independent; no place where a man enjoys so much variety and freedom as in the Indian country. Hurrah! hurrah! *pour le pays sauvage!*"

Mr. Ross's happiness was not destined to last long. On the 19th June, 1816, Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard that a party of Northwesters were advancing on the Earl of Selkirk's infant colony at Red River. With more courage than discretion he immediately armed twenty-two men, and marched out to meet them. The parties met, quarreled, shots were fired, and Governor Semple and his twenty-two men were all killed on the spot. The trials which followed; the "private war" which was carried on between the rival companies; the seizure of Fort William by the Earl of Selkirk; and the untimely death of twenty-three out of the forty-five victorious Northwesters, are now matters of history. The Northwest Company was manifestly in the wrong, and few tears were shed when it gave up the ghost a few years afterward. Mr. Ross was endorsed over with other property to the Hudson's Bay Company.

In their service he undertook one of the first great hunting and trapping expeditions that were ever made into the territory of the Snake Indians. His party consisted of fifty-five men, of whom two were Americans, seventeen Canadians, five half-breeds, and the rest Indians of various tribes. As hunting is the normal condition of these people, they took with them their wives and children—twenty-five of the former, and sixty-four of the latter in all. The baggage of the party consisted of seventy-five guns, a brass three-pounder, beaver traps, 392 horses, ammunition in abundance, and a few trading articles. They carried no provisions with them, but trusted to the luck of the hunters for their daily supply.

The main game of the party was, of course, the beaver. When they found a safe and secure spot, near a stream whose banks bore

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traces of the animal, they encamped, and each hunter sallied forth at evening to set his six traps. At early dawn the traps were visited, the beaver taken out, and the traps reset. Then the hunters spent the day in idleness—smoking and spinning yarns in the camp, till the fall of night warned them to visit their traps again. By no means a despicable life in fine weather, and when the Indians kept aloof. The latter piece of good fortune seldom fell to their lot; the trappers went forth to the river with their traps in one hand and gun in the other. One day a band of Indians would loom up in the distance, and hover round menacingly till the whites resolved to make an end of them, and charging unexpectedly would scatter them like a flock of birds, and perhaps find on the spot they had vacated a bundle of wet scalps. At another time the wild men would succeed in carrying off a few of their horses, and defy pursuit. Sometimes the Indians would show fight.

A hunter named M'Donald, trapping with a large party in the Snake country, was suddenly attacked by a band of Piegans. The camp secured, M'Donald started with his best men to give battle. The Indians did not flinch; one fellow held a scalp on the top of a pole, and waved it, yelling and screeching, and his comrades stood their ground till twenty of them fell. The survivors, losing courage, fled precipitately into a coppice of wood near the battle-field. But three of the whites had been killed, and their companions were determined to avenge their death according to Northwest rule. M'Donald sent to the camp for buckshot, and when it arrived poured volley after volley into the coppice, the Indians lying concealed within. While this murderous work was going on, a Canadian challenged an Iroquois to enter the coppice and scalp a savage with him. The challenge was accepted, and the two set off together, holding each other by the hand, and each grasping a scalping-knife in the other. When they were within a few feet of a Piegan, the Iroquois cried to the Canadian, "I will scalp this fellow; do you find another!" But as he stretched out his hand to seize him, the Piegan shot him through the head, and so bespattered the Canadian with his brains that he was blinded, and ran hastily back to his comrades.

M'Donald then resolved to set fire to the bush. It was decided that the oldest man should apply the firebrand, and a poor, wrinkled old fellow advanced with it, trembling in every limb, and expecting instant death. He performed his task in safety, and in a few minutes the whole coppice was in a blaze. As the poor half-roasted Piegans emerged, the hunters took aim at them leisurely, and brought them down one by one; the Iroquois rushing in to finish the work with the knife. Out of seventy-five warriors only seven escaped the horrid massacre.

The beaver are not only valuable for their skin, but serve as food for the hunter. Care must be taken, however, to examine the herbage on which the animals feed, or mischief may follow an unwary repast. Mr. Ross's party were once poisoned by feasting heartily on beaver, and some of them had a very narrow escape. The Indians eat this kind of beaver, but they roast it; boiled, they say, it is pernicious.

Buffalo meat is a more popular dish than beaver. In the Snake country, when Mr. Ross visited it, buffaloes were plentiful, and his hunters had many a glorious feast, which was enjoyed all the more for the spice of danger which accompanied the chase. Inured as the Northwest hunters are to peril, there are few among the boldest who can stand and look coolly at a wounded buffalo, so terrible is the gaze of his hideous eye. If he is able to move, and the hunter's gun is empty, let him look for a tree, or bid adieu to earth. And even when the poor brute can not stir, but stands propped up on his legs, glaring wildly on the hunters, it is safe to put a final ball through his head before stepping up to him and pushing him over.

More ferocious still is the Northwestern wolf, an animal of wonderful strength and sagacity. As a general rule the bear and the buffalo will not attack man; but in spring the wolf flies at every living thing he sees. Horses are his usual prey, and them he pursues with almost human cunning. When a band of wolves discover a horse, they encamp at some little distance, all the troop squatting on their hams except two old fellows, who sally forth toward the horse. He is frightened at first by his visitors; but they gambol so pleasantly in the field, and look so innocent and friendly, that by degrees his terror subsides, and he continues to graze. Then the wolves slowly separate, one going to the front of the horse, the other to his rear, and both frisking about as amiably, and apparently as unconcerned as before. Slowly and cautiously they approach the doomed steed with equal steps; when they are within springing distance —they can cover over twenty feet at a bound— both dash at him together, one at his head, the other at his hamstrings. Horses are proverbially helpless under some circumstances; this is one of them. The most the poor creature does is to turn round and round, uttering cries of pain. In a few seconds the wolf who attacked him from behind—this being the main attack— has cut the sinews of his legs, and he falls helplessly to the ground. Then the whole pack come rushing down, howling, and each eager to tear a morsel from the living carcass. There is little left for the vultures.

The hunters sometimes catch wolves in steel traps; but the animals frequently run off with the traps, heavy as they are, or gnaw their legs off and leave them there. When the hunters surprise them before the amputation is performed, all thought of safety is forgotten in their rage. With teeth broken and bloody head— with their leg fractured, and clinging to the trap by the sinews only—they will fly at their enemy,

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and even then, it is well for the hunter to make sure of his aim.

Some of the Indians catch wolves by a process which has never been illustrated save in the pages of comic periodicals. They suspend the bait on a strong fish-hook from the branch of a tree, at several feet from the ground. The wolf springs to seize it, is caught by the hook, and dangles in mid-air. In that position his strength can not help him, and he falls an easy prey to his destroyer.

Needless to say that the hunters fare sumptuously. Buffalo meat, venison, bears' hams, and every description of feathered game succeed each other at their repasts as fancy prompts, till the wearied appetite seeks a repose from good things, and invents monstrous regales of mouse soup, broiled snake, and insect pie. Grasshoppers and crickets are an especial delicacy. Apicius, in the Far West, toasts his grasshoppers till they crackle like grains of gunpowder dropped into a frying-pan; a handful of these are the greatest luxury you can offer him. The tough old *voyageur*, who has shot his own hack when hard pressed for a meal, will leave the savory platter of vension, bear's fat, wappatoes, and obellies, to chew a stringy piece of horse-flesh. And many an Indian will turn up his nose at the most appetizing product of the white man's caldron, in order to feast himself in private on the ribs of a dog.

It is painful to reflect that the monsters who are guilty of these horrors are more plentifully supplied with that prince of fish, the salmon, than any other people in the world. In the spring the salmon swim up the rivers on the Pacific slope, not in shoals, but in beds. They are speared, hooked, trapped, butchered by the thousand. Twenty thousand fish in a day is no extraordinary haul for a hunting-party. A cheap knife, such as sells for sixpence in our marine shores, is worth fifty salmon; a pin or a nail will purchase a dozen. Let us console ourselves with the reflection that Oregon will soon be peopled.

All is not pleasure, however, on these trapping expeditions. In the month of March Mr. Ross found his road blocked by a high mountain ridge. He resolved to cross it. The exploring party he sent forward on snow-shoes to examine the way, reported that the pass was twelve miles long, and the snow eight feet deep. The Iroquois attached to the expedition at once declared that it was impracticable for a party with horses and baggage, and insisted on returning. Ross was well aware of the difficulty; but he had determined to cross, so he calmly drew a pistol, placed it to the head of the Iroquois leader, and gave him his choice of proceeding with the party, or paying his debt to the Company. The Indians sulkily submitted. Then the question was how to beat a road. They resolved to try horses. Taking eighty of the strongest, they led them to the foot of the drift. A man on snow-shoes then seized the foremost horse by the bridle, and dragged it into the snow, while another applied the whip behind. The animal plunged until it was exhausted; it was left standing with nothing but its head and ears above the surface. A second was then led forward in the same way, through the track of the first, and was thus enabled to make a few plunges further on; then a third, and so on to the eightieth. When the last horse was left in the snow, there was nothing to be seen but a long row of heads and ears peeping above the drift. Then the horses were dragged out one by one, and in this manner, after nine hours severe labor, 580 yards of road were made. The next day the operation was repeated, but no more than 370 yards were made. Ross persevered day after day, till most of the horses were knocked up, and only a third of the road was made.

The Iroquois now again burst into rebellion. Provisions were growing scarce in the camp, and a man might well be excused for wishing to return. But Ross was immovable: cross they must, and as the horse plan had failed, some other must be tried. He sent a party into the woods to cut mallets and shovels. Dividing the working parties into couples, and providing one man with a mallet to break the crust, while his companion followed with a shovel, he began once more the terrible job. The men wrought so hard that they were hardly able to mount their horses at night. But they persevered, and after nine days' labor the road was complete, and preparations were made for a start. The agony of mind which Mr. Ross suffered during the night before the departure can well be conceived. It was a perfect calm; but had the wind begun to blow, in three or four hours the whole work would have been rendered useless; the drift would have obliterated the road. A happy man was he when he arose on the tenth morning and found the air as still as on the night before. The caravan started from the "Valley of Troubles," as they christened their encampment, in high good-humor; and in a few hours they enjoyed the delight of looking down into the plain on the other side.

On the top of the ridge bubbles a small spring into a circular pool, from which a tiny stream creeps down the mountain side. Mr. Ross stood astride of it, smoking his pipe and looking contemplatively into the waters. It is the source of the great Missouri River.

Some will think that the mere pleasure of standing astride of that spring was ample recompense for the labors of the expedition, to say nothing of some 5000 beaver, and other peltries which the hunters had the satisfaction of carrying back to the dépôt.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

"A GREAT gift, a great gift you ask me for, Master Paul!" said the old man, sternly, turning away his head.

"But one that you will never have cause to repent bestowing on me," said Paul, eagerly. "Oh! Mr. Trevelyan, you do not know how

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carefully I will guard her, how tenderly I will reverence her, how manfully keep her from all sorrow and all harm! You do not know how much I love her, nor how fervently I honor her! Trust me, Sir; for you may; you can bestow her on none who will guard her more tenderly, more lovingly than I."

"Ah! all young men say the same things, boy, before marriage. Unfortunately it is only experience that distinguishes between the real and the false, love and fancy, truth and change. And if that experience prove ill—there is no repairing it, Paul!"

"Yes, yes! I know all that!" said Paul, impatiently, yet not disrespectfully. "But it can never be so with me. Time, age, experience, all will only prove more firmly my love and undying truth. Oh, believe in me! believe in me! God is my witness that my life shall justify you!"

"Foolish boy! to believe in the possibility of love, in the existence of constancy and happiness," murmured Mr. Trevelyan, between his closed teeth. "A day will come," he said, aloud, "when you will curse me in my grave, that I ever consented to this match; when you had rather I had slain her with my own hands than have given her to you."

"Never! never!" cried Paul. "Come what may, the happiness of having once loved and been loved by her, shall suffice."

The old man took his hand, and looked him earnestly in the eyes. They were sitting on a garden bench set in the shadow of a large horse-chestnut. Behind them rose the barren fell, with its gray granite rocks scantily covered by heath and junipers; before them lay a deep glade, flush with the richest green and bright with flowers. In the distance shone the sea, glittering like a band of silver across the opening among the trees made by that steep ravine; the white sails of the distant ships lessened into mere specks, shining in the sun like the wings of white birds. It was one of those summer days when the sun lies like a seething fire on the leaves and grass—when the earth seems to breathe and palpitate through the low heat-mist quivering over her, and Nature lies so still you might believe her dead: it was one of those days which fill the soul with nameless emotion, and make that unfulfilled longing for love and beauty, which even the happiest and most richly dowered among us feel, a passionate desire and a painful void; it was a day wherein we live—in the true meaning of the word—because we feel. Perhaps it influenced even Mr. Trevelyan, although not easy to affect in any way; but there are times when a subtle influence seems to pervade our whole being, and to change the direction of all our faculties and thoughts—and this was one of them.

Mr. Trevelyan was a man of calm and gentle manner, but with a nature hard, and cold, and bright as polished steel. Difficult to excite, but resolute when roused—whether for good or evil, positive, distinct, and firm—he had none of that half-hearted temporizing between the will that would, and the feebleness that dare not, refuse, which so often holds the balance between cruelty and folly. His yes would be yes indeed, and there would be no appeal from his first denial. It was a serious matter to demand a favor from him; but if a pain, at least it was not a lingering one. Paul knew that his refusal would be abrupt and decisive, and that his promise would be religiously kept. And when, after a long silence, he said, in that compressed manner of his, "You may take her, I trust you," the young artist felt that the worst of the danger was over, and that his marriage with Magdalen was certain now; for of her consent he never doubted.

Living in a dull country-house, with no pleasures beyond the insipid occupations of a young girl's drawing-room world, the visits of Paul Lefevre, the artist-poet, had given a new life to Magdalen. He had taught her painting, which of itself opened exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth before her; and he had led her to think for herself on many points which hitherto she had either never touched at all, or else thought on by rote. His gifted mind, full of beauty and poetry, was a rare treasure to Magdalen, living alone with her father—a man who denied all intellectual power and action to women; who would give them so much education as would enable them to read a cookery-book and the Bible, but who thought that a higher class of culture was both unnecessary and unfeminine. In that lonely country-place, and in that inactive life, Paul, and his beauty, and his love, assumed a power and proportion they would not have had in a busier life. Want of contrast lent perfection, and want of occupation created an interest which assuredly was not born of moral sympathy or fitness. But the world of mystery in country places is always to be explained by these conditions.

The result of all those long walks together through the woods, and across the meadows, and upon the craggy fells—of all those lessons on beauty by the piano and the easel, when art made another language between them, and interpreted mysteries which words could not reach—of those mutual studies of poetry and history, when the extreme limits of human thought and human emotion were reached, and the echoes of the noble chords struck then vibrated in their young hearts—the result of this friendship, which at first was simply intellectual intercourse, was, as might have been looked for, that Paul loved Magdalen, and that Magdalen loved Paul, or fancied that she loved him, in kind. If there had been some one else whom she could have loved—some other standard by which to measure the requirements of her nature and the needs of her heart—it would then have been a choice; as it was, it was only an acceptance. She accepted as likeness what was simply ignorance of diversity, and took that for understanding which was want of opportunity of judgment. She loved Paul from gratitude for

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his love of her, from admiration of his beauty, and delight in his intellect; she loved him as a sister might love a brother, but scarcely as a woman of her strong nature would love the husband of her own free intelligent choice. But as she knew no other love, this contented her, and she believed implicitly in its strength and entireness.

Paul came into the drawing-room, where she was sitting in that deep cool shadow which is so pleasant when the outside world lies in such burning glare. Rushing in from the sunshine, he could scarcely see her at first, sitting by the open window, behind the green blind, reading; reading one of his favorite authors, marked and paged by him. He came to her hurriedly, his face lighted up with joy and burning with blushes. Though he had never looked more beautiful, he had never looked more boyish than at this moment. Even Magdalen, who was not accustomed to criticise, but rather to regard him as an intellectual giant beyond her stature—even she was struck by his extreme youthfulness of air and manner, as he came up timidly but joyously toward her.

"Magdalen, your father has given his consent! we are engaged," he said, in a low voice, which trembled so that it could scarcely be heard.

Magdalen laid both her hands in his with a frank smile. "I am very glad, Paul," she said, her voice unchanged, her blue eyes as calm and dreamy as ever, and not the faintest tinge across her brow. Her betrothal was a name, not the realization of a vision; a fact, not a feeling. It was a necessary social ceremony between two persons unmarried and unconnected; it was no material ratification of that dearer betrothal vowed in secret before. And with the child-like kiss, given so quietly by her, received so religiously by him, began the initial chapter of their love and banded lives. It ought to be the initial chapter to a drama of happiness, for no apparent element of happiness was wanting. Youth, beauty, innocence, and intellect; what more was needed for the searching crucible of experience? One thing only. It might be read in the calm, still face of Magdalen, bending so tranquilly over her book, while her lover sat at her feet, his whole frame convulsed with the passion of his joy. It might be seen in the immeasurable distance between their feelings as he buried his face in her lap, his long hair falling like dusky gold upon her white gown, and sobs expressing his love; while she smoothed back his hair with a tender but sisterly touch, wondering at his fervor, and at the form which his happiness took. And then, when he looked up, and with quivering lips called her his life, and his life's best angel, and uttered all the wild transports which such a love in such a nature would utter, she, calm and grave and tender, would try to check him very gently; through all this storm of feeling, herself as calm and unimpassioned as if a bird had been singing at her knee.

II.

There was a son belonging to the Trevelyan family, Andrew, nominally a lawyer in London; a married man of respectable standing and profession, but practically a gambler and a—sharper. Perhaps, if he had been more wisely educated, he would have turned out more satisfactorily, but he had been spoilt by every kind of injudicious indulgence. His faults had been left to grow as they would, unchecked. Nay, in many instances they had been even encouraged. So that it was no wonder if the spoilt and pampered child grew up the selfish, vicious, unrestrained man, who knew no higher law than his own gratification, no higher pleasure than personal indulgence. Love for this son had been one of Mr. Trevelyan's strongest—or weakest—points, as one might judge. Through good report and evil report, in spite of knowing that his race was dishonored, and his name debased by his evil life, the old man stood stanch and loving. Even when he married that wretched woman, met with Heaven knows how or where, but not as Magdalen's sister should have been; even when he sent down that villainous Jew to tell of his arrest for a dishonored bill, and to demand, rather than request, enough money to pay off this score, and set him going again—even then, the old man only turned pale and looked sad, but he loved his darling boy none the less. It was his pride, his willful point of obstinate belief and groundless hope, and he would not be driven from it. He was his first-born, cradled in his arms while the halo of romance yet shone bright about his marriage life, and the golden cloud of hope tinged the dim form of his future. And Mr. Trevelyan was not a man of passing impressions. Affection once marked on that granite soul of his must be struck out violently, if struck out at all; for neither time nor the friction of small cares and petty annoyances could destroy it; and even Andrew's worst faults had not as yet destroyed the sharpness of a letter.

Andrew lived on his professions of affection. If he sent down a shameless confession of evil passages in his evil life, he coupled this confession with such warm assurances of attachment, that the old man's heart failed him for the stern place of judge, and he became the advocate instead. How could he not forgive one he loved so well, and who loved him so faithfully? And what great hope was there not yet of ultimate reformation when that sacred filial love continued so unchilled! After all, it was but a youth's folly that the boy was ever guilty of. His heart was in its right place, and all else would come right in time. Andrew well knew what the old man would think when he wrote those loving, dutiful letters. He used to call them his exchequer-bills, and tell his wife what each was worth. For he never wrote unless he wanted money; which, however, was frequent; and he was always sure of something as the reward for his trouble. So things had gone on for the last half dozen years; Andrew passing from bad to

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worse with startling rapidity, until even the very swindlers and scoundrels with whom he associated grew somewhat shy of him.

One day a letter arrived to Mr. Trevelyan, from London. It was a curious letter, containing minute inquiries concerning his health and habits, which he was prayed to answer by return of post. He did answer, but not on the points required; and a correspondence ensued, which at last led to the information that Andrew had been raising money on post-obits, and that he was speculating deeply on the probable chances of his father's death within the next two years. This was perhaps the only thing that could have stirred Mr. Trevelyan, and this struck at the very root of his love by destroying his trust. Every thing else he could forgive, and had forgiven, but this: and this was the blow that struck out that graven word which nothing else had injured, and left a void and a ruin instead.

Magdalen knew nothing of what had happened. She was terrified to see how pale her father was, while reading a certain letter in a strange hand, the contents of which she did not know; and how he suddenly drooped, as if struck by some fatal disease. She asked him if any thing had happened to vex him, but all he answered was, "No, child, nothing that you can cure," looking sadly on the ground as he spoke. He folded up the letter carefully, and, in his precise manner, put it away among other papers in his drawer; and the matter seemed to be forgotten, or to have passed like any other small disturbance. But Magdalen understood him too well not to see that there was a painful secret somewhere—one that nothing of her love could touch, nor his own philosophy cure. More than once she approached the subject gently, for she knew that it was somehow connected with her brother; but he never answered her questions, and at last got angry with her if she mentioned Andrew's name. It was very painful for poor Magdalen to see her father breaking his heart thus in silence, without suffering her to sympathize with him; for she thought, woman-like, that love and sympathy would surely lighten his burden, whatever it might be! But he kept his own counsel, strictly, and Magdalen could only guess the direction, while ignorant of the details of his sorrow.

He fell ill; poor old man! No one knew exactly what was the matter with him. The doctors were at fault, and drugged him with every kind of abomination, some of which, at least, must have been wrong, if others were right. But no drugs would have saved him now; not the best nor most skillfully administered. At his age, the terrible revolution worked by such a crushing sorrow as this was beyond the reach of doctors' stuff. His heart was broken. He had an illness of two months or more; a slow, sure sickness that never fluctuated, but day by day certainly dragged him nearer to the grave. He knew that he was dying, but he never mentioned his son. It was his bitterest reflection to feel that the gambler's calculation had been lucky, and that his death would shamefully enrich him.

Magdalen hardly ever left him. Nothing could exceed the devotion, the tenderness, with which she nursed him. If love could have saved him he had not died while she had been with him! She had the rare power of embellishing a sick-room—making it rather a beautiful cradle of weakness than the antechamber to the grim tomb: that power which comes only by a woman's love. The friends who came to see them remarked on that exquisite order and the melancholy beauty she had given; and many of them said that Miss Trevelyan had changed her father's sick-bed into a throne. The old man appreciated her now for the first time. He had never loved her as he had loved his son; indeed, he never loved her much at all. She had been born after that terrible night—which no one but himself and his God knew of—when his wife's dreamy lips, Francesca-like, muttered the secret kept for so many painful years, and told him that she had never loved him. Magdalen had always seemed to him to be the ratification of his despair, as Andrew had been the fulfillment of his hope; and it was only now, for the first time in life, that he acknowledged he had been unjust. The poor girl had felt the difference made between them both, but she believed it arose from some fault in herself. She knew there was but little virtue in Andrew. Now she had taken her true position in her father's love, and had become really dear to him. Before, he had been coldly proud of her beauty, and he had respected her character; but he had never loved her. Since his illness it was different. He was only happy when she was sitting at the foot of the bed where he could see her—only easy when she was in the room and before his eyes. Once she heard him say, "Blind! blind!" and "Avenged!" while looking at his son's portrait, hanging against the wall just above her head, as she stood by the table. Blind! yes, as too many of us are blind, both in our loves and our misappreciations.

At last he died. He had been sinking rapidly for some time, but still his death was sudden at the very last. Magdalen was alone with him. She had given him his medicine, and had just shaken up his pillows and smoothed the coverlet, when she saw his countenance change. She went closer to him and asked him if he wanted any thing; she thought he was feeling faint, perhaps. His lip slightly moved, but she heard no sound issue from it; his eyes grew fixed, and that terrible film came over them; she raised his head, again he slightly smiled—a sigh: and then she was alone.

Andrew did not know of his father's illness. More than once Magdalen had entreated her father to allow her to write to him, but he used to answer, "No, my love, not yet—not till I give you leave," in a tone and manner so distinct and positive, that she felt nothing more was to be said. And in his state of weakness she was careful to be obedient to the utmost,

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fearing that he should think her undutiful because he was unable to be authoritative. So the old man had sickened and died in peace; and Magdalen was not sorry that his death-bed had been undisturbed by the mockery of her brother's pretended love. But when she was left alone she wrote hastily to Andrew, telling him what had happened, saying that her father would not allow her to write to him to inform him of his illness, but that now he was the head of the family, and must take every thing on himself; begging him at the end of her letter to come down immediately and manage all as he liked. Andrew gave a long whistle. "What!" he said, "gone so soon! That little jade! if she had only told me he was ill, I could have got ten per cent. more. I'll pay her out for this! We'll see who will be master and who mistress, when I've got things into my own hands! However, I can't go down to-night, so they may muddle away by themselves as they like."

The reason why he could not go down that night was, that he had made up a whist-party with cards so cleverly marked that no one could detect them; and as he expected to clear nearly a hundred pounds by this *coup*, he was not disposed to lose such a good chance because his father was lying dead at home, and his sister did not like to be alone.

He wrote, however, a few lines expressing his surprise at the news; not a word of grief; he had no need now to continue that farce; and authorizing her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with STRICT economy and simplicity, said careful Andrew—the word strict being underlined twice. All this seemed very natural to Magdalen. Bad as it was, she expected nothing better. And as for his certainties about his heirship, she herself shared them. She never for a moment doubted that he was made the heir, and that only a small marriage portion had been reserved for her when Paul—artistic, unpractical Paul—might be able to marry her, and keep a house wherein to hold her.

The whist-party proved a failure for the calculating Andrew. Eyes as sharp as his, and senses as keenly alive to all the possibilities of trickery, were there with him; and his clever device, first suspected and then discovered, ended only in a scene of violence and tumult, where every body was robbed and every body beaten, and the blame of all thrown on the cheating host; where, moreover, he had to pay a large sum of money to prevent the affair being carried into the hands of the police, as some of the neediest and most disreputable of the guests threatened.

The next day he came down to Oakfield, battered and jaded, and out of humor enough. Every thing had been arranged for the funeral, which was to take place to-morrow by his wish; and the house was full of that terrible stillness which the presence of death brings with it—a solemn unearthly stillness—the shadow of God's hand. There was the close smell throughout, which a single day's want of air and sunshine will produce, mingled with the scent of lavender and dried rose leaves, and dying flowers, generally. The servants moved about gently and spoke in whispers; Magdalen sat attempting to work—sometimes taking up a book as if to read—but her tears fell over her hands instead, and blotted out the page. Paul wandered mournfully from room to room, his sympathy falling far short of Magdalen's sorrow; "But," as she said to herself, "who could console her? no one in the world!" When, in the midst of the passionate anguish and the solemn silence that sat side by side, like grim angels by the threshold, a carriage rolled noisily to the door, and Andrew's voice was heard, swearing at the man for having driven past the hall-step.

Dressed with every attribute of the man of slang and vice, loud in voice, noisy, rough, and vulgar in manner, his once handsome face lined and attenuated by dissipation, and all his intellect put into the exaggeration of vulgarity, Andrew entered the hall, where Paul and Magdalen waited to receive him. He made no attempt, no feint, at sympathy or sorrow. So far, at least, he was honest. But how frightful it was to her who had sat so many hours by that dying man, till her whole soul had become interpenetrated by his—how terrible it was to have this gross, rude shadow flung between her sorrow and that sacred memory—to feel the spiritual death which, in her brother's presence, removed her father again from her! The loneliness of the first hours of her orphanhood was nothing compared to the sickening loneliness of her feeling now. The coarseness of indifference with which he asked, first broadly, and then in detail, for information of his father's last moments—the coldness with which he listened, rubbing his eyes and yawning noisily, when she told him such and such facts as for the mere sympathy of a common humanity would have touched the heart even of a stranger—the very boast of carelessness in every gesture; lounging against the chimney-piece; flinging himself into an easy-chair, with one foot raised on his knee, or else with one hand doubled against his side, and the other playing with the little dog—all was torture to Magdalen, who felt that she also was included in the shameful disgrace of her brother.

"Ah, and so this is your Joe?" he asked, looking at Paul through his half-shut eyes; then, turning to his sister, he said, in a loud whisper, "I say, Mag, there's not too much good stuff in him! He's a fine lad as far as face goes; but hang me if I wasn't more of a man at fourteen than he is now. However, that's no affair of mine."

"I hope you will be good friends," said Magdalen, choking, "and that you will never have cause to regret your relationship."

"That's a sensible speech, Mag, proper to the occasion. I say, did the old boy like the match?"

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"Do you mean papa?" said Magdalen, very coldly.

"Of course, I do!" and Andrew laughed. How loud and long his laugh was! It chilled Magdalen's very heart within her.

"Oh, Andrew, don't laugh now!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "It terrifies and shocks me, when you know what lies above our heads."

"Don't be a superstitious fool, Magdalen," said Andrew, savagely; "and don't tell me what I am to do and what not! You foolish girls stay down here moping in the country, till you don't know how to live. You get into a world of ghosts and shadows, till you are frightened at the very sound of your own voices." Andrew re-crossed his legs, and played with the dog's ears till it howled and slunk away.

Paul looked at the Londoner with a mild curiosity, as if he had been a kind of privileged wild beast; and then, satisfied that he could do nothing toward taming him, and feeling ill at ease in his society, he went away for a time, much to Magdalen's relief and Andrew's disappointment; for he had promised himself good sport in baiting him.

Hearing that Andrew had arrived, old friends of the family had assembled by degrees, to hear the will read, and to offer assistance or condolence as their position warranted; some with a vague feeling of protection to Magdalen; for Andrew had the worst character possible in the neighborhood; and more than one thought it not unlikely that his sister might need some defense against him; "For," as they said justly, "that dreamy lover of hers knows nothing of business;" which was true enough. There was soon quite a large assemblage—large, that is, for a lonely country-house; and Magdalen was surprised to find how relieved and protected she felt by their presence. They all seemed nearer to her than her brother; and all more sympathizing and more sorrowful for her loss.

"Mag, where's the will?" said Andrew, in a loud voice. "I suppose you know where the old boy kept his things, don't you?" He spoke as the master, with the tone and manner of a slave-driver. It was the ultimatum of coarseness.

"In the library," said Magdalen.

"Ah, stay! In the top library drawer, ain't it? Don't you think so? I remember that used to be his hiding-place when I was a little lad, and knew all about him. If so, I can find it myself, Mag; I have the keys. No tricks of substitution, you know, gentlemen!" and, with a laugh and a leer, he strode out of the room.

He soon came back, bringing a sealed packet, endorsed "My will," in Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting.

"Here it is, safe enough!" he said, chuckling, and drawing a chair nearer to the window. "Hang these plaguy blinds!" he cried, plucking at them impatiently; "they don't let a man see his own! Come, Mag, let's see what he has left for your wedding gear. Quite enough, I'll be bound, else my name's not Andrew!"

Magdalen rose, and walked haughtily across the room: haughtily and sorrowfully: not wounded in her own self-love, but in her daughter's dignity—wounded for that dead father whose memory was outraged by his son. A look from one of the friends assembled brought her back to her seat; and she felt when he whispered "Bear with him quietly now, for the sake of your poor father," that this was both good advice and the highest duty; so she controlled herself as well as she could, and sat down, feeling for the first time in her life dishonored.

Andrew broke the seal of the packet, and took the will out of the envelope. Crossing his legs, and clearing his throat, with a certain dare-devil "Come on, then!" kind of air, he began to read it aloud. The will set forth that all the lands, tenements, etc., of which he, the testator, might die possessed, were bequeathed to his dear son, Andrew, with the exception of fifty pounds a year to be paid to Magdalen, whom he confided to the tender care of her brother, "in full reliance on his love and honor." The bulk of the property was about eight hundred a year. It was all clear and distinct, signed and attested in due form; but Andrew's face had changed as he came to the close.

"Aha! What's this?" he cried, looking fiercely at Magdalen, whose arm he seized as she bent forward when he called her. "What devil's work have you been after here, with all your pretended love and sickening flattery?" and he almost struck her as he shook her arm violently.

"Andrew, what are you talking of?" said Magdalen, starting up and flinging off his hand. "Even at such a time as this, and from my brother, I can not submit to such language."

"You are right, Magdalen! For shame, for shame, Mr. Trevelyan!" went round the room.

"Judge me, all of you!" exclaimed Andrew, hoarsely, rising and facing his sister. "Judge me by yourselves! If any of you have seen your very lives and the lives of your children snatched away by a demon's turn like this, you can feel with me, and understand my violence. Violence it is not, but righteous and most just anger. This was why she never told me of my father's illness!" he added, grasping Magdalen's shoulder, as she stood firmly before him. "This was why she practiced all her arts, and made the old man, doting on his death-bed, believe her devoted to him, not his money—he, who had never liked her in life, making her his heir!"

"Heir!" cried Magdalen, turning pale. "His heir!" she repeated, as if in a dream.

"Aha! I had been too honest for him, had I!" continued Andrew, without noticing the interruption. "I was not courtier—not flatterer enough, wasn't I! And this was why she has always been the firebrand between him and me, exaggerating every little indiscretion, and turning his love for me into coldness—as she has done lately—all to steal a march upon me, and cut me out of my inheritance. I, the only son, to be disinherited for such a worthless fool as

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that! By Jove, gentlemen, it is maddening! Listen to the pretty little codicil I find," he continued, in a tone of bitter banter, striking his forefinger against the parchment: "'I hereby revoke all former wills and testaments whatsoever or whensoever made by me, and leave to my dear daughter, Magdalen, the sole use and benefit of all that I may die possessed of, whether in lands or money. I also leave her my sole executrix. Signed, Andrew Trevelyan. Witnesses, Paul Lefevre and Mary Anne Taylor.' And you are in this, too, sir!" he said, turning savagely to Paul. "By heaven, there seems to be a pretty plot hatched here!"

"I saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that paper, and I and Mary Anne Taylor witnessed it; but I did not know what it was I signed," answered Paul, hesitatingly.

Andrew bent his bloodshot eyes full upon him; and from him to Magdalen, and back again. He looked at the writing of the codicil attentively—a profound silence in the room—and again he looked at them.

"Where is this Mary Anne Taylor?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"You know that she is dead; she was our nurse," said Magdalen, in a low voice.

"I see it all—a plot, gentlemen! a plot!" he shrieked. "But as I live, it shall not go unpunished! I see it all now, and you and the whole world shall see it too. That writing is not like my father's—my sister's lover one of the witnesses, and her nurse, conveniently dead since, the other. I am no child, to be taken in by any thing so clumsy and self-evident as this!" He flung the paper on the floor, and trampled it once or twice beneath his heel. "I shall not stay for the mockery of this funeral," he said; "I have no business here. My curse upon you all!—my deadly, blighting curse, and my revenge to come! That is my share in the funeral to-morrow."

"Andrew! Andrew! do not go: do not dishonor poor papa so shamefully!" exclaimed Magdalen, clinging to him. "Think of what you owe him. Andrew, reflect."

"Owe him?" cried Andrew. "What I owe you; and what I will pay you." He dashed her from him with an oath; then, repeating his curse, he flung himself from the room, and so from the house; leaving the pale corpse stiffening in the chamber above, without a thought, a prayer, or a sigh for what had loved him so well.

III.

The excitement and disappointment of the last few days, added to the craziness of a constitution broken by dissipation, struck Andrew with a terrible fit of delirium tremens, from which it was thought he would never recover. He could not, therefore, make any opposition; and Magdalen proved the will, and took possession of the property undisturbed, wondering why he never answered her letters nor acknowledged the remittances she sent him. In her own mind she determined that her brother should share equally with herself in her inheritance; only she would not bind herself to this by any written deed or agreement, as she wished to reserve the right of distribution according to her own judgment and the circumstances of his family. She was uneasy at his silence, however, and more than once spoke of going herself to London, to see what was the matter. But Paul, who had a horror of scenes, and who dreaded any thing like contest infinitely more than he hated oppression and wrong, persuaded her to remain quiet; telling her that if there was ill in store for her, it would come soon enough, without her meeting it half-way, and that silence was the best thing that could happen between them. And, as Madgalen felt he was right, she remained in the country: calmer and happier as the sharpness of her sorrow wore away by time.

"A letter, miss!" said the servant, one day, bringing in a coarse-looking epistle sealed with a wafer and marked with a sprawling blot of ink. It was wet, too, with rain, and had been suffered to fall into the mud. Magdalen took it carelessly, thinking it was a circular or a begging-letter; not at first recognizing the writing. But she soon changed when she opened it and read the name at the end. It was written by Andrew, in a trembling straggling hand, as if he had indeed been very ill; but written with all the force and bitterness of his nature—as if death had never been near enough to teach him gentleness or reformation. It began by accusing her broadly of having "forged that pretended codicil." It made no kind of hesitation in the matter. "For you know," it said, "how well you can imitate my father's handwriting. I have now in my possession letters—more than one—written by you, which any one would swear were more like his writing than that trumpery codicil you have attempted to palm off. I little thought, when I used to laugh at your innocent forgeries, that I should ever have to shudder at a forgery so vile and guilty as this. However, to spare you the inevitable ruin that must fall on you, I make you an offer, though an illegal one—compounding a felony—which would, if known, bring me into almost as bad a place as yourself. Yet, because you are my sister, I will run the risk, and commit this legal offense. I have some compassion still left for you, base, treacherous, and false as you have proved yourself to be. If, then, you will quietly give up possession of every thing you hold now under your forged codicil, and content yourself with the fifty pounds a year left you by the true will—and which, I must say, I think a very handsome provision for you—I will let the matter drop, and you shall never hear me allude to it again. I will even give you an asylum in my house, if you could bear to see the family you had so wickedly tried to ruin. If you do not accept this most generous offer on my part (by which I shall lose the fifty pounds a year that would be mine on the detection of your guilt), I will at once put the

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matter into the hands of my friends, and you may defend yourself as you can. Your concealment of my father's illness—telling me only when he was dead—your letters, written to me in imitation of his handwriting, will condemn you without a moment's hesitation, or the hope of appeal. Beware! and think well before you refuse your only chance of salvation. If you reject my offer, be prepared to brave infamy and transportation; for you will find me inexorable. Take my advice as your brother and friend—still your friend, in spite of your evil conduct—and give up possession quietly. You will find that I am right. ANDREW TREVELYAN."

Magdalen sat stupefied. She could not at the first analyze her own feelings nor reason out her position. It was as if she had been suddenly branded with hot iron, the pain of which suddenly took away thought and power. But the numbness of that sudden terror soon passed. A strong nature like hers could not long remain prostrate beneath any shock. Indeed, the fiercer the blow the fiercer would be the resistance. Her brother Andrew had not calculated well when he thought she would be conquered by the mere force of an accusation. Some of the nature of the father had passed into her also, and submission without a struggle was as impossible to her as the bending of a strong rod of iron by a child. But—what was she to do? for, after all, there was much to be considered besides her own temper. What was her position, and how should she act for her own honor and for the best in point of morals? She knew, of course, that the codicil had been written by her father's own hand; that it was his express and deliberate will. She could not, therefore, give up her right without transgressing that will, which of itself—whether for her own advantage or against it—was a thing she would always hold sacred above every thing else in the world. It was her father's will that she was resolute to maintain, more than her own fortune. Then another, and this time a more selfish, side of the question: This fortune enabled her to marry Paul. Without it, she knew that their marriage was hopeless; at least, for many years to come. Unpractical to the last degree, visionary, poetic, generous, unreal, his love even for her would never make him practical and rational; never make him capable of earning a livelihood by an art which he asserted lost all its divinity so soon as it became venal. Had she then the right, waiving all other principles, to destroy the future of her betrothed by yielding to the false assumption of her brother? Was it not, on the contrary, her duty to take thought of him, if none of herself; and was she not justified in maintaining for him what, for very weariness, she might have been driven into relinquishing for herself alone? Again, a third consideration, and not a trifling one. If she gave up her rights without a struggle, would not the whole world say it was because she knew herself to be guilty, and was frightened at the thought of exposure? And how would she feel, even though innocent, when it was said of her that she had violated the will, betrayed the trust, and dishonored the grave of the being she most honored! No! The girl's heart swelled and her eye flashed. No! She would defend herself, cost what it might. Innocent, she would maintain her innocence; and, justified in her inheritance, she would preserve it against all assaults. Let who could deprive her of it!

She crushed the letter in her hand with a strong and passionate gesture, and then sat down to write to her brother. The pen was long in her hand before the tumult within her subsided. When she did write her expressions were emphatic but calm. She distinctly refused to give up her rights: she denied the charge of forgery in two words; not deigning to discuss the charge; but she expressed her determination to defend her innocence to the last farthing of her estate, and to the uttermost verge of her strength, body and mind.

While Magdalen was still quivering with excitement, like a young war-horse at the first sound of the trumpet, Paul came to her to pay her his evening visit. Ever loving, ever gentle, and even feminine in his ways, he was more so to-day than usual. He wore an expression of thought and love so earnest, so unearthly, that he might have been a spirit or an angel come down to teach godliness and purity. But there was nothing which could teach them management or strength. His brown hair parted in the middle and falling quite to his shoulders in rich undulating tresses, his small, slender figure, his white hands, with those taper fingers and pink nails which speak the idealist, were all so womanly, that he might have been a woman dressed in man's clothes for all there was of masculine or powerful in his mind or person. Magdalen, on the contrary, tall, well-formed, perfectly organized, with well-shaped but rather large hands—the hand of a useful and practical person—resolute though quiet, and with that calm steady manner, different from coldness, which is usually the expression of strength—standing there, nerved for a deadly combat, her nostrils dilated, her chest heaving, her hair pushed back from her broad full forehead, and the eyes flashing beneath their straight dark brows—Magdalen, full of the passion and power of actual life, looked like a beautiful Amazon by the side of a young shepherd-boy. Certainly she did not look like the weak woman needing the protection of his arm, as is the received fable respecting men and women, whatsoever their characteristics.

"Magdalen, how glorious you look to-day!" said Paul, with fervor, taking her hand.

She looked at him quietly enough; but with a certain distraction, a certain indifference, which could not be reduced to words, but was easy to be felt by one who loved; and her hand lay passively in his.

"Come and sit by the window," he said, "we have so few days of sunshine left us now, so few

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moments of beauty before the winter, that we ought to make the most of them while they are here."

For it was the late autumn now, when the sunsets are so grand and the cloud scenery so glorious.

"You know, Magdalen, how I love to watch the sunset with you," Paul went on to say, "how I love to see the clouds pass through the sky, to read their vague words of promise, to shape from them bright auguries of the future, to feel that they are words passing between us, speaking to each of our love more beautifully than even loving words falling on the ear. And, when I turn and see your face lighted up with the same thoughts as have been burning in my heart; when I feel the glory of your great love round me, then, Magdalen, I feel that I have been prophetic in my hope; an enthusiast but a seer as well. And you, Magdalen, do you not also dream of our future—of that beautiful future, once far off like a faint star on the horizon, but now a glorious temple, on the threshold of which our feet are already set? Do you never think of the time when sacred words shall add their sanctity also to our sacred love? when the grand name of wife shall inclose and crown your life? Do no great loving thoughts burn through your heart as through mine, Magdalen, and seem to lift you up from earth to heaven?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen, dreamily. "Oh, yes! I often think of it." She spoke as if she thought of other things.

Paul looked at her wistfully for a moment; then, drawing the low stool on which he sat nearer—for it was his fancy always to sit at her feet—and pressing that unanswering hand yet more tenderly, caressing it as a child, with whom caresses cure all ills. Yet the fingers coldly fell on his, which throbbed in every nerve. He flung back the hair from his eyes, and with a visible effort looked up joyously as before.

"Oh, Magdalen!" he continued, "I can not tell, even to myself, and still less to you, how much I love you; how my whole life and heart and soul are bound up in you, and how my virtue and inspiration own you also for their source! If you were taken from me, Magdalen, I should die as flowers die when they are cut from the stalk. I seem to draw my very being from you; and to have no strength and no joy but that which you give me. Are you glad, Magdalen, that I love you so much?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen, wearily, "I am very glad."

"I feel, Magdalen, that we shall do such great things in life together!—that by your inspiration I shall be, in art, what no man of my time or generation has been, and what I could not have been without you. You are so beautiful, so glorious! Oh, what a great and solemn joy it is to me that you have brightened across my path—that I have had the grand task of leading and directing your mind, and that I have brought you out into the light from the mental shadow in which you formerly lived! What glorious lessons we shall give the world together! What an example we shall offer, for all men to follow and walk by!"

"What are we to do, Paul?" said Magdalen, not knowing exactly what to say; but seeing that her lover waited for an answer.

"Can you ask what we are to do? can you now, after all that I have said, be doubtful of our mission?" cried Paul.

"Why you know, Paul, you are never very definite," said Magdalen; who, having dashed into the middle of the truth unawares, was obliged to make the best of it now. She did not know where she got the courage to speak as she did; but it seemed to her an easier thing to-day—she did not know why—to tell Paul that he was an enthusiast, than it had ever been before.

"My Magdalen!—but I must not chide you, love; I know that you have not reached my place of faith, from whose heights the world looks so small, and insuperable difficulties seem so easy. What is our mission? Is it not that I am to be the artist, the great artist of my day? embodying thoughts which the world is too skeptical and material, too irreligious and God-forgetting to keep in daily view; giving back its true religion to my art; giving back its forgotten glory, and raising it from the dust where the iron heels of trade and skepticism have crushed it for so long? is it not that I am to be the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of England? And you—oh, what will you not be in my glorious life! You will be its star, its love, its glory! When I am dead it will be written on my tomb that this great artist was made great by love; that Magdalen, his queenly wife, had sat by his side as his inspiration, and his interpreter of the divine. Oh, Magdalen! Magdalen! do not doubt our mission, nor of the glorious manner in which we shall fulfill it; for we shall regenerate the art-world together! Apart we should be nothing; no, Magdalen, without me your strength would crumble into ashes, as mine would without you. We were made to be the leaders of our age, the founders of a new race, and of a higher generation. We were made to be the restorers of faith and love to art. Magdalen, we shall be all that man and wife can be together, and our lives shall be a deathless lesson of good and beauty to mankind. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Paul, I hope," said Magdalen; "but will you please let go my hand," for, in her present state of excitement, she could not bear the nervous irritation produced by his restless touch. It was as much as she could do to listen to his dreamy voice and vague visions with composure. Those restless burning fingers passing perpetually over her hand, irritated her beyond her self-command.

"Do you not love me, Magdalen?" he said, letting her hand fall mournfully. His eyes filled with tears.

"Yes. I love you very much, and you know that I do; but it disconcerts me to have my hand held. And then yours is so unquiet."

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"No expression of your love could annoy *me*, whatever it might be," said Paul, very sadly.

"Don't be vexed with me, dear Paul; we are more nervous on some days than on others, and to-day I am not very well."

"And does your love depend on your health, Magdalen? If I were dying, your caresses would be just as precious as in my best moments!" His eyes turned to the sky where the sun was sinking into darkness, and his lip quivered.

With a strange gesture, sudden and abrupt, feeling for the first time annoyed at being obliged to soothe him so like a child, Magdalen passed her hand across his hair with a caressing gesture—that still was hardly loving.

His tears grew larger, though now for joy, and fell fast and heavy on her lap. He took her hand, and kissed it eagerly.

Magdalen turned away. "I wish he were more manly, and did not cry so soon," she said to herself; "and oh! how I wish that he was more of a man of the world, and understood the realities of life better than he does!"

In the terrible conflicts of real passion—in her first outstep into actual life—the vague and dreamy hopes of Paul; his impracticable assertions, his unreal romance, and the sufficiency to him of mere words—of the mere visions they called up, rose through the tumult in her own heart like the notes of an Æolian harp through the clang of martial music. They were very beautiful, but meaningless; without purpose or design; vague sounds, struck mournfully and at hazard by the passing wind. What she wanted then was some powerful manly practical adviser, on whom she could rely for real assistance. Paul's poetry was very lovely, but very unstable; and, in spite of all his assertions respecting the strength that he bestowed, Magdalen felt that a child would have been as useful in her present pass as he. He wearied her, too. Like a hungry man, she wanted substance, and he gave her only dreams and visions. She began to be conscious of his weakness; not confessedly conscious, but none the less really so; sensitive, tender as he was; easily wounded, easily soothed again by caresses; so living on words, and so satisfied with them; so certain that in the future—that future which never comes to the idealist—he would be touching pencil or brush, and spending his days in dreams and love-making; a power in art, yet seldom child-like in actual experience, but child-like in his vain belief that he had received all the teaching life conld give him, and that he did not require further experience.

"No, no," Magdalen used to say to herself, "he is nor guide nor strength to me."

Paul saw something of this feeling. He knew that his words often fell coldly on her ear, and that not a pulse of her calm, strong heart beat in unison with his, throbbing wildly at the future of fame and influence he was picturing. And soon he knew, too, that her character was developing itself in a direction away from him, and that her soul was disengaging itself from his. But he shut his eyes to that, and only suffered instead of acknowledging.

IV.

Before proceeding to extremities, Andrew wrote again and again to Magdalen. Altering his tone with every letter; sometimes sending threats, sometimes entreaties; now endeavoring to terrify her into submission, and now to cajole her into complaisance. For a week this went on, not a day passing without a letter of one or the other character. When he did not insult her by evil names and foul suspicions; when he did not wound her in every nerve of her woman's heart, and wring her pride till the sense of degradation became real torture, he appealed to her generosity in the most heart-rending terms, for the sake of his wife and family and the influence that his disinheritance would have on his world when known. It would be his death-blow. It was from death that he asked her to save him. Though perhaps that letter wound up with a fierce attack, and an intimation that to-morrow, without fail, he would send down a policeman and handcuffs.

Magdalen was peculiarly frank by nature; yet she was not able to speak to Paul of the news which troubled her. She knew that he could not go through with it bravely, and she did not want the additional embarrassment of his weakness. If he sunk, as she was quite sure he would, under the first approach of such a gigantic trouble, she would have to support him as well as herself. That would complicate her troubles. So she said nothing, and bore her own burden in silence. But this was the beginning of sorrow between them. Pre-occupied, excited, and consequently irritable, her whole mind and soul bent on one thing only, and that of such fearful import as to overshadow every other portion of her life, Magdalen grew hourly more and more impatient of Paul's girlish tenderness and poetic reveries; of his gentle bewailings, worse than impatient. He never complained, but he perpetually bewailed—in a dove-like fashion, without any expressed cause. He spoke always in a melancholy voice and on melancholy subjects: he wrote sad verses, and wept much; under any kind of emotion, whether joy or grief, tears were always in his eyes. He followed her about the house with a kind of mournful watching, as if he was afraid of something carrying her off bodily from before his eyes. He was forever creeping close to her, nestling in, if she had left space on the sofa large enough for a sparrow to perch on. Then she would move farther away, with perhaps an apology. Then he would look hurt; perhaps have a fit of mournful sulkiness, which it was inexpressibly painful to witness. When that was passed, he would go to her with an air tenderly forgiving, and attempt some gentle caress; and, when she repulsed him, as she generally did now—although she did not know why, his caresses annoyed her—he would either droop suddenly like a stricken bird, or stand like the lover in a melodrama, who opens his vest and cries, "Tyrant! strike

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your victim!" with that provoking kind of resignation which infers meek virtue on the one side and hard barbarity on the other! Or, with the temporary combativeness which belongs to weak natures, he would press any particular manifestation of love on her until he made her accept it, unless she had undertaken to discuss the matter openly, which was not desirable for either. So she would submit to his offered kiss, or suffer him to take her hand, or hold her waist and press him to her (they were just the same height, and she was much the stronger), with her teeth set hard and her nerves strung like cords. She felt sometimes as if she could have killed him when he touched her.

He came oftener than ever to the house; and he had always haunted it like a spectre or an unlaid ghost. But now he was never absent; she was never alone, never free from him. She began to weary of him fearfully, and to feel that solitude was an unspeakable luxury. She was brought to the pass of feeling that, to escape from Paul Lefevre, her affianced lover, was one of the things most to be desired and attained in her daily life. He tried to lead her to talk of their marriage, and she turned pale instead. He spoke of the great things they would do in life together, and her lip curled contemptuously. He repeated again and again his own high hopes, and she answered, "Dreamer! to believe in a future of fame without endeavor; content to say that you will be famous, while taking no means to become so; dreaming away the hours which should be employed in action, and thinking that the will can do all things, even without translating that will into deeds: enthusiast! who of ideas makes realities, and of hopes certainties!" This was but a sorry answer, however true, to the burning thoughts that did verily stand the young artist in place of deeds. They were finding out how little moral harmony there was between their natures, and how unfit they were for the real union of life.

Paul came one day, as usual, early in the morning. He used to run all the way from his lodgings to Oakfield, so that he always came in a terribly excited, heated, panting condition, which of itself irritated Magdalen. To-day he came, flushed and eager; pouring out a volume of love as he entered, and for this greeting flinging himself at Magdalen's feet, embracing her knees, and calling her his morning star and his life. Magdalen had not slept all the previous night; she too was excited, but in a different way—irritable and nervous. She would have given the world to be alone, but how could she send Paul away? However, being there, she must make him reasonable. He spoke to her passionately and tenderly; she answered him in monosyllables, her head turned away or her eyes on the ground. He took her hand, and she withdrew it, saying, "Dear Paul, leave me alone to-day, and do not touch me." He asked her if she had chosen the plain silk or the flowered, for her wedding dress, and she said, "Neither," very coldly. "We have plenty of time before it comes to that," she added, with an accent that said of itself, "I am happy to be able to say so."

Paul had long been choking with sobs, kept back with a wonderful amount of self-command, for him. But now, he suddenly gave way. A violent flood of tears burst from him as he exclaimed, "Magdalen! Magdalen! we are drifting fearfully apart. Tell me what you disapprove of in me; and trust me, my beloved, I will alter it, whatever it may be—were it to cut my very heart out—to please you!"

He sobbed so bitterly that Magdalen was almost overcome too. For she had a real affection for him, if not quite the strength of love desirable between persons who are betrothed.

"Dear Paul," she said, gently, "I dare say I have been very much changed lately; but I have been suffering a great deal of misery, which I have not liked to tell you of. That is the only reason of my coldness. I know that I have been cold and changed, but then I have been harassed. Will you forgive me?" And she looked and spoke gently and lovingly.

"But why have you not told me, Magdalen?" cried Paul, still sobbing. "Why have you concealed any thing of your life from me? Does not all belong to me now, Magdalen; and have I not the right to share your burdens with you? You have not done well to conceal any thing from me?"

"Perhaps I have not," answered Magdalen, kindly; "but I did it for the best, Paul."

"I know you did! I know you did! You *could* not do wrong. If ever you make a mistake, it is from a nobler motive than others have. But now, open your heart to me, Magdalen; it will do you good; and I will help you and support you!"

Magdalen glanced down at the upturned face, still flushed and suffused with tears; nervous, quivering, full of passion, but so weak; and a smile stole over her own calm, grand features—like the features of a Greek goddess—as she said to herself, "Support! from *him!*"

"My brother disputes the will," she said, suddenly. "He says that the codicil which you witnessed is a forgery; that I forged my father's handwriting, and that you were privy to it, of course. I can write like poor papa, as you know; and as I have often written letters to Andrew in jest, pretending that they came from poor papa, he has a strong case. On this fact, as the principal evidence against me—on the fact, also, of the codicil being written in a trembling hand, very unlike my father's firm distinct writing, he has founded his charge of forgery. Is it not painful?"

"But what are you going to do, Magdalen?" said Paul, who had become deadly pale, and was trembling.

"Dispute the point to the last inch of ground," she answered firmly.

He covered his face in his hands. "Are you obliged to do this?" he asked.

"No; I had a letter again to-day from my

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brother, offering, as he has done before, to withdraw his charge, and not proceed with the affair at all, if I will give up possession, and destroy the codicil. If I do not, he will have me arrested for felony."

"Magdalen!" That tremendous word, felony, had an overpowering effect on Paul; and he asked wildly, "You will not surely let it come to this?"

"What else can I do, Paul?"

"Give it all up to your brother—to the last farthing—your portion—all—rather than begin this unholy and most unfeminine strife."

"And what are we to do then, Paul, when I am a beggar?"

"What! can you ask me, love? Hand-in-hand we will wander through the world; my art our aid, our love our consolation and protection. We shall not be deserted, Magdalen."

"What! give it up, Paul, and allow him and the world to believe me guilty? be myself my executioner? I could not do that."

"Let them believe what they like, Magdalen. Does belief make truth? Are you not innocent? Who judges you but God? What is the opinion of the world, compared to the truth of your innocence, and the reality of Heaven's favor? Magdalen, take my advice—do not enter into this contest. Give it all up without a struggle. Come to me! my arm shall uphold you, my heart shall shelter you."

"That is very well in words," said Magdalen, a little coldly; "but you know that in reality it means nothing. If I give up this property, we give up all hope of our union. We have nothing for our support but this; what would you do, then?"

"My art," said Paul. "Have I not said so already?"

"Your art? how can you rely on that? Have you not always said that you could not paint for money, and that so soon as you began any thing like a commission, you lost all power and inspiration? Have you not again and again congratulated yourself on this good fortune, as giving you the power of painting for fame, and the regeneration of mankind?" And Magdalen's lip slightly curled.

"But if necessary, and if I could not support you, I would postpone our marriage to an indefinite time, Magdalen, rather than that you should do wrong to your nature."

"And you think a manful defense of my just rights a wrong act, Paul?"

"Against a brother—yes."

"Then must we submit to any oppression and tyranny whatsoever, rather than defend ourselves? Is this a man's creed?" Magdalen was speaking now with somewhat undisguised contempt.

"Yes!" said Paul, his lips quivering, "I would rather you submitted patiently and woman-like to any wrong than that you came out into the open day to defend yourself. The publicity! The disgrace! You—you, my queenly Magdalen, in the criminal's place; gazed at by the coarse rabble; spoken of by the licentious press; your beauty commented on; your innocence made the theme of arguments and doubt, bandied about from counsel to counsel; tormented, insulted; looked at by bold eyes—never! never! Magdalen, it would break my heart! It would be such degradation to you as I could never bear. For I am jealous of you for your own sake!"

"Is not this rather childish?" said Magdalen. "Have you no more sense of justice—of justice to one's self—of innate dignity, and the worth which can not be lessened by any outward act? Are you not frightening yourself with words as much as you sometimes flatter yourself with words, when you say that you will protect and support me, and live by your art? I know what the future would be, better than you know, Paul. I am neither so good nor so enthusiastic as you, but I am more rational, and I think I understand real life better than you."

"Magdalen! I am losing you!" was all that Paul could say, as he sunk upon the sofa, nearly suffocated with tears.

"Dear Paul, be reasonable," said Magdalen, more tenderly; "what can you expect from me, a woman of strong will, and holding my father's wishes as the most sacred things on earth, but the determination to uphold my right and fulfill his intentions? If every time in our lives I differ from you in opinion, and even in action, it would never do ever for me to yield to such a terrible fit of despair as this, Paul," and she tried to smile. "This will never do!"

"Magdalen—darling wife—do with me as you will! Only love me, be gentle with me, stay near me, and do then as you will, even with my conscience! Arrange my life as you like. I am passive in your hands."

"Your conscience?" said Magdalen. "I am not dealing with your conscience, nor your life, excepting in so far as it relates to my own. What I do is in my own affairs, and the responsibility, both social and moral, is on my own head only. I do not associate you in any way with it, nor lay a feather's weight upon you!" She did not mean to speak proudly, and yet she did.

He raised his head. "Do as you will," he repeated. "Only love me, and let the rest go!"

"This is my protector," thought Magdalen, standing a little apart and looking at him mournfully. "A weak, poetic boy of intellect, but of no power; of thought, but of no real force of action. And I—" she laid her hand on her bosom heaving with emotion, "and I must be strong enough for both, and never let him nor the world know that I regard him but as a petted child, whom I must soothe by caresses, and from whom I must guard the truth."

This discussion had no good effect on either of them. Magdalen could not overcome the impression left by Paul's tears on her. She never thought of him now without associating him with an hysterical fit; which is neither a pleas-

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ant nor a dignified association of ideas with any man, more especially the man who is to be the lord and master. Her manners grew colder; and with her coldness came a certain shadowy assumption of superiority; a certain vague expression of contempt, which cut Paul to the soul. Yet he felt that he deserved both. But his unhappiness did not add to his strength. He daily became more unhappy, daily more hysterical. His health suffered, his finely-chiseled features became like the beauty of a heart-broken angel; his lips were painfully contracted, and so were his brows; and his eyes—those large, tender, liquid blue orbs—were never wholly free from tears, even while he forced himself to smile, in such a ghastly fashion as imposed on none but himself. When Magdalen scolded him for being miserable, he smiled in this awful way, and asked her what more she wanted?—and didn't she see how happy and joyous he was?

In the midst of this painful state of things, Andrew, seeing that nothing could be done either by menace or entreaty, suddenly resolved on extreme measures. In one of his drunken fits of fury, when he was more like a demon than a man, he procured a warrant for the apprehension of his sister on a charge of forgery; and ten minutes after it was granted by the magistrate, a police officer was dispatched to that still quiet country house where he, the prosecutor, was born, to bring to a felon's trial the playmate of his early years, and the friend of his manhood—his only and defenseless sister.

It was in the grim autumn twilight when Magdalen and Paul heard a carriage pass through the lawn gates, and drive up to the house. Paul had been unusually doleful all the day, for Magdalen had been unusually absent in her manners. She had expected a letter from her brother as usual; and, not receiving one, anticipated some evil, and was thinking how she should best meet it. Paul, who referred all things to love, wondered why she was not soothed by his caresses. He thought it unkind in her to refuse them, and unloving to doubt their power. He had been troublesome and tearful; and Magdalen had been provoked into more than one harsh speech, and more than one look of intense weariness, which had not mended matters, even as they stood. When she heard the carriage-wheels, for a moment her heart sank within her: she felt what they brought, she knew what they foreboded. And, when a strange voice was heard in the passage, asking for her, and a tall, resolute-looking man was ushered into the drawing-room—which he seemed instantly to take possession of by the first glance of his eye—she knew without a word passing between them that he was an officer, and had come to arrest her.

"I am very sorry, miss," he said, in an off-hand kind of way, but with great kindness of manner, too—as much kindness, that is, as an officer with a warrant against you in his pocket can show. "It is a painful office I have been obliged to undertake; but I am compelled to fulfill my duty."

"Yes," said Magdalen, quietly; she had risen as the man entered. "Of course you must do your duty."

The officer pulled out a piece of paper. "Here is a warrant for your arrest," he said, "on a charge of forgery; at the suit of your brother, Mr. Andrew Trevelyan. I am afraid, miss, I must ask you to trouble yourself to come along with me."

"Where?" said Magdalen, not moving a muscle of her countenance—only placing her hand on her heart by a simply instinctive action.

"Before a magistrate first, miss, and then, perhaps, to prison," said the officer, respectfully. "You may be able to find bail, and I hope you will."

"I will ring the bell," answered the girl, still calm, and yet resolute, "and order my maid to prepare what will be necessary for me. Will you not sit down? And may I not offer you some refreshment?"

Paul had sunk back in a stupor when he heard what errand that muffled stranger had come upon. But, when Magdalen, having given her orders, turned to him and spoke to him as quietly as if nothing had happened, he started up and flung himself on his knees, beseeching her to give up every thing, to sign any thing, confess to any thing, rather than submit to this terrible trial. Oh that she would listen to him! Oh that she had but listened to him when he had first spoken! that she had had courage to prefer a life like the brave old troubadours of a better time—the heroic artists of the day when art was heroism—to this fearful skepticism of to-day; and had trusted to Providence and him! Oh, that his life could buy her safety! that he could deliver her by some heroic deed that should not only free her, but stir men's hearts to bravery and nobleness to the latest time! And then he sobbed afresh; and the nerveless arms, which were to stir the world, fell weaker than a weak girl's round her.

"Hush," said Magdalen, gravely; "do not distress yourself so painfully! You know that I am guiltless; be sure then that I shall be proved so. Do not fret; do not agitate yourself. You, who trust so in truth and God, will he not defend the innocent, and will not my truth be of itself sufficient to protect me?"

"No, no, Magdalen! they are going to murder you!" cried Paul, clinging to her. "Magdalen! I shall never see you more!"

"Not so bad as that, young gentleman," said the officer, mildly, taking him up from the ground as if he had been a child; unloosing his nervous clutch on Magdalen's gown, and seating him on the sofa. "I assure you we are going to do your aunt no kind of harm. Let go her dress, my dear young Sir—she has need of all her fortitude, and you are only knocking it down by carrying on so. She will come out well enough. I know too much of these things not

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to know the truth when I see it staring before my eyes."

"Will she be proved innocent?" cried Paul, appealing to the officer, as if he were a Rhadamanthus. "Shall I ever see her again? Magdalen! Magdalen! are we to meet only in the grave? Is the tomb to be the altar of our marriage vow?"

"Dear Paul, for Heaven's sake a little courage; a little fortitude!" said Magdalen, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Where is your manhood? I, a woman on whose head all this misery is accumulated, I should blush to bear myself as you do! Cheer up! I am not sent to the colonies yet!" and she smiled, sadly enough.

He tried to rise, but his agitation was so extreme that he could not stand. Half-fainting, he sunk into a chair, while the maid brought in a carpet-bag in great wonder and grief, and some suspicion of the truth. The officer drank a glass of wine, with an unusual feeling of oppression at his heart. Magdalen, in her black dress, her face as pale and as composed as marble, looking as if she had concentrated all her strength and courage within her heart and held a grasp of iron over her nerves, leant over Paul; who, trembling and faint, seemed to be dying. She stooped down and kissed his forehead, murmuring softly some love names which he preferred to all others. He revived, only to catch convulsively at her hands and waist, and try to hold her near to him by force.

The calm, grand air with which she gently undid that feverish clasp, while he still cried, "Nothing, not even your own will, shall part us!" the quiet majesty with which she forced him to be calm and to listen to her—"If, indeed, he wished to do her any good, rather than merely to indulge the selfish weakness of his own sorrow"—Paul felt that she was the strongest now, if never before in their whole lives together; and, while her influence was on him, he controlled himself sufficiently to understand what she said.

"Listen," she said, in a deeper and more monotonous voice than usual, "do you wish me to feel that I have left behind me a child, to weep at my departure, or a man to care for my interests? If a man, rouse yourself; if a child, can you ask me to yoke my life to a child's feebleness? Listen to me well, Paul, for much depends now on you."

"Oh, Magdalen, you know I would give my life for you!" cried the poor boy, passionately.

"I know that, but I want only your self-command. Write to that friend you have spoken of to me, the barrister, Horace Rutherford. Tell him to come to me; if you send a special messenger, he can be with me by nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and he can perhaps arrange for my release. Be calm, be courageous, and useful, and remember your own faith in truth. Good-by! you can do me good only by your courage and self-control."

She stooped down and again kissed his forehead; and he, awed rather than calmed, let her go from the room quietly, without making any effort further to keep her. But, when the carriage rolled away from the door and bore to infamy all that he loved on earth—while the servants clustered round him terrified and weeping, and asked what it all meant—his strength gave way again; and for long hours he was alternating between fainting and hysterics. In this way, much precious time, of inestimable value, was lost before he remembered Magdalen's request, or was able to write to his friend and only hope, Horace Rutherford.

V.

Horace Rutherford arrived as soon as possible after the receipt of Paul's incoherent letter, and in a very short time Magdalen was free; released on bail, to take her trial at the next assizes.

It was an easy matter enough. Any man of the world who understood how to conduct the affairs of real life, even if not a lawyer, could have managed it. Yet there was something in the promptitude and decision with which Mr. Rutherford acted, that to Magdalen, accustomed to the timidity and want of practical power in Paul, seemed almost heroic, because it was simply manly. She never knew how feeble she felt her lover to be until she had unconsciously compared him with another of his own age; one of his friends; educated under much the same influences, yet on whom life had wrought such different effects, and to whom it had taught such different lessons. Not that she did not fully recognize the graces of Paul's mind and intellect. The positive and practical nature of Horace struck her with greater admiration, perhaps, because it was a new study, and because it was more in accordance with her own.

Horace was soon heart and soul in the cause. If Magdalen had been his own sister, he could not have worked with more loyal zeal than he did, leaving no stone unturned by which he could establish her innocence. He made minute inquiries as to all the old intimates of her father: the trusted family friends. He got their addresses, so far as Magdalen could give them; and, when she failed, if he could only have the smallest clew, he managed to follow it up to the end. But, as yet, he heard nothing from any of them that could be of use. One, of whom Magdalen spoke the most, escaped him. About two years ago he had gone abroad; to the German baths: since then, he had been wandering about the Continent, and had finally gone to Spain; but his only relative (a sister who lived in Devonshire), knew not precisely whither. As there was not much time before the assizes, he could not afford to waste a single day. But Horace never flagged in hope, endeavor, and encouraging assurances to Magdalen; continuing his search after Mr. Slade, the missing family friend, with extraordinary pertinacity. Magdalen was content to let the matter rest wholly with him, to believe in his wisdom and his energy, and to feel secure so long as he told her she might feel so.

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They made a strangely-contrasting group, the three friends; as unlike physically as they were morally; and yet each so excellent in his own way. Magdalen and Paul were both handsome, as has been shown before; but Horace had no great share of good looks; yet he had something that compensated for the want of them. He was below the middle size; but firm and strong, and so well proportioned that his want of height was not noticeable. Indeed, he left on many the impression that he was a tall man. He had a rugged, irregular face: but its large black eyes, and the raven hair curling thick and close gave a rough beauty to it. Although every feature was artistically unlovely; though the broad nose, thick at the base and blunt at the end, the unshaped lips, thick also and irregular, the powerful chin and square jaw, were none of them in harmony, yet, from these unpromising elements, came such a noble expression, such a look of energy and frankness and quickness and penetration, that no one ever remarked that Horace Rutherford was what people call a plain man. His manners were rather abrupt; a smile was generally playing round his lips, and his eyes were eyes that spoke and laughed. His conversation was quick and brilliant; usually on some topic of the day; rarely metaphysical or abstract. He spoke well, told stories and anecdotes with great spirit, was brave, generous, prompt, and determined; a man whose hope, energy, and self-command were all but unconquerable.

What a different being he was to sensitive, shy, poetic, tremulous, fair-haired Paul! whose smiles were like sun-flashes on an April day, and whose tears sprang as easily as a child's, and were dried like a child's. The one, the man of action, born to battle with and to control real life as it passed by; to lead in the thick of the fight: the other, the poet, resting apart and above the daily things of earth, thinking great thoughts, uttering beautiful words, but doing no deeds; the dreamer, the singer, the poet, but not the man.

By their side, to make up the group, Magdalen—paler than she used to be, and thinner and graver, with her dark-brown hair and gray-blue eyes, with her cold, dreamy face, in which only resolute will and the first traces of sorrow could be seen, and her manners half queenly, half girlish—stood before the one as a goddess to be worshiped, before the other, as a woman to be protected. Paul reverenced the strength he could not imitate, and Horace loved the innocence he could so well defend.

Horace soon saw that something was amiss between the betrothed lovers. Indeed, Paul told him as much not many hours after his arrival at Oakfield; and, having made that first confession, had ever since drawn largely on his friend's sympathy and forbearance; going to him to complain every time there had been any little misunderstanding between him and Magdalen; which was very often. Horace was kind and sympathizing, and gave Paul good advice; telling him not to be so sensitive; although he could not but think Magdalen harsh. But what was to be done? He saw plainly enough where the fault lay—yet who could mend it? If not themselves, then no one! They were unsuited—that was the one sad word that comprised all the rest.

"But Paul," said Horace one day when Paul had been complaining of Magdalen's temper—"but, Paul, you must forgive a little petulance for the sake of the greatness underneath. Remember—only steel cuts; lead, dull and harmless, will not scratch a fly."

"Yes, Horace, but Magdalen is so changed! She was never very demonstrative, but she was never so cold as she is now," said Paul, sorrowfully.

"Think of how much she has to occupy her; think of the bitter pass of life she is in. It is very well for unoccupied people like you, Paul, to do nothing and think of nothing all day long, but of love; but the thoughts of a mind torn and troubled are very different."

"So it may be," persisted Paul, naïvely, "but I have had nothing to do with her trials, and she should not visit them on me. Why should she be cold to me because her brother is a villain?"

"Well, my dear fellow, that is rather difficult to answer; yet you must be content that it should be so. People are never just when they are excited; and Miss Trevelyan is excited, and may perhaps be unjust to you; so you are to her in your very sensitiveness. Women are delicate creatures to manage, Paul, even the strongest of them. As a man, who ought to be the superior in moral power, don't you think *you* could be less sensitive and more considerate?"

"I am sure," said Paul, timidly, "I do all in my power for her. If she demanded any service such as hero or Paladin of old would give, I would do it for her—oh, how cheerfully, how gratefully!"

"Yes," answered Horace, with a faint smile; "but you are not required to give these great services. You are only required to be temperate in your judgment, manly, and self-relying. Believe, me, Paul, there is often more real heroism in the suppression of doubt, and of the sorrow which springs from doubt, than in any George and the Dragon conflict of olden times. We are all so apt to demand too much. He is the real social hero who unselfishly demands but little."

Paul looked distressed.

"Horace, I need not tell you how much I love her," he said, fervently. "She is my life; the life-blood of my whole being. The world would be dark and cold without her; she is all I love—all—all! And when I see her coldness to me, and think that she does not approve of me, it breaks my heart. I can not stand up against it. Weak, passionate, boyish, mad—I may be all—but it is love for her, and sorrow that makes me so!"

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"Have you no stronger heart than this? Why, the real man would be able to support more than his lover's ill-temper—not that Miss Trevelyan is ill-tempered; but I see that she is fretted and irritable—and yet have a 'heart strong enough for every fate.' You talk of heroic deeds; yet you neglect your real heroism, which is to bear a little waywardness bravely. Paul, Paul! how often we neglect the flowers at our feet, while stretching out our hands vainly to those above our heads! How often we neglect the virtues we possess in dreaming of those that are impossible for us to attain!"

"You are right, Horace," said Paul—"quite right; and I will show Magdalen that I am worthy of her."

At that moment Magdalen came into the room. Paul was full of the impulse created by Horace's exhortations. He flew to meet her, took her hand and pressed it between both his own.

Magdalen colored deeply, and withdrew her hand, saying, in a low voice:

"Paul, I do not like this kind of thing before other people."

"But Horace. He is my brother—like my own flesh and blood. He might see and know of any thing between us."

"Mr. Rutherford is not *my* brother," answered Magdalen, hurriedly; "and," she added, more haughtily, perhaps, than she intended, "I will not allow these absurdities before him."

All this passed in a low voice; but Horace heard every word of it. He was agitated, unconsciously; and, while thinking Magdalen harsh, yet blessed her in his heart. Magdalen, also, was confused and rather angry. She turned away without saying what she had come to say to Horace, and left the room; Paul standing like the statue of despair.

"There! See how she treats me!" he cried, pettishly, pacing about the room. "You see it now for yourself, Horace; you see her contempt and her coldness. She rules me with a rod of iron; she makes me her slave, and then spurns me because I am her slave. She might be gentler to me. What did I do to deserve this? I, who love her so much."

He flung himself on the sofa, burying his face in his hands, and quivering convulsively.

"Is this your way of bearing a little displeasure?" cried Horace, in his cheery voice, patting his shoulder. "Come, have a little more pluck for this once. You, who talk of Milton and Cromwell, and all those iron heroes, as if their lives were as easy as painting—do you think *they* would approve of this?"

"Yes," said Paul, almost fiercely, looking up with a strange mixture of feverish passion and grief; "yes, they would. The strongest men love the best, and sensitiveness is not weakness."

"Sensitiveness—no. But this is not mere sensitiveness; it is naked folly," said Horace, in his clear, calm voice.

"Folly, Horace? Such a word from you?"

"Yes, from me, Paul; and don't give way again, there's a dear fellow, and I will tell you why I call it folly. You tease Miss Trevelyan with your love, a little inopportunely offered—you often tease her so. You never have the good sense to see it in that light; but complain of her coldness, when you ought to be ashamed of your own want of discretion. You are so penetrated by your own feelings, that you can not see hers. She is bothered by you; annoyed, and tells you so roundly; and you go off into a fit of childish despair. The thing lies in a nutshell, and that nutshell you must crack, to get common sense out of it. Now, don't bombard me with blighted feelings," he added, seeing that Paul was about to argue. "Accept my view as both just and real. You will find your account in being guided by a little more worldly wisdom than you have hitherto allowed. Believe me when I tell you so." And Horace strode out of the room before Paul could answer. He went to find Magdalen, intending to lecture her as well, and to make her feel that she was unkind, and persuade her into better behavior. For it was very sad to see these young people teasing each other so much, all for want of common sense and mutual understanding.

She was in the dining-room when he went to her; standing very mournfully by the window, looking out on the drizzling rain that fell like the fringe of a mourning garment from the dark clouds above. Her own face was as sad as the heavens, and her heart was as heavy as her eyes. When Horace came near her, she turned with a little impatient movement, for she thought it was Paul come to have a scene and then make up. When she saw it was Horace, a flush like crimson flashed suddenly across her face. She smiled, and half held out her hand, sighing as if suddenly relieved from some heavy burden. Then, as if she remembered something, she drew herself away, checked the impulse and the smile both, and looked at him almost as coldly as she would have looked at Paul.

"I have come to take a liberty," said Horace, smiling, but with a certain embarrassment of manner, too. For he did not like this business, now that he was close upon it.

"What is it?" asked Magdalen. "Not a very great one, I am sure."

"I want to have a long quiet talk with you, if you will allow me," he answered, and leading her to a chair. His manner was slightly authoritative; but it pleased Magdalen, surfeited as she was with loving slavery.

"Has any thing gone wrong, Mr. Rutherford?"

"In your cause? no, nothing; but much in your life will go wrong, if you are not careful. Forgive my frankness; I am an old friend now, and feel as if I have the right to advise. May I speak openly, without the fear of offending you, Miss Trevelyan?"

"Yes," said Magdalen, timidly.

"I will, then. I want to speak to you about my old friend, Paul."

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"What of him?" asked Magdalen, with one of her sudden looks of pride.

"Do not be offended, Miss Trevelyan; I will say nothing that ought to shock the most sensitive pride. But I must be frank. Do you think you are wise—I do not say right, but simply wise—in your conduct to Paul? It is a delicate subject, and one that I have no earthly right to approach; but you are young and inexperienced, and seem to me to want a judicious adviser. Let us pass all ceremony. Think of me as of an old gray-headed priest come to confess you, and let no false modesty mar my usefulness to you. Are you not somewhat harsh and hard to Paul? He loves you very dearly—more than you perhaps know; his whole life seems to hang on you—his whole happiness on your kindness."

"Too much so," said Magdalen, suddenly. "If he did not love me so much; if he could live without following me, like a child after its nurse; if he could bear a little impatience, and perhaps injustice, without weeping as he does—which only makes me more impatient and more cold, Mr. Rutherford; if he had more practical power, more knowledge of the world, and were less dreamy and romantic; if he did not always talk of the future so wildly, and with such strange satisfaction; if, instead of imagining himself a hero, he would be content to be first a man, I should be kinder to him: but"—and Magdalen looked up, with a full and almost appealing look, into Horace's face—"he wearies me! I am very, very sorry for it. I would give all I have in the world not to feel so wearied by him, but I can not help it. I love and respect him very much." And Magdalen got up and walked away. "If," she then said, suddenly coming back and standing before Horace, with an expression and in an attitude sufficiently passionate, "if he has told you to speak to me, you may tell him in return what I have said. My love for him will be always in proportion to his own manliness and common sense. If he continues as he has been ever since poor papa's death, I shall get to hate him. My husband must be a man who can help and direct me, not a child sobbing out melancholy bits of poetry."

Magdalen, as if she had uttered the most tremendous secret, and committed the most atrocious crime, rushed from the room to her own chamber up stairs; where, locking the door, she flung herself on her knees, and, for the first time since her arrest, fell into such a passion of grief as she had never yielded to in her life before.

Horace sat for a few moments shading his eyes after she had left. Something in her tone and manner had thrilled through him; and, while wishing to condemn her, had enlisted him on her side. She looked so strong and beautiful, and he felt how far below her Paul was; he understood also what she must feel as a woman lately come to the knowledge of her strength and of her lover's weakness together. Horace pitied them both; but he pitied Magdalen the more, because he sympathized most with her. If he had been a woman, perhaps he would have pitied Paul.

"Ah, well!" said Horace, half aloud, rising from the sofa; "I dare say they will get on better when they are once fairly married. It is a terrible position for both, and no one knows which is more to blame—for certainly Paul is very tiresome, and Magdalen is harsh," which was all that could be said for and against both.

After this lecture from Horace, Magdalen, by a visible effort over herself, was kinder to Paul than she had been of late, and the boy was consequently as wildly happy as he had formerly been unreasonably in despair. But Horace saw, by every sign which Magdalen strove to hide, that his raptures bored her as much as his complaints had done before; and that the cause of their disunion lay deeper than any thing that Paul could do or undo now. She was disenchanted, and saw their want of moral likeness—perhaps she exaggerated it: but it was still there, and could not be repaired. The effort of a few days soon became too much for Magdalen: again she relapsed into her old manner of impatience and coldness, and again Paul became heart-broken and hysterical.

Again Paul spoke to Horace—again besought his intercession; with such despair, such ruin of hope and happiness; with such a wrecked life, that Horace, strangely unwilling, was forced, for mere pity's sake, to undertake this most painful and unpleasant task. And, as whatever he undertook he went through with thoroughly, he spoke to Magdalen again with even more decision, force, and distinctness than before. And he told her plainly that she was very wrong.

"Did Paul give you this mission?" said Magdalen, haughtily.

"He certainly spoke to me of your coldness to him; but I have also seen it for myself," Horace said, not looking in her face.

"And may I ask what you advise—nay, desire me to do?" said Magdalen, still in the same manner.

"Be as kind to him as possible," said Horace, stealing a glance into her flushing face.

"And you—who, at least, are manly—can say such a word to me for my future husband!" exclaimed Magdalen, bitterly. "Kind! kind!—the word you would use to a child, or a slave, or a pet lap-dog! Kind to a man who ought to stand as your ideal of good and of power, to the being whom, next to God, you ought to reverence and worship. Kind! he asks his friend to plead with his obdurate lover, and beg her to be kind!"

She looked at him with her proud head flung back and her eyes as hard and as bright as steel. Her lip did not curl, only her nostrils dilated, and those glittering eyes looked unutterable contempt—contempt even of him. Then a dim softness came over them; that cold glitter was lost in a deeper and darker radiance—something that was not a tear, but that softened them like tears, stole up into them, as she looked at

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him, steadily, but timidly. The pride of that haughty head was gone, the swelling throat relaxed and bent forward; and Horace felt his own eyes grow dim and dark like hers, as he met and returned her look. He held out his hand, she laid hers in it, and he pressed it warmly.

"Poor child!" he said, "poor child!"

A sigh, so deep and heart-sent, that, despite her effort to suppress it, escaped from her like a shivering kind of groan, awoke her as from an instant's trance, and she withdrew her hand hastily; turning away from him. But a shadow had fallen between them, and words, which the ear never heard, had been spoken from heart to heart. Horace started as if he had seen a horrible vision, or heard unholy words, and, passing her, said, without looking at her, "If you are strong, do not trample on the weak." And so left her, in a state which she could not define to be either happiness or unhappiness.

"She is right," said Horace, "and Paul is a fool. How I used once to envy that boy's beauty and poetry! But now—I would rather be the most rugged-featured ogre that ever terrified a naughty child, if I were but strong and manly, than accept all his loveliness and his weakness with it. No woman shall say of me, that she does not respect me—not even Magdalen!"

So Paul was not much advanced by this interview; and all that Horace said, when he questioned him as to his success, was the pithy advice—"Let her alone," and "don't worry me now, Paul, I am busy."

VI.

The assize-time was fast approaching, and the trial of Miss Trevelyan for forgery was, of course, the talk of the neighborhood. It can be imagined what was the excitement in a country place, where the family was so well known, and where every one took that peculiar kind of interest in each other—half fault-finding and half responsible—which gives a domestic character, though not always a domestic charm, to a small society. Of course Andrew Trevelyan found some partisans. There are always advocates for every side and every person. Even about Oakfield a few—not many—were to be found who thought, indeed, that that codicil was very strange, when every one knew how fond old Mr. Trevelyan was of his son, and how little he had ever cared for his daughter; and who said also that it was unjust; for though Andrew had been a wild young fellow enough, yet he was married and steadied now, and all that ought to be forgotten. Mr. Trevelyan had forgiven him many times before. If he had forgiven his marriage, he need not have been so very harsh for any thing else. And after all, what had he done to justify his disinheritance? Magdalen was a good girl enough, they dared say; but she was one of those plaguy clever women one never can trust. The neighbors talked and wrangled in this way among themselves; there being Guelfs and Ghibellines about Oakfield—strong Andrewites and Magdalenians, Horace worked in his own way, letting no one into his plans; while Paul suffered such agonies of mind from the coming shame and publicity as might almost earn forgiveness for his cowardice.

The day came, and Magdalen's trial came too. The court was crowded. Every person of any note whatsoever in the county was there. Wagers had been made about it; irreconcilable quarrels and one marriage had alike sprung out of it: it had lighted up a civil war all about Oakfield, and every one was anxious to see how the battle would terminate. The Andrewites were the weakest in numbers, but the most powerful in lungs; while the Magdalenians contented themselves with the frigid sympathy of all well-bred people, and "hoped poor Miss Trevelyan would succeed." The case was called; and, in the midst of the most profound silence, Magdalen took her place in the felon's dock.

She was ordered to remove her bonnet; which demand, after much apparently angry discussion, was at last merged into the compromise of throwing up her vail. Then the whole court was astir—silks rustling, boots creaking; some standing up and craning over their neighbors' heads; some leaning forward; others backward—all to obtain a good look at that noble face, calm and dignified in the criminal's place. Horace stood near her. His interest in the cause had become too strong to admit of his trusting himself with the defense of Magdalen professionally. But strong, clear, and prompt, he watched every countenance; every turn of the case, and made frequent and valuable suggestions to the prisoner's counsel. Paul sat near to Magdalen also; but in a state of great physical weakness and mental agitation. He had just so much life left in him as to be able to lean forward against a table without fainting; although, if he had not been seated, he must have fallen. Occasionally Horace was agitated too; but his agitation took the shape of excitation, and gave him greater quickness even than usual. He had more vividness of thought, more keenness of perception—like a man whose senses are heightened and stimulated in power by opium. He seemed to possess almost an added sense, and to be able to divine what he did not see. One thing troubled him—the post-hour. The London post did not arrive at that town till the late afternoon, and he was expecting a letter to-day from the missing friend, Mr. Slade, whose address, among the mountains of Cordova, he had at last discovered. He had been in constant correspondence with old Miss Slade, and had calculated to an hour that he might receive a letter to-day from her brother, supposing his had been answered so soon as was possible. He felt sure he would find some important news therein when it did come; but this wretched post would not be in till nearly four o'clock, and how drag on so long as that a cause that might only employ an hour or two? So Horace was on the rack, but he bore his torture bravely, and made no one else

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miserable by showing it. Magdalen was pale as a statue: statue-like, too, in her movements —acting, looking, and speaking like a somnambulist—with preternatural calmness and self-possession; as if her nerves had been made of iron. Paul stifled his sighs so ill that he moaned, and drew more sympathy than all the rest.

The trial proceeded: Andrew was the first witness for his own prosecution. He swore that some years ago he read his father's will—the same as had remained to the day of his death; that he had seen him sign it, and also the witnesses, William Slade and Joseph Lawson—the last since dead. He said that his father had often called him his heir; and he put in letters wherein that expression was repeated many times, amidst reiterated assurances of his love and trust. But he could show none, nay not so much as a line of his father's writing after the date of the codicil. This he slurred over as well as he could, and his counsel protected him. He also swore that his sister could imitate his father's handwriting perfectly, also his style of expression; in proof whereof he put in certain other letters, written in girlish fun years ago, confessed to and undisputed. To this he added, that the codicil was, to the best of his belief, not in the handwriting of his father; whom he had never offended, and who could not, therefore, have had any reason for so suddenly disinheriting him; that it was a forgery written by his sister. The counsel for the prosecutor had argued, that this was not so improbable, seeing that the witnesses were Paul Lefevre, the betrothed of the prisoner, who would consequently share with her, and the old nurse, since dead —the wet-nurse and foster-mother of the accused. "Conveniently dead," said the counsel; for which expression he was reprimanded by the judge. This was the case for the prosecution.

Magdalen's only plea to all this was a simple denial. The counsel for her defense stated, that she had neither forged the codicil, nor been even made acquainted with its existence. Her father had forbidden her to send for her brother during his last illness—which point had been made much of by Andrew and his counsel—he was evidently very angry with him. Magdalen did not know why; but he refused to hear his name, and most peremptorily refused to see him. But, as her father had destroyed or removed the whole correspondence with the insurance offices, with which Andrew Trevelyan had been endeavoring to obtain money on *post-obits* on his father's life (at least she had not found a line of it), nothing like a reason for the change asserted to have taken place in him was able to be given. The assertion, therefore, did her a great deal of harm, seeing that it was unable to be substantiated by evidence. Horace looked up to her and nodded, and smiled after her counsel had concluded; but his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips had turned quite blue—for he knew the painful effect which this unsupported assertion must have on the jury, and the handle it would give to Andrew's counsel. He looked again and again at his watch, and cursed the dragging hour in his heart. Then he conquered that passing fit of despondency, and set to work and hope again.

Paul was examined next. His agitation, the uncertain, hesitating voice in which he answered the questions put to him, his changeful color and timid manner, all made a very bad impression on both the jury and the public. Few said he was sensitive; many that he too was guilty—a participator in Magdalen's imputed crime. Horace was in despair. To the question directly put, and apparently easy to be answered, if he saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that codicil, he gave such a hesitating answer; he suffered himself to be so perplexed, bewildered, and brow-beaten; he got himself entangled in so many hopeless contradictions, and made such awkward admissions, that more than one of the jury exchanged glances—and one, an old friend of Magdalen's, shook his head and sighed. When he was ordered to stand down—"You have said enough, Sir, for us, and too much for the prisoner's cause," said the counsel for the prosecution; he had entangled the whole matter in an inextricable web of confusion and suspicion.

Magdalen looked at him grandly and coldly as he passed. Her lip slightly curled, but not unkindly. Her eyes met those of Horace fixed mournfully, but very tenderly, on her; and for the first time hers drooped and her lip quivered; but it was not her trial that she was thinking of.

The case was drawing to a close, and still it was not four o'clock. Horace besought her counsel to delay it as much as possible, and by so doing, weakened the cause yet more; when at last the hands pointed to five minutes before four, and the messenger who had been stationed at the post-office rushed in, breathless, with a packet in his hand. Horace seized it, saw at one glance that it came from London, tore open the envelope, and observed that his agent there had inclosed certain letters and documents with the post-mark "Spain" upon them, and darted upon that which was signed "William Slade."

Most important evidence this, which a post might have lost!

The first letter read aloud was the following, addressed to Horace Rutherford, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—It is with no small surprise and indignation that I hear of the dastardly attempt of young Trevelyan against the honor and existence of his sister; not that I ought to have said surprise, for my knowledge of that young man's character has been of many years' standing, and from too undeniable sources, to allow me ever to feel surprise at any crime he may commit. I am, however, most happy to be able to contribute to the establishment of my god-daughter's happiness; and, while unwilling to trust such precious documents as those which I now inclose to the hazard of the post, yet, seeing no better means before me, I send them to you, in the full faith and hope that they may arrive in time, and be found sufficient. Pray present my most affectionate love to Miss Trevelyan, and believe me, dear Sir, in the common interest we both have in this case, yours faithfully, WILLIAM SLADE.

Mr. Slade's handwriting having been proved by a witness whose attendance Horace had se-

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cured beforehand, the documents inclosed were read. They were a copy of the codicil in Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting, the correspondence between himself and the insurance-offices, and this letter, addressed to Mr. Slade, then at Wiesbaden:

DEAR FRIEND—You know that I do not often make confidants, nor lay on my friends the burden of my sorrows. But you must be content to be the exception to-day, and to receive both a charge and a confession, in trust for your godchild's future benefit. The correspondence I have inclosed will show you my latest trouble about my son. You know, dear friend, how often I have pardoned his excesses—how many times I have crippled my resources to pay his debts—how I have always loved him, and how I have always believed in him. My eyes are dim now to think of the ruin in my heart which this discovery has made. I could have forgiven any thing but this; but this heartlessness—calculating the chances of my life, and making a percentage out of my infirmities—hastening my death by his wishes, and, not content with the inheritance he knew I was to leave him, gambling on the chance of my speedy decease—this discovery has worked such a change in my feelings—has opened my eyes to the boy's real character so fully, and has made me so sensible, by contrast, of my daughter's worth—that I have to-day revoked my will, and left all that I may die possessed of to Magdalen. A strange presentiment makes me send you these papers. I do not wish them to be found and commented on after my death. I would rather that you kept them in safe and secret custody until they are wanted—if ever they may be wanted—to support the codicil I have executed to day.

Your godchild is quite well, and growing daily handsomer. You know of her engagement to a young artist who came into the neighborhood about two years ago? He is a worthy lad, but somewhat too flighty for my taste; however, if she likes him that is all that need be asked for. And as they will be independent after my death, I have no further doubts as to the prudence of the marriage. Keep my secret, dear Slade, till after my death, and believe me always your affectionate friend,

ANDREW TREVELYAN.

Although the document was proved to be in old Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting, yet none of the papers so suddenly produced were held to be evidence. It was admitted that they brought to the case strong corroborative testimony of what had been urged in favor of the prisoner's innocence. There was a sharp and lengthy discussion on this point.

Fortunate that it was so; for the arguments of counsel (continually interrupted by the judges as being quite irregular, and only tolerated by them in mercy to the prisoner) had nearly terminated when a sunburnt, unshorn old gentleman forced his way into the court. The commotion he created attracted Magdalen's attention. In struggling his way to the counsel's table, the stranger turned to look at the prisoner. She uttered a faint cry, and exclaimed — "Mr. Slade!"

It was he, sure enough; and he was called into the witness-box. His parole evidence was perfectly conclusive, and this closed the case. The counsel made a very brief comment, the judge summed up, and the jury without quitting their box found the defendant "not guilty," amidst the loud and prolonged cheers of the court—cheers which the judge himself did not interfere to stop.

"How cleverly managed! How did you get up that evidence, Rutherford?" asked Andrew's counsel, shaking him by the hand. They were old friends.

"I found a memorandum in an old pocket-book of Mr. Trevelyan's, 'Wrote to Slade to-day,' under the same date as the codicil; and I thought I could get something out of that. I found that Mr. Slade was Miss Trevelyan's godfather, so that it all looked likely he would have some information to give."

"By Jove! a good move," said Magdalen's late champion; and then the two learned brothers sauntered out of court together, to the amazement of the vulgar, who believed in legal histrionics. Mr. Slade took Magdalen to his sister, who had been staying with a friend to be near enough to receive early news of the result of the trial. Paul and Horace went together to Oakfield: Horace joyous, full of the most boyish spirits, laughing, leaping, and singing; the only reward he asked, to see her the first, and be the first to receive her thanks; Paul agitated, trembling, and unnerved. At last she came, bringing Miss and Mr. Slade with her as guests. As she descended the carriage, Horace darted through the gates, and, with almost one bound, was beside her.

She took both his hands in hers—her face eloquent with happiness and gratitude. "God bless you! You are my preserver," she said; and then, she added, in a tone that quivered through every nerve—in a low, deep, rich tone, that sunk like music to his heart—"I would rather owe my life to you than to any one in the world; God bless you, beloved friend, again and again!"

Paul had only enough strength left to fall into her arms rather than to take her in his, covering with a boy's passionate kisses the cheek that had just been brushed by Horace's raven hair. She could not bear this. Miss Slade was manifestly shocked, and her brother smiled wickedly; Magdalen dashed her lover's trembling hand away, standing in a strange fit of passion and beauty, with such an expression of pride, terror, and love in her face, as haunted him for days after. He gently asked, how he had offended her? He knew he had given his evidence ill; but would she not forgive him? It was love for her, and pity and grief that had unmanned him.

Magdalen looked up with one wild wide glance to Horace—a look that transformed her whole face—then turning to the darkened part of the hall, she spoke gently to Paul, and offered him her hand. He ran fondly to take it, caressing it; when with a low cry, and wringing her hands, as if she would strip a coat of fire from them, she rushed from the hall; and they saw her no more for that day.

"It was," said Mr. Slade to Horace, when they parted for the night, "too grave a matter to trust to the post; so I posted off by the same mail as that which brought my packet. Confound those custom-house fellows for detaining me; or I should have beaten my own letter in the race by several hours."

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VII.

Magdalen accused of forgery — standing in the felon's dock, and commented on as the criminal—felt proud and innocent. Magdalen re-established before the world: Magdalen, in the solitude and silence of her own chamber, feels guilty. She could not give her conscience a name for its reproach; but she could not deny that she had cause for self-reproach. She could not say what she had done wrong; but she felt ashamed and afraid to pray. Horace, too, was changed to her. He never spoke to her when he could help it, and never would be alone with her for a moment.

He was quite right, she would argue. Why should she care about seeing him alone; was she not an affianced woman? What did it signify to her whether he liked her society or not; had she no more pride than to be sorry because any man in the world avoided her? Then she tried to look indifferent; and descended the stairs with the gait and manner of a Juno. At other times she tried to congratulate herself on having such a friend as Rutherford. He was her real practical friend in life, and she was sure he would always do all he could for her: and was not that enough? She, herself, felt nothing more for him but mere simple friendship. She pictured him married and happy. She thought how happy she would be to hear of it. She would go and see them both, and be very fond of his wife. She would be her sister—her darling sister. She fancied her standing in the door-way, like a lovely picture enframed, waiting to receive him when he came home. She saw her go down the steps, and place her arm in his; perhaps he put his round her waist: and then she saw them both go into their pretty cottage, and shut the door between their loving happiness and the cold world outside. They shut out her as well. Oh! how happy that wife would be. How justly proud of her noble lord, of her wifely name, and that golden badge of union on her hand! Then Magdalen would weep, though angry with herself as she felt the tears steal down her face; saying, sometimes aloud, in a tone of vexation, "What folly this is? What am I crying for? I shall soon be as bad as Paul."

The expression of Magdalen's face was changing. It had gone through two different phases already, as the circumstances of her life had changed. From the calm dreaming of her girlhood—when she looked as if she lived in beautiful visions, and as if the present was only the passage-place to a glorious future; when Paul's mind had been her guide, and Paul's poetry her reality—from that phase of misty hopes and undeclared visions, it had changed to the cold concentrated grieved expression of one suffering under a sorrow that hardened and did not chasten. It had gained more strength of purpose during that time—but it was the strength of iron —the force of granite; it was not the strength of love. Now, a third expression had come; and the most beautiful of all. Her face had gained a power it never had had before—the power of intensest feeling. There was a strange depth and darkness in her eyes; a flash, not of pride as of old and of the gladiator's spirit of combat and resistance; but of newly-aroused emotion, of life, of passion. There was a rosier hue on her cheek, as if the blood flowed more freely through her veins, and she blushed easily, as one whose heart beat fast. Her lips were moister and redder, and the hard lines round them melted into softer smiles; they were not so compressed as of old, nor were her eyes so steady. Her figure was more undulating; her actions more graceful. She had lost some of her former almost visible directness; and, though just as honest and straightforward, she was shyer. An influence was at work in her which had never been over her before; and every one said how much she was changing, and many how much she was improving. But in the midst of all these other changes, none was so great as that of her manners to Paul. She tried to be kind and gentle to him; but she could not succeed. It was evidently so forced, and so painful, that even feeble beautiful Paul pitied her. Not that his pity ever took the shape of breaking off the engagement, or of imagining that she did not love him. He only thought she was angry or irritable, and that he was in the wrong somehow —he could not understand how, exactly; but he still believed in her love. Poor Paul! weakly yet wildly, he sometimes kept away for whole days, with a petted, sulky, injured manner. Or, he would come to the house every day, and all day long, following Magdalen about wherever she went, pressing on her his love and caresses with a tender gentleness that was wonderfully irritating: till she loathed his very name and hated him to madness.

When Horace was present; which was often —for business brought him to Oakfield—Magdalen scarcely ever looked up without finding his eyes fixed on her. But this only disturbed her; for he never looked at her kindly. She thought she read in his face only displeasure and dislike. His manners were abrupt and indifferent; and, whenever she looked peculiarly beautiful, or was more gracious and more charming than usual, they used to be something more than indifferent. Magdalen, in her own mind — when sitting alone in her room, her face flushed and her eyes dark—used to call them insolent, and declare aloud that she would not endure them. He saw that she believed he disliked her, and encouraged the idea. Indeed, she almost said as much when she accused him of it one day, big drops of passion and pride swelling like thunder-rain in her eyes. And when he answered, turning away, "I will not flatter you, Miss Trevelyan; there is much in you that I can not and do not approve of," they swelled till they overflowed the lids and fell heavily on her lap—two large heavy tears—worlds full of passion.

She did not see him start as they fell, nor bite his under lip. She did not see him shiver

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with emotion, nor notice the tender action of his hand, beckoning her involuntarily to his heart. She saw and knew nothing but that he despised her, and all her strength was spent in striving to conceal from him what it cost her to know this.

"I have offended you, Miss Trevelyan?" he said, in a milder voice.

"I owe you too much to be offended at any thing you may choose to say," said Magdalen, speaking with difficulty.

"I did not mean to be rude," he then exclaimed, after a short pause; and he came and sat near her on the sofa.

"You often are rude to me," said Magdalen, looking into his face timidly.

"I am sorry for it, I mean only to be sincere."

"And do you think me so very bad?" said Magdalen, bending toward him.

For a moment he looked at her; a look that sent all the blood coursing through her veins, it was so earnest, tender, loving—all that seemed to her the very ideal of affection in a man—all that she longed for from him; and saw no disloyalty to Paul in accepting. For was it not only simple friendship? But it was a mere passing glance, and then the leaden vail dropped over Horace's face again, and there was only harshness and coldness—no more love for Magdalen that day!

"Not bad exactly," he said, rising, "but wayward, childish, fickle, weak; yes," he added, seeing Magdalen's haughty gesture, "yes, weak! Real strength, Miss Trevelyan, can accept and support all conditions of life. Yours is only a feverish excitement that bears you up under some conditions; but leaves you to flag under others." And then Horace, thinking he had been hero enough for one day, walked out of the room, and she heard him humming through the hall. But she did not see nor hear him when he threw off the mask, and was not afraid to be himself.

There was no need now to delay the marriage. It was nearly a year since Mr. Trevelyan died, and it would be better for Magdalen to have a protector. So the world said, and so her best friends advised. The matter was discussed between Horace and Paul—Horace with his back to the light, and both his elbows on the table, his forehead against his hands. And it was agreed between them that, Magdalen consenting, it should take place soon, and here, while Horace was with them; and that he should draw up the settlements.

"Very well," said Horace, ostentatiously yawning, "that will do very well indeed. Call Miss Trevelyan, my dear boy."

Magdalen was sent for; and, in a short time came in, looking paler to-day than usual. For she had been fretting in the night, and had slept ill. She knew what she was sent to do and to say—something in her heart told her when the message came to her. And, indeed, she had been wondering why Paul had kept so long quiet. He did not know how grateful she had been to him.

"It is about our marriage, dearest," said Paul, as she entered. He placed a chair for her by the table, close to himself, and facing Horace and the window.

Magdalen stood for a moment as if irresolute, deadly pale. Then, flushing up to her very temples, she drew her chair farther away from Paul and sat down.

"Oh!" she said, as if involuntarily, "I had forgotten that!"

A faint smile stole over Horace's lips. She spoke so naïvely, that he could not help smiling, though, indeed, he was in no humor for pleasure at this moment. Paul took it gently enough: only raising his eyes with his usual expression of injured humility, that made Magdalen almost frantic. If he had got up and beaten her, she would have respected him more: if he had spoken to her harshly, coldly, even rudely, so long as it was with manliness, she would have borne it: whatever he had done, she would have liked him better, than when he gave her the impression of lying at her feet to be trampled upon. When Horace turned to her, and said in a low tone, "Is that a speech you think it right to make to the husband of your own free choice, Miss Trevelyan?" and looked grave and displeased, Magdalen felt only respect and humility: if Paul were only like that!

"I am sorry I said it," she answered, and then she spoke to Paul, and meant to be kind; but was only fierce instead.

"Horace thinks," began Paul, timidly, "that you had better be married soon, Magdalen."

"Horace!" said Magdalen, with a laugh that was meant to express gayety; but which was the very heart-essence of bitterness. "And you, Paul? It seems to me more a question with you than with Horace!"

"I? Can you ask for more assurances of my earnest desire to be all to you that brother, friend, husband, guardian, can be? Can you doubt of the exquisite delight with which I shall call you my own, and feel that our glorious lives have really begun together? You must not mistake me, Magdalen. If I spoke of Horace it was only as the supporter of my own wishes—not as their originator."

Magdalen had shaded her face while Paul spoke. When she looked up, to meet the dark eyes opposite, fixed full upon her, she was paler than ever. She started and half rose, as if she waited for him to speak. But he turned away.

"I leave the matter to you both," she then said, impatiently, "I do not wish to have any thing to do with it. Arrange it between you as you like. I do not care for settlements, Paul. You are both men of honor, and will do all that is right."

She rose to go. She was almost sobbing now; not tearfully; but as men sob.

"Generous, noble Magdalen!" Paul exclaimed. "Perhaps you are right, in wifely feeling, as well as justified in your trustingness; perhaps it is better that there be no legal claims on either side, but that our fortunes, as our lives, be mingled irretrievably."

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"We will talk about that. I think Mr. Slade ought to be consulted," said Horace, a little dryly.

"You know what I mean, Horace?" said poor Paul, too happy at this moment to be wounded by a speech that in general would have stung his susceptibility to the quick.

"Oh yes; but now Magdalen—Miss Trevelyan—that you have agreed to the marriage taking place soon, you may leave the rest with us; Mr. Slade, and—if you will accept me—I will be your trustees."

Magdalen gazed at him reproachfully She did not answer, but she held out her hand in passing. He could not choose but take it; yet, he took it so coldly that she would rather he had refused it. He held it without the faintest pressure; but his lips quivered and his heart throbbed. Again she looked at him with the same asking and reproachful glance; then dashing his hand away, she left them in a sudden passionate manner, which made Paul look after her amazed. Horace looked after her too, and furtively kissed the light mark left by her fingers on his. And then he began to talk calmly to Paul about his marriage, and to insist on the conditions.

He was to draw the settlements. After having arranged all with Paul—which arrangement was that Magdalen's fortune should be settled without reserve on herself—he departed to draw the deeds, and have them engrossed and "settled" with the family attorney.

Any one who had seen Horace when engaged in his task, would hardly have thought that he was engaged in such a simple matter as framing the marriage settlements of a friend. Large drops stood on his forehead; his eyes were bloodshot; his face haggard and wild; and those manly, well-formed hands trembled like a girl's. He quivered in every limb; every now and then started; and once he threw down his pen and cried aloud, as if he had been tortured unawares, before he had time to collect his strength. But even with no one to witness his weakness, he controlled himself, and pressed back the thoughts that would rush through his brain. He thought of the sacrifice that Magdalen was about to make, yet of his inability to prevent it: of her evident love for him, and yet of the dishonor which would rest on his acceptance of it. He thought of Paul's intense devotion, of his yet entire unfitness: of her pledged word, and of her reluctance. It was a sad coil throughout. Every one was to be pitied, none to be blamed. It was want of fitness, not of virtue, that had brought them into this sad strait, and there seemed to be no way out for any of them. The only hope was that, when once married, duty, pride, habit, and the sweetness of Paul's own nature, would make Magdalen forget his weakness, and reconcile her to her lot. She was good; she was brave; and, though under too little control at this moment, yet this was only a passing fever. She would grow calmer and stronger by-and-by. Thus Horace reasoned and tried to say peace! peace! where there was no peace, and to make words and shadows take the place of realities. He looked at the names of the contracting parties joined together in the rigid legal fashion, till something blinded his eyes, and he could see no more.

However, he finished his task, and took it down to Oakfield. Mr. Slade read over the settlements; but some alterations were required. Asking to be alone to make them, he retired to the library which overlooked the garden. He was so agitated that he walked feverishly about the room, leaning against the open window, looking into the garden; and there he saw Magdalen, in the garden alone. She too had hastened away to the filbert-walk where she thought no one could see her. There was such a bitter northeast wind blowing that the birds kept close in their nests and at the roots of the trees, and the animals in the fields crouched under the lee of the hedges. But Magdalen paced up and down the long walk; every movement and gesture betraying that a terrible strife was raging within. She was thinking how impossible it was to escape from the position into which she had ignorantly placed herself. Paul loved her with such devotion that she dared not break off their marriage. It would kill him. And then she would break her own heart for remorse, feeling herself a murderess. Passing this even, she thought how that it would be dishonorable, because Paul, having given up his profession as a means of living since her father's death—not that he had ever been able to live yet by his profession, but that was nothing to the purpose—had thus lost both connection and habit. No! This fatal engagement, so blindly entered into, must be faithfully kept. Honor and duty sealed the bond; and her heart—all the love that was in it—must lie forever, like the genii under Solomon's seals. Large, dark, powerful genii, of immeasurable strength—kept down by a word and a ring. Besides, to what end give up this marriage? If, indeed, Mr. Rutherford had loved her—she might have found cause to make the effort, and be free. For she acknowledged—yes to herself, to God, to man, if need be—that she loved him—loved him with her whole soul. If he had loved her—and she threw herself on the garden-seat where her father and Paul had sat on that hot summer's day when her fate was sealed—if he had cared for her only half so much as she loved him, she could have burst these bonds—she could—she would! But he did not. He hated her instead—yes, hated her bitterly, fiercely! This was easy to be seen! He let all the world know it! His indifference, his coldness, his harshness: all were so many words of contempt and dislike, painful enough for her to bear, owing him so much as she did. If he had not been so kind to her in that dreadful trial, she would not have cared so much; but it was painful to owe him her liberty, her very life, and to know that he despised her! And Magdalen—the cold, calm, dreamy

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Magdalen—paced through the garden, wildly. The statue had started into life. Love had touched its lips; as in the days of old it vivified that statue on the wide Egyptian plains.

"I can not bear this," said Horace, aloud. "Prudent I must be, and honorable to Paul; but at least I am a man, and owe her something as well."

His own heart had divined her secret, and he ran down stairs, out into the garden, through the filbert-walk to where it ended in the large horse-chestnut tree looking down the glade, and where Magdalen was sitting in this bitter wind, trying to reason down her passion. Horace paused. She was thinking almost aloud: "I will marry—yes, soon; and then, when habit and the knowledge that what I have done is inevitable, have reconciled me to my fate, I shall be more patient with Paul, and perhaps even love him, and be kind to him. He is very good, and I have behaved ill, very ill, to him; but I do not love him, I know that. What can I do? Patience! patience! Resignation, and that quiet strength which can support sorrow silently, and neither complain of it nor avenge it: this is all that life has for me!"

She turned to go to the house, when Horace met her. She started, and looked as if she would have escaped him if she could.

"I came to beseech you to come into the house," he said.

"I am going now," she answered, her eyes on the ground. "Why did you come?"

"I was afraid you would take cold sitting out here without shawl or bonnet." Horace was not speaking in his usual voice.

"You are very kind, but I did not know that you knew where I was;" and Magdalen's careworn face was beginning to smile.

"I saw you from the window."

"Ah! and then came to me?" She looked up, blushing.

"Yes," said Horace.

Nothing more was said, and they returned to the house; Magdalen little dreaming of how she had been watched from that upper window, little thinking of the anguish that had held company with hers, nor seeing, in the indifferent manners of her friend, any evidence of the feeling which a few minutes ago had made him open his arms and call her to come to them—call her by her name of Magdalen and beloved! All this was buried.

Waiting for the return of the deeds (which had to be re-engrossed in consequence of the alterations suggested by Mr. Slade) Horace added yet another disagreeable quality to the many that Magdalen wanted to persuade herself he possessed. During this visit to Oakfield, he began to extol Paul. He praised and even exaggerated his virtues, till Magdalen was tired of the very name of Paul's perfections. Once, when Horace was finding out more and more good points in Paul, Magdalen looked at him with such wonder, sorrow, and disdain, that the words died away on his lips, and he suddenly stopped, in the middle of a sentence.

"I am glad I made you stop!" said Magdalen, haughtily; "you seem as if you could spend your life in praising Paul." And she walked away to her usual refuge above stairs.

Another time, Paul—who had had an attack of woe, and had been playing at dignity, keeping away from the house, but, wearying at last, which hurt only himself, coming oftener than ever—came in the evening, and asked Magdalen to play at chess with him. She said yes, for she was glad of the opportunity of sitting silent, and of keeping him silent too. They sat down, and Horace stood near them. Magdalen was a much better player in general than Paul. Her game was more distinct, Paul's more scheming. But to-day she played ill: she would have disgraced a tyro by her mistakes. She overlooked the most striking advantages; for Paul, in his schemes after a pawn, often put his queen in peril; and, while concentrating his forces for an impossible checkmate, forgot to secure the pieces lying in his way. But Magdalen to-day let every thing pass.

"You are not yourself this evening," said Paul, who suddenly woke to the perception that his queen had been standing for the last half a dozen moves in the jaws of Magdalen's knight.

"No; I am playing very badly," said Magdalen.

"Very!" echoed Horace.

"Mr. Rutherford at least will never spare nor conceal my failings," said Magdalen bitterly.

"I thought you wanted friends, not flatterers," observed Horace, in an indifferent tone of voice.

"It seems I have neither here!" retorted Magdalen.

"My Magdalen!" cried Paul, looking up with his wondering face, "what do I hear? No friends? And we would either of us die for you! What has come to you? Are you ill—or, why have you suddenly allowed such bitter thoughts to sadden you? Will you not tell me, Magdalen?" he added, very caressingly.

"Never mind what I think," said Magdalen impatiently. "Play—it is your move."

"You are somewhat imperious," Horace said, in his stern manner—that manner which awed Magdalen as if she were a child, and that she loved above all things to obey.

"I know I am," she said frankly, looking up into his face, "and I have been wrong to you also. But you will forgive me, will you not?"

When Magdalen looked penitent she looked beyond measure beautiful. No expression suited her so well as this, the most womanly that she had; and none threw Horace more off his guard. It was such intense triumph to see that woman so grand, cold, and stern to all others, relax in her pride to him, and become the mere gentle loving girl. This was almost the only temptation Horace could not resist; but this softened his heart too much.

"It is not for me to forgive you, wayward child," he said, with extreme kindliness of voice and look. "You have not offended me, if you have not annoyed yourself."

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Magdalen's face changed as much as if she had taken off a mask. An expression of calm and peace took the place of the feverish irritation; her eyes became dark and loving; her lips relaxed in that iron line they made when she was unhappy, and a smile stole over them. It was winter with all its harsh rigidity changed to the most loving, lovely, laughing spring. She was so happy that she even associated Paul in her pleasure, and spoke to him tenderly and gayly, as in olden times. Poor Paul, unaccustomed to such demonstrations in these latter days, looked up with a bewildered smile, and then, for very happiness and gratitude, tears came into his eyes.

Magdalen's joyous look faded away. Weariness and contempt came in its stead. She rose from the chess-table, and stood a little apart; something of the old Pythoness breathing again in her.

Horace came to her; but she left the room.

"Paul," said Horace, more strangely than he had ever spoken to him before, and more passionately, "you are a downright fool." With which inspiriting speech he also walked away; leaving Paul to his excitement and nervous debility unchecked.

"And you do not think I am to be pitied?" said Magdalen, as she met Horace in the hall.

"Yes: you are very much to be pitied, Miss Trevelyan; so is Paul. He is more unhappy than you are, because he has less strength of resistance than you have. Paul is one of those natures which feel suffering more acutely than any thing else; whose very strength of feeling lies in their power of misery."

"Ah! you judge like all the world!" said Magdalen. "Because Paul's tears come easily you think he feels more acutely than I feel. It is not always that those with the least self-command feel most; nor the reverse."

"I know that, Miss Trevelyan; but it is simply because Paul's nature is weaker than yours that he requires more consideration. Miss Trevelyan"—he said this very earnestly—"you can not help yourself now. You are engaged to a man you do not love; whom you do not respect in some things, as you ought to love and respect your husband: but you will find your married life better than you expect. For when Paul is happy and calm he will grow stronger. You will be rewarded for your sacrifice."

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Rutherford," said Magdalen, sadly. "I wish I could believe that Paul would ever be as manly and as good as you are."

"Hush! don't say that again," said Horace, in a low voice. "You tempt me to become the very reverse of what you praise in me. God help us! we all have need of help;" and he turned away, Magdalen looking after him, her heart throbbing violently.

The settlements came down. It was of no use waiting; they must be signed, and might as well be signed at once as later. "There was no hope of the marriage breaking itself off," as Magdalen said quaintly, and she had no grounds on which to break it herself. Her wedding clothes had come, and all was prepared. At last Magdalen determined on making the fatal effort, and putting an end to her present state of suffering. For it was unqualified misery for them all. They all assembled in the room together; the Slades and the lady who had been living with Magdalen since her father's death, but who, being blind in one eye, deaf, and infirm, had not been of any great prominence in the late affairs; Horace, Paul, and Magdalen. Paul was in one of his most painful fits of nervousness—trembling and faint; Magdalen cold, pale, statue-like, as she had been on the day of her trial, when she had to take her courage "by both hands" to maintain her strength and self-possession by force. The pen was put into her hand. Paul had signed. She could not refuse now. Horace was leaning against the chimney-piece, apparently biting his nails. Magdalen looked at him. He was looking on the ground, and would not raise his eyes. Only when her gaze grew painful, he waved his hand authoritatively, and said, "Sign, sign!" as if he had been her father.

Still the same long earnest asking look in her eyes, and the friends wondering; still the same conflict in his heart, and her mute appeal rejected. Once she said "Horace!" but he only answered "Silence," in so low a voice that no one heard him speak but herself. She turned her eyes from him to Paul. He, the strong noble man, mastering his passion with such dauntless courage, the master, the ruler over himself, even when torn on the rack, and tortured as few men have been tortured: and Paul, fainting, sinking, his head drooping plaintively on his bosom. She looked from each to each again; then, with a wild sob, she dashed the pen to the ground and cried, "The truth *shall* be told—I do not love him—I will not sign—I will not be his wife!"

Horace sprang forward, and held out his arms. She fell into them blind and giddy, but not faint. He pressed her to him—"Magdalen! Magdalen! my own!" he murmured. She looked up wildly, "Yes! to you and none other!" she said, "yours, or death's!"

Paul had started up. He came to them: "What are you saying?" he said tremulously, "that you love each other?"

Magdalen clung to Horace: "I have concealed it from you, and all the world, Paul," she said, "as long as I could, and would have concealed it now, but I was surprised."

"I have not dealt dishonorably by you," said Horace, offering him his hand. "If you knew all, you would acquit us both."

"And you love Horace, Magdalen?" Paul said, in a low voice.

She flushed the deepest crimson as he looked up. "Yes," she said, "I do love him."

The boy turned away; then, after a short pause, laying his hand on Magdalen's, he said, sobbing bitterly between each word. "Mag-

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dalen, it had been better if you had told me of this. It would have spared you much pain—me also some unnecessary pain—for I would not have been ungenerous. But let that pass. You do not love me. I have long felt this, and yet was too cowardly to acknowledge it even to myself. I thought it was, perhaps, a fit of general impatience that would pass. I would not believe it weariness of me. But I will not weary you any more. Though I have been weak in the fearful conflict that has gone on so long, yet I can be strong for sacrifice and good."

He did not dare to look at her, but in his old way strained her tenderly to his breast.

Magdalen took his hand, her tears flowing fast over it. "Dear Paul!" she said, affectionately. "My life shall thank you!"

Paul kissed her; and then, boy-like, placed his hand affectionately upon Horace's shoulder; when, feeling his limbs failing him and his eyes growing dim, he fled from the house, and in a few hours was wandering through the streets of London: and the next day, he was abroad.

Years passed before they met again. When Magdalen's hair was gray, and her children were marrying *their* Horaces and Magdalens, Paul Lefevre came to stay with them at Oakfield. He was the same dreamy, tearful, unreal Paul then that he had been when he was young; with a perpetual sorrow, which had grown into a companion and a melancholy kind of pleasure. He never went beyond portrait-painting, but he was always going to begin that great historical picture which was to rival Michael Angelo; and the very day before he died he spoke of the "mission to which he was baptized," and told how "the regeneration of art and the world was to come by him."

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

OUR engagements in Cairo made it impossible for us to remain in Alexandria as long as we could have desired. To the traveler who wishes to see only the external appearance of things, or to look only at the ground which overlies old cities or on which they once stood, one or two days will suffice as well as a month or a year to see the city of the Ptolemies. But not so with us. We caught ourselves often standing for an hour before a modern Arab, or rather Egyptian, house, in the wall of which was worked a piece of old marble, whose exquisite carving and polish proved it to be without doubt a part of the old city: possibly from the pediment of a temple; possibly from the boudoir of a lady; possibly from the throne-chamber of a king. Conjecture—or, if you prefer the phrase, imagination—was never idle as we passed along the streets of the modern city, or over the mounds that cover the ancient. It was most active in the tombs, where we found the ashes of the men of Alexandria of all periods in its eventful history, and the memorials of their lives and deaths.

There was one small earthen lamp which we found in a tomb, over which I wasted my fancy for hours in the evening and night, sitting in my room and listening to the alternate cry of the watchmen and the call of the muezzin at the hours of prayer. There was nothing peculiar about it except a monogram on the top. It was of the simplest form of ancient lamps, with a hole for the oil and a smaller one for the wick; but there was on the surface a cross, on one arm of which was a semicircle rudely forming the Greek character *Rho*, the cross and the letter together signifying the $X\rho$, the familiar abbreviation of the name of our Lord. I know not how many centuries that peaceful slumberer in His promises had remained undisturbed; but when I saw that we had broken the rest of one who slept in hope of the resurrection, that we had rudely scattered on the winds of the sea the ashes of one over whom in the long gone years had been read the sublime words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," perhaps by Cyril the great Bishop, perhaps by MARK himself—when I saw those crumbling bones under my feet, and thought in what strong faith that right arm had been lifted to heaven in the hour of extremity, I felt that it was sacrilege to have opened his tomb and disturbed his rest. True, the Arabs would have reached him next year; but I would rather it had been the Arabs than I. True, He who promised can find the dust though it be scattered on the deserts of Africa. I too have a more than Roman veneration for the repose of the dead; and, though I felt no compunctions of conscience in scattering the dust of the Arabs who had themselves robbed the tombs of their predecessors to make room for themselves, yet I did not like the opening of that quiet place in which a Christian of the early days was buried.

Who was he? Again imagination was on the wing. He was one of those who had heard the voices of the Apostles; he was one of those who had seen the fierce faith of the martyrs in their agony; he was one who had himself suffered unto death for the love of his Lord and Master. Or possibly that were too wild a fancy, for such a man would hardly have a tomb like this. If so it were, they must have buried him by night, with no torch, no pomp, no light save the dim flickering light of this funereal lamp guiding their footsteps down the corridors of this vast city of the dead; and this they left beside him—sad emblem of his painful life—the light of faith, pure though faint, in the darkness that was all around him.

Men were sublime in faith in those days. It was but as yesterday to them that the footsteps of their Lord were on the mountain of Ascension—it was but as yesterday that the voice of Paul was heard across the sea. Perhaps those dusty fingers had grasped the hand that had often been taken lovingly in that hand which the nail pierced. Perhaps—perhaps—I bowed my head reverently as the thought flashed across me—for I do reverence to the bones of the great dead, and though I would not worship, yet I would enshrine in gold and diamonds a relic of a saint

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—perhaps in some far wandering from his home this man had entered Jerusalem, and stood within the porch of the temple when He went by in all the majesty of His lowliness. You smile at the wild fancy. Why call it wild? Turn but your head from before the doorway of the sepulchre, and you see that column at the foot of which Mark taught the words of his Lord; and turn again to yonder obelisk, and read that the king who knew not Joseph, but whom Moses and Aaron knew, carved it in honor of his reign. Why, then, may not this tomb which I have opened a hundred feet below the surface of the hill, contain the dust of one who had traveled as far as the land of Judea only eighteen hundred years ago; who had seen the visible presence of Him whom prophets and kings desired to see; and who, won by the kingly countenance, the holy sweetness of that face, went homeward, bearing with him enough of memory of that face and voice to rejoice at the coming of "John whose surname was Mark," and to listen to the teaching of the Gospel of the Messiah?

It is vain to argue with imagination in a country like this. Every thing is full of interest as suggesting thoughts of the past, and nothing is so well fixed in date and object as to forbid the free exercise of fancy. But for the terrible dog-fights under my windows in the great square, I believe I should have dreamed all night over that lamp in the same fashion I have already described.

We were to leave Alexandria for Cairo by rail. A railway in Egypt is perhaps as great a curiosity as the pyramids. Constructed by European engineers, and under the efficient superintendence of a Scotch gentleman, it does not differ much from Continental or English railways. But the appearance of things about it is decidedly different. The stone station-house and buildings are west of the Mahmoud Canal, near its entrance into the sea. The roads or streets leading to it are lined with the low mud huts in which the modern Egyptians live. The lizards, which abound here, lie on the walls and tops of the houses sunning themselves, and do not move for the crowds of men, women, and children passing and repassing them. A more miserable, squalid, abject poverty than one sees here can not be imagined. The inhabitants seem more like brutes than men, and one can not have toward them any of the ordinary feelings of fellow humanity. I can not believe that the blood and dust of which God has made them is the same of which he has made me, except when I am in the tombs, those levelers of distinctions. The clothing of the modern Alexandrians is as simple and miserable as can well be imagined. Children up to ten and twelve years of age go about the streets with either one single ragged, filthy cloth wound around them, or, as frequently, entirely naked. Groups of ten or a dozen play in the sunshine here and there, without a rag of covering from head to foot. The older people are scarcely more clad. A single long blue shirt suffices for a woman. It is open in front to the waist, and reaches to the knees. A piece of the same cloth, by way of vail around the head, is the substitute for the elegant head-coverings of the wealthy classes. The upper part of the body is, of course, entirely exposed, and no one seems to think of covering the breast from sun, wind, or eyes. The face is usually hidden by the cloth held in the hand, while the entire body is exposed without the slightest attention to decency. Not unfrequently, when the woman has not the extra covering for her head, she will seize and lift her solitary garment to hide her features, thereby leaving her person uncovered, it being in her view a shame only to exhibit her face.

The men wear whatever they possess in the way of cloth. Doubtless one garment lasts a lifetime, and is ignorant of water oftener than once a year. Their costume is various. Some wear the single shirt; others a mass of dirty cloth wound around the body, neck, and head; others a coarse blanket made of camel's-hair, which they throw rather gracefully over their shoulders, leaving a corner to come over the head. The costumes vary so much that I think I counted over thirty entirely different and distinct styles of dress in the square before my windows at one time.

But on the route to the railway we passed mostly the lowest class of houses and people. The huts of mud have no outlet or inlet but the doorway, and they are built in masses like honey-combs, hundreds in a mass, on the sand, without shade or relief from the intense glare of the sun. Not less than a thousand of the miserable inhabitants of these hovels were surrounding the railway station, though not allowed to enter its inclosures. The departure of a train had not yet become so common an event in Egypt as two years' experience would lead one to suppose. The railway being government property, is under its direction, and trains leave only when specially ordered. There is no regular time of departure, but it usually occurs twice or three times a week, notices being posted in public places in English, Italian, and Arabic, that "a departure for Cairo will take place" on such a day.

It was somewhat strange, as may well be imagined, to see a train of cars, surrounded by a hundred guards in turbans and tarbouches, starting out of a city of mud houses, through groves of palms and bananas, winding its way around the pillar of Diocletian and off into the dismal waste that separates Lake Mareotis from the sea. The speed was at first but slow, even slower than the usual starting rate with us at home; but on reaching the open country we made some thirty miles an hour steadily until we came to Kafr-el-aish, the present terminus of the road on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, eighty miles below Cairo. The length of railway in operation is now only sixty miles; but before this reaches America it will be extended nearly as far again. At the Nile we were transferred to the steamer in waiting for us, the first and second class passengers going on the steamer,

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and the third class taking an ordinary river boat, which was to be towed three hundred feet astern.

Railway-cars have not introduced carts or trucks into Egypt. The baggage and freight was transferred by hand from cars to boat, a distance of three or four hundred feet, heavy articles being carried on the backs of the fellahs, supported by ropes around their heads. I was much amused at one fat specimen of the Turk, who had a chest of money in his charge, which was too heavy for any one man to lift or carry. A truck or wheelbarrow would have solved the difficulty in a moment; but in the absence of this they tried in vain to swing the box on ropes from a pole, the ropes breaking at each fresh attempt. Half an hour was wasted in their endeavors, of which I was an amused spectator, and which were at last successful by the aid of iron chains brought from the steamer.

On board the scene was certainly novel to our eyes. Turks had spread their carpets on every available portion of the forward deck, and were going through their noonday prayers. We secured small rooms on the deck, answering to a state-room on an American steamer, though furnished with only a hair-cloth cushion on a wooden bench, and here we could pity the poor wretches of third-class passengers who were broiling in the sun on the deck of the tow.

It was impossible as yet to get up any enthusiasm about the Nile. This was indeed one of the mouths of the great river, but only one of them, and it was hardly more the Nile than was the Mahmoud Canal in Alexandria, whose waters are the same. Most travelers, on leaving the Mahmoud Canal a few miles below this point and entering this branch of the river, break out in enthusiasm at their first view of the Father of Rivers. I could not do so. It is now high Nile, and the stream is muddy and discolored, while it flows high up between its banks, or over the flat lands adjoining them. It was impossible to admire such a mass of mud and dirt, as it appeared to be, and we were glad to excuse ourselves for our lack of excitement by saying that this was only a small part of the great river.

And so all day long, until the night came down on us, we toiled slowly up the river against the strong current, and instead of reaching Cairo, as we had been assured in Alexandria we should, at nine in the evening, it was manifest, long before that time, that we should not be there until two or three in the morning.

As the sun went down, the deck of the boat began to present a strange spectacle. One by one the Mussulmans went out on the little guard behind the wheel-house and performed their ablutions in the prescribed style, and then ascended the wheel-houses, kitchens, state-room decks, and every other elevated place, and went through the postures and prayers. It was certainly curious to see a row of ten or fifteen men on each side of the deck bowing in the strange but graceful forms of the Mohammedan worship. We lay and looked at them till the evening had passed into night, and then wrapping our shawls around us, slept on the deck till roused by the passage of the *barrage*.

This, it is not necessary to explain, is the magnificent stone bridge intended to operate as a dam, which Mehemet Ali projected and his successors have continued to its present state, across the Nile, at the point of the delta where it separates into different mouths, the object being to raise the water somewhat higher and increase the annual inundation. The wild appearance of the stone piers, between which we passed, lit by immense torches of blazing wood, and swarming with half-naked Arabs, whose swarthy countenances glared on us in the flickering light like the faces of so many fiends, roused us from slumber; but we relapsed instantly into deeper sleep, which remained unbroken until we arrived at Boulak, the port of the modern city, and thence we drove swiftly, by the light of a torch in the hands of a swift runner, up the long avenue and into the gate of the Ezbekieh, and were at last in the city of the Memlooks, Cairo the Victorious, Cairo the Magnificent, Cairo the Beautiful and the Blessed.

Shall I confess it? There were two trains of thought struggling for precedence in my mind during the first half hour after my arrival, nor did the one gain entire ascendency until I was in bed and nearly asleep, as the day was breaking over the red hills. The one was full of all the wonderful creations that once haunted my boyish mind, that I have never ceased to love—never forgotten to recall and cherish. To this day, I know no more complete delight than an hour of the Arabian Nights; and the heroes and all the natural and supernatural personages of those exquisite imaginations were around me in troops the moment I was within the city of Saladin. With these spectres angels strove. I could call it nothing else. Sublime and solemn memories that forever linger in this spot! of all the mighty men of that ancient religion, of which our own is but the new form, of patriarchs and holy men of old, of prophets and priests in later days, who came down with the scattered remnant of the line of Abraham; and last of all, of the Mother of our Lord, and His own infant footsteps; all these came to drive away the genii that were around me, and before I slept the seal of Solomon was over them again.

It is my object to give sketches of travel life. I shall be pardoned, therefore, if I am personal in my descriptions, and if I appear disposed to make ourselves prominent in the scenes I attempt to portray. It is my desire to have the reader feel with me the various emotions of the passing hours in various places, and hence I am free to say, that I intend rather to give my own history from day to day, than to describe scenes and places. Every body has read of all these a hundred times, and Americans are as familiar with the valley of the Nile as with that of the Mississippi. It is only in the new incidents of our journey that I can hope to find any

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A STREET IN CAIRO.

thing sufficiently novel to interest the intelligent reader.

It was two months since we left home, and our letters were but two weeks later than the date of our departure. Before seeing any thing, so soon as I was fairly awake in the morning, I mounted a donkey and rode to the banker's for letters.

Through the narrow streets lined with lofty houses, whose latticed windows are more minutely beautiful than the finest workmanship of the Parisian cabinet-maker, and which frequently interclasp each other so as to shut out the sky completely, threading my way among camels, donkeys, and Turks, at a killing pace, that is, killing to any thing that did not "clear the track" on hearing the shout of my donkey-boy, I found myself in a street four feet wide from house to house, the houses fifty and sixty feet high, and after going down this two hundred yards I was at my destination. The letters were there, and I sat on the donkey's back and read them all the way back, while the boy, fully appreciating my feelings, led the donkey by the head, and I was entirely ignorant of my whereabouts until I found him at the door of the hotel from which I started.

The Cairene donkey-boy is of a different race from all other boys. He has nothing in common with them. We have kept five in our employ steadily since we have been here, and they are as useful as the dragoman himself. One of them rejoices in the name of the great founder of his faith, while his donkey, singularly enough, bears the cognomen of *Mister Snooks*, given him by some English or American traveler. Mohammed is a bright active boy, talks enough English to be able to communicate information, and is thoroughly acquainted with Cairo and its people. His speed of foot is incredible. The donkey to which he is an attachment is by no means slow, but he will take

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him by the bridle and run while the donkey gallops, and the lady who rides has nothing to do but look around her, and they go at the rate of five or six miles an hour, or even more, without rest for miles.

Possibly there may be some readers of this article who have not made themselves so familiar with the history and locality of Cairo as others, and I shall therefore be permitted to dwell for a moment on these subjects, to make more intelligible the descriptions of our various rambles here and there. I am the more persuaded of the propriety of this from the fact that my own impressions were incorrect in many instances when I had supposed I was fully informed.

The Nile, running from south to north, is divided into two streams by the island of *Rhoda*, which is some three miles in length. The branch running to the eastward of the island is narrow, being not over two hundred yards wide. At the south, or upper end of the island, where the water parts to go on either side, stands the palace of Hassan Pacha, one of the dignitaries of the country, and attached to his palace is the Nilometer, of which I shall hereafter speak. On the east bank of the river, immediately opposite this palace, is *Old Cairo*, and on the west bank is the village of Ghizeh. Three miles down the river, or north from this point, that is, at the other extremity of the island of Rhoda, is *Boulak*, on the east bank of the river. Two miles from Boulak eastward, and, of course, at the same distance from the river, is the present city of Cairo, containing from two to three hundred thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a wall, outside of which are no houses excepting mud huts, and a few elegant residences inclosed in gardens. West of the river, and five miles from the village of Ghizeh, are the pyramids which bear the same name, while Sakkara and its pyramids are some seven miles south of Ghizeh, on the same side of the river. The site of Memphis, of course, every one understands to be south from the pyramids, and occupying an unknown space on the west bank of the Nile. Back of Cairo, that is, east of the Nile and about four miles from it, the Mokattam Mountains—barren rock hills of five hundred feet in height—shut out the view of the desert from the city. These hills run northeast and southwest, on an abrupt spur of which, some two hundred feet above the city and within its walls, is the citadel of Cairo. North of Cairo, about six miles distant, is Heliopolis, the ancient On.

These explanations of locality make it sufficiently evident to every one that Cairo in itself possesses no interest by reason of any great antiquity. It does not stand on ground that is hallowed by any ancient name, story, or ruins. The founding of Cairo, known formerly as Musr-el-Kaherah, was in the year 969, but the city received its greatest embellishments, and became most powerful and wealthy, under the reign of Yusef Saladin, known to all readers of the history of the Crusades. The buildings erected by him still stand firmly, and here and there, all over the vast extent of the city, you hear his name in reply to questions for the builder of this or that mosque or other monument. Beyond this, the City of Victory has no interest to the traveler other than as the most Oriental of the Oriental cities, and one in which the Franks have as yet made few innovations.

Until within a very few years past the people have been bigoted Mussulmans, and it was with great difficulty that a Christian could obtain access to their streets or their mosques. But the love of money is a great civilizer, if it is the root of all evil, and I believe that now a dollar or a sovereign will open the hardest well, or mosque, or tomb from Omar of Jerusalem to old Amer of Cairo.

We had purchases to make in the bazaars, and thither directed our way so soon as the ladies had finished reading their letters.

No description will suffice half so well to convey an idea of the bazaars of Cairo as the sketch here given, which is minutely accurate. The only suggestion necessary to complete the idea is, that the street is crowded, jammed, with passers-by or purchasers, women with vailed faces, and donkeys loaded with water-skins, Turks, Bedouins, camels, dromedaries, and horses, all mingled together, for side-walk or pavement there is none, and it is therefore at the risk of constant pressure against the filthiest specimens of humanity, and constant collisions with nests of fleas and lice, that one passes through the narrow streets. The first purchase to be made was a silk for a lady's dress, and we went to the silk merchants in the wealthiest bazaar of Cairo. One and another showed his small stock of goods, but it was with difficulty that May hit on a dress for traveling purposes such as suited her. When this was found, then commenced the business of determining the price. The shop of the Turkish merchant is but a small cupboard. The front is invariably about the size of an ordinary square shop-window in America, say six feet wide by eight high. The floor of the shop is elevated two feet above the street, and on a carpet in the middle of the floor sits the merchant. His shop is so small that every shelf is within reach of his hands. Of these shops there are thousands in Cairo, and whatever the business the shop is of the same description.

May sat on the right hand of the merchant, with her feet in the street over the front of the shop; I on his left. The silk goods lay piled on the carpet between us, the pieces she had selected being uppermost. The first step toward price was a cup of coffee and a pipe. She took coffee, I smoked quietly a few minutes, and the Turk smoked as calmly and coolly as if there was no silk on earth, and he was dreaming of heaven. For some minutes the silence was unbroken, and he looked at the opposite side of the street, and we blew a tremendous cloud of smoke. At length I broke the silence.

"How much?"

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THE BAZAAR.

He smoked calmly a while, sent the cloud slowly up, and the words came from his lips as gently as the smoke itself.

"Two hundred and seventy-five piastres."

"I will give you one hundred and ninety."

"It cost me more money than that."

"It is not worth any more."

"It is very beautiful. I sold one like it yesterday for two hundred and eighty."

"I will not give it."

Five minutes of smoke and silence. May most decidedly impatient, and yet full of fun at this novel mode of buying a dress. A fresh pipe and a fresh start. I asked him the least he would take. It was two hundred and sixty. I laid down the pipe, sighed heavily, and walked away down the bazaar toward the donkey-boys. He followed us out and down the street, calmly and quietly assuring us that he was honorable in his statements, and offering a reduction of ten piastres more. I offered him two hundred and twenty. He exclaimed in despair and retired.

Having made one or two other purchases, we returned to the charge. He had spread his praying carpet, and was kneeling in his little shop engaged in his devotions. A dozen other Mussulmans were in sight, doing as he. It was the hour when the voice of the muezzin called to prayer, and though in the din and bustle of the crowded bazaar I had not heard it, yet on the ears of these sincere worshipers it had fallen from the minaret of Kalaoon, and they obeyed the summons.

We waited till he had finished, and then resumed our seats and negotiations, which were finally terminated by our coming together on an intermediate point, and the sale being closed, we mounted our donkeys and rode homeward. This was but the first of a dozen similar negotiations, and is a fair specimen of the Cairene manner of doing business.

Some one has remarked that the manners of modern Arabs, in common conversation, are such that a stranger hearing them talk will inevitably believe they are quarreling. But it is certain that they do a great deal of quarreling, and almost always about money. It is seldom, however, that these quarrels result in blows. It was just as we reached the hotel that an Arab, enveloped in an enormous amount of blankets, rode up on a donkey, followed by a man, the proprietor of the animal; and as they came in front of us, the donkey, whose gallop was more swift than safe, stumbled and threw his rider ten feet over his head, while he himself actually turned a complete somerset, his head being pointed in the direction from which he had come, and his tail close to the unlucky rider. Then came the war of words. Never was such a storm heard out of Egypt. They seized each other by the garments, they shook,

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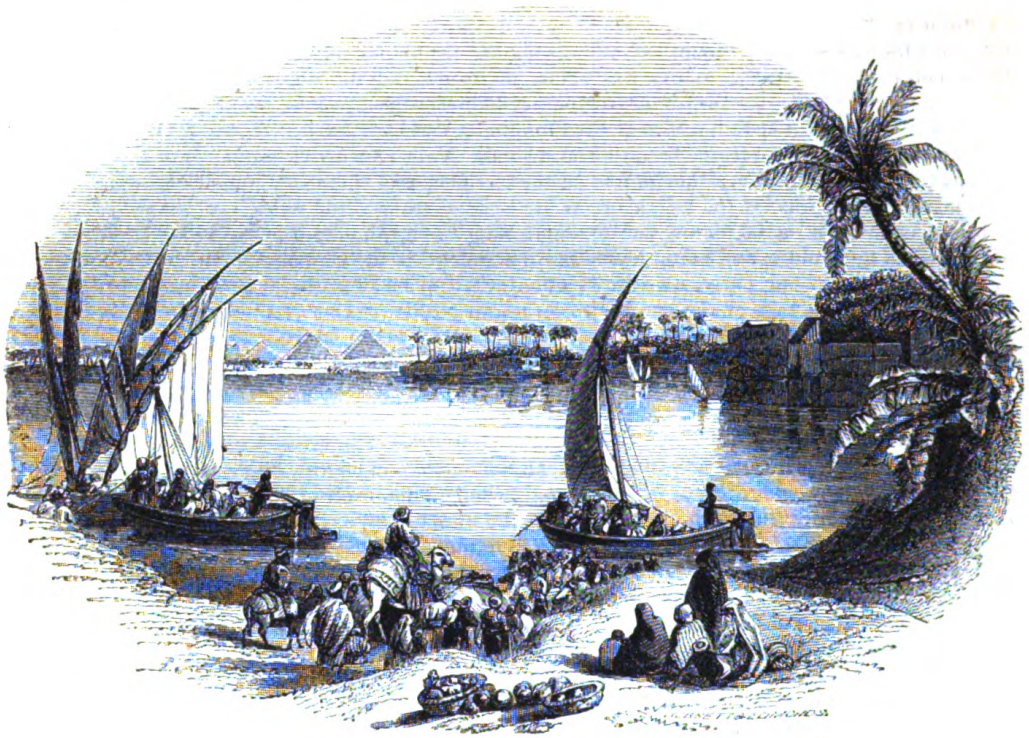
they gesticulated, they shouted, they fairly howled, while the poor donkey picked himself up, and stood facing them, wondering, doubtless, at the donkeys men could be. All this fury was about the sum of twenty paras—not far from two cents—which was the stipulated hire of the animal, and which the rider refused to pay because the donkey had thrown him, although he frankly admitted that he was landed at the very spot to which he had contracted for the conveyance. We left them quarreling, and being joined now by the remainder of our party, we started out for a ride in the last rays of the sunlight. In a few minutes we were outside of the gate on the north of the city, and thence rode to one of the numerous hills of sand and broken pottery, and other rubbish, the accumulation of centuries, which abound around the walls and overtop them. From this we had a fine view of the western horizon, the yellow plain of the Great Desert, broken only by the great pyramids that stood majestically in the foreground, and behind which the sun went down with all the pomp and magnificence that could and should attend a sunset over the site of Memphis.

We watched its slow descent; and as it vanished, the ever-ready, never-sleeping watchman called, from the lofty minaret of a mosque, the words of the Mohammedan creed, and from the four hundred mosques of Cairo came, chanted on the air, the same call, thrillingly sweet, and reaching our hearts, as it has often before done, with untold power.

We rode rapidly homeward, dashing into the city at a swift gallop. As we came around the corner of the square, I caught sight of one of the assemblies of dervises surrounding a pole, and commencing their devotional service of dancing and singing. We paused to see them, and sat on our donkeys outside of the ring, in which some fifty men, dressed in various costumes, were swinging their heads and bodies from side to side, and giving utterance, at each jerk, to a hoarse, guttural exclamation. This movement became very rapid. Not infrequently one of them would cry out "Allah!" in a voice of thunder. They then formed two rings, those in the inner facing those in the outer, and swinging toward each other, they shouted the same strange sound at each swing. Their faces became convulsed; they foamed at the mouth, they screamed, tossed their hair, embraced each other, and called on God with the same hoarse cry. We were deeply impressed with the scene. We had gone as closely up to the outside of the ring as we could ride, and the crowd of spectators had made way for us, so that we were directly behind the outer ring, and our donkeys' heads were close to the performers, when suddenly—imagine our horror!—May's donkey, being evidently taken with the scene and affected by it, elevated his head and nose between the heads of two of the dervises—one an old man with flowing gray hair and beard, the other a young man with long dark locks, and gave utterance to such a cry as none but an Egyptian donkey can imitate. It was like the blast of a hundred cracked trumpets or fish-horns. Never was man so frightened as were the two dervises. They nearly fell into the ring with terror. Mohammed, the boy, in an agony of despair, sprang to his donkey's head and seized his jaws with both hands. Vain endeavor! He but interrupted the terrific sound, and made it ten-fold worse as it escaped from second to second, and at length he gave it up and fell to the ground. It was too much for Mussulman gravity. They looked at us furiously at first, but the next instant a universal scream of laughter broke from the surrounding crowd, and we rode off in the midst of it. It was the first time I have seen Mussulman gravity disturbed. It was unusual, and I am convinced that a growing feeling of contempt for superstition may be found among the Mohammedans of Cairo. The dervises have usually commanded the respect of the worshipers of the Prophet; but I have conversed with intelligent men of the creed of the Prophet, who say that they think there is much of what we call *humbug* about the dervises, and that they prefer to judge of the sincerity of each man separately.

We attended the worship of the dervises on Friday—that is the Mahommedan day for our Sunday—when the mosques are crowded. Leaving the hotel at an early hour in the morning, provided with lunch in case of necessity, we went first to Old Cairo and visited the Mosque of Amer, which is the most ancient of the buildings of the modern Egyptians. It was erected about A.D. 860, and there is a tradition connected with it, and firmly relied on by the Moslems, that when it falls the Crescent will wane. If it be true, the fall of the Moslems can not be far distant. Already the great walls have fallen in, and lie in crumbling heaps within the sacred inclosure; and splendid columns and gorgeous capitals are here and there in the sand and dust, miserable emblems of the fading glory of the power that has so long controlled the East. Near the entrance are two marble columns of somewhat amusing history. They stand close together on the same pedestal, and in former times, when the mosque was in its glory, these two pillars were the shibboleth of the faith. If a man could pass between them he might hope to pass the gates of Paradise. If he were too great in body—if the good things of the world had so increased his rotundity that he might not squeeze his mortal parts through the narrow passage—then it was very certain that his immortal soul could never hope to see the houries. Alas! for the decay of the mosque and the trembling of the old faith. There was no one of us that could not readily pass between the pillars, though they stand as firmly as ever, and do not seem worn by the myriads who have tried themselves here. I did stick at first. I confess that the flesh-pots of Egypt have added to my usually respectable size so much that my vest buttons caught on the inner post, and for a moment I thought my anti-Mohammedanism

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THE FERRY AT OLD CAIRO.

settled. But doubtless these later years of Frank innovations have tended to relax the strictness of the faith, for I went through without difficulty after one vigorous attempt, and the others followed me.

The service, if I may so call it—the *Zikr*—at the dervish mosque was to commence at one o'clock. We had an hour before us, and so we took a boat at the ferry from Old Cairo to Ghizeh, and went over to the island of Rhoda to see the Nilometer.

It is on the upper end of the island, adjoining the palace of Hassan Pacha, and close to the round building which is prominent in the view herewith given. We did not see it. Reason—the Nile is now high, the meter or well in which the column stands is full. We saw three inches or so of the top, nothing more.

But we saw the Nile, the great river, and our enthusiasm was now at the fullest. We stood on the marble portico of the palace facing up the stream, which is divided here, and saw the lordly river come down in all its majesty, and roll its waves to either side of us and away to the great sea. Here it was the Nile. No dream, no half river, no small stream of dashing water, but that great river of which we had read, thought, and dreamed; the river on which princes in long-forgotten years had floated palaces and temples from far up, down to their present abode; the river which Abraham saw, and over which Moses stretched out his arm in vengeance, where the golden barge of Cleopatra swept with perfumed breezes, and when, but a few years later, she was dead and her magnificence gone, the feeble footsteps of the Son of God, in infancy on earth, hallowed the banks that the idolatry of thousands of years had cursed; the river of which Homer sang, and Isaiah prophesied, and in whose dark waters fell the tears of the weeping Jeremiah; the river of which all poets wrote, all philosophers taught, all learning, all science, all art spoke for centuries. The waters at our feet, murmuring, dashing, brawling against the foundation of the palace, had come by the stately front of Abou Simbel, had loitered before the ruins of Philæ, had dashed over the cataracts and danced in the starlight by Luxor and Karnak. From what remote glens of Africa, from what Ethiopian plains they rose, we did not now pause to think, but having looked long and earnestly up the broad reach of the river, we turned into the palace, and after pipes and coffee, the universal gift of hospitality here, we returned to our boat, and drifted slowly down the river by the spot where tradition says that Moses was hid in the rushes, and near the grotto that sheltered Mary and Joseph, to the village of the dervises that stands on the bank, about midway from Old Cairo to Boulak.

Imagine us seated in the court-yard of the college, on mats spread on the ground, green trees over us, and a group of fifty wild-looking men with long hair and beards surrounding us, and looking curiously at our costumes. Coffee came here too, for we were too early for the *Zikr*; and the tiny cups are never unwelcome. When the hour of commencing worship arrived, we entered the mosque and took our seats on the

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matting at the western side. About eighty men stood in a semicircle, with their faces to the southeast, the centre of the circle being the arched niche which is always left in a mosque on the side toward Mecca, by way of guiding the prayers of the faithful in that direction. Musical instruments hung on the wall, and some of the worshipers used them, taking down one and putting up another from time to time, The service was simply swinging backward and forward in time with the leader, a noble-looking man, who walked around the inner side of the circle, and uttering at each swing a violent groan, or rather a deep, strong sob. For half an hour this motion was steady. Then it became more rapid. They swung the body forward, leaning down until their hair swept the floor in front, and threw themselves backward with a sudden, swift bend until it again touched the floor behind them. The velocity of this motion may be guessed at from the fact, that for the space of more than an hour the hair never rested or fell on the head, but continually described a larger circle than the head in this motion.



THE WHIRLING DERVISH.

In the mean time a man dressed in a long white hooped dress, tight at the waist and some twenty feet in circumference at the bottom of the skirt, slid into the centre of the half circle and commenced a slow revolution, apparently as gentle and easy as if he stood on a wheel turned by machinery. After a minute, during which he swung out his skirts and started fairly, his speed increased. His hands were at first on his breast, then one on each side of his head, and when the full speed was attained they were stretched out horizontally, the right hand on his right side, with the palm turned up and the left hand on its side, with the palm down. For twenty-four minutes, without pause, rest, or change of speed, he continued to whirl around like a top. The velocity was exactly fifty-five revolutions to the minute. I timed it frequently, and was astonished at the regularity. This was not a long performance. It is oftentimes an hour, or even two or three hours, in duration. After this man retired another took his place, and all the time the excitement in the outer circle was increasing. Some shouted, some howled out the name of God. "Allah! Allah!" rang in the dome of the mosque from eighty voices; and now all the musical instruments, including a dozen large and small drums, added to the terrible noise. Suddenly the noble-looking man, the leader of the revel, turned and faced the city of the Prophet, and instantly all was silent. Some fell on the pavement in convulsions, others stood trembling from head to foot, evidently past all self-control, while others pounded their heads on the stones and gnashed their teeth. Those who were in fits—for it was nothing else—of epilepsy were taken care of by attendants, who also advanced to those who were still standing, and, placing their arms around them, bent them gently down to their knees, and left them so. It was a scene not a little touching, after the terrible confusion, to see those silent frames bowed down before their God in the dim mosque; and we came away and left them there.

I asked a very intelligent Mussulman what he thought of it all. He put his hand up to his chin, and looked soberly at me. In spite of himself his finger slipped up to the side of his nose in a most American fashion, and he said nothing.

It is vain to resist the impression, which is here gathering strength every day, that the days of the Moslem power are nearly numbered. It can not be long before the Crescent will wane. Of the thousands who now surround us, but a few show even outward respect to the forms of the faith of the Prophet, and very few of these pursue the routine prescribed to all true believers. I think not one in five of the inhabitants of Cairo obey the call to prayer. Infidelity prevails now. Another faith must soon follow.

One of the pleasantest incidents of life in Cairo has been the meeting with our friend Dr. Abbott, whose name is so familiar to American readers. He has been resident here for nearly thirty years as a physician, has devoted his life to the study of the climate, and diseases which are here met with, while his leisure hours have been given to forming the collection of Egyptian antiquities now in New York, which is scarcely, if indeed at all, inferior to any in the world. That in the British Museum possesses many large objects and splendid specimens, but as illustrating the manners and customs, lives and deaths of the men and women of the times of the Pharaohs, the collection of Dr. Abbott is said to be superior to those in Europe.

In fact, one may be in Egypt for years and not see so much of ancient Egypt as in an hour in the New York rooms. And this, not because it is not here, not because there are not under these mounds treasures of unknown value, but because here we see the temples and pyramids that defy time, but the desert sand covers every thing else. Here was Memphis. Here

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is Memphis, but far below the surface of the shifting soil, and you must work and dig, and keep out the sand-storm while you dig, and if you open one tomb, after a week's labor you will have found an empty sarcophagus, robbed by the Arabs of centuries ago. None can appreciate how invaluable such a collection becomes except by standing on the pyramid and looking toward Sakkara over the wastes of sand that hide the glories of Memphis. Out of this desolation have been brought the memorials of old life, of mornings when the sun rose on the homes of millions around the pyramids, when young men and maidens, who have been dust three thousand years, walked, and talked, and sang, and danced; when they braided their locks with pearls for the evening revel, or when others braided them or laid their heads down calmly on the lotus leaves for long slumber. It is somewhat strange that I, in Egypt, should write to tell Americans that they may see more of ancient Egypt than I do here, but it is even so. I hope there is no danger of the removal of the collection from New York, but I hear of great prices offered in England for single articles from it, and but for his love for the complete collection, and his desire to preserve its unity, Dr. Abbott would long ago have deprived it of its finest specimens, and placed them among the great collections of Europe.

We stood together on the hill of which I have spoken on the north of the city. This has become a favorite place with us. The sun was disappearing. A cool north wind was blowing freshly. The donkeys stood facing it, their sharp ears erect. The boys lay on the sand chattering in Arabic to each other. The dragoman, in full and flowing dress, a short distance in the rear, stood in that attitude of grace that no one but an Oriental can hope to attain to. We four, the only Americans in all the land of Egypt who do not call this their home, stood close together, watching the sun go down the western sky. It was high noon at home. New York was bustling, shouting, noisy New York; and in our homes—how much we would have given to know of them at that instant—who could tell us of the beloved ones there? The moon came out from the sky, silver as never moon was silver to our eyes before. The muezzin calls had ceased, and the faithful had ceased to pray. As the night deepened object after object disappeared, and only Cairo the Blessed was before us, shining in the soft light, but away on the horizon, standing on the Libyan desert edge, calm, silent, solemn, and awful, we still saw the majesty of the pyramids.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS is the Charles Dickens of to-day. The famous youth with the flowing curls, quick eye, and mobile mouth, whom we fêted so fondly some fifteen years ago, and abused so soundly a few months after, is gone. In his stead we have the sober and matured man, whom we must acknowledge as a benefactor and revere as a teacher. Time and thought have thinned the redundant locks, developed the full temples, marked the brow, given strength to the lines of the mouth and a firmer set to the figure, without taking away, or scarcely diminishing, the old picturesqueness in aspect and costume. The Dickens of Maclise's well-known picture, which has seemed to us the only possible "Boz," is the author of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." This is the Dickens of "Dombey," and "Bleak House," and "Household Words."

The career of Dickens has been one of uniform success. He was never "cradled into poesy by wrong." The lessons of endurance which he teaches were never learned in the school of adversity. He has never been forced to lay the cherished children of his brain at the door of an unwilling publisher or an unsympathizing public. Only once during his literary life has he known the alternations from hope and doubt and fear to certainty, so familiar to all young writers, as they eagerly peruse the contents of the periodical to which they have timidly offered the offspring of their thoughts. This was when he paced up and down Westminster Hall, "with eyes so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the light street," clasping to his bosom the Magazine which contained that first effusion "dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box up a dark court." If he has escaped many of the bitterest sorrows, he has missed some of the most exquisite pleasures of an author's life. This was a score of years ago. To write his subsequent biography is to speak of labor worthily done, and abundantly rewarded; of a life happy at home and honored abroad; of a name familiar in men's mouths as household words. The literary life of Scott alone offers a parallel—may the gods avert the omen of a like disastrous close.

Dickens was born forty-four years ago, this month of February, at Portsmouth. His father, who had held a clerkship in the navy pay department during the war, retired from his office, with a pension, when peace was concluded. Betaking himself to London, he became a reporter for the newspaper press. His son fell naturally into the same profession, and thus escaped the cramping necessity of depending for subsistence upon his first purely literary labors.

Hawthorne, in one of his most characteristic papers, makes the poor lunatic "P." narrate events, not as they are, but as they might have been.

"I had expectations," he writes, "from a young man—one Dickens—who published a few magazine articles very rich in humor, and not without symptoms of genuine pathos; but the poor fellow died shortly after commencing an odd series of sketches entitled the 'Pickwick Papers.' Not impossibly the world has lost more than it dreams of in the untimely death of Mr. Dickens."

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CHARLES DICKENS.

We can not, indeed, well estimate what we should have lost by the untimely death of this Mr. Dickens. We should have been the poorer by all the happy hours we have spent in the company of Mr. Pickwick and his admiring friends; in listening to the sayings of Samuel Weller, the eloquence of Sergeant Buzfuz, and the solemn wisdom of Captain Bunsby. Many a grave man has assisted, with more gratification than he would care to own, at the performances of Mr. Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon; has thought Dick Swiveller a charming companion; inhaled with gusto the odors of the fragrant punches compounded by the blighted being Wilkins Micawber; and while listening to Sairy Gamp, has come almost to believe in Mrs. Harris. And surely the most law-abiding citizen would never have called the police to put a stop to the ducking of the Shepherd, the pommeling of Squeers, the cudgeling of Peck-

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sniff, or the divers personal assaults committed upon Uriah Heep.

With what a crowd of living and moving characters has Dickens peopled our literature. What children were ever like his children? How varied, yet how true are they all! The pauper children in Oliver Twist have dimmed many an eye with tears. Poor Smike is more terribly tragic, for he lived longer. Little Nell is a heart-child to thousands. Paul Dombey, the quaint, the loving, with his early doom written upon his brow, has passed away from many a hearth. Joe All-Alones, alas, moves on to death through more streets than those of London. We can understand the subtle affinities of affection that caused him to assume as his *nom de plume* that of "Boz"—an abbreviation of "Bozes," which is itself a nasal mispronunciation of "Moses"—a nickname bestowed upon a pet brother, in honor of the ever-youthful purchaser of the shagreen spectacles.

Wonderful is the art with which Dickens paints characters that in the hands of an author of coarser nature would be simply ridiculous. He contrives to inspire not merely love, but positive respect, for Newman Noggs and Toots. They scarcely speak a word or do an act without exciting laughter, but they are never made contemptible. Of a higher order are Tom Pinch, Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Peggotty, and Ham. Their very oddities and deficiencies are turned into a crown of glory.

Mr. Dickens often attempts, but never with complete success, the sneering melodramatic scoundrel, acting upon deep internal motives. Monck, Quilp, the Blind Man in Barnaby Rudge, Murdstone, and Carker are examples of this. So too his tragedy-women, Rose Dartle and the Frenchwoman in Bleak House, are not half so fearful as the author would have liked them to be. James Steerforth belongs to a different class. The brilliant, high-spirited, spoiled, ruined youth, in whom lay wrapped up so many glorious possibilities, is sketched with a light but masterly hand. We look at him through the eyes of his boyish friend, who mourns over his fate as the benignant Raphael might have bent over the crystal battlements, grieving for the fate of Belial, "fairest of the spirits that fell." Mr. Dickens's strong point is certainly not the construction of a plot or the evolution of a catastrophe. But the death of Ham and Steerforth—the injured dying in the vain attempt to save the injurer, on the very spot where the wrong was perpetrated, will compare with the disappearance of the Heir of Ravenswood among the treacherous quicksands. We feel that they ought to have met once more; and that the wrong was one that the strong, simple-minded man could neither forgive nor avenge.

Mr. Dickens's genuine villains are of the low, creeping sort, whose sole motive is material, palpable self-interest. Yet what a variety in the species of this genus. Compare and contrast Ralph Nickleby and Fagin, Squeers and Creakle, Stiggins and Chadband, Sampson Brass and Uriah Heep, Snawley and Pecksniff. Mr. Pecksniff is certainly the master-piece of them all. From first to last he is Pecksniff. From boot to hat he is Pecksniff. Drunk or sober, he is Pecksniff. He is the virtuous Pecksniff always. What is most wonderful of all, he is perfectly persuaded of his own exceeding virtue. He contemplates his portrait by Spiller and his bust by Spoker with the loftiest moral approbation. He hugs himself to his own heart as the embodiment of all the virtues of the Decalogue and the Beatitudes. No matter into what rascality he may be plunging, no matter how thoroughly he may be detected and exposed, his serene self-conscious virtue never forsakes him.

The name brings up the person always. It needs no more than this, and the child-wife passes before us to the spirit-land; the holy eyes of Agnes shed soft love and trust; the calm sad face of Florence looks timidly in upon us; Mrs. Jellyby sends us a circular about Borrioboola Gha, suggesting a subscription for that interesting mission; Mr. Turveydrop displays his most elaborate bow to Ada and Esther, while Caddy, with Peepy clinging to her skirts, bids good-by to Prince, who rushes out to give a lesson, with the crumbs of his hasty lunch clinging to the corners of his mouth; Pegotty passes us by in his long journeyings; Uriah Heep clasps our hand with his clammy fingers; or Mr. Micawber, who has passed the evening jollily with us, sends a letter, telling us that nothing has turned up, and hinting darkly at razors or laudanum.

This sharp individualization is not confined to leading characters. Many that we meet but once we should recognize any where. Once seen they can never be mistaken. Mrs. Jefferson Brick sat opposite us at dinner. General Fladdock called to propose a series of papers, showing up the English aristocracy, "with whom I lived while I was abroad," said he. This very day, dining at a restaurant's, we were served by the identical waiter who drank up David Copperfield's ale, devoured his chops, and ate his pudding on a race.

Of the charming Christmas Tales who shall write after Thackeray, who acknowledges that his own spectacled eyes were dimmed with tears for the imagined death of Tiny Tim, and who sung a song of triumph when he found that, after all, Bob Cratchit's child did not really die? We owe Mr. Dickens a debt of gratitude for sparing his life, contrary to his usual habit. We know that those whom the gods love die young; but we can not help feeling that the killed and missing of his children bear a frightful proportion to the whole number.

Humor, pathos, and sound manliness of thought and feeling are the prominent characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius. But there is a broad line of distinction between him and the humorists of the preceding century. We are disgusted with the coarseness of Rabelais, while

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we laugh at his humor. We lock up Congreve from our wife and daughters. We hide some volumes of Swift from our sons. You would not like to have your darling Matilda own to a familiar acquaintance with Fielding. You never introduce to her Tom Jones or Captain Booth. But you have no such scruples with regard to Dickens. She has Copperfield and Dombey and Bleak House, with "From a friend," followed by your initials, on the fly-leaf; and you have promised that she shall in like manner have Little Dorrit. Yet he has gone deeply into low life. He conducts us through dens of infamy and haunts of vice into which the older humorists would scarcely dare to set their foot; but no foul odor clings to his garment or ours as we emerge from those noisome dens. Though he has written so largely of low life, of vulgar life, of outcast life, there is not a volume we would hide from mother or sister or daughter; not a page which we should blush to hear read by a woman.

The personality of a living writer, who does not choose to publish his autobiography, is hardly a matter for public comment. How Mr. Dickens looks and dresses, the portrait shows. How indefatigably he works his writings attest. For the rest, it is enough to say that he married early a buxom Englishwoman, and has now a houseful of stout English boys and girls; that —as he can well afford—he lives well, eats well, drinks well, and probably sleeps well; that he talks well, acts well, and speaks well; that he is an early riser, and a stout pedestrian, good at any time for a ten miles' walk. In a word, that he touches life at as many points as most men; and as fortune has smiled upon him, that he has a constitution, bodily and mental, which enables him to enjoy her favors.

He has not, of course, escaped the attacks of sneerers and backbiters. Whispers have reached us across the Atlantic that he is a fop, a spendthrift, a bankrupt. Once or twice, if gossip is to be credited, he has been shut up in a mad-house. All else failing, we have been assured that he could not last—that he had written himself out—that each new work would certainly be a failure. But somehow, the public verdict has failed to confirm these amiable predictions.

Certainly the opening chapters of Little Dorrit afford no confirmation to these ill-omened prophecies. The prison scene at Marseilles shows no trace of a worn-out imagination. The hand has lost none of its former cunning, that drew and contrasted the gay Italian and the sombre Gaul; the cheery Meagles and the world-wearied Arthur; the bright Pet and her passionate attendant; the inflexible Mrs. Clennam and the irresolute Father of the Marshalsea. Little Dorrit—the Child of the Prison—gives promise of proving a new creation, worthy of the matured powers of the author. Our readers can hardly look forward with other than pleasant anticipations to the eighteen months of intimacy with her.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.—FAMILY AFFAIRS.

AS the city clock struck nine on Monday morning, Mrs. Clennam was wheeled by Jeremiah Flintwinch of the cut-down aspect, to her tall cabinet. When she had unlocked and opened it, and had settled herself at its desk, Jeremiah withdrew—as it might be, to hang himself more effectually—and her son appeared.

"Are you any better this morning, mother?"

She shook her head, with the same austere air of luxuriousness that she had shown overnight when speaking of the weather. "I shall never be better any more. It is well for me, Arthur, that I know it and can bear it."

Sitting with her hands laid separately upon the desk, and the tall cabinet towering before her, she looked as if she were performing on a dumb church-organ. Her son thought so (it was an old thought with him), while he took his seat beside it.

She opened a drawer or two, looked over some business papers, and put them back again. Her severe face had no thread of relaxation in it, by which any explorer could have been guided to the gloomy labyrinth of her thoughts.

"Shall I speak of our affairs, mother? Are you inclined to enter upon business?"

"Am I inclined, Arthur? Rather, are you? Your father has been dead a year and more. I have been at your disposal, and waiting your pleasure, ever since."

"There was much to arrange before I could leave; and when I did leave, I traveled a little for rest and relief."

She turned her face toward him, as not having heard or understood his last words.

"For rest and relief."

She glanced round the sombre room, and appeared from the motion of her lips to repeat the words to herself, as calling it to witness how little of either it afforded her.

"Besides, mother, you being sole executrix, and having the direction and management of the estate, there remained little business, or I might say none, that I could transact, until you had had time to arrange matters to your satisfaction."

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"The accounts are made out," she returned; "I have them here. The vouchers have all been examined and passed. You can inspect them when you like, Arthur; now, if you please."

"It is quite enough, mother, to know that the business is completed. Shall I proceed then?"

"Why not?" she said, in her frozen way.

"Mother, our House has done less and less for some years past, and our dealings have been progressively on the decline. We have never shown much confidence, or invited much; we have attached no people to us; the track we have kept is not the track of the time; and we have been left far behind. I need not dwell on this to you, mother. You know it necessarily."

"I know what you mean," she answered, in a qualified tone.

"Even this old house in which we speak," pursued her son, "is an instance of what I say. In my father's earlier time, and in his uncle's time before him, it was a place of business—really a place of business, and business resort. Now, it is a mere anomaly and incongruity here, out of date and out of purpose. All our consignments have long been made to Rovinghams' the commission-merchants; and although, as a check upon them, and in the stewardship of my father's resources, your judgment and watchfulness have been actively exerted, still those qualities would have influenced my father's fortunes equally if you had lived in any private dwelling: would they not?"

"Do you consider," she returned, without answering his question, "that a house serves no purpose, Arthur, in sheltering your infirm and afflicted—justly infirm and righteously afflicted—mother?"

"I was speaking only of business purposes."

"With what object?"

"I am coming to it."

"I foresee," she returned, fixing her eyes upon him, "what it is. But the Lord forbid that I should repine under any visitation! In my sinfulness I merit bitter disappointment, and I accept it."

"Mother, I grieve to hear you speak like this, though I have had my apprehensions that you would—"

"You knew I would. You knew *me*," she interrupted.

Her son paused for a moment. He had struck fire out of her, and was surprised. "Well!" she said, relapsing into stone. "Go on. Let me hear."

"You have anticipated, mother, that I decide, for my part, to abandon the business. I have done with it. I will not take upon myself to advise you; you will continue it, I see. If I had any influence with you, I would simply use it to soften your judgment of me in causing you this disappointment: to represent to you that I have lived the half of a long term of life, and have never before set my own will against yours. I can not say that I have been able to conform myself, in heart and spirit, to your rules; I can not say that I believe my forty years have been profitable or pleasant to myself, or any one; but I have habitually submitted, and I only ask you to remember it."

Woe to the suppliant, if such a one there were or ever had been, who had any concession to look for in the inexorable face at the cabinet. Woe to the defaulter whose appeal lay to the tribunal where those severe eyes presided. Great need had the rigid woman of her mystical religion, vailed in gloom and darkness, with lightnings of cursing, vengeance, and destruction, flashing through the sable clouds. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," was a prayer too poor in spirit for her. Smite thou my debtors, Lord, wither them, crush them; do Thou as I would do, and thou shalt have my worship: this was the impious tower of stone she built up to scale Heaven.

"Have you finished, Arthur, or have you any thing more to say to me? I think there can be nothing else. You have been short, but full of matter?"

"Mother, I have yet something more to say. It has been upon my mind, night and day, this long time. It is far more difficult to say than what I have said. That concerned myself; this concerns us all."

"Us all! who are us all?"

"Yourself, myself, my dead father."

She took her hands from the desk; folded them in her lap; and sat looking toward the fire, with the impenetrability of an old Egyptian sculpture.

"You knew my father infinitely better than I ever knew him; and his reserve with me yielded to you. You were much the stronger, mother, and directed him. As a child, I knew it as well as I know it now. I knew that your ascendency over him was the cause of his going to China to take care of the business there, while you took care of it here (though I do not even now know whether these were really terms of separation that you agreed upon); and that it was your will that I should remain with you until I was twenty, and then go to him as I did. You will not be offended by my recalling this, after twenty years?"

"I am waiting to hear why you recall it."

He lowered his voice, and said, with manifest reluctance, and against his will:

"I want to ask you, mother, whether it ever occurred to you to suspect—"

At the word Suspect she turned her eyes momentarily upon her son with a dark frown. She then suffered them to seek the fire as before; but with the frown fixed above them, as if the sculptor of old Egypt had indented it in the hard granite face to frown for ages.

"—that he had any secret remembrance which caused him trouble of mind—remorse? Whether you ever observed any thing in his conduct suggesting that, or ever spoke to him upon it, or ever heard him hint at such a thing?"

"I do not understand what kind of secret re-

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membrance you mean to infer that your father was a prey to," she returned, after a silence. "You speak so mysteriously."

"Is it possible, mother"—her son leaned forward to be the nearer to her while he whispered it, and laid his hand nervously upon her desk—"is it possible, mother, that he had unhappily wronged any one, and made no reparation?"

Looking at him wrathfully, she bent herself back in her chair to keep him further off, but gave him no reply.

"I am deeply sensible, mother, that if this thought has never at any time flashed upon you, it must seem cruel and unnatural in me, even in this confidence, to breathe it. But I can not shake it off. Time and change (I have tried both before breaking silence), do nothing to wear it out. Remember, I was with my father. Remember, I saw his face when he gave the watch into my keeping, and struggled to express that he sent it as a token you would understand, to you. Remember, I saw him at the last with the pencil in his failing hand, trying to write some word for you to read, but to which he could give no shape. The more remote and cruel this vague suspicion that I have, the stronger the circumstances that could give it any semblance of probability to me. For Heaven's sake let us examine sacredly whether there is any wrong intrusted to us to set right. No one can help toward it, mother, but you."

Still so recoiling in her chair that her overpoised weight moved it, from time to time, a little on its wheels, and gave her the appearance of a phantom of fierce aspect gliding away from him, she interposed her left arm, bent at the elbow with the back of her hand toward her face, between herself and him, and looked at him in a fixed silence.

"In grasping at money and in driving hard bargains—I have begun, and I must speak of such things now, mother—some one may have been grievously deceived, injured, ruined. You were the moving power of all this machinery before my birth; your stronger spirit has been infused into all my father's dealings, for more than twoscore years. You can set these doubts at rest, I think, if you will really help me to discover the truth. Will you, mother?"

He stopped in the hope that she would speak. But her gray hair was not more immovable in its two folds than were her firm lips.

"If reparation can be made to any one, if restitution can be made to any one, let us know it and make it. Nay, mother, if within my means, let *me* make it. I have seen so little happiness come of money; it has brought within my knowledge so little peace to this house, or to any one belonging to it, that it is worth less to me than to another. It can buy me nothing that will not be a reproach and misery to me, if I am haunted by a suspicion that it darkened my father's last hours with remorse, and that it is not honestly and justly mine."

There was a bell-rope hanging on the paneled wall, some two or three yards from the cabinet. By a swift and sudden action of her foot she drove her wheeled carriage rapidly back to it and pulled it violently—still holding her arm up in its shield-like posture, as if he were striking at her, and she warding off the blow.

A girl came hurrying in, frightened.

"Send Flintwinch here!"

In a moment the girl had withdrawn, and the old man stood within the door. "What! You're hammer and tongs already, you two?" he said, coolly stroking his face. "I thought you would be. I was pretty sure of it."

"Flintwinch!" said the mother, "look at my son. Look at him!"

"Well! I *am* looking at him," said Flintwinch.

She stretched out the arm with which she had shielded herself, and as she went on, pointed at the object of her anger.

"In the very hour of his return almost—before the shoe upon his foot is dry—he asperses his father's memory to his mother! Asks his mother to become, with him, a spy upon his father's transactions through a lifetime! Has misgivings that the goods of this world, which we have painfully got together early and late, with wear and tear and toil and self-denial, are so much plunder; and asks to whom they shall be given up, as reparation and restitution!"

Although she said this raging, she said it in a voice so far from being beyond her control, that it was even lower than her usual tone. She also spoke with great distinctness.

"Reparation!" said she. "Yes truly! It is easy for him to talk of reparation, fresh from journeying and junketing in foreign lands, and living a life of vanity and pleasure. But let him look at me, in prison, and in bonds here. I endure without murmuring, because it is appointed that I shall so make reparation for my sins. Reparation! Is there none in this room? Has there been none here this fifteen years?"

Thus was she always balancing her bargain with the Majesty of heaven, posting up the entries to her credit, strictly keeping her set-off, and claiming her due. She was only remarkable in this, for the force and emphasis with which she did it. Thousands upon thousands do it, according to their varying manner, every day.

"Flintwinch, give me that book!"

The old man handed it to her from the table. She put two fingers between the leaves, closed the book upon them, and held it up to her son in a threatening way.

"In the days of old, Arthur, treated of in this Commentary, there were pious men, beloved of the Lord, who would have cursed their sons for less than this: who would have sent them forth, and sent whole nations forth, if such had supported them, to be avoided of God and man, and perish, down to the baby at the breast. But I only tell you that if you ever renew that theme with me, I will renounce you; I will so dismiss you through that doorway, that you had better

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MR. FLINTWINCH MEDIATES AS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

have been motherless from your cradle. I will never see or know you more. And if, after all, you were to come into this darkened room to look upon me lying dead, my body should bleed, if I could make it, when you came near me."

In part relieved by the intensity of this threat, and in part (monstrous as the fact is) by a general impression that it was in some sort a religious proceeding, she handed back the book to the old man, and was silent.

"Now," said Jeremiah; "premising that I'm not going to stand between you two, will you let me ask (as I *have* been called in, and made a third) what is all this about?"

"Take your version of it," returned Arthur, finding it left to him to speak, "from my mother. Let it rest there. What I have said, was said to my mother only."

"Oh!" returned the old man. "From your mother? Take it from your mother? Well! But your mother mentioned that you had been suspecting your father. That's not dutiful, Mr. Arthur. Who will you be suspecting next?"

"Enough," said Mrs. Clennam, turning her face so that it was addressed for the moment to the old man only. "Let no more be said about this."

"Yes, but stop a bit, stop a bit," the old man persisted. "Let us see how we stand. Have you told Mr. Arthur that he mustn't lay offenses at his father's door? That he has no right to do it? That he has no ground to go upon?"

"I tell him so now."

"Ah! Exactly," said the old man. "You tell him so now. You hadn't told him so before, and you tell him so now. Ay, ay! That's right! You know I stood between you and his father so long, that it seems as if death had made no difference, and I was still standing between you. So I will, and so in fairness I require to have that plainly put forward. Arthur, you please to hear that you have no right to mistrust your father, and have no ground to go upon."

He put his hands to the back of the wheeled chair, and muttering to himself, slowly wheeled his mistress back to her cabinet. "Now," he resumed, standing behind her: "in case I should go away leaving things half done, and so should be wanted again when you come to the other half and get into one of your flights, has Arthur told you what he means to do about the business?"

"He has relinquished it."

"In favor of nobody, I suppose?"

Mrs. Clennam glanced at her son, leaning against one of the windows. He observed the look, and said, "To my mother, of course. She does what she pleases."

"And if any pleasure," she said, after a short pause, "could arise for me out of the disappoint-

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ment of my expectations, that my son in the prime of his life would infuse new youth and strength into it, and make it of great profit and power, it would be in advancing an old and faithful servant. Jeremiah, the captain deserts the ship, but you and I will sink or float with it."

Jeremiah, whose eyes glistened as if they saw money, darted a sudden look at the son, which seemed to say, "I owe *you* no thanks for this; *you* have done nothing toward it!" and then told the mother that he thanked her, and that Affery thanked her, and that he would never desert her, and that Affery would never desert her. Finally, he hauled up his watch from its depths, said "Eleven. Time for your oysters!" and with that change of subject, which involved no change of expression or manner, rang the bell.

But Mrs. Clennam, resolved to treat herself with the greater rigor for having been supposed to be unacquainted with reparation, refused to eat her oysters when they were brought. They looked tempting; eight in number, circularly set out on a white plate on a tray covered with a white napkin, flanked by a slice of buttered French roll, and a little compact glass of cool wine and water; but she resisted all persuasions, and sent them down again—placing the act to her credit, no doubt, in her Eternal Day-book.

This refection of oysters was not presided over by Affery, but by the girl who had appeared when the bell was rung; the same who had been in the dimly-lighted room last night. Now that he had an opportunity of observing her, Arthur found that her diminutive figure, small features, and slight spare dress, gave her the appearance of being much younger than she was. A woman, probably of not less than two-and-twenty, she might have been passed in the street for little more than half that age. Not that her face was very youthful, for in truth there was more consideration and care in it than naturally belonged to her utmost years; but she was so little and light, so noiseless and shy, and appeared so conscious of being out of place among the three hard elders, that she had all the manner and much of the appearance of a subdued child.

In a hard way, and in an uncertain way that fluctuated between patronage and putting down, the sprinkling from a watering-pot and hydraulic pressure, Mrs. Clennam showed an interest in this dependent. Even in the moment of her entrance upon the violent ringing of the bell, when the mother shielded herself with that singular action from the son, Mrs. Clennam's eyes had had some individual recognition in them, which seemed reserved for her. As there are degrees of hardness in the hardest metal, and shades of color in black itself, so, even in the asperity of Mrs. Clennam's demeanor toward all the rest of humanity and toward Little Dorrit, there was a fine gradation.

Little Dorrit let herself out to do needlework. At so much a day—or at so little—from eight to eight, Little Dorrit was to be hired. Punctual to the moment, Little Dorrit appeared; punctual to the moment, Little Dorrit vanished. What became of Little Dorrit between the two eights was a mystery.

Another of the moral phenomena of Little Dorrit. Besides her consideration money, her daily contract included meals. She had an extraordinary repugnance to dining in company; would never do so, if it were possible to escape. Would always plead that she had this bit of work to begin first, or that bit of work to finish first; and would, of a certainty, scheme and plan—not very cunningly it would seem, for she deceived no one—to dine alone. Successful in this; happy in carrying off her plate any where, to make a table of her lap, or a box, or the ground, or even as was supposed, to stand on tip-toe, dining moderately at a mantle-shelf; the great anxiety of Little Dorrit's day was set at rest.

It was not easy to make out Little Dorrit's face; she was so retiring, plied her needle in such removed corners, and started away so scared if encountered on the stairs. But it seemed to be a pale transparent face, quick in expression, though not beautiful in feature, its soft hazel eyes excepted. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a quick little pair of busy hands, and a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work.

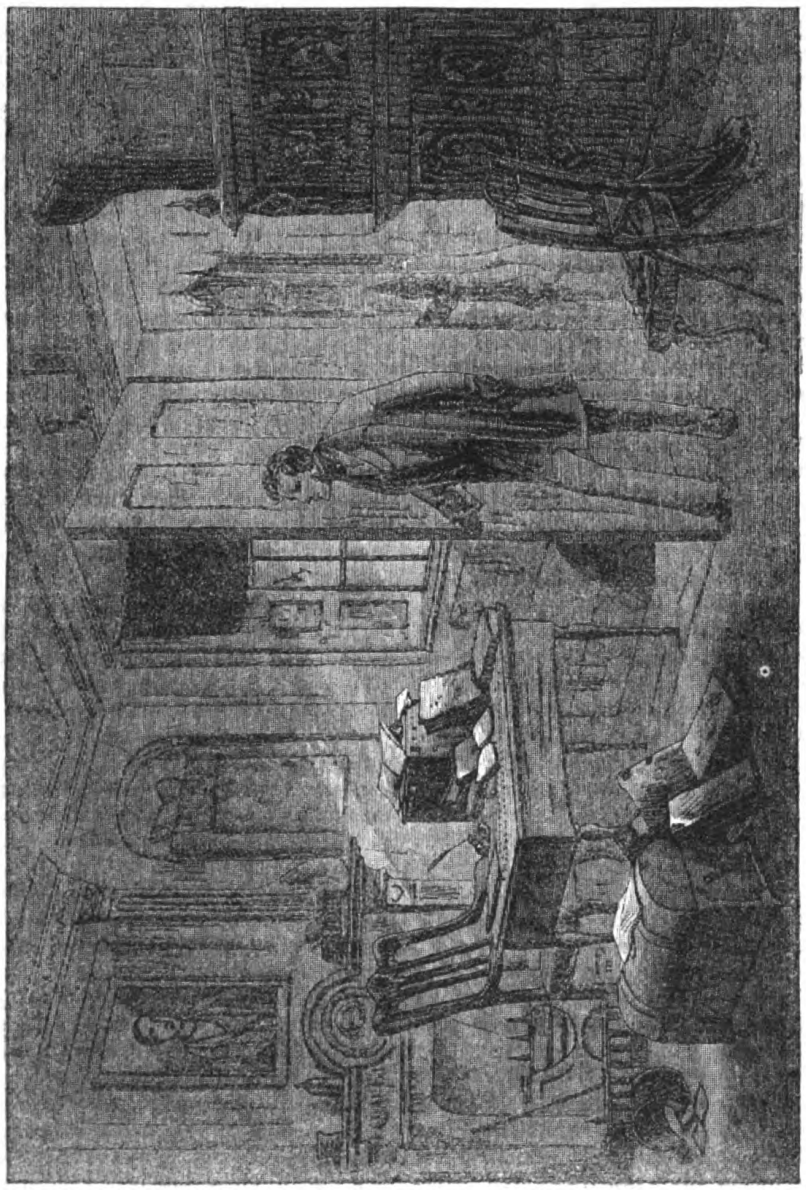
For these particulars or generalities concerning Little Dorrit, Mr. Arthur was indebted in the course of the day to his own eyes and to Mrs. Affery's tongue. If Mrs. Affery had had any will or way of her own, it would probably have been unfavorable to Dorrit. But as "them two clever ones"—Mrs. Affery's perpetual reference, in whom her personality was swallowed up—were agreed to accept Little Dorrit as a matter of course, she had nothing for it but to follow suit. Similarly, if the two clever ones had agreed to murder Little Dorrit by candle-light, Mrs. Affery, being required to hold the candle, would no doubt have done it.

In the intervals of roasting the partridge for the invalid chamber, and preparing a baking-dish of beef and pudding for the dining-room, Mrs. Affery made the communications above set forth; invariably putting her head in at the door again, after she had taken it out, to enforce resistance to the two clever ones. It appeared to have become a perfect passion with Mrs. Flintwinch that the only son should be pitted against them.

In the course of the day too, Arthur looked through the whole house. Dull and dark he found it. The gaunt rooms, deserted for years upon years, seemed to have settled down into a gloomy lethargy from which nothing could rouse them again. The furniture, at once spare and lumbering, hid in the rooms rather than furnished them, and there was no color in all the house; such color as had ever been there, had long ago started away on lost sunbeams—got itself absorbed, perhaps, into flowers, butterflies, plumage of birds, precious stones, what not.

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There was not one straight floor, from the foundation to the roof; the ceilings were so fantastically clouded by smoke and dust, that old women might have told fortunes in them, better than in grouts of tea; the dead-cold hearths showed no traces of having ever been warmed, but in heaps of soot that had tumbled down the chimneys, and eddied about in little dusky whirlwinds when the doors were opened. In what had once been a drawing-room, there were a pair of meagre mirrors, with dismal processions of black figures carrying black garlands, walking round the frames; but even these were short of heads and legs, and one undertaker-like Cupid had swung round on his own axis and got upside down, and another had fallen off altogether. The room Arthur Clennam's deceased father had occupied for business purposes, when he first remembered him, was so unaltered that he might have been imagined still to keep it invisibly, as his visible relict kept her room up stairs; Jeremiah Flintwinch still going between them negotiating. His picture, dark and gloomy, earnestly speechless on the wall, with the eyes intently looking at his son as they had looked when life departed from them, seemed to urge him awfully to the task he had attempted; but as to any yielding on the part of his mother, he had now no hope, and as to any other means of setting his distrust at rest, he had abandoned hope a long time. Down in the cellars, as up in the bedchambers, old objects that he well remembered were changed by age and decay, but were still in their old places; even to empty beer-casks hoary with cobwebs, and empty wine-bottles with fur and fungus choking up their throats. There, too, among unused bottle-racks and pale slants of light from the yard above, was the strong



THE ROOM WITH THE PORTRAIT.

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room stored with old ledgers which had as musty and corrupt a smell as if they were regularly balanced, in the dead small hours, by a nightly resurrection of old book-keepers.

The baking-dish was served up in a penitential manner, on a shrunken cloth at an end of the dining-table, at two o'clock, when he dined with Mr. Flintwinch, the new partner. Mr. Flintwinch informed him that his mother had recovered her equanimity now, and that he need not fear her again alluding to what had passed in the morning. "And don't you lay offenses at your father's door, Mr. Arthur," added Jeremiah, "once for all, don't do it! Now we have done with the subject."

Mr. Flintwinch had been already re-arranging and dusting his own particular little office, as if to do honor to his accession to new dignity. He resumed this occupation when he was replete with beef, had sucked up all the gravy in the baking-dish with the flat of his knife, and had drawn liberally on a barrel of small beer in the scullery. Thus refreshed, he tucked up his shirt-sleeves and went to work again; and Mr. Arthur, watching him as he set about it, plainly saw that his father's picture, or his father's grave, would be as communicative with him as this old man.

"Now, Affery, woman," said Mr. Flintwinch, as she crossed the hall. "You hadn't made Mr. Arthur's bed when I was up there last. Stir yourself. Bustle."

But Mr. Arthur found the house so blank and dreary, and was so unwilling to assist at another implacable consignment of his mother's enemies (perhaps himself among them) to mortal disfigurement and immortal ruin, that he announced his intention of lodging at the coffee-house where he had left his luggage. Mr. Flintwinch taking kindly to the idea of getting rid of him, and his mother being indifferent, beyond considerations of saving, to most domestic arrangements that were not bounded by the walls of her own chamber, he easily carried this point without new offense. Daily business hours were agreed upon, which his mother, Mr. Flintwinch, and he, were to devote together to a necessary checking of books and papers; and he left the home he had so lately found with a depressed heart.

But Little Dorrit?

The business hours, allowing for intervals of invalid regimen of oysters and partridges, during which Clennam refreshed himself with a walk, were from ten to six for about a fortnight. Sometimes Little Dorrit was employed at her needle, sometimes not, sometimes appeared as an humble visitor: which must have been her character on the occasion of his arrival. His original curiosity augmented every day, as he watched for her, saw or did not see her, and speculated about her. Influenced by his predominant idea, he even fell into a habit of discussing with himself the possibility of her being in some way associated with it. At last he resolved to watch Little Dorrit and know more of her story.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA.

Thirty years ago there stood, a few doors short of the Church of Saint George, in the Borough of Southwark, on the left hand side of the way going southward, the Marshalsea Prison. It had stood there many years before, and it remained there some years afterward; but it is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it.

It was an oblong pile of barrack-building, partitioned into squalid houses standing back to back, so that there were no back rooms; environed by a narrow paved yard, hemmed in by high walls duly spiked at top. Itself a close and confined prison for debtors, it contained within it a much closer and more confined jail for smugglers. Offenders against the revenue laws, and defaulters to excise or customs, who had incurred fines which they were unable to pay, were supposed to be incarcerated behind an iron-plated door, closing up a second prison, consisting of a strong cell or two, and a blind alley some yard and a half wide, which formed the mysterious termination of the very limited skittle-ground in which the Marshalsea debtors bowled down their troubles.

Supposed to be incarcerated there, because the time had rather outgrown the strong cells and the blind alley. In practice they had come to be considered a little too bad, though in theory they were quite as good as ever: which may be observed to be the case at the present day with other cells that are not at all strong, and with other blind alleys that are stone-blind. Hence the smugglers habitually consorted with the debtors (who received them with open arms), except at certain constitutional moments when somebody came from some Office, to go through some form of overlooking something, which neither he nor any body else knew any thing about. On those truly British occasions, the smugglers, if any, made a feint of walking into the strong cells and the blind alley, while this somebody pretended to do his something; and made a reality of walking out again as soon as he hadn't done it—neatly epitomizing the administration of most of the public affairs in our right little, tight little, island.

There had been taken to the Marshalsea Prison, long before the day when the sun shone on Marseilles and on the opening of this narrative, a debtor with whom this narrative has some concern.

He was, at that time, a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman, who was going out again directly. Necessarily, he was going out again directly, because the Marshalsea lock never turned upon a debtor who was not. He brought in a portmanteau with him, which he doubted its being worth while to unpack; he was so perfectly clear—like all the rest of them, the turnkey on the lock said—that he was going out again directly.

He was a shy, retiring man; well-looking,

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though in an effeminate style; with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands—rings upon the fingers in those days—which nervously wandered to his trembling lip a hundred times in the first half hour of his acquaintance with the jail. His principal anxiety was about his wife.

"Do you think, Sir," he asked the turnkey, "that she will be very much shocked if she should come to the gate to-morrow morning?"

The turnkey gave it as the result of his experience that some of 'em was and some of 'em wasn't. In general, more no than yes. "What like is she, you see?" he philosophically asked: "that's what it hinges on."

"She is very delicate and inexperienced indeed."

"That," said the turnkey, "is agen her."

"She is so little used to go out alone," said the debtor, "that I am at a loss to think how she will ever make her way here, if she walks."

"P'raps," quoth the turnkey, "she'll take a ackney coach."

"Perhaps." The irresolute fingers went to the trembling lip. "I hope she will. She may not think of it."

"Or p'raps," said the turnkey, offering his suggestions from the top of his well-worn wooden stool, as he might have offered them to a child for whose weakness he felt a compassion, "p'raps she'll get her brother, or her sister, to come along with her."

"She has no brother or sister."

"Niece, nevy, cousin, serwant, young 'ooman, greengrocer. Dash it! One or another on 'em," said the turnkey, repudiating beforehand the refusal of all his suggestions.

"I fear—I hope it is not against the rules—that she will bring the children."

"The children?" said the turnkey. "And the rules? Why, lord set you up like a corner pin, we've a reg'lar playground o' children here. Children? Why, we swarm with 'em. How many a you got?"

"Two," said the debtor, lifting his irresolute hand to his lip again, and turning into the prison.

The turnkey followed him with his eyes. "And you, another," he observed to himself, "which makes three on you. And your wife another, I'll lay a crown. Which makes four on you. And another coming, I'll lay half-a-crown. Which'll make five on you. And I'll go another seven and sixpence to name which is the helplessest, the unborn baby or you!"

He was right in all his particulars. She came next day with a little boy of three years old, and a little girl of two, and he stood entirely corroborated.

"Got a room now; haven't you?" The turnkey asked the debtor after a week or two.

"Yes, I have got a very good room."

"Any little sticks a-coming, to furnish it?" said the turnkey.

"I expect a few necessary articles of furniture to be delivered by the carrier this afternoon."

"Missis and the little 'uns a-coming, to keep you company?" asked the turnkey.

"Why, yes, we think it better that we should not be scattered, even for a few weeks."

"Even for a few weeks, *of* course," replied the turnkey. And he followed him again with his eyes, and nodded his head seven times when he was gone.

The affairs of this debtor were perplexed by a partnership, of which he knew no more than that he had invested money in it; by legal matters of assignment and settlement, conveyance here and conveyance there, suspicion of unlawful preference of creditors in this direction, and of mysterious spiriting away of property in that; and as nobody on the face of the earth could be more incapable of explaining any single item in the heap of confusion than the debtor himself, nothing comprehensible could be made of his case. To question him in detail, and endeavor to reconcile his answers; to closet him with accountants and sharp practitioners, learned in the wiles of insolvency and bankruptcy, was only to put the case out at compound interest of incomprehensibility. The irresolute fingers fluttered more and more ineffectually about the trembling lip on every such occasion, and the sharpest practitioners gave him up as a hopeless job.

"Out?" said the turnkey, "*he*'ll never get out. Unless his creditors take him by the shoulders and shove him out."

He had been there five or six months, when he came running to this turnkey one forenoon to tell him, breathless and pale, that his wife was ill.

"As any body might a-known she would be," said the turnkey.

"We intended," he returned, "that she should go to a country lodging only to-morrow. What am I to do! Oh, good Heaven, what am I to do!"

"Don't waste your time in clasping your hands and biting your fingers," responded the practical turnkey, taking him by the elbow, "but come along with me."

The turnkey conducted him—trembling from head to foot, and constantly crying under his breath, What was he to do! while his irresolute fingers bedabbled the tears upon his face—up one of the common staircases in the prison to a door on the garret story. Upon which door the turnkey knocked with the handle of his key.

"Come in," cried a voice inside.

The turnkey opening the door, disclosed in a wretched, ill-smelling little room, two hoarse, puffy, red-faced personages seated at a rickety table, playing at all-fours, smoking pipes, and drinking brandy.

"Doctor," said the turnkey, "here's a gentleman's wife in want of you without a minute's loss of time!"

The doctor's friend was in the positive degree of hoarseness, puffness, red-facedness, all-fours, tobacco, dirt, and brandy; the doctor in the comparative—hoarser, puffer, more red-faced, more

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all-foury, tobaccoer, dirtier, and brandier. The doctor was amazingly shabby, in a torn and darned rough-weather sea-jacket, out at elbows and eminently short of buttons (he had been in his time the experienced surgeon carried by a passenger ship), the dirtiest white trowsers conceivable by mortal man, carpet slippers, and no visible linen. "Childbed?" said the doctor. "I'm the boy!" With that the doctor took a comb from the chimney-piece and stuck his hair upright—which appeared to be his way of washing himself—produced a professional chest or case, of most abject appearance, from the cupboard where his cup and saucer and coals were, settled his chin in the frowzy wrapper round his neck, and became a ghastly medical scarecrow.

The doctor and the debtor ran down stairs, leaving the turnkey to return to the lock, and made for the debtor's room. All the ladies in the prison had got hold of the news, and were in the yard. Some of them had already taken possession of the two children, and were hospitably carrying them off; others were offering loans of little comforts from their scanty store; others were sympathizing with the greatest volubility. The gentlemen prisoners, feeling themselves at a disadvantage, had for the most part retired, not to say sneaked, to their rooms; from the open windows of which some of them now complimented the doctor with whistles as he passed below, while others, with several stories between them, interchanged sarcastic references to the prevalent excitement.

It was a hot summer day, and the prison rooms were baking between the high walls. In the debtor's confined chamber, Mrs. Bangham, charwoman and messenger, who was not a prisoner (though she had been once), but was the popular medium of communication with the outer world, had volunteered her services as fly-catcher and general attendant. The walls and ceiling were blackened with flies. Mrs. Bangham, expert in sudden device, with one hand fanned the patient with a cabbage-leaf, and with the other set traps of vinegar and sugar in gallipots; at the same time enunciating sentiments of an encouraging and congratulatory nature, adapted to the occasion.

"The flies trouble you, don't they, my dear?" said Mrs. Bangham. "But p'raps they'll take your mind off of it, and do you good. What between the buryin' ground, the grocer's, the wagon-stables, and the paunch trade, the Marshalsea flies gets very large. P'raps they're sent as a consolation, if we only know'd it. How are you now, my dear? No better? No, my dear, it an't to be expected; you'll be worse before you're better, and you know it, don't you? Yes. That's right! And to think of a sweet little cherub being born inside the lock! Now ain't it pretty, ain't *that* something to carry you through it pleasant? Why, we ain't had such a thing happen here, my dear, not for I couldn't name the time when. And you a-crying too?" said Mrs. Bangham, to rally the patient more and more. "You! Making yourself so famous! With the flies a-falling into the gallipots by fifties! And every thing a-going on so well! And here if there ain't," said Mrs. Bangham, as the door opened, "if there ain't your dear gentleman along with Doctor Haggage! And now indeed we *are* complete, I *think!*"

The doctor was scarcely the kind of apparition to inspire a patient with a sense of absolute completeness, but as he presently delivered the opinion, "We are as right as we can be, Mrs. Bangham, and we shall come out of this like a house a-fire;" and as he and Mrs. Bangham took possession of the poor, helpless pair, as every body else and any body else had always done, the means at hand were as good on the whole as better would have been. The special feature in Doctor Haggage's treatment of the case, was his determination to keep Mrs. Bangham up to the mark. As thus:

"Mrs. Bangham," said the doctor, before he had been there twenty minutes, "go outside and fetch a little brandy, or we shall have you giving in."

"Thank you, Sir. But none on my accounts," said Mrs. Bangham.

"Mrs. Bangham," returned the doctor. "I am in professional attendance on this lady, and don't choose to allow any discussion on your part. Go outside and fetch a little brandy, or I foresee that you'll break down."

"You're to be obeyed, Sir," said Mrs. Bangham, rising. "If you was to put your own lips to it, I think you wouldn't be the worse, for you look but poorly, Sir."

"Mrs. Bangham," returned the doctor, "I am not your business, thank you, but you are mine. Never you mind *me*, if you please. What you have got to do, is, to do as you are told, and to go and get what I bid you."

Mrs. Bangham submitted; and the doctor, having administered her potion, took his own. He repeated the treatment every hour, being very determined with Mrs. Bangham. Three or four hours passed; the flies fell into the traps by hundreds; and at length one little life, hardly stronger than theirs, appeared among the multitude of lesser deaths.

"A very nice little girl indeed," said the doctor; "little, but well-formed. Halloa, Mrs. Bangham! You're looking queer! You be off, ma'am, this minute, and fetch a little more brandy, or we shall have you in hysterics."

By this time the rings had begun to fall from the debtor's irresolute hands, like leaves from a wintry tree. Not one was left upon them that night, when he put something that chinked into the doctor's greasy palm. In the mean time Mrs. Bangham had been out an errand to a neighboring establishment decorated with three golden balls, where she was very well known.

"Thank you," said the doctor, "thank you. Your good lady is quite composed. Doing charmingly."

"I am very happy and very thankful to know

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it," said the debtor, "though I little thought once, that—"

"That a child would be born to you in a place like this?" said the doctor. "Bah, bah, Sir, what does it signify? A little more elbow-room is all we want here. We are quiet here; we don't get badgered here; there's no knocker here, Sir, to be hammered at by creditors and bring a man's heart into his mouth. Nobody comes here to ask if a man's at home, and to say he'll stand on the door mat till he is. Nobody writes threatening letters about money to this place. It's freedom, Sir, it's freedom! I have had to-day's practice at home and abroad, on a march, and aboard ship, and I'll tell you this: I don't know that I have ever pursued it under such quiet circumstances as here this day. Elsewhere, people are restless, worried, hurried about, anxious respecting one thing, anxious respecting another. Nothing of the kind here, Sir. We have done all that—we know the worst of it; we have got to the bottom, we can't fall, and what have we found? Peace. That's the word for it. Peace." With this profession of faith, the doctor, who was an old jail-bird, and was more sodden than usual, and had the additional and unusual stimulus of money in his pocket, returned to his associate and chum in hoarseness, puffiness, redfacedness, all-fours, tobacco, dirt, and brandy.

Now the debtor was a very different man from the doctor, but he had already begun to travel, by his opposite segment of the circle, to the same point. Crushed at first by his imprisonment, he had soon found a dull relief in it. He was under lock and key; but the lock and key that kept him in kept numbers of his troubles out. If he had been a man with strength of purpose to face those troubles and fight them, he might have broken the net that held him, or broken his heart; but being what he was, he languidly slipped into this smooth descent, and never more took one step upward.

When he was relieved of the perplexed affairs that nothing would make plain, through having them returned upon his hands by a dozen agents in succession who could make neither beginning, middle, nor end of them, or him, he found his miserable place of refuge a quieter refuge than it had been before. He had unpacked the portmanteau long ago; and his elder children now played regularly about the yard, and every body knew the baby, and claimed a kind of proprietorship in her.

"Why, I'm getting proud of you," said his friend the turnkey, one day. "You'll be the oldest inhabitant soon. The Marshalsea wouldn't be like the Marshalsea now, without you and your family."

The turnkey really was proud of him. He would mention him in laudatory terms to newcomers, when his back was turned. "You took notice of him," he would say, "that went out of the Lodge just now?"

New-comer would probably answer yes.

"Brought up as a gentleman, he was, if ever a man was. Ed'cated at no end of expense. Went into the Marshal's house once, to try a new piano for him. Played it, I understand, like one o'clock—beautiful! As to languages—speaks any thing. We've had a Frenchman here in his time, and it's my opinion he knowed more French than the Frenchman did. We've had an Italian here in his time, and he shut *him* up in about half a minute. You'll find some characters behind other locks, I don't say you won't; but if you want the top sawyer, in such respects as I've mentioned, you must come to the Marshalsea."

When his youngest child was eight years old, his wife, who had long been languishing away—of her own inherent weakness, not that she retained any greater sensitiveness as to her place of abode than he did—went upon a visit to a poor friend and old nurse in the country, and died there. He remained shut up in his room for a fortnight afterward; and an attorney's clerk, who was going through the Insolvent Court, engrossed an address of condolence to him, which looked like a Lease, and which all the prisoners signed. When he appeared again, he was grayer (he had soon begun to turn gray); and the turnkey noticed that his hands went often to his trembling lips again, as they had used to do when he first came in. But he got pretty well over it in a month or two; and in the mean time the children played about the yard as regularly as ever, but in black.

Then Mrs. Bangham, long popular medium of communication with the outer world, began to be infirm, and to be found oftener than usual comatose on pavements, with her basket of purchases spilt, and the change of her client's ninepence short. His son began to supersede Mrs. Bangham, and to execute commissions in a knowing manner, and to be of the prison prisonous and of the streets streety.

Time went on, and the turnkey began to fail. His chest swelled, and his legs got weak, and he was short of breath. The well-worn wooden stool was "beyond him," he complained. He sat in an arm-chair with a cushion, and sometimes wheezed so, for minutes together, that he couldn't turn the key. When he was overpowered by these fits, the debtor often turned it for him.

"You and me," said the turnkey one snowny winter's night, when the Lodge, with a bright fire in it, was pretty full of company, "is the oldest inhabitants. I wasn't here myself above seven year before you. I shan't last long. When I'm off the lock for good and all, you'll be the Father of the Marshalsea."

The turnkey went off the lock of this world next day. His words were remembered and repeated; and tradition afterward handed down from generation to generation—a Marshalsea generation might be calculated as about three months—that the shabby old debtor with the soft manner and the white hair was the Father of the Marshalsea.

And he grew to be proud of the title. If any

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impostor had arisen to claim it, he would have shed tears in resentment of the attempt to deprive him of his rights. A disposition began to be perceived in him to exaggerate the number of years he had been there; it was generally understood that you must deduct a few from his account; he was vain, the fleeting generations of debtors said.

All new-comers were presented to him. He was punctilious in the exaction of this ceremony. The wits would perform the office of introduction with overcharged pomp and politeness, but they could not easily overstep his sense of its gravity. He received them in his poor room (he disliked an introduction in the mere yard, as informal—a thing that might happen to any body), with a kind of bowed-down beneficence. They were welcome to the Marshalsea, he would tell them. Yes, he was the Father of the place. So the world was kind enough to call him; and so he was, if more than twenty years of residence gave him a claim to the title. It looked small at first, but there was very good company there—among a mixture—necessarily a mixture—and very good air.

It became a not unusual circumstance for letters to be put under his door at night, inclosing half-a-crown, two half-crowns, now and then at long intervals even half-a-sovereign, for the Father of the Marshalsea, "With the compliments of a collegian taking leave." He received the gifts as tributes, from admirers, to a public character. Sometimes these correspondents assumed facetious names, as the Brick, Bellows, Old Gooseberry, Wide Awake, Snooks, Mops, Cutaway, the Dogs-meat Man; but he considered this in bad taste, and was always a little hurt by it.

In the fullness of time this correspondence showing signs of wearing out, and seeming to require an effort on the part of the correspondents to which in the hurried circumstances of departure many of them might not be equal, he established the custom of attending collegians of a certain standing to the gate, and taking leave of them there. The collegian under treatment, after shaking hands, would occasionally stop to wrap up something in a bit of paper, and would come back again, calling "Hi!"

He would look round surprised. "Me?" he would say, with a smile.

By this time the collegian would be up with him, and he would paternally add, "What have you forgotten? What can I do for you?"

"I forgot to leave this," the collegian would usually return, "for the Father of the Marshalsea."

"My good Sir," he would rejoin, "he is infinitely obliged to you." But, to the last, the irresolute hand of old would remain in the pocket into which he had slipped the money, during two or three turns about the yard, lest the transaction should be too conspicuous to the general body of collegians.

One afternoon he had been doing the honors of the place to a rather large party of collegians, who happened to be going out, when, as he was coming back, he encountered one from the poor side who had been taken in execution for a small sum a week before, had "settled" in the course of that afternoon, and was going out too. The man was a mere plasterer in his working dress; had his wife with him, and a bundle; and was in high spirits.

"God bless you, Sir!" he said in passing.

"And you," benignantly returned the Father of the Marshalsea.

They were pretty far divided, going their several ways, when the Plasterer called out, "I say, Sir!" and came back to him.

"It an't much," said the Plasterer, putting a little pile of halfpence in his hand, "but it's well meant."

The Father of the Marshalsea had never been offered tribute in copper yet. His children often had, and with his perfect acquiescence it had gone into the common purse, to buy meat that he had eaten, and drink that he had drunk; but fustian splashed with white lime bestowing halfpence on him, front to front, was new.

"How dare you!" he said to the man, and feebly burst into tears.

The Plasterer turned him toward the wall, that his face might not be seen; and the action was so delicate, and the man was so penetrated with repentance, and asked pardon so honestly, that he could make him no less acknowledgment than, "I know you meant it kindly. Say no more."

"Bless your soul, Sir," urged the Plasterer, "I did indeed. I'd do more by you than the rest of 'em do, I fancy."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I'd come back to see you after I was let out."

"Give me the money again," said the other, eagerly, "and I'll keep it, and never spend it. Thank you for it, thank you! I shall see you again?"

"If I live a week you shall."

They shook hands and parted. The collegians, assembled in Symposium in the Snuggery that night, marveled what had happened to their Father; he walked so late in the shadows of the yard, and seemed so downcast.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

The baby whose first draught of air had been tinctured with Doctor Haggage's brandy, was handed down among the generations of collegians like the tradition of their common parent. In the earlier stages of her existence she was handed down in a literal and prosaic sense; it being almost a part of the entrance footing of every new collegian to nurse the child who had been born in the college.

"By rights," remarked the turnkey, when she was first shown to him, "I ought to be her godfather."

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The debtor irresolutely thought of it for a minute, and said, "Perhaps you wouldn't object to really being her godfather?"

"Oh! *I* don't object," replied the turnkey, "if you don't."

Thus it came to pass that she was christened one Sunday afternoon, when the turnkey, being relieved, was off the lock; and that the turnkey went up to the font of Saint George's church, and promised, and vowed, and renounced on her behalf, as he himself related when he came back, "like a good 'un."

This invested the turnkey with a new proprietary share in the child, over and above his former official one. When she began to walk and talk, he became fond of her; bought a little arm-chair and stood it by the high fender of the Lodge fire-place; liked to have her company when he was on the lock; and used to bribe her with cheap toys to come and talk to him. The child, for her part, soon grew so fond of the turnkey, that she would come climbing up the Lodge steps of her own accord at all hours of the day. When she fell asleep in the little arm-chair by the high fender, the turnkey would cover her with his pocket handkerchief; and when she sat in it dressing and undressing a doll—which soon came to be unlike dolls on the other side of the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to Mrs. Bangham—he would contemplate her from the top of his stool with exceeding gentleness. Witnessing these things, the collegians would express an opinion that the turnkey, who was a bachelor, had been cut out by nature for a family man. But the turnkey thanked them, and said, "No, on the whole it was enough for him to see other people's children there."

At what period of her early life the little creature began to perceive that it was not the habit of all the world to live locked up in narrow yards surrounded by high walls with spikes at the top, would be a difficult question to settle. But she was a very, very, little creature indeed, when she had somehow gained the knowledge that her clasp of her father's hand was to be always loosened at the door which the great key opened; and that while her own light steps were free to pass beyond it, his feet must never cross that line. A pitiful and plaintive look, with which she had begun to regard him when she was still extremely young, was perhaps a part of this discovery.

With a pitiful and plaintive look for every thing indeed, but something in it for only him that was like protection, this Child of the Marshalsea and child of the Father of the Marshalsea, sat by her friend the turnkey in the lodge, kept the family room, or wandered about the prison yard, for the first eight years of her life. With a pitiful and plaintive look for her wayward sister; for her idle brother; for the high blank walls; for the faded crowd they shut in; for the games of the prison children as they whooped and ran, and played at hide and seek, and made the iron bars of the inner gateway "Home."

Wistful and wondering, she would sit in summer weather by the high fender in the Lodge, looking up at the sky through the barred window, until bars of light would arise, when she turned her eyes away, between her and her friend, and she would see him through a grating too.

"Thinking of the fields," the turnkey said once, after watching her, "ain't you?"

"Where are they?" she inquired.

"Why, they're—over there, my dear," said the turnkey, with a vague flourish of his key. "Just about there."

"Does any body open them and shut them? Are they locked?"

The turnkey was discomfited. "Well!" he said—"not in general."

"Are they very pretty, Bob?" She called him Bob by his own particular request and instruction.

"Lovely. Full of flowers. There's buttercups, and there's daisies, and there's"—the turnkey hesitated, being short of floral nomenclature—"there's dandelions, and all manner of games."

"Is it very pleasant to be there, Bob?"

"Prime," said the turnkey.

"Was father ever there?"

"Hem!" coughed the turnkey. "Oh yes, he was there, sometimes."

"Is he sorry not to be there now?"

"N—not particular," said the turnkey.

"Nor any of the people?" she asked, glancing at the listless crowd within. "Oh! are you quite sure and certain, Bob?"

At this difficult point of the conversation Bob gave in, and changed the subject to hard-bake: always his last resource when he found his little friend getting him into a political, social, or theological corner. But this was the origin of a series of Sunday excursions that these two curious companions made together. They used to issue from the Lodge on alternate Sunday afternoons with great gravity, bound for some meadows or green lanes that had been elaborately appointed by the turnkey in the course of the week; and there she picked grass and flowers to bring home, while he smoked his pipe. Afterward there were tea-gardens, shrimps, ale, and other delicacies; and then they would come back hand in hand, unless she was more than usually tired, and had fallen asleep on his shoulder.

In those early days the turnkey first began profoundly to consider a question which cost him so much mental labor, that it remained undetermined on the day of his death. He decided to will and bequeath his little property of savings to his godchild, and the point arose how could it be so "tied up" as that only she should have the benefit of it? His experience on the lock gave him such an acute perception of the enormous difficulty of "tying up" money with

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any approach to tightness, and contrariwise of the remarkable ease with which it got loose, that through a series of years he regularly propounded this knotty point to every new insolvent agent and other professional gentleman who passed in and out.

"Supposing," he would say, stating the case with his key, on the professional gentleman's waistcoat; "supposing a man wanted to leave his property to a young female, and wanted to tie it up so that nobody else should ever be able to make a grab at it; how would you tie up that property?"

"Settle it strictly on herself," the professional gentleman would complacently answer.

"But look here," quoth the turnkey. "Supposing she had, say a brother, say a father, say a husband, who would be likely to make a grab at that property when she came into it—how about that?"

"It would be settled on herself, and they would have no more legal claim on it than you," would be the professional answer.

"Stop a bit!" said the turnkey. "Supposing she was tender-hearted, and they came over her. Where's your law for tying it up then?"

The deepest character whom the turnkey sounded was unable to produce his law for tying such a knot as that. So the turnkey thought about it all his life, and died intestate after all.

But that was long afterward, when his god-daughter was past sixteen. The first half of that space of her life was only just accomplished, when her pitiful and plaintive look saw her father a widower. From that time the protection that her wondering eyes had expressed toward him become embodied in action, and the Child of the Marshalsea took upon herself a new relation toward the Father.

At first, such a baby could do little more than sit with him, deserting her livelier place by the high fender, and quietly watching him. But this made her so far necessary to him that he became accustomed to her, and began to be sensible of missing her when she was not there. Through this little gate she passed out of childhood into the care-laden world.

What her pitiful look saw, at that early time, in her father, in her sister, in her brother, in the jail; how much, or how little, of the wretched truth it pleased God to make visible to her, lies hidden with many mysteries. It is enough that she was inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life!

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred, in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste, the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears, she drudged on, until recognized as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of eldest of the three, in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen, she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessaries that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening-school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools, by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well—no one better—that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children.

To these scanty means of improvement she added another of her own contriving. Once, among the heterogeneous crowd of inmates, there appeared a dancing-master. Her sister had a great desire to learn the dancing-master's art, and seemed to have a taste that way. At thirteen years old the Child of the Marshalsea presented herself to the dancing-master, with a little bag in her hand, and preferred her humble petition.

"If you please, I was born here, Sir."

"Oh! You are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and uplifted face.

"Yes, Sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, Sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag; "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap—"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag. He was as good-natured a dancing-master as ever danced at the Insolvent Court, and he kept his word. The sister was so apt a pupil, and the dancing-master had such abundant leisure to bestow upon her (for it took him a matter of ten weeks to set to his creditors, lead off, turn the Commissioners, and right and left back to his professional pursuits), that wonderful progress was made. Indeed the dancing-master was so proud of it, and so wishful to display it before he left, to a few select friends among the col-

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legians, that at six o'clock on a certain fine morning a minuet de la cour came off in the yard—the college-rooms being of too confined proportions for the purpose—in which so much ground was covered, and the steps were so conscientiously executed, that the dancing-master, having to play the kit besides, was thoroughly blown.

The success of this beginning, which led to the dancing-master's continuing his instruction after his release, emboldened the poor child to try again. She watched and waited months for a seamstress. In the fullness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, looking timidly round the door of the milliner whom she found in tears and in bed, "but I was born here."

Every body seemed to hear of her as soon as they arrived; for the milliner sat up in bed, drying her eyes, and said, just as the dancing-master had said:

"Oh! *You* are the child, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am sorry I have'nt got any thing for you," said the milliner, shaking her head.

"It's not that, ma'am. If you please I want to learn needlework."

"Why should you do that," returned the milliner, "with me before you? It has not done me much good."

"Nothing — whatever it is — seems to have done any body much good who comes here," she returned in all simplicity; "but I want to learn just the same."

"I am afraid you are so weak, you see," the milliner objected.

"I don't think I am weak, ma'am."

"And you are so very, very little, you see," the milliner objected.

"Yes, I am afraid I am very little indeed," returned the Child of the Marshalsea; and so began to sob over that unfortunate defect of hers, which came so often in her way. The milliner—who was not morose or hard-hearted, only newly insolvent—was touched, took her in hand with good-will, found her the most patient and earnest of pupils, and made her a cunning workwoman in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very self-same course of time, the Father of the Marshalsea gradually developed a new flower of character. The more Fatherly he grew as to the Marshalsea, and the more dependent he became on the contributions of his changing family, the greater stand he made by his forlorn gentility. With the same hand that had pocketed a collegian's half-crown half an hour ago, he would wipe away the tears that streamed over his cheeks if any reference were made to his daughters' earning their bread. So, over and above her other daily cares, the Child of the Marshalsea had always upon her the care of preserving the genteel fiction that they were all idle beggars together.

The sister became a dancer. There was a ruined uncle in the family group—ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty—on whom her protection devolved. Naturally a retired and simple man, he had shown no particular sense of being ruined, at the time when that calamity fell upon him, further than that he left off washing himself when the shock was announced, and never took to that luxury any more. He had been a very indifferent musical amateur in his better days; and when he fell with his brother, resorted for support to playing a clarionet as dirty as himself in a small Theatre Orchestra. It was the theatre in which his niece became a dancer; he had been a fixture there a long time when she took her poor station in it; and he accepted the task of serving as her escort and guardian, just as he would have accepted an illness, a legacy, a feast, starvation—any thing but soap.

To enable this girl to earn her few weekly shillings, it was necessary for the Child of the Marshalsea to go through an elaborate form with the Father.

"Fanny is not going to live with us, just now, father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."

"You surprise me. Why?"

"I think uncle wants a companion, father. He should be attended to, and looked after."

"A companion? He passes much of his time here. And you attend to him and look after him, Amy, a great deal more than ever your sister will. You all go out so much; you all go out so much."

This was to keep up the ceremony and pretense of his having no idea that Amy herself went out by the day to work.

"But we are always very glad to come home, father? now, are we not? And as to Fanny, perhaps besides keeping uncle company and taking care of him, it may be as well for her not quite to live here, always. She was not born here as I was, you know, father."

"Well, Amy, well. I don't quite follow you, but it's natural, I suppose, that Fanny should prefer to be outside, and even that you often should, too. So you and Fanny and your uncle, my dear, shall have your own way. Good, good. I'll not meddle; don't mind me."

To get her brother out of the prison; out of the succession to Mrs. Bangham in executing commissions, and out of the slang interchange with very doubtful companions, consequent upon both, was her hardest task. At eighteen he would have dragged on from hand to mouth, from hour to hour, from penny to penny, until eighty. Nobody got into the prison from whom he derived any thing useful or good, and she could find no patron for him but her old friend and godfather.

"Dear Bob," said she, "what is to become of poor Tip?" His name was Edward, and

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Ted had been transformed into Tip, within the walls.

The turnkey had strong private opinions as to what would become of poor Tip, and had even gone so far with the view of averting their fulfillment, as to sound Tip in reference to the expediency of running away and going to serve his country. But Tip had thanked him, and said he didn't seem to care for his country.

"Well, my dear," said the turnkey, "something ought to be done with him. Suppose I try and get him into the law?"

"That would be so good of you, Bob!"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put this second one so perseveringly, that a stool and twelve shillings a week were at last found for Tip in the office of an attorney in a great National Palladium called the Palace Court, at that time one of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more.

Tip languished in Clifford's Inn for six months, and at the expiration of that term sauntered back one evening with his hands in his pockets, and incidentally observed to his sister that he was not going back again.

"Not going back again?" said the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea, always calculating and planning for Tip in the front rank of her charges.

"I am so tired of it," said Tip, "that I have cut it."

Tip tired of every thing. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach-office, into a wagon-office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prowl about within their narrow limits in the old slip-shod, purposeless, down-at-heel way, until the real immovable Marshalsea walls asserted their fascination over him, and brought him back.

Nevertheless, the brave little creature did so fix her heart on her brother's rescue, that while he was ringing out these doleful changes she pinched and scraped enough together to ship him for Canada. When he was tired of nothing to do, and disposed in its turn to cut even that, he graciously consented to go to Canada. And there was grief in her bosom over parting with him, and joy in the hope of his being put in a straight course at last.

"God bless you, dear Tip! Don't be too proud to come and see us when you have made your fortune."

"All right!" said Tip, and went.

But not all the way to Canada; in fact, not further than Liverpool. After making the voyage to that port from London, he found himself so strongly impelled to cut the vessel that he resolved to walk back again. Carrying out which intention, he presented himself before her at the expiration of a month, in rags, without shoes, and much more tired than ever.

At length, after another interval of successorship to Mrs. Bangham, he found a pursuit for himself, and announced it.

"Amy, I have got a situation."

"Have you really and truly, Tip?"

"All right. I shall do now. You needn't look anxious about me any more, old girl."

"What is it, Tip?"

"Why, you know Slingo by sight?"

"Not the man they call the dealer?"

"That's the chap. He'll be out on Monday, and he's going to give me a berth."

"What is he a dealer in, Tip?"

"Horses. All right. I shall do now, Amy."

She lost sight of him for months afterward, and only heard from him once. A whisper passed among the elder collegians that he had been seen at a mock auction in Moorfields, pretending to buy plated articles for massive silver, and paying for them with the greatest liberality in bank-notes; but it never reached her ears. One evening she was alone at work—standing up at the window, to save the twilight lingering above the wall—when he opened the door and walked in.

She kissed and welcomed him; but was afraid to ask him any question. He saw how anxious and timid she was, and appeared sorry.

"I am afraid, Amy, you'll be vexed this time. Upon my life I am!"

"I am very sorry to hear you say so, Tip. Have you come back?"

"Why—yes."

"Not expecting this time that what you had found would answer very well, I am less surprised and sorry than I might have been, Tip."

"Ah! But that's not the worst of it."

"Not the worst of it?"

"Don't look so startled. No, Amy, not the worst of it. I have come back, you see; but—*don't* look so startled—I have come back in what I may call a new way. I am off the volunteer list altogether. I am in now as one of the regulars."

"Oh! Don't say you are a prisoner, Tip! Don't, don't!

"Well, I don't want to say it," he returned in a reluctant tone; "but if you can't understand me without my saying it, what am I to do? I am in for forty pound odd."

For the first time in all those years she sunk under her cares. She cried, with her clasped hands lifted above her head, that it would kill their father if he ever knew it; and fell down at Tip's graceless feet.

It was easier for Tip to bring her to her senses

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than for her to bring *him* to understand that the Father of the Marshalsea would be beside himself if he knew the truth. The thing was incomprehensible to Tip, and altogether a fanciful notion. He yielded to it in that light only, when he submitted to her entreaties, backed by those of his uncle and sister. There was no want of precedent for his return; it was accounted for to the father in the usual way; and the collegians, with a better comprehension of the pious fraud than Tip, supported it loyally.

This was the life, and this the history, of the Child of the Marshalsea, at twenty-two. With a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birth-place and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness that she was pointed out to every one. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls, she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and the iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.

This was the life, and this the history, of Little Dorrit, now going home upon a dull September evening, observed at a distance by Arthur Clennam. This was the life, and this the history, of Little Dorrit, turning at the end of London Bridge, recrossing it, going back again, passing on to Saint George's church, turning back suddenly once more, and flitting in at the open outer gate and little court-yard of the Marshalsea.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LOCK.

Arthur Clennam stood in the street, waiting to ask some passer-by what place that was. He suffered a few people to pass him in whose faces there was no encouragement to make the inquiry, and still stood pausing in the street, when an old man came up and turned into the court-yard.

He stooped a good deal, and plodded along in a slow, preoccupied manner, which made the bustling London thoroughfares no very safe resort for him. He was dirtily and meanly dressed, in a threadbare coat, once blue, reaching to his ankles and buttoned to his chin, where it vanished in the pale ghost of a velvet collar. A piece of red cloth with which that phantom had been stiffened in its lifetime was now laid bare, and poked itself up, at the back of the old man's neck, into a confusion of gray hair and rusty stock and buckle which altogether nearly poked his hat off. A greasy hat it was, and a napless; impending over his eyes, cracked and crumpled at the brim, and with a wisp of pocket handkerchief dangling out below it. His trowsers were so long and loose, and his shoes so clumsy and large, that he shuffled like an elephant; though how much of this was gait, and how much trailing cloth and leather, no one could have told. Under one arm he carried a limp and worn-out case, containing some wind instrument; in the same hand he had a pennyworth of snuff in a little packet of whity-brown paper, from which he slowly comforted his poor old blue nose with a lengthened-out pinch as Arthur Clennam looked at him.

To this old man, crossing the court-yard, he preferred his inquiry, touching him on the shoulder. The old man stopped and looked round, with the expression in his weak gray eyes of one whose thoughts had been far off, and who was a little dull of hearing also.

"Pray, Sir," said Arthur, repeating his question, "what is this place?"

"Ay! This place?" returned the old man, staying his pinch of snuff on its road, and pointing at the place without looking at it. "This is the Marshalsea, Sir."

"The debtors' prison?"

"Sir," said the old man, with the air of deeming it not quite necessary to insist upon that designation, "the debtors' prison."

He turned himself about, and went on.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, stopping him once more, "but will you allow me to ask you another question? Can any one go in here?"

"Any one can *go in*," replied the old man; plainly adding, by the significance of his emphasis, "but it is not every one who can go out."

"Pardon me once more. Are you familiar with the place?"

"Sir," returned the old man, squeezing his little packet of snuff in his hand, and turning upon his interrogator as if such questions hurt him, "I am."

"I beg you to excuse me. I am not impertinently curious, but have a good object. Do you know the name of Dorrit here?"

"My name, Sir," replied the old man most unexpectedly, "is Dorrit."

Arthur pulled off his hat to him. "Grant me the favor of half a dozen words. I was wholly unprepared for your announcement, and hope that assurance is my sufficient apology for having taken the liberty of addressing you. I have recently come home to England after a long absence. I have seen at my mother's—Mrs. Clennam in the city—a young woman working at her needle, whom I have only heard addressed or spoken of as Little Dorrit. I have felt sincerely interested in her, and have had a great desire to know something more about her. I saw her, not a minute before you came up, pass in at that door."

The old man looked at him attentively. "Are you a sailor, Sir?" he asked. He seemed a little disappointed by the shake of the head that replied to him. "Not a sailor? I judged from your sunburnt face that you might be. Are you in earnest, Sir?"

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"I do assure you that I am, and do entreat you to believe that I am, in plain earnest."

"I know very little of the world, Sir," returned the other, who had a weak and quavering voice. "I am merely passing on, like the shadow over the sun-dial. It would be worth no man's while to mislead me; it would really be too easy—too poor a success, to yield any satisfaction. The young woman whom you saw go in here is my brother's child. My brother is William Dorrit; I am Frederick. You say you have seen her at your mother's (I know your mother befriends her), you have felt an interest in her, and you wish to know what she does here. Come and see."

He went on again, and Arthur accompanied him.

"My brother," said the old man, pausing on the step, and slowly facing round again, "has been here many years; and much that happens even among ourselves, out of doors, is kept from him for reasons that I needn't enter upon now. Be so good as to say nothing of my niece's working at her needle. Be so good as to say nothing that goes beyond what is said among us. If you keep within our bounds, you can not well be wrong. Now! Come and see."

Arthur followed him down a narrow entry, at the end of which a key was turned, and a strong door was opened from within. It admitted them into a lodge or lobby, across which they passed, and so through another door and a grating into the prison. The old man, always plodding on before, turned round, in his slow, stiff, stooping manner, when they came to the turnkey on duty, as if to present his companion. The turnkey nodded, and the companion passed in without being asked whom he wanted.

The night was dark; and the prison lamps in the yard, and the candles in the prison windows faintly shining behind many sorts of wry old curtain and blind, had not the air of making it lighter. A few people loitered about, but the greater part of the population was within doors. The old man, taking the right hand side of the yard, turned in at the third or fourth doorway, and began to ascend the stairs. "They are rather dark, Sir, but you will not find any thing in the way."

He paused for a moment before opening a door on the second story. He had no sooner turned the handle than the visitor saw Dorrit, and saw the reason of her setting so much store by dining alone.

She had brought the meat home that she should have eaten herself, and was already warming it on a gridiron over the fire, for her father, clad in an old gray gown and a black cap, awaiting his supper at the table. A clean cloth was spread before him, with knife, fork, and spoon, salt-cellar, pepper-box, glass, and pewter ale-pot. Such zests as his particular little phial of cayenne pepper, and his pennyworth of pickles in a saucer, were not wanting.

She started, colored deeply, and turned white. The visitor, more with his eyes than by the slight impulsive motion of his hand, entreated her to be reassured and to trust him.

"I found this gentleman," said the uncle—"Mr. Clennam, William, son of Amy's friend—at the outer gate, wishful, as he was going by, of paying his respects, but hesitating whether to come in or not. This is my brother William, Sir."

"I hope," said Arthur, very doubtful what to say, "that my respects for your daughter may explain and justify my desire to be presented to you, Sir."

"Mr. Clennam," returned the other, rising, taking his cap off in the flat of his hand, and so holding it, ready to put on again, "you do me honor. You are welcome, Sir." With a low bow. "Frederick, a chair. Pray sit down, Mr. Clennam."

He put his black cap on again as he had taken it off, and resumed his own seat. There was a wonderful air of benignity and patronage in his manner. These were the ceremonies with which he received the collegians.

"You are welcome to the Marshalsea, Sir. I have welcomed many gentlemen to these walls. Perhaps you are aware—my daughter Amy may have mentioned—that I am the Father of this place."

"I—so I have understood," said Arthur, dashing at the assertion.

"You know, I dare say, that my daughter Amy was born here. A good girl, Sir, a dear girl, and long a comfort and support to me. Amy, my dear, put the dish on; Mr. Clennam will excuse the primitive customs to which we are reduced here. It is a compliment to ask you if you would do me the honor, Sir, to—"

"Thank you," returned Arthur. "Not a morsel."

He felt himself quite lost in wonder at the manner of the man, and that the probability of his daughter's having had a reserve as to her family history should be so far out of his mind.

She filled his glass, put all the little matters on the table ready to his hand, and then sat beside him while he ate his supper. Evidently in observance of their nightly custom, she put some bread before herself, and touched his glass with her lips; but Arthur saw she was troubled and took nothing. Her look at her father, half admiring him and proud of him, half ashamed for him, all devoted and loving, went to his inmost heart.

The Father of the Marshalsea condescended toward his brother as an amiable, well-meaning man; a private character, who had not arrived at distinction. "Frederick," said he, "you and Fanny sup at your lodgings to night, I know. What have you done with Fanny, Frederick?"

"She is walking with Tip."

"Tip—as you may know—is my son, Mr. Clennam. He has been a little wild, and difficult to settle, but his introduction to the world was rather"—he shrugged his shoulders with a faint sigh, and looked round the room—"a little adverse. Your first visit here, Sir?"

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"My first."

"You could hardly have been here since your boyhood without my knowledge. It very seldom happens that any body—of any pretensions—any pretensions—comes here without being presented to me."

"As many as forty or fifty a day have been introduced to my brother," said Frederick, faintly lighting up with a ray of pride.

"Yes!" the Father of the Marshalsea assented. "We have even exceeded that number. On a fine Sunday in term time, it is quite a Levee—quite a Levee. Amy, my dear, I have been trying half the day to remember the name of the gentleman from Camberwell, who was introduced to me last Christmas week by that agreeable coal merchant who was remanded for six months."

"I don't remember his name, father."

"Frederick, do *you* remember his name?"

Frederick doubted if he had ever heard it. No one could doubt that Frederick was the last person upon earth to put such a question to, with any hope of information.

"I mean," said his brother, "the gentleman who did that handsome action with so much delicacy. Ha! Tush! The name has quite escaped me. Mr. Clennam, as I have happened to mention a handsome and delicate action, you may like, perhaps, to know what it was."

"Very much," said Arthur, withdrawing his eyes from the delicate head beginning to droop, and the pale face with a new solicitude stealing over it.

"It is so generous, and shows so much fine feeling, that it is almost a duty to mention it. I said at the time that I always would mention it on every suitable occasion, without regard to personal sensitiveness. A—well—a—it's of no use to disguise the fact—you must know, Mr. Clennam, that it does sometimes occur that people who come here, desire to offer some little—Testimonial—to the Father of the place."

To see her hand upon his arm in mute entreaty half repressed, and her timid little shrinking figure turning away, was to see a sad, sad sight.

"Sometimes," he went on in a low, soft voice, agitated, and clearing his throat every now and then; "sometimes—hem—it takes one shape and sometimes another; but it is generally—ha—Money. And it is, I can not but confess it, it is too often—hem—acceptable. This gentleman that I refer to, was presented to me, Mr. Clennam, in a manner highly gratifying to my feelings, and conversed not only with great politeness, but with great—ahem—information." All this time, though he had finished his supper, he was nervously going about his plate with his knife and fork, as if some of it were still before him. "It appeared from his conversation that he had a garden, though he was delicate of mentioning it at first, as gardens are—hem—are not accessible to me. But it came out, through my admiring a very fine cluster of geranium—beautiful cluster of geranium to be sure—which he had brought from his conservatory. On my taking notice of its rich color, he showed me a piece of paper round it, on which was written 'For the Father of the Marshalsea,' and presented it to me. But this was—hem—not all. He made a particular request, on taking leave, that I would remove the paper in half an hour. I—ha—I did so; and I found that it contained—ahem—two guineas. I assure you, Mr. Clennam, I have received—hem—Testimonials in many ways, and of many degrees of value, and they have always been—ha—unfortunately acceptable; but I never was more pleased than with this—ahem—this particular Testimonial."

Arthur was in the act of saying the little he could say on such a theme, when a bell began to ring, and footsteps approached the door. A pretty girl of a far better figure, and much more developed than Little Dorrit, though looking much younger in the face when the two were observed together, stopped in the doorway on seeing a stranger; and a young man who was with her, stopped too.

"Mr. Clennam, Fanny. My eldest daughter and my son, Mr. Clennam. The bell is a signal for visitors to retire, and so they have come to say good-night; but there is plenty of time, plenty of time. Girls, Mr. Clennam will excuse any household business you may have together. He knows, I dare say, that I have but one room here."

"I only want my clean dress from Amy, father," said the second girl.

"And I my clothes," said Tip.

Amy opened a drawer in an old piece of furniture that was a chest of drawers above, and a bedstead below, and produced two little bundles, which she handed to her brother and sister. "Mended and made up?" Clennam heard the sister ask in a whisper. To which Amy answered "Yes." He had risen now, and took the opportunity of glancing round the room. The bare walls had been colored green, evidently by an unskilled hand, and were poorly decorated with a few prints. The window was curtained, and the floor carpeted; and there were shelves, and pegs, and other such conveniences, that had accumulated in the course of years. It was a close, confined room, poorly furnished; and the chimney smoked to boot, or the tin screen at the top of the fireplace was superfluous; but constant pains and care had made it neat, and even, after its kind, comfortable.

All the while the bell was ringing, and the uncle was anxious to go. "Come Fanny, come Fanny," he said, with his ragged clarionet case under his arm; "the lock, child, the lock!"

Fanny bade her father good-night, and whisked off airily. Tip had already clattered down stairs. "Now, Mr. Clennam," said the uncle, looking back, as he shuffled out after them, "the lock, Sir, the lock."

Mr. Clennam had two things to do before he followed; one, to offer his testimonial to the Fa-

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ther of the Marshalsea, without giving pain to his child; the other to say something to that child, though it were but a word, in explanation of his having come there.

"Allow me," said the Father, "to see you down stairs."

She had slipped out after the rest, and they were alone. "Not on any account," said the visitor, hurriedly. "Pray allow me to—" chink, chink, chink.

"Mr. Clennam," said the Father, "I am deeply, deeply—" But his visitor had shut up his hand to stop the chinking, and had gone down stairs with great speed.

He saw no Little Dorrit on his way down, or in the yard. The last two or three stragglers were hurrying to the Lodge, and he was following, when he caught sight of her in the doorway of the first house from the entrance. He turned back hastily.

"Pray forgive me," he said, "for speaking to you here; pray forgive me for coming here at all! I followed you to-night. I did so that I might endeavor to render you and your family some service. You know the terms on which I and my mother are, and may not be surprised that I have preserved our distant relations at her house, lest I should unintentionally make her jealous, or resentful, or do you any injury in her estimation. What I have seen here, in this short time, has greatly increased my heartfelt wish to be a friend to you. It would recompense me for much disappointment if I could hope to gain your confidence."

She was scared at first, but seemed to take courage while he spoke to her.

"You are very good, Sir. You speak very earnestly to me. But I—but I wish you had not watched me."

He understood the emotion with which she said it to arise in her father's behalf; and he respected it, and was silent.

"Mrs. Clennam has been of great service to me; I don't know what we should have done without the employment she has given me; I am afraid it may not be a good return to become secret with her; I can say no more to-night, Sir. I am sure you mean to be kind to us. Thank you, thank you!"

"Let me ask you one question before I leave. Have you known my mother long?"

"I think two years, Sir.—The bell has stopped."

"How did you know her first? Did she send here for you?"

"No. She does not even know that I live here. We have a friend, father and I—a poor laboring man, but the best of friends—and I wrote out that I wished to do needlework, and gave his address. And he got what I wrote out displayed at a few places where it cost nothing, and Mrs. Clennam found me that way, and sent for me. The gate will be locked, Sir!"

She was so tremulous and agitated, and he was so moved by compassion for her, and by deep interest in her story as it dawned upon him, that he could scarcely tear himself away. But the stoppage of the bell, and the quiet in the prison, were a warning to depart; and with a few hurried words of kindness he left her gliding back to her father.

But he had remained too late. The inner gate was locked, and the Lodge closed. After a little fruitless knocking with his hand, he was standing there with the disagreeable conviction upon him that he had to get through the night, when a voice accosted him from behind.

"Caught, eh?" said the voice. "You won't go home till morning.—Oh! It's you, is it, Mr. Clennam?"

The voice was Tip's; and they stood looking at one another in the prison-yard, as it began to rain.

"You've done it," observed Tip; "you must be sharper than that next time."

"But you are locked in too," said Arthur.

"I believe I am!" said Tip, sarcastically. "About! But not in your way. I belong to the shop, only my sister has a theory that our governor must never know it. I don't see why, myself."

"Can I get any shelter?" asked Arthur. "What had I better do?"

"We had better get hold of Amy, first of all," said Tip, referring any difficulty to her as a matter of course.

"I would rather walk about all night—it's not much to do—than give that trouble."

"You needn't do that, if you don't mind paying for a bed. If you don't mind paying, they'll make you up one on the Snuggery table, under the circumstances. If you'll come along, I'll introduce you there."

As they passed down the yard, Arthur looked up at the window of the room he had lately left, where the light was still burning. "Yes, Sir," said Tip, following his glance. "That's the governor's. She'll sit with him for another hour reading yesterday's paper to him, or something of that sort; and then she'll come out like a little ghost, and vanish away without a sound."

"I don't understand you."

"The governor sleeps up in the room, and she has a lodging at the turnkey's. First house there," said Tip, pointing out the doorway into which she had retired. "First house, sky parlor. She pays twice as much for it as she would for one twice as good outside. But she stands by the governor, poor dear girl, day and night."

This brought them to the tavern-establishment at the upper end of the prison, where the collegians had just vacated their social evening club. The apartment on the ground floor in which it was held was the Snuggery in question; the presidential tribune of the chairman, the pewter-pots, glasses, pipes, tobacco-ashes, and general flavor of members, were still as that convivial institution had left them on its adjournment. The Snuggery had two of the qualities popularly held to be essential to grog for ladies, in respect that it was hot and strong; but in the third point

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of analogy, requiring plenty of it, the Snuggery was defective: being but a cooped-up apartment.

The unaccustomed visitor from outside naturally assumed every body here to be prisoners —landlord, waiter, bar-maid, pot-boy, and all. Whether they were or not, did not appear; but they all had a weedy look. The keeper of a chandler's shop in a front parlor, who took in gentlemen boarders, lent his assistance in making the bed. He had been a tailor in his time, and had kept a phaeton, he said. He boasted that he stood up litigiously for the interests of the college; and he had undefined and undefinable ideas that the marshal intercepted a "Fund" which ought to come to the collegians. He liked to believe this, and always impressed the shadowy grievance on new-comers and strangers; though he could not, for his life, have explained what Fund he meant, or how the notion had got rooted in his soul. He had fully convinced himself, notwithstanding, that his own proper share of the Fund was three and ninepence a week; and that in this amount he, as an individual collegian, was swindled by the marshal regularly every Monday. Apparently, he helped to make the bed, that he might not lose an opportunity of stating this case; after which unloading of his mind, and after announcing (as it seemed he always did, without any thing coming of it), that he was going to write a letter to the papers and show the marshal up, he fell into miscellaneous conversation with the rest. It was evident from the general tone of the whole party that they had come to regard insolvency as the normal state of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally broke out.

In this strange scene, and with these strange spectres flitting about him, Arthur Clennam looked on at the preparations as if they were part of a dream. Pending which, the long-initiated Tip, with an awful enjoyment of the Snuggery's resources, pointed out the common kitchen fire maintained by subscription of collegians, the boiler for hot water supported in like manner, and other premises generally tending to the deduction that the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, was to come to the Marshalsea.

The two tables put together in a corner, were, at length, converted into a very fair bed; and the stranger was left to the Windsor chairs, the presidential tribune, the beery atmosphere, sawdust, pipe-lights, spittoons, and repose. But the last item was long, long, long in linking itself to the rest. The novelty of the place, the coming upon it without preparation, the sense of being locked up, the remembrance of that room up stairs, of the two brothers, and above all of the retiring childish form, and the face in which he now saw years of insufficient food, if not of want, kept him waking and unhappy.

Speculations, too, bearing the strangest relations toward the prison, but always concerning the prison, ran like nightmares through his mind while he lay awake. Whether coffins were kept ready for people who might die there, where they were kept, how they were kept, where people who died in the prison were buried, how they were taken out, what forms were observed, whether an implacable creditor could arrest the dead? As to escaping, what chances there were of escape? Whether a prisoner could scale the walls with a cord and grapple, how he would descend upon the other side: whether he could alight on a housetop, steal down a staircase, let himself out at a door, and get lost in the crowd? As to Fire in the prison, if one were to break out while he lay there?

And these involuntary starts of fancy were, after all, but the setting of a picture in which three people kept before him. His father, with the steadfast look with which he had died, prophetically darkened forth in the portrait; his mother, with her arm up, warding off his suspicions; Little Dorrit, with her hand on the degraded arm, and her drooping head turned away.

What if his mother had an old reason she well knew for softening to this poor girl! What if the prisoner now sleeping quietly—Heaven grant it!—by the light of the great Day of Judgment should trace back his fall to her. What if any act of hers, and of his father's, should have even remotely brought the gray heads of those two brothers so low!

A swift thought shot into his mind. In that long imprisonment here, and in her own long confinement to her room, did his mother find a balance to be struck? I admit that I was accessory to that man's captivity. I have suffered for it in kind. He has decayed in his prison; I in mine. I have paid the penalty.

When all the other thoughts had faded out, this one held possession of him. When he fell asleep, she came before him in her wheeled chair, warding him off with this justification. When he awoke, and sprang up causelessly frightened, the words were in his ears, as if her voice had slowly spoken them at his pillow, to break his rest: "He withers away in his prison; I wither away in mine; inexorable justice is done; what do I owe on this score!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS, as we have previously stated, met at Washington on the 3d of December, but we are again compelled to close this Record without announcing the organization of the House of Representatives by the election of a Speaker. At the first ballot the following votes were registered: William A. Richardson, Democrat, of Illinois, 74; Lewis D. Campbell, Free Soil, of Ohio, 53; Humphrey Marshall, Democrat and Know Nothing, of Kentucky, 30; N. P. Banks, Republican and Know Nothing, of Massachusetts, 21; and H. M. Fuller,

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Whig and National Know Nothing, of Pennsylvania, 17. The balloting continued with nearly the same result until the 7th of December, when Mr. Campbell withdrew, urging, in explanation, that if he remained a candidate "it would be impossible for his friends to succeed unless he repudiated his principles on slavery, or gave pledges concerning the organization of committees, neither of which courses he could honorably pursue." Upon the retirement of Mr. Campbell, the vote for Mr. Banks was immediately increased, running up at one time as high as 107, with 113 necessary for a choice. Down to the 29th of December the balloting had not materially changed—the three most prominent candidates being Messrs. Banks, Richardson, and Fuller. A motion to elect a Speaker by a plurality of votes had been previously negatived. Under these circumstances the President adopted the unusual course of sending in his Message before the organization of the House. It was received and read in the Senate on the 31st of December. Alluding to the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, passed 19th of April, 1850, by which it was stipulated that neither of these powers should colonize or hold dominion over Central America, the President, in the first place, states that, while Great Britain holds the United States to its obligations, she claims a right to continue her dominion over the Mosquito Coast, and to regard portions of Honduras as her absolute domain—a construction of the treaty in which it is impossible, in the judgment of the President, for the United States to acquiesce. In regard to foreign recruiting, the Message says that ordinary steps were taken to arrest and punish persons engaged in this violation of our laws; and suitable representations on the subject having been addressed to Great Britain, the latter thereupon admitted her attempt to draw recruits from the United States, but declared that "stringent instructions" had been given to her agents not to violate our municipal law. The fact that the recruitment was not even then discontinued, but was prosecuted on a systematic plan by "high public functionaries," impelled the President to demand not only its cessation, but reparation for the wrong. The Message recommends the appointment of a commissioner, in conjunction with Great Britain, to survey and establish the Boundary Line between Washington Territory and the British Possessions. In reviewing the history of the Danish Sound dues, payment of which is refused by the United States, the President assigns as one, among other reasons for declining to participate in the late Congress at Copenhagen, that Denmark did not offer to submit the question of her right to levy the dues. As to our relations with Spain, the Message states that compensation has been made for the illegal seizure of the *Black Warrior*, and that indemnity will be given for the sudden revocation of the decree, passed in 1844, permitting the importation of building materials to the island of Cuba free of duty, by which many citizens of the United States suffered severe pecuniary losses. The President has also reason to believe that satisfaction will be accorded for the arrest of the *El Dorado*. The distracted internal condition of Central America, says the President, has rendered it necessary to adopt measures to prevent unlawful intervention in the affairs of Nicaragua. In relation to the public Treasury it appears from the Message that "the balance on hand at the beginning of the present fiscal year, July 1, 1855, was $18,931,976, and that the receipts for the first quarter, and the estimated receipts for the remaining three quarters, amount together to $67,918,734; thus affording in all, as the available resources of the current fiscal year, the sum of $86,856,710. If, to the actual expenditures of the first quarter of the current fiscal year, be added the probable expenditures for the remaining three quarters, as estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, the sum total will be $71,226,846, thereby leaving an estimated balance in the Treasury on July 1, 1856, of $15,623,863 41." The President continues to recommend the partial reorganization of the army, and suggests an appropriation for the construction of six steam sloops of war. In the Post-office department the excess of expenditures over receipts for the last fiscal year was $2,625,206—attributed to the large quantity of printed matter conveyed by mails at a low rate. Alluding to the difficulties in Kansas, the Message says that nothing has occurred there to justify the interference of the Executive. It avers that the people of that Territory have the right to determine their own domestic institutions without interference from any other State. The President dwells at some length on State rights, with particular reference to the Fugitive Slave Law. He reviews in a measure the history of the South; denies that it "has persistently asserted claims and obtained advantages over the North in the practical administration of the General Government," and finally defends the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.——A Convention, composed of delegates from the Irish Emigrant Aid Society, was held in the city of New York on the 4th of December, and continued in secret session during three days. Before adjourning the Convention issued an address to "the Irish race, and the friends of Irish independence in the United States, in Ireland, the British Colonies, and elsewhere." The design of the organization thus initiated, as set forth in the address and resolutions annexed, is to further "the restoration to Ireland of that sovereignty which she has never conceded." The reasons given for urging action at this time is "the present condition of affairs in Europe." The Convention disavows the intention of violating the laws of the United States, which forbid the arming or equipping of any force for the invasion of a state with which the country is at peace.——No little excitement was created in the city of New York, on the 23d of December last, by the arrest and detention of the steamer *Northern Light*, which was to have sailed that day for San Juan de Nicaragua. The United States District Attorney, it seems, entertained suspicions that a party of filibusters would embark in the *Northern Light* for Central America, and, accordingly, he appeared on the wharf just as the vessel was about to sail, and forbade her leaving the harbor. His prohibition was, however, disregarded, for shortly after the *Northern Light* steamed into the river and stood out for sea. Finding this to be the case, the District Attorney procured the assistance of two government vessels, one of which intercepted the *Northern Light* in New York Bay, and brought her back to the wharf, where she remained for three days safely guarded. The vessel was carefully overhauled, but no arms or munitions of war were found on board; and lest any should be concealed beneath the great quantity of coal that she carried, two officers were dispatched in her to San Juan, there to watch the disem-

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barkation of her freight. The passengers and their tickets were also examined, and after this had been done the vessel was permitted to proceed upon her voyage. Several persons were arrested and held for trial on the charge of setting on foot in the city of New York a military enterprise against the State of Nicaragua.——The trial of Lewis Baker for the murder of William Poole in in the city of New York, having been prolonged for upward of a fortnight, was brought to a close on the 15th of December. After forty hours' deliberation, the jury, unable to agree upon a verdict, were discharged by the Court. It was understood that of the twelve jurymen nine were for murder, with a recommendation to mercy, one for manslaughter in the first degree, and two for manslaughter in the second degree.——Some additional and highly interesting particulars of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions have at length been brought to light. An overland exploring party, specially dispatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to examine the locality where it was supposed Franklin and his associates perished, have returned, and their efforts to gain information of the lost navigators have been rewarded with some success. The party traveled north to the mouth of Great Fish or Back River, and having there fallen in with Esquimaux, were directed by them to examine Montreal Island and the adjoining coast. According to the reports of the Esquimaux, it was in this neighborhood that, four years ago, the brave adventurers died from famine and exhaustion. One, they alleged, died on Montreal Island, and the rest wandered along the opposite coast, until, worn out by fatigue and starvation, they one by one expired. In confirmation of this story, which otherwise would only rest on the questionable veracity of Esquimaux, a snow-shoe of undoubted English make, the part of a ship's boat with the word *Terror* yet distinctly visible upon it, and other articles that had once belonged to the Franklin expeditionists, were found by the explorers on Montreal Island. No bones or traces of any human body were discovered, and it is supposed that the remains of the navigators were devoured by the wolves which were seen in large bands throughout the neighborhood. The subject of arctic explorations seems to have been suddenly revived, for, in addition to the foregoing, the British relief bark *Resolute*, abandoned in the arctic ice by Captain Kellett, of the expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, has been recovered by a New London whaler, and brought in safety to that port. The *Resolute* has yet all the armaments, stores, and equipments that she possessed when she was abandoned. When discovered she had drifted a thousand miles from the place of her desertion. In this connection it may also be mentioned that the British Minister at Washington has written to Dr. Kane, tendering him and his associates the congratulations and thanks of Her Britannic Majesty's Government for their efforts in the search for Sir John Franklin.——The events that have taken place in Kansas during the past month have been of the most exciting nature. To such an extremity have the differences between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties been carried, that an actual appeal to arms was at one time considered most imminent. The trouble originated in a quarrel, near Hickory Point, between a man named Coleman and one Charles W. Dow—the former being pro-slavery and the latter free-soil. Dow was killed by Coleman, and at a public meeting, held subsequently in the neighborhood, resolutions were passed denouncing Coleman (who had fled to Missouri) and those connected with him as murderers. A party of men who were present at this meeting, while returning home at a late hour encountered another party, headed by the Sheriff of Douglass County, and in his custody a prisoner—Branson by name, and one of their friends—who had just been arrested. They called to Branson to come to them, which he did in despite of the opposition of the Sheriff. In justification of this act, the free-state men urged that they did not recognize as valid the warrant by which Branson had been arrested. The most exaggerated versions of this story spread like wild-fire throughout the Territory and fanned the flame of party feeling. Beyond the border, Missourians were told that a large band of free-state men had rescued from the Sheriff of Douglass County a person accused of murdering a pro-slavery man; that this same band were destroying and burning down the houses of peaceful citizens; and that their own property, if such a state of things continued, would not be safe. Governor Shannon issued a proclamation calling out the militia, and, subsequently, demanded permission from the President to summon to his assistance the United States troops stationed at Fort Leavenworth. The Missourians, greatly excited by these reports, crossed the borders in large numbers to protect the pro-slavery people, whom they imagined to be in danger, and (as they threatened) to attack Lawrence if the rescuers of Branson were not delivered up to justice. The citizens of Lawrence prepared to defend, if necessary, their city. No attack was, however, attempted, though a large body of Missourians encamped for several days at different places in the vicinity. In the mean while, Governor Shannon visited Lawrence, and concluded an agreement with its citizens, by means of which the fearful consequences of an armed collision were happily averted. By the terms of that agreement the citizens, on their part, protested that the rescue of Branson had taken place without their knowledge, and pledged themselves, if any one in the town of Lawrence had been a participant in said rescue, to aid in the execution of legal process against him. The people further declared that they had no knowledge of the existence of any organization for the resistance of the laws, but wished it to be understood that they expressed no opinion as to the validity of the enactments of the Territorial Legislature. Governor Shannon, on his part, promised that any persons arrested in Lawrence or its vicinity, while a foreign force remained in the Territory, should only be examined before a United States District Judge and admitted to bail, and that all persons arrested without legal process by the Sheriff's posse should be set at liberty, and remuneration be made for damages sustained. On these terms hostilities were suspended, and the Missourians, breaking up their camp, returned home.——From Oregon and Washington Territories there are reports of Indian depredations. Whole families had been massacred, and the utmost consternation was felt by settlers in unprotected parts of the country. Several severe encounters had taken place between the troops and large bands of savages, and though the latter were beaten and many of them killed or taken prisoners, they are not yet disposed to come to terms. General Wool had left San Francisco for Portland, O. T., where he was organizing a plan of campaign against the

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hostile tribes which would be speedily put in operation.

MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is of some importance. A conspiracy to overthrow the Government of Alvarez and elevate General Uraga to the Presidency, was discovered in the latter part of November. The plot was an extensive one, and had its adherents at Puebla, Culiacan, and San Miguel. It was, however, frustrated, and its leaders, including Uraga, were promptly arrested. The Government was altogether too weak to proceed to extreme measures against the conspirators, for it was generally believed that the Church had at least winked at their doings, if it had not instigated the movement. Alvarez, by abolishing some of the privileges of the clergy, and annulling the law which exempted Church property from taxation, made enemies at once of the most powerful political body in Mexico, and the natural result of such policy has already appeared. Alvarez is an old man; the climate of the capital did not agree with him; and his efforts to reconcile party factions have proved unavailing. So he has resigned the office he held for so brief a period, and has returned to his own state of Guerrero, where he has lived from early youth. General Comonfort, of revolutionary reputation, is his successor to the Presidency.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Some changes have been announced in the British Cabinet. The Duke of Argyle has been appointed Postmaster-General, and the Privy Seal—which the Duke of Argyle's acceptance of the Postmastership has placed at the disposal of the Premier—has been given to Lord Harrowby, who vacated the Chancellorship of the Dutchy of Lancaster to make room for Mr. Baines. Frederick Peel, Under-Secretary of the War Department, had resigned, and it was not understood to be the intention of Government to appoint a successor. The Colonial Secretaryship, vacated by the death of Sir William Molesworth, after being successively refused by Lord Stanley and Mr. Sidney Herbert, to whom it was offered, has been accepted by Mr. Labouchere. —— Parliament, it was announced, would meet for dispatch of business on the 31st of January.

THE CONTINENT.

General Canrobert has returned to Paris, but the public are still in the dark as to the precise object of his late mission to Sweden. The only information we have upon the subject is the semi-official announcement in a London ministerial paper, "that there is at present no convention existing between Sweden and the Western Powers."—— Austria is reducing her army to the usual effective force of a peace establishment——The Prussian Chambers were opened by the King in person on the 29th of November. In the course of his speech, which was chiefly devoted to local matters, his Majesty said that, "in the attitude assumed by Prussia, Austria and Germany behold a solid security for the further maintenance of that independent position, which is equally conducive to the attainment of an equitable and lasting peace, and compatible with sincere good wishes for all."—— Russia has opened subscriptions for a loan of five millions of roubles. It is stated that one-third of this loan will be offered in Berlin, one-third in Hamburg, and the remainder in Amsterdam.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The most important intelligence from the East is the report that Kars had at length fallen from famine, and was in possession of the Russians. With all his provisions exhausted, General Williams had been compelled to send a flag of truce to the Russian camp, offering capitulation. No official account of the fall of Kars has yet appeared; and for this reason the story is believed by many to be premature, though all concede that, from the desperate condition of the garrison and citizens of the town, the event must be considered highly probable.——From the Crimea we learn that another unsuccessful attack had been made by the Russians on the lines of the Allies. The only account of the affair yet received is contained in a brief telegraphic dispatch from Marshal Pelissier, announcing that about 2500 Russian infantry and some 400 cavalry had attacked Baga-Orkousta-Skrada—three villages situated at the eastern extremity of the valley of Baidar—and that, after an hour's sharp fighting, they retreated, leaving thirty prisoners in the hands of the victors, besides other losses in killed and wounded. With the exception of this incident, active operations in the field seem to have been suspended for the winter. According to latest advices, the Russians on the North side of Sebastopol kept up a very heavy fire against the South side. The Allies replied but little. The Russians have been occupied in erecting new batteries and otherwise strengthening their position, and there are no indications yet that they intend to abandon the Crimea. General Simpson has been superseded as Commander-in-chief of the British army by General Codrington. The latter announced his assumption of the command in an address which was welcomed with satisfaction by the army. Dispatches received by the English and French Governments mention a serious accident that recently occurred near Inkermann by the blowing up of a French park of artillery. Thirty French troops were killed and one hundred wounded; and of the English, one officer was killed and one hundred and thirty-seven men were wounded. It seems that three magazines exploded, containing 30,000 kilogrammes of powder, 600,000 cartridges, 300 charged shells and other projectiles. —— A brilliant victory had been achieved by Omar Pasha. The scene of the conflict was at the River Ingour, the passage of which was forced by the Turks in the face of Russian batteries on the opposite bank. The Turks were superior to their opponents in numbers, but the difficulties they surmounted were so great that their courage, and the skill displayed by their commander on the occasion, have drawn forth general admiration. The Russians, obliged to evacuate their batteries, immediately commenced a retreat upon Kutais. This victory is considered important from the supposed influence it will exercise on the policy of the Eastern nations.——In the mean while diplomacy is again at work, and peace rumors are abundant; as yet, they have been but rumors. It is asserted that Austria has re-opened negotiations, and various accounts are given of the temper with which they have been received by the belligerent powers. But we have no authentic information on the subject, and newspaper articles and correspondence are too contradictory to be considered reliable. The war preparations by the three Great Powers go on, nevertheless, with unremitting energy.

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Literary Notices.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The abdication of Charles V. in 1555 furnishes an appropriate opening to the main subject of these volumes. Philip the Second was born on the twenty-first of May, 1527, and ascended the throne on the abdication of his father, having previously been intrusted with the regency of Spain under the direction of the Duke of Alva. His history is brought down, in the present volumes, to the death of Queen Isabella of France, in 1568, comprising a period of signal importance in the affairs of Europe, and crowded with events adapted to tempt forth the noblest efforts of the historian.

The early days of Philip are described at length in the unpretending and generally agreeable style of narrative for which Mr. Prescott is remarkable. Philip, from a boy, exhibited the reserve and haughtiness which were the ancient characteristics of the Spanish nation. Wrapt up in contemplations beyond his age, he was always cautious and self-possessed, never for a moment thrown off his guard, and never betraying a trace either of the hilarity or the petulance which naturally belonged to his years. At the age of fifteen he was betrothed to his cousin, the Infanta Mary of Portugal, and the marriage took place in 1543. The union was short-lived. After giving birth to a son, the celebrated Don Carlos, whose peculiar fate has afforded a fruitful subject to romance as well as history, she died in July, 1545.

Three years after this event he surrendered the regency into the hands of his brother-in-law, and set out on a royal progress through Italy. Upon his arrival at Genoa, he was received with imposing ceremonies by the Doge and the principal senators. He was lodged in the palace of the Dorias, and flattered with every hospitable attention. Embassies from the different Italian states waited upon him, while the Pope presented him with a consecrated sword, as an emblem of his character as the champion of the Church. Resuming his journey, after a fortnight's stay in Genoa, he crossed the battle-field of Pavia and passed on to Milan, at that time the second city in Italy in population, but surpassed by no capital in Christendom in material splendor and social luxury. As he approached the suburbs he was welcomed by a numerous host of people. Triumphal arches were thrown across the road; the noble ladies of Milan, glittering in gay apparel, mingled in the concourse, and a cavalcade of two hundred mounted gentlemen, arrayed in fine Milanese armor, formed his escort. He entered the gates of the city under a canopy of state, and was received by the governor and senate in their official robes. During his residence in Milan he was courted with every description of social festivity. Amidst these gay scenes his habitual reserve was softened, and he even became a favorite with the beautiful dames of Italy. After spending some weeks in this seductive capital he pursued his journey to the North, crossing the Tyrol and proceeding toward Flanders. Upon all the route he was beset by a multitude of curious spectators; the magistrates of the cities through which he passed complimented him with civic honors and costly gifts; until, after a progress of four months, he made his first entrance into the capital of Belgium.

Philip was now twenty-one years of age. He was distinguished by personal beauty. His fair and delicate complexion had not yet exchanged its freshness for the sallow hue of disease, nor did his features wear the sombre expression which was given to them in after life by anxiety and care. The contrast between his light yellow hair and blue eyes presented an agreeable harmony. His nose was well-proportioned, but his thick lips betrayed the Austrian blood. His stature was below the middle height, and his figure compact and graceful.

The policy of Charles the Fifth was deeply impressed on the mind of Philip. It included the two cardinal principles of maintaining the royal authority without diminution, and of enforcing conformity to the Catholic Church. His visit to the Netherlands was intended to prepare the people for his recognition as their future monarch. Though sharing, according to the humor of the age, in the chivalrous displays which were celebrated in honor of his arrival, they were entirely foreign to his taste. He was fond neither of the exercises of the tournament nor of the sports of hunting. His constitution was not robust. He endeavored to strengthen it by the most nutritious diet. Abstaining from fish, and even from fruit, he confined himself almost entirely to animal food. Nor had he any relish for the gaudy spectacles which were the fashion of the times. The pomp and parade of court-life was a burden, though he insisted on rigid ceremony from all who approached him. He delighted in the privacy of his own apartment, and in the conversation of the few persons for whom he cherished a regard. This reserved demeanor was little in accordance with the social and lively temper of the Flemings. They contrasted it, to his disadvantage, with the affability of his father, who knew how to adapt himself perfectly to the different nations of his empire. Philip, on the contrary, was exclusively a Castilian. Spain was ever uppermost in his thoughts. He had little sympathy with the Netherlands, which he regarded as a foreign nation.

Nor did he better succeed in gaining the favor of the Germans. He attempted to win their good graces by drinking at their banquets an unusual quantity of wine, but in vain; his natural haughtiness of temper betrayed itself on every occasion, until it became odious and almost intolerable. The Castilians, on the other hand, regarded Philip with national pride and self-complacency. They wished for a prince of their own lineage and breeding, who would emancipate Spain from the Empire, and elevate her to an independent position among the nations. It was under such influences that Philip was born and educated; his peculiar temperament fitted him for their reception; he grew up with all the innate tendencies of the old Castilian race; exhibiting, to the proud admiration of the Spanish people, the most perfect form of the national character.

Such, at the time of his accession to the throne, was the monarch whose varied fortunes, during his subsequent career, have furnished the materials for the picturesque narrative of these vol-

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umes. The subject is in admirable harmony with the tastes of the historian. Mr. Prescott has treated it with his accustomed ability. The work displays the characteristic merit of his previous popular productions. Founded on wide and conscientious research, for which the author was in possession of peculiar facilities—every where showing the utmost temperance and impartiality of judgment—with no preconceived theories to allure the understanding from the contemplation of facts, and pervaded by an air of elegant learning and personal refinement, it is evidently destined to an honorable place among the great historical works which distinguish the literature of the age. It does not pretend to the dignity of a philosophical history; it is wanting in the comprehensive generalizations which group the panoramic scenes which it describes around a grand central idea; its style is more remarkable for smoothness than strength, and often falls into a languid movement by its profusion of epithets; but its copious learning, its brilliant descriptive passages, its integrity of research, and its agreeable mode of imparting information, will always make it welcome at the firesides of the people, as well as in the library of the scholar.

The latest volumes of *Harper's Classical Library* contain "Herodotus," translated by HENRY CARY, "Thucydides," translated by DALE, and "Sophocles," translated by BUCKLEY, on the basis of the standard Oxford version, after the text of DINDORF. The naïve simplicity of the father of history and the terse vigor of his successor are well preserved in these translations, while the principal difficulties of the original are elucidated by brief notes. "Sophocles" is reproduced in literal prose, showing the framework of his lofty tragedies, and affording important aid to the beginner in that comprehension of their sense which is essential to the perception of their beauties.

Mimic Life, by ANNA CORA RITCHIE, consists of a series of reminiscences connected with the theatrical career of Mrs. Mowatt, and embellished with various fancy touches, forming a succession of readable narratives. The characters are evidently taken from real life, but are vested in a thin disguise of fiction, which, however, will probably not conceal their identity from readers who have any inkling of the scenes in which they are introduced. Although of inferior interest to the author's "Autobiography of an Actress," this volume describes many amusing incidents, and presents some curious revelations of the manners of the histrionic world. (Ticknor and Fields.)

Flora's Dictionary, by Mrs. E. W. WIRT, is a new edition of a favorite ornamental work on the language of flowers. The definitions are illustrated by choice poetical extracts from the best English writers, forming a beautiful anthology of literature as well as of nature. A brief view is added of the general principles of botany, presenting a convenient introduction to the science in a pleasing form. The volume is admirably suited to the holiday season by the elegance of its decorations; but it also possesses a perennial interest for the family circle. (Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.)

The Irish Abroad and at Home. (D. Appleton and Co.) The recollections of an emigrant Milesian presented in this volume afford a variety of amusing illustrations of the Irish character. They extend over a period of a hundred years, from the emigration with James II. in 1690, to the close of the last century, with occasional excursions into more recent times. The book is crowded with historical and biographical incidents, related with great vivacity.

The Christian Life, by THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. (Lindsay and Blakiston.) The course, the hindrances, and the helps of the Christian life are set forth in this volume with the delightful fervor and force that characterized the late admirable author. It was originally written with reference to the Puseyite controversy in the English Church, but contains an exhibition of principles that are of universal interest to religious readers.

Home Comforts, by LILLIE SAVORY, is devoted to an exposition of the art of living in a rational manner with limited means. It abounds in illustrations of domestic economy, founded on wide observation and excellent practical sense. Its language is often homely, for it treats of homely details, but is always forcible and impressive. No housekeeper, especially a novice, but may profit by its shrewd suggestions. (Bunce and Brother.)

Village and Farm Cottages, by H. W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and S. D. BACKUS. (D. Appleton and Co.) The subject of domestic architecture, which has received such a fresh impulse within the last few years, is treated in this volume with copiousness and good judgment. Its special feature is its adaptation to the wants of persons in moderate circumstances, who wish to prepare a residence combining economy with comfort, good taste, and substantial value. In connection with the practical details of the work, the authors have introduced a multitude of suggestions in regard to various topics of domestic and rural economy, which can scarcely be read without profit.

A New System of English Grammar, by W. S. BARTON (Gould and Lincoln), proposes to simplify the common methods, and thus initiate the learner more rapidly into a knowledge of the subject. With the study of grammar it also combines a series of exercises in English composition. The arrangement of the volume is strictly progressive in its character, and appears to be well adapted for the convenience of the teacher and the advancement of the student.

The Russian Empire (Moore and Co., Cincinnati) purports to be written by "A Looker-On" from America, and, whoever he may be, he is evidently a man of shrewd observation, discriminating judgment, and logical skill. His point of view is doubtless sympathy with Russia and distrust of the motives of England and France in the conflict now pending. But this view is daily gaining ground among the most intelligent American thinkers, who will be confirmed in their tendencies by the statements of this volume. Russia, in the opinion of the author, possesses a vigorous national life, embodied in a true organic unity, and destined to exert an incalculable influence on the progress of modern civilization. His volume presents an abundance of impressive considerations in support of this opinion, derived mainly from a careful examination of Russian resources, but sustained by a variety of profound theoretical deductions. It is written from ample knowledge, and with signal ability, and at the present juncture of European politics, challenges the attention of thinking minds in both hemispheres.

India, Ancient and Modern, by DAVID O. ALLEN, D.D. (John P. Jewett and Co.) In this volume an elaborate view is presented of the geography, history, government, and manners and customs of

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India, including a succinct sketch of the progress of Christianity in that nation. The author aims not only to exhibit the state and character of the people of India, but the causes that are now in operation to change that state and character. He writes from accurate personal information, having resided, as a missionary, in India for a period of twenty-six years. His volume will be found of equal interest to the student of history and of ethnology.

Man-of-War Life and *The Merchant-Vessel.* (Moore and Co., Cincinnati.) Vivid pictures of nautical experience compose the substance of these anonymous volumes. The author is singularly felicitous in giving a fresh and life-like air to his descriptions, without any approach to exaggeration or attempt at fine writing. He has certainly no passion for the sea, although he is not insensible to its wild and strange excitements. But he aims at truth rather than effect, and, in our opinion, he is scarcely surpassed by any modern writer in the naturalness and force of his maritime sketches.

Fetridge and Co. have issued a reprint of *My First Season*, by BEATRICE REYNOLDS, edited by the author of "Charles Auchester," the famous musical novel of the past season. It is in the form of a female autobiography, and interweaves many piquant social delineations into a narrative of more than common interest. Miss PARDOE'S *Rival Beauties*, an English story of fashionable life, is published by the same house. It deals in scenes of passionate intensity, and is well suited to gratify the taste of professed novel readers.

The Heart of Mabel Ware, is a romance portraying the darker passions of the human heart in lurid and terrific colors. Written with a singular power of expression, it unfolds a terrible domestic tragedy, enforcing the great ethical lesson of the certainty of retribution upon the transgression of the laws on which the foundation of society reposes. The incidents of the plot are so strange and unnatural, that nothing but an inherited taint of insanity in the heroine can explain their occurrence. This, with an excess of horror in the *denouement*, is the pervading defect of the story; and it is scarcely relieved by the uncommon energy of description and frequent enticing beauty of language which mark its composition. (J. C. Derby.)

A delightful juvenile book by Mrs. CHILD, entitled, *A New Flower for Children*, is published by Francis and Co. It consists of a collection of original stories, mostly founded on incidents in real life, and displaying the freshness, tenderness, and sympathy with the young which have made the author such an especial favorite with both juvenile readers and children of a larger growth.

Hampton Heights, by CALEB STARBUCK. (Mason Brothers.) From the preface to this volume it would appear to be the first production of the writer, but this may only prove to be the disguise under which some acknowledged favorite wishes to present a new form before the public. At any rate, it bears few marks of the carelessness and want of finish which betray the composition of an inexperienced author. The plot is compact and well arranged, proceeding in the orderly course of natural development, and sustained throughout its manifold details with truthfulness and interest. The heroine is a forsaken child, whose complicated wrongs and miseries are vividly portrayed, though without the commonplaces of pathos which present such perilous snares to inferior writers. Several characters of quaint originality are introduced in the background, among whom the unprogressive spinster, Miss Mary Fish, figures to great advantage. The delineation of Miss Mary is a decided success. Nor is this remark less applicable to several others of the side personages, whose apt dramatic action, in connection with the leading character of the scene, help to complete a truly effective story.

Our Cousin Veronica, by MARY ELIZABETH WORMLEY. (Bunce and Brothers.) The story of "Amabel," by the author of this volume, secured to her an enviable position among the female novelists of this country. The present work will in no respect diminish her reputation, but on the contrary, exhibits a greater power of invention and more genial facility of handling than her former production. The scene is chiefly laid among the mountains of Virginia, and the characters are taken from the aristocracy of the Old Dominion. In the unfolding of the plot, we are, however, taken both to England and the Northern States, giving the writer an opportunity for several contrasts of scenery and character, which she certainly uses with excellent artistic effect. Her power, we think, is greater in dialogue than in description, though numerous highly graphic passages of the latter kind might prevent some of her readers from conceding the correctness of our remark. As a whole, we can not hesitate to regard this work as possessing superior merit, showing a large and refined culture, a justness of thought, and a home-bred naturalness of feeling, which are not always discovered in the popular novels of the day.

Ballads, by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. (Ticknor and Fields). Every production of Thackeray has such a genuine stamp of reality, as to make it a revelation of the man as well as the author. We can not read his writings without gaining the assurance that he is never the dupe of imagination or sentiment. He looks nature, or rather society, which is the special object of his study, directly in the face, and then gives a fearfully faithful transcript of what he sees. The fleeting shows of life make an indelible impression upon his mind, and his most striking pictures are copies from memory more than creations of art. If he dwells upon the sombre side of things, it is because he finds it every where, while the sunny aspects of life often derive their warmth and coloring from the enthusiasm of the spectator. No modern writer perceives this more clearly than Thackeray, yet he is not a cynic nor a misanthrope. A true manly heart beats beneath his satirical causticity. He has too much real kindliness of nature to anathematize with grim imprecations the follies of his race, and hence he loves to sport with sarcastic fancies. No trace of the ridiculous escapes his calm, piercing eye. He delights to present it in all its comic relations, to gain a laugh at the expense of absurdity, but not to pursue it with rankling malice. In these ballads he only exhibits, in another form, the same sincere, robust nature, which we have before recognized in the great novelist. They pierce the inflated pretensions of social falsehood with darts of the gayest persiflage. Often approaching a rollicking license of expression, they cover a wholesome significance beneath the wildest humor. His experiments in comic versification betray new resources in the vernacular, and are as irresistible in their way as the French attempts at English writing in the Newcomes.

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Meister Karl's Sketch-Book, by CHARLES G. LELAND. (Parry and M'Millan). The genial sketcher who here opens his portfolio to the public has anticipated one of the privileges of "lettered ease" after a long life devoted to study. His book is one that a universal reader like Southey might have amused his old age in concocting, if he had not decanted the contents of his rich literary stores into that unique production, "The Doctor." Meister Karl, however, has not waited for the evening twilight to gather up the fragments from a long day of studious toil. He has poured out the treasures of learning, travel, and wide observation of men and things with a certain youthful *abandon*, that is sure to win sympathy if it does not awaken admiration. No doubt his Sketch-Book contains much that is fantastic, something probably that a riper judgment may disclaim, but still it is remarkable for its curious erudition, and attractive by its quaint confessions of personal experience. It often has a genuine antiquarian flavor, is redolent of great libraries, and then rapidly alternates to the most stirring scenes of social life. For the popular taste, it abounds too much in learned allusions, has too many scraps of foreign languages, and is too remote from the sphere of immediate utility; but scholarly readers will ever prize Meister Karl for his excursive, rambling episodes into every field of study, and for his rare bookish accomplishments, while no one can fail to appreciate his pleasant humor, and the youthful frankness with which he takes his reader into his intimate confidence.

Among the novelties in London which the new year ushers in, are a variety of illustrated works, including Longfellow's Poems, Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, Goldsmith's Traveler, and John Keats's Eve of St. Agnes. Of the Annuals, once so popular, only two survive, the Keepsake, still edited by Miss Power, niece to the late Lady Blessington, and the Court Album, which merely consists of portraits of some of the female aristocracy. The Picturesque Scenery of the Rhine, from the pencil of Birket Foster and the pen of matter-of-fact Henry Mayhew, is also of the "Annual" class.

The number of books for children, all more or less illustrated, is very considerable this season; and among the leading authors in this line are Fanny Kemble, Alfred Crowquill (Mr. Forester, of the London Stock Exchange), Mrs. Lee, the African traveler, Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, Miss Yonge, Dr. Scoresby, of Arctic celebrity, Captain Mayne Read, and Henry Mayhew.

A new volume (the twelfth) of Thiers's "L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," narrating the events between April, 1810, and May, 1811, has appeared. Three or four more volumes, which are written, will complete the work. Alexander Dumas, who is said to meditate retiring from Paris, has brought out a new work, full of personal interest, called *Les Grands Hommes en Robe-de-chambre* (Great Men in their Dressing-Gowns); the opening volume is occupied with Henri IV. Guizot's latest publication is a trifle entitled *L'Amour dans le Mariage, Etude Historique*. Dr. Véron, as a sort of continuation of *Les Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, has written *Cinq Cent Mille Francs de Rente*, said to contain much truth in the guise of fiction; part of it was dramatized, before publication, for the Vaudeville Theatre. Paul de Kock has brought out another novel, *Madame de Montflanquin*. The first portion of De Lamennais's posthumous works has appeared; his correspondence is expected to be at once interesting and important.

The actual first edition, in London, of the new volumes of Macaulay's History of England is said to amount to 25,000 copies. There will be 5000 reams of paper, 6 tons of milled board, and 7000 yards of calico used up in this edition; and the paper-tax alone will amount to £900. The retail sale will realize £45,000.

The English press, without any exception to our knowledge, are warm in praise of the opening number of Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. Many of them give very copious extracts.

Robert Montgomery, at one time a very popular and prolific verse writer, has died at the age of forty-eight. At the age of seventeen he edited a Magazine, at Bath, in the West of England, in which he displayed considerable taste for trenchant satire, great facility at verse-spinning, and a considerably high estimate of his own abilities. In 1828, before he had reached his twenty-first year, he produced a religious poem, entitled "The Omnipresence of the Deity," filled with high-sounding sentences, which speedily obtained great popularity. It was dedicated to Dr. Howley (then Bishop of London, and soon after Archbishop of Canterbury), who repaid the compliment by contributing liberally to a fund which was raised to defray the expenses of Montgomery's education at the University of Oxford, where he graduated as Master of Arts. Having been ordained a Minister of the Church of England, he soon became popular as a fervid and sometimes even eloquent preacher. For some years he occupied an Episcopal Chapel in Scotland, but, for the last fifteen years, officiated as minister of a Church in London. While at the University and after he took Holy Orders, his pen was constantly occupied. He published, as poems, "An Universal Prayer," "Satan," "Woman, the Angel of Life," "The Messiah," and "Luther," besides editing Sacred Annuals. His last work, published a few months ago, consisted of meditations, and was called "The Sanctuary, a Companion in Verse for the English Prayer-Book." Early in his career he was subjected to the severe critical censure of Macaulay, conveyed in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Other critics, from time to time, slightingly discussed Robert Montgomery's pretensions to the laurel. But his poetry sold. "The Omnipresence of the Deity" has reached a thirty-fifth edition, we believe. To the last his personal appearance was singularly youthful; it was evident, even in the pulpit, that he was aware of his good looks. Montgomery, of Sheffield, is understood to have been much annoyed at the poetical effusions of his youthful namesake being taken or mistaken for *his*, and gave willing credence to a report that the bardling was son of Gomery, a theatrical clown of some repute half a century ago. In fact, however, this rumor is believed to have originated with Alaric A. Watts, when editor of the "Literary Souvenir," who had been severely handled by Robert Montgomery in "The Puffiad," a satire in verse. In the Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters, drawn by Maclise, the painter, for *Fraser's Magazine*, over twenty years ago, Montgomery was represented looking, in admiration, at a portrait of himself, behind which was visible the painted face and down-pointing finger of a Circus Clown!

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Editor's Table.

COWARDS AND BRAVE MEN.—To fight a battle is not the highest mark of courage. Soldiers are accounted brave by profession, but they are not all heroes. The soldier fights because he must. He can not help himself. He belongs to an army, and it is death to desert his flag. When he enters the battle, he is wedged in by ranks so that he can not retreat. A thousand bayonets behind push him on. The foe is before him, and his life depends on fierce and desperate combat. In such extremity the greatest coward would contend to the last. Indeed, a panic of terror often has the same effect as the enthusiasm of courage, to produce a frantic rage that is called bravery. Were it not for this stern necessity, the soldier might sometimes think "discretion the better part of valor," and slyly decamp, saying to himself,

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

Still, no man will deny that great courage *is* displayed in War. But it is not the highest kind of courage, for it is a forced bravery; and where not forced, it is artificial. It is roused by all the instruments of war, the glittering array, the waving of flags, and the roll of drums. Thus is mustered up a factitious courage—not the ardor of heroic minds, but a wild fury kindled by smoke and gunpowder. The deeds done in such a state of frenzy are no proof of the native temper of the soul.

Contrast this rage of battle with a less doubtful heroism. Pestilence is a more appalling calamity than War, and requires a stouter heart to meet it. Napoleon never showed such courage in the field as when he entered the hospital at Jaffa, and with his own hand pressed the sores of those smitten with the plague, for never did he incur such peril. And when the physician goes into such a charnel-house, filled with patients dying of a contagious disease, and exposes his life to save theirs, we may say in truth, "There is a brave man!" The cool intrepidity of the act shames the noisy courage of the soldier. This calm and quiet man advances into the place of danger, not with an army at his side, but alone and unattended he wages his silent battle with death. He is not cheered on by drum and trumpet. No sound from the outward world reaches his ear. He can listen only to the beating of his own heart, and to the groans of the dying. Yet in that awful stillness death comes nearer. It is not descried dimly and afar off, under the dark-rolling clouds of war. He sees it right before him; he talks with it; he takes it in his arms.

This is true courage; but it is something more. It is courage ennobled by a pure and generous object. Of this lofty heroism we have had a recent example in our own country. Not many weeks have passed since Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia, were desolated by pestilence. The inhabitants fled in terror from their doomed cities. Yet hundreds, who could not depart, remained to suffer and to die. When this dreadful calamity was known throughout the country many hastened to their relief. Physicians from other cities offered their services, and delicate women came to watch by the dying. These acts of devotion were not constrained. Those who periled their lives were not forced to this step by their position, or by any special obligations which rested upon them more than others. Many lived far away in the distant North or South. Some knew these places only by name; yet they heard that their brethren were in distress, and they came to offer themselves a voluntary sacrifice. Of this noble band many fell victims to their devotion; but long will their names be cherished where they died, and their graves will be watered with many tears. If the heroes who fell on the fields of Mexico deserve a monument to testify a nation's gratitude, what a column should be reared to the physicians and nurses who died at Portsmouth and Norfolk!

But such heroism as this is called out only by great dangers and sufferings. In ordinary life, when left to sink down into sluggish selfishness, men and women shrink from disease, even when there is no danger. They have not the courage to look at it. They recoil from loathsome wretchedness. They can not stoop to enter low hovels, and to gaze on the poor sufferers. Their delicate senses will be offended, or an appeal be made to their sympathies which shall agitate their trembling nerves. So dainty and fastidious is ordinary virtue! Yet perhaps they go to the theatre, and delight to weep over unreal distress, while they turn away from the living tragedies that are acting all around them.

Of course it is more pleasant to look upon a living man than upon a dead body; to visit a person in health than in sickness; to see rosy and smiling faces than faces pale and sunken. But herein is the courage—to encounter what is felt to be painful—to make taste and sensibility subordinate to duty and humanity. It requires an ardor in doing good which subdues the natural repulsion, to visit not only hospitals and prisons, but wretched dwellings, unshocked by filth and squalor, for the sake of relieving objects of charity. And the timidity with which men and women shrink from these lighter labors, shows how unprepared they are for great acts of courage or devotion.

But it is not only in avoiding bodily exposure that men betray cowardice. There are other dangers and other fears—the fear of private loss or of public odium—the fear of ridicule or unpopularity, against all of which courage is opposed. There is a pusillanimity which meets us every day, and which almost disgusts us with human nature. It is that which shrinks from misfortune.

We but repeat the common experience of the world when we say that the rich have more friends than the poor, and that the attitude of society changes with the rise and fall of fortune. A man of wealth, whose riches suddenly crumble, learns a painful lesson of human nature. How many who courted his friendship yesterday shun him to-day! The fawning, cringing, sneaking creatures! how they run! Their conduct says, as plainly as language could, We are afraid that this unfortunate man will ask our assistance, and we shall be called upon to stretch out a hand to save a drowning brother! Oh, terrible hardship and necessity!

We do not slander human nature when we say that this is the first impulse of most men. They shrink nervously from misfortune. They are alarmed lest they should be involved in a falling house, and their own property be wrecked. They

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seek friends among the rich and the powerful, and drop their poor acquaintances. And, openly or secretly, they withdraw from the unfortunate.

True, there are men who would act differently; who, instead of avoiding a friend on account of misfortune, would instantly go to his rescue. But these are the exceptions. For one such good Samaritan, there are many priests and Levites who pass by on the other side. But this contrast shows how noble is the courage and the friendship that can bear adversity. He who stands by a tottering friend and tries to hold him up, acts a manly and heroic part. For he exposes himself to loss, if not to failure. He assumes responsibilities. He stakes his own credit. But he has his reward in saving from utter ruin

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother."

But let a man get into deeper trouble, and a shadow darken round his name, and the courage of his friends is put to a severer test. Then is the trial of their constancy and fidelity, when his name is cast out as evil, and he is the object of hatred or scorn. Men do not like to have their names connected with an unpopular friend, and they readily find an excuse for leaving him to shift for himself. Their respectability is at stake! If it were a mere matter of money, they would not mind a few hundreds to help a friend out of difficulty. But this involves character. Men tremble at suspicion. They shrink nervously from contact with a person who is spoken against. Even strong ties of friendship give way to the terrible fear of public opinion. Affection is sacrificed to avert the odium of society. This dastardly desertion is disguised under the name of prudence. Men call it taking care of their reputations, preserving their respectability. But its true name is a vile cowardice!

Would that men had the courage to act out their own better impulses—to follow the noble instincts of the heart rather than the selfish calculations of interest! But so fearful are they of offending public opinion, that they are afraid to do right. They do not dare to do a generous action, lest society should disapprove it.

Here then, in the common intercourse of life, courage is a virtue next to charity. It alone gives to friendship a sacred and inviolable character. A fearful and timid man can not be a fast friend, for the first breath of unpopularity will lead him to desert you. In true friendship there is always a heroic element, which imparts to it a firmness and constancy, which cling to a loved being in any misfortune and danger. To stand by a friend when exposed to imminent peril, is the most touching proof of a brave and noble heart. The very danger of such a position—which deters most from taking it—becomes the occasion of manifesting heroic constancy. There are no pages of history more fascinating than those which record an affection unchilled by misfortune, which adversity only made to cling closer to its object, and which persecution could not tear asunder.

Times of revolution and anarchy—like the French Reign of Terror—give the most painful impression of human nature, from the fact that the common ties of affection were sundered by one universal fear. Friends grew cold and distant, lest they should be compromised by their companions. Yet amid those terrible scenes, as is well known, appeared some most touching instances of faithful love. Brothers stood upon the place of execution —like Damon and Pythias of old—locked in each other's arms, refusing to be separated even in death!

But the days are gone by, when men were called to show their courage in mounting the scaffold or going to the stake. In these peaceful times there is no such danger and no such glory. Yet there is often as much intrepidity in facing public obloquy, as in facing danger or death. When a friend has become unpopular, even to show sympathy for him will cause us to suffer from the odium which attaches to his name. In this case we may withdraw from him without disgrace, and, in fact, be applauded for it. Nothing, therefore, can keep us at his side but a chivalrous feeling of honor, or the true and noble instinct of affection.

But the strange timidity of men appears in other things, which are more common and familiar. For example, in manners we detect a species of cowardice which is almost universal. Society is full of affectation and pretense, and this, when analyzed, is the result of a weak fear of each other. Every kind of affectation is a pusillanimous attempt to show ourselves before the world other than we are. Pretension is the mark of a timid mind, fearful of observation and ridicule. Yet how common is this disguise! How few, who have a position in society to keep, will own that they are poor! They tremble at the prospect of humiliation—of being obliged to go down from a higher position to a lower. And thus their whole life is a struggle between poverty and pride. On the other hand, a brave man is known by his simplicity. He is willing to take his true place in the world; to appear just what he is, and no more. If he is poor, he does not deny or conceal the fact, but accepts his lot, and faces it with a manly heart.

Still greater courage and firmness are required to remain poor, when there is a chance of becoming rich by means which most men do not scruple to employ, but which a sensitive conscience shrinks from as wrong. A man needs a high degree of intrepidity to dare to maintain PRINCIPLE in the common transactions of life. Indeed such are the maxims of trade, that he is likely to get little credit for his extreme conscientiousness. To be governed by a sense of duty rather than by self interest, is regarded by the world as an extravagance of devotion. Many who would sacrifice themselves for a friend, will not do it for a principle, because they are swayed by their attachments rather than their convictions. A friend is a living being, but a principle is an abstract idea. That a man should be ruled by a vague, general notion of virtue or rectitude, so far as to sacrifice to it solid and substantial interests, appears to them a romance of moral sentiment. To be deterred by conscientious scruples from seizing advantages within their power, is fanaticism and folly. And not a few have a feeling of indignation or contempt for him who lets opportunities of fortune slip by on such frivolous pretenses.

Thus men excuse themselves in dishonesty. And one must have a clear head and a firm will, never to be deceived by such reasoning, nor seduced by such temptations. Mercantile courage is more rare than military courage. To preserve an unstained integrity through life; to see others profiting by fraud, and never stoop to deception, requires more *nerve* than to fight a battle. A man might stand a siege with heroic firmness, who can not resist the temptations to unfair dealing, and the excitement of competition and rivalry.

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The tremendous power of these temptations to break down all courage and manliness is seen nowhere so conspicuously as in political life. Every year we are betrayed by the cowardice of our public men. The cause is not that they lack patriotism. They share in the common pride and love of country. But they are exposed to great temptations—the spoils of office, and the drill of party—and it requires rare independence and courage to shake off these trammels, and to do honestly and firmly what is right. Most men are too selfish to run the risk of losing popularity, and thus in their moral timidity the public interests are sacrificed. It is cowardice which makes our slippery politicians. Machiavelli says, "Men have rarely the courage to be wholly good or wholly bad." Few have firmness enough to be fit for high places of trust. What the nation needs, therefore, is not merely patriotic men, but brave men—men utterly without fear of party or people; but who only fear God and love their country.

The same courage which is required to maintain integrity in business and in political life, is also needed to support the finer moral sentiments, when opposed to the current maxims of society, and covered perhaps with ridicule and sneers. A man of delicate sensibility, who feels that it is wrong to do what others do without hesitation, sometimes blushes for his scruples, and is ashamed of this tenderness of moral feeling.

Alas! public opinion is the tyrant of the world. It is that which makes cowards of us all—that drowns the voice of conscience, and the law of God. The fear of losing the esteem of others makes even those whose intentions are virtuous retire abashed and silent. Men are afraid, not only of being worse than others, but also of being better. Many a good man conceals his worth lest he should be sneered at as a Puritan or a saint. Until this weakness is overcome there can be no independence of mind. A man is not the master of himself. He is the slave of other men; and not of their power or superiority, but the slave of their contempt.

To this fear of ridicule no class is so sensitive as young men. They boast much of their courage, yet in this respect they are the greatest cowards in the world. Physically they are strong and brave, but morally they are weak and timid. Nowhere is this more manifest than in our literary institutions. A college is a perfect democracy, in which public opinion rules with absolute sway; and to be laughed at by his comrades is the keenest torture one can endure. A sneer cuts through him like a sword. Hence he is apt to shrink from any decided stand, which may provoke derision. He will sacrifice duty, conscience, and honorable feeling, to escape the jeer of his companions. Here is the weakness and cowardice of young men. They vaunt their bravery, and are ready to fight a duel to vindicate their juvenile honor. Yet one look of scorn subdues their manly spirit. They shrink before the brazen and the bold, and are cowed by coarse, vulgar, swaggering boasters.

And what is yet more humiliating, young men who are pure are made ashamed of their virtuous habits and principles. In a party of drinkers one is ashamed to own that he is a temperance man; among debauchees he is ashamed of his innocence. Through this weak fear, he is led into acts which are mean and base, and at which every noble instinct revolts.

Young men even affect to regard lightly their domestic affections. How many think it a mark of manliness to care little for the love of a mother or sister, and to pay small respect to a father's gray hairs. Thus, by their want of firmness and courage, they are shamed out of all that is truest, and noblest, and manliest in their feelings. All their moral ideas are reversed. They are ashamed of their virtues, and proud of their vices; ashamed of what they ought to be proud of, and proud only of what is low, corrupt, and rotten in their hearts and lives. Surely, if no other class need to be armed with courage, a young man's salvation depends upon it.

Besides, we may whisper in his ear, that a little more independence and self-respect would be honored even by those who now stride over him, and who despise him for his cowardice. So long as he is afraid of them, he must expect to be lightly regarded. No one was ever truly respected by his comrades, when cowed by their sneers into irreligion, or vulgarity, or vice. They scorn the timid creature whom the pointing of a finger can make to tremble. Wherefore, if a young man desires an absolute independence of mind, let this be the first act of his emancipation, to lay aside the unmanly fear of his fellows. Let him not be ashamed of his purity and innocence, for these are the beauty of the soul, and when joined with an intrepid spirit, they form a manhood which is "earth's best nobleness." Next to right principle, there is no element of character so necessary as the courage to declare and maintain it by word and example.

But the most decisive proof of independence and courage is to be truly religious among infidels and scoffers, or even in a gay, and worldly, and proud society.

It costs, indeed, no sacrifice of pride to profess a general faith in Christianity, for that is the nominal belief of the civilized world. So it is the fashion to go to church. Certain forms of worship are popular. But sincere, earnest piety is never a fashion. That word can not be applied to the secret feelings of the soul—to humility, and penitence, and prayer. The form of devotion may be imitated, but fashion can not inspire the feeling in the heart. To be sincerely religious will always cost a struggle with passion and with pride. It was almost as hard to be truly a Christian in the court of Louis XIV., when that monarch turned devotee, as in the reign of his profligate successor. So now, though Christianity is rather popular, to fear and obey God is as far from the maxims of the world as ever. Earnestness in religion is sneered at as fanaticism. The influence of the last century still remains. Then philosophers supported the cause of infidelity by their learning, and fine writers by their graceful wit. That influence still pervades philosophy and literature, and though more restrained, it betrays its presence by a general chilling skepticism and an occasional sneer. How sad to read, in a letter of Charles Lamb to Coleridge, the confession that among all his literary friends there was not one to whom he could unbosom the religious yearnings of his fine and noble heart! "Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly what am I to do?" So rare was it to find a popular writer who was a Christian. The same was true in other distinguished classes. In the army

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it was hardly possible to find a religious officer. Among public men the same neglect and contempt were universal. When Wilberforce published his work on Practical Christianity, it is well known what a commotion his decided opinions excited in the gay society of London. He stood almost alone in Parliament. Thus the great influences of Literature and Politics and Fashion were all adverse to religion. And so it is, to a great extent, now. Those who stand at the head of society, and give tone to the popular mind—writers and leaders of fashion, politicians and soldiers, men of pleasure and men of war—are more than half infidel. In their sphere what does it imply to be religious? It is to be narrow-minded, to be wedded to ancient follies and superstitions, instead of having a broad philosophy, a free and soaring spirit. It is to be timid and scrupulous. Conscience checks lofty daring, and lays a restraint upon high ambition. Hence the frequent laugh among men of wit at doting superstition and weak-minded credulity. Thus in the higher classes of society there attaches a certain ignominy to the character of an humble Christian. So wide has spread this feeling that probably some of our readers have a secret association between a very devout piety and narrowness of mind. And it requires no ordinary firmness to breast this popular contempt—to stand up amid skeptics and scoffers and say, "I am a follower of Jesus!"

So necessary is Courage in every post of danger and of duty. It is a first requisite to form an actor on the stage of life. Without it all high designs fall to the ground; vague desires for the world's good are faintly uttered, and vanish into air; friendship has no pledge of fidelity, and patriotism is capable of no sacrifice. Courage, therefore, is one of the highest virtues of the human character. Indeed it is that quality without which all the duties of life are but imperfectly performed. Without it one can not be "greatly good" in any relation—as friend, or citizen, or Christian. Friendship, Patriotism, and Religion—love of kindred, of country, and of God—all are mere sentiments, which disappear at the slightest danger. The value, therefore, of every noble quality of mind—Honor, Love, and Truth—depends on being braced and backed by an Intrepid Will.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE has been a very pretty quarrel of late between the Publishers and the Press. It all grew out of "Hiawatha," that poem which has made the English critics shout for joy that at length there is an American poem. In this Chair we do not discuss any thing but manners, and the minor morals, perhaps. But this question belongs strictly to that sphere, we suppose. At least, in other countries the morals of the Press are decidedly minor morals, according to young Flam, who came home in the last steamer. Happily, with us it is not so; and notices of every kind, including artistic and literary criticism, are of the austerely sincere character, as are also all political and economical statements.

It is the great good fortune of all questions that they have two sides. To hear young Nix talk, you would suppose that every man who entered a newspaper office became by that fact the very soul of honor. It is refreshing to think what a school of morality Nix believes that mysterious place, "a sanctum," to be. It is, in his fancy, a place symbolical of the public conscience, in which abstract moral indignation resides, ready to pounce out upon any hapless sin or sinner. It is the great meter of public morals; and any attempt to coerce the press is what the stultification of conscience would be to a monk, or compassing the king's death to a royalist. To be mentioned in the newspapers is, to the ardent mind of Nix, the same as being famous. To be condemned by the press is moral and social exile to the sensitive Nix. He reads with avidity the account of the first appearances of famous theatrical and musical people, and believes in the enthusiasm. He reads the hot condemnation of great wrongs, and believes in the anger. Nix has unbounded revererence for a reading-room. To know an editor is like knowing an emperor to Nix.

Flam, on the other hand, is utterly incredulous. "Do you want a puff in the 'Palladium of Freedom and Bungtown Banner?'" says Flam. "Nothing so easy. Have Squashton to dinner" (S. is the editor of the "Palladium and Banner"); "or send a brace of canvas-backs to Squashton; or beg Mrs. Squashton's acceptance of the accompanying trifle, as an indication of your admiration for the moral intrepidity and æsthetic independence with which the 'B. B.' is conducted. Inclose a muff. You will get your puff. Then look at the beautiful sentiments of this morning's leader in that admirable paper. Evidently the man who wrote that has no other than disinterested motives, of course!" sneers Flam, recently from Paris.

"My dear Easy Chair," says this arrogant young man, "do you really suppose that I think a book to be a good and valuable, or even interesting work, because I see it called so in a newspaper? Do you suppose I believe a musical critic says what he really thinks of the Prima Donna? My dear Easy Chair, it is all understood. It is a matter of oysters and game suppers, and other little favors. Herr Boanerges, the famous trombonist, invites a select circle of critics to dinner, and looks into the paper to see what they say of him next morning. Madame Taugnix has a pocketful of commendatory notices which she wrote herself for country papers, and then clips them out to have inserted in the city journals as the impression of an unbiassed rural judgment. Spears, the editor, is only too glad to insert them, and get rid of the dreadful bore, Madame Taugnix, who appears in his columns next morning as 'that famous and charming woman.' These are all patent facts, dear Easy Chair. Do you talk of newspapers manufacturing public opinion? Why, don't you know that a free and independent elector kicks out of the house a newspaper which does not echo his opinions. I am a free-trader or a free-soiler, a tariff man or a bank man, upon my private convictions, and I will have no newspaper that does not say what I think. Suppose 'The Rienzi' should turn round and deny the obliquity of the earth's axis, instead of insisting upon it so stoutly as it does now—do you suppose it would carry any public with it? Not at all; it would only shift subscribers with 'The Slowcoach,' and the Obliquitarians would swear at it as roundly as they now swear by it. In a country like this, where men have the chance of knowing several things, and making up their minds about them, a newspaper can be little more than a vehicle of news and the capable critic of the time in every department. It

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may be a powerful advocate, but it can not be a leader by virtue of being a newspaper. It can only be a leader when its editor has a perceptive and controlling genius.

"The Press in this country, my well-meaning but slow Easy Chair, considering its extent, has by no means the amount of talent engaged in it that there is in London and Paris. The Yankee begins a newspaper as he takes to school-keeping, or doctoring, or preaching. It is a makeshift; and the editor is a chameleon, taking the color of the public feeling by which he happens to be surrounded. And I want to know if you delight in slang-whanging—if you think any question which is worth discussing is not worth discussing decently—if you think any force or influence which is worth getting is gained by invective? A man is not an utter idiot and debauched scoundrel because he does not hold my opinions; and it is I who come nearer to those pleasing states of being when I call him so for that reason. A man is not a villain, a rascal, and a malefactor because he holds that slippers may sometimes be worked in floss instead of worsted; nor is he trying to ruin mankind because he likes his waffles without butter.

"Now, in respect of the relative excellence of men, their differences are of no greater importance than these. When the tri-weekly 'Bootjack' came thundering out upon the individuals who, for their country's good, as they solemnly asserted, went in for drinking tea with only one lump of sugar to the cup, I could not help asking, 'Who is your friend of the "Bookjack?"' and I learned that he was by no means St. Antony. The moral I draw is evident. If you believe in your cause, stand to it, and stick to it, and fight for it, and die for it, if it comes to that; but spare your easy vituperation. If you've time to call hard names, you are not fighting; and if you believe in your cause for your cause, you will not care to satisfy those who require all this foaming at the mouth to believe you are in earnest. If fine words butter no parsnips, foul words hit no blows.

"And are newspapers to have no self-respect? no *esprit du corps*? They act like buccaneers. The great point seems to be to get your neighbor in 'a tight place.' I read telegraphic dispatches 'to the Morning Star,' as if the very same thing were not in 'the Evening Moon' and 'the Midnight Sun.' And once or twice a month each newspaper must needs smooth its trowsers complacently, and say that it is happy to remark that it is the most enterprising affair ever heard of, as witness a letter from the mummied Bull on the other page—as if the one thing for which the public does not care were not the private and public quarrels carried on in newspapers; and the individual prosperity of the papers themselves, unless there is a chance for investment in their stock, is not of the slightest importance. I want my newspaper to be modest, my Easy Chair, as if it were a person. In fact, if a man loves his paper very much as he does a friend, why, when it misbehaves, he blushes for shame. Pooh! pooh! we hear a great deal about the Press, and it certainly has the power of 'posting' any man it may choose to treat in that way; but that it is so dreadfully dignified, so sternly honest, so loftily principled, and so desperately in love with the public good, I, for one, my incredulous Easy Chair, DO NOT BELIEVE!"

And Flam hung upon the arm of our Chair, exhausted by this very creditable oratorical performance.

Now here were the two sides of this question at least unfairly stated. The Press is certainly neither so good nor so bad as these young gentlemen state. A cause is often very much better than its supporters; but it would go hard with the world if only the perfectly sinless were to condemn sin. You have no right to judge the truthfulness of a preacher's sentiments by his practice. There is many a good Parson Adams who, in the midst of exhorting you not to give way to grief, is beside himself with a sudden sorrow. The views held by a journal are to be measured by their intrinsic value. Of course, you know it is only Smith who is thundering through that tremendous speaking-trumpet. But if what he says is true, it does not become false because poor old Smith blows it out with such a dreadful twang; and, with equal certainty, all the noise does not make it truer.

As for talking softly and smoothly, that can not always be comfortably done. You can not be very polite with a gentleman who is trying, for instance, to pick your pocket. When a journal takes a side very seriously, and the question is a very important question, if it believes, and has reason to believe, that its adversaries are unscrupulous, it is as fair for it to expose their character as it is to debate the question. But it is not fair for a paper or a man to generalize scoundrelism from the individual instance, nor to suppose that what seems a very bad side may not be very loyally and sincerely supported.

One who knows, says that the Press has greatly improved; that the old system of praising whatever is advertised in the columns is generally discontinued; that the stereotyped notices of amusements are superseded by honest expressions of intelligent views; that the book notices are now the work of scholars and capable men, and not of ignorant hacks. But so many people yet labor under the impression that the editorial notice of any thing, except politics, is only an advertisement in the leading columns; so many have been forever deceived about books, and music, and plays, that they look with eyes of entire incredulity upon every thing in a newspaper but the advertisements. They have yet to learn the changes. They have yet to know that journalism has now become a profession in this country, and that it counts famous men and men of genius in its ranks. They have not yet become aware that, on the whole, the most forcible criticism, upon every aspect of the times, is to be found in the daily and weekly newspapers. Of course, editors will still be invited to suppers and begged to accept hats, and coats, and boxes of wine. That is to say, they will still be subject to the offer of indirect bribes. But it is one thing to make a man eat your dinner, and another to make him praise it. It will be often hard for an editor to decline a civility; but the civility creates no obligation.

On the whole, as the case is now, Flam has the worst of the argument.

THE New Year comes gently in. We have all made our bows and wished the compliments of the season. We have all vowed our vows, and, if the future could be sure of fulfilling all that on Sylvester's eve, or the last night of the year, we are determined it shall fulfill, the millennium would come with the first visitor on New-Year's morning.

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We listened in vain on the last night of the year for the sweet songs that we remember to have heard in Germany, in the land where old traditions have so firm a root and bear so many lovely flowers. We can not fail to see, however democratic we may be, that in the old countries there are a hundred amenities and graces of life that we lack in our system. It is perfectly true that there is no occult relation between despotism and public amusement, except that it is always the policy of a severe government to keep its people amused; for they then persuade themselves that they are happy. There is no government so supremely absolute as that of the Catholic Church; but there is none which provides so many days of recreation—so much feasting, and gala-making, and tinsel, and baby-house diversion as that venerable nurse of man. It is always the policy of an autocrat to keep the people children; because they are then more innocent of troublesome investigation, and more readily amused. And it is interesting and droll to see that the moral of most papal arguments drawn from the well-being of Catholic countries, hinges upon the fact that there is more pretty idleness in such countries than in any other. It is very true, and the argument shall stand for what it is worth. It comes out very pleasantly in Catholic novels and polemical works in general, and corresponds with that sweet state of things for which Young England, with Captain Disraeli at its head, sighed a few years ago.

No, we allow to that fierce democrat, Flam, that there is no reason why a beer-drinking, meerschaum-smoking Nuremberg shoemaker, who has small earnings and smaller brains, should be able, on the whole, to get more juice out of the orange of life than the hardy, etc., etc., etc., etc. (for the "filling up" inquire of any prosperous Lodge of K. N's.!) Lynn shoemaker. But the American, with all his intelligence, and industry, and civic responsibility, has a hard, weary air, as if he were engaged in living because it is a highly moral and heroic thing to do, rather than because he enjoys it. Granting that the foreign mechanic is a child, has it never occurred to you that the enjoyment of a child is more complete, though less intense, than that of a man?

There is something picturesque in those gardens under the gray walls of old Nuremberg, where there is indifferent music, and very indifferent conversation, and a multitude of people who are as ill-favored (in respect of beauty), and as devoid of personal attraction, either physical or mental, as any people can be, but who sip, and smoke, and doze, and listen to music while the sun sets, and the vesper-bells ring out from the old town.

Foreign life is profusely decorated with holidays. It is an easy skip from one to another. That careful old nurse of morals who sits on the seven hills, names each day in the year from a saint, and so makes the year a garland of festivals. There is no particular argument in the mere fact of the many *fêtes*; because with all their festivals they are a very sorry people over the sea. But while we turn up our indignant noses at the silliness of our cousins, let our eyes look over it a moment, if it has not rolled too high, at one of our holidays.

Take your choice; they are all equally pleasant. There is the public Fourth of July—the general and domestic Thanksgiving—merry Christmas, and happy New Year. We leave it all to the children. It is Ned, and Tom, and Joe, who are out in the morning before light on the Fourth, blowing off ten packs of crackers in a barrel. It is the same company who really give thanks on the day appointed by the Governor. It is they who fumble round the Christmas stocking in the dark, and they who plash round on thawy New-Year's days to make calls. We submit, and think it a good thing for the young people, and, on the whole, are very much bored.

It all comes of our preposterous self-conceit. We think it not manly to be amused with little things—as if there were any particularly great jokes in the world, except our views of amusement. Your Frenchman, and German, and Italian sings his song, and does the best he can, and neither he nor the company care that Lablache and Rubini sing better. The same gentlemen make their pretty sketches in pencil, in water-colors, in oil, and are not dismayed that they have not belittled Michael Angelo and Raphael. But we remember that somebody has done a thing better than we can do it, and excuse ourselves. How many Americans can sing a glee when they meet? How many can act an impromptu charade? How many are not nervously afraid of being considered monkeyish if they give full swing to the vivacity which is trying to make them lively, and earnest, and picturesque in manner and conversation? The amount of solemnity and sadness clad in black broadcloth which makes up an American assemblage is frightful to contemplate.

It is not strange that we early capitulate to Time, and begin to grow old at forty-five. "I leave dancing to the young men," says Trowrigg, aged twenty-five. His sister, Tilly Trowrigg, is married at twenty, and immediately begins to fade, a premature matron, against the wall. At thirty-five the venerable Tilly speaks of her youth. At forty, because she is a grandmother, she dresses as the traditional stage grandmothers dress, who are always at least seventy years old, and lively at that. Why should Tilly cut youth out of her life? Why refuse to be gay and to enjoy because she is happily married?

Alas! it is too true, we can not be merry and young by trying. No, brownness and curliness of wig will act upon the heart and the limbs like the waters of the fountain of youth. No braces and girdles will supply the sinews that Time has sapped, and the determined jerk in the gait is not that elastic spring with which youth treads the world, and leaps into the future. We can not be rosy when we wish, nor cheerful. And yet, if we wish so betimes—if when we are rosy we behold the beauty of health and vow to retain it—if when we see the consolation of cheerfulness we resolve to manage ourselves wisely, and not grow too grave, there will be a difference. If human will counts in human life, there will be a difference. Tilly Trowrigg can never wish herself into a beauty like that of the Lady Una, whom to see is to love, and whose immortal youth of freshness and purity no other woman may hope to rival; but Tilly Trowrigg can determine whether she will therefore sulk and look sour, or whether she will be glad that a generous Fate has permitted us all to know and love the Lady Una, and thereby grow sweeter in mind, and face, and manner, every day she lives.

Here is a kind of sermon upon cheerfulness preached from the Easy Chair quite inadvertently. But at this season (for it is New-Year's as we write) who can resist the cordial of the cold air (which

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is yet very bitter and stinging)? or the sparkling eyes of the children? Even if a private sorrow lie heavy on the heart at this time, no one can recoil from the general gladness; and so ennobling and humanizing is sorrow, that whoever is touched by it, wakes inwardly those vows which the season suggests, and longs to begin the New Year with more charity and kindness than ever before.

How can a humane, or even a decent Easy Chair, walk up and down Broadway and not cry aloud: What have those noble friends of man, the horses, done that they must be so cruelly treated? Yesterday a horse fell heavily, and the brute upon the box smiled to his neighbor driver, and really supposed, doubtless, in his heart, that he was a being superior to that which lay panting upon the pavement. The other morning a noble horse fell, and the shafts of the express wagon he was drawing stabbed him in the flank. This morning, in the cold snow-mud, lay a poor old omnibus-horse against the curbstone, dead. He was "well out of that." Perhaps if we were omnibus-horses we should like to slip up on the Russ pavement and drop stunned and dead. Perhaps, also—we will not play Sterne on the dead omnibus-horse, but this we must say—that whoever has not enough feeling to protest, in every possible way, against all kinds of cruelties to all kinds of animals, deserves never to have a horse carry him, nor a canary sing at his window.

We have already quoted in this Chair the noble things Goldsmith says of the dog. Perhaps there was some occult sympathy. Goldsmith led outwardly the life of a dog. He was snubbed, and scratched, and barked at. He could not see a poor devil of a dog running along as if he expected every man to lend him a kick, without a sad consciousness that that was about all the loan he himself could raise with facility. Goldsmith had such a great heart that it had plenty of room for animals as well as men. What would Goldsmith have said had he promenaded Broadway one of these clear, bright days, when the Russ pavement is polished to ice, and Broadway is a great equestrian battle-field strewn with wounded and dead horses. There is the common mother of all of us citizens, Mayor Wood, whose name is known upon the Mississippi and upon the shores of the great Gulf, to whom we instinctively look for redress. Also the horses instinctively look to the Mayor, remembering their dams.

Now it is just a year since our supreme civic functionary issued that great address, full of point and promise, which gave us all assurance of an orderly city. All we do-nothings trembled in our shoes. Fernando Wood was the Christopher Columbus of a new era. He discovered a possibility of good city government. He was going to have clean streets and quiet Sundays. He was going to have polite hackmen and obsequious omnibus-drivers. We were going to get across Broadway when we wanted to. Buildings were not to obstruct the passage of passengers. There was to be a policeman at every corner, who was to do every thing at once, and without noise. In general, Astræa was to return, and grog-shops were to disappear. Finally, whatsoever things were doubtful, whatsoever powers were disputable, were to be assumed, and no more words about it!

Heavens! what a civic Millennium was implied by that inaugural speech of our Mayor! How we timid people, who hate noise at night, and lock the doors during the day to keep out the ruffians who prey upon hats and coats, nestled in the shadow of that great functionary! Who would not be happy to think that he should escape from a hackney-coach without "sarse" from the coachey, and a swindle upon his purse? Who would not calmly proclaim the joyful tidings from Trinity spire, with the full chimes melodiously playing "See the conquering hero comes!" if he had crossed Broadway without mortal terror of slipping upon the glassy pavement, and coming down under the wheel of an omnibus? Who wouldn't be a Cockney, with such a Lord Mayor?

Probably the doubtful powers have been assumed, and every thing accomplished. Fortunately, an Easy Chair can go on its own legs—so we are not able to speak about the coaches—also, we live upon that side of Broadway which does not require crossing, so that it is probably all right there. Also, we avoid policemen and corner shops, so that all may be as the Lord Mayor promised, for any thing we know to the contrary. In fact, New York may have the model of city governments; certainly, as dutiful New Yorkers, it is our duty to believe it has.

But then how the Mayor suffers the horses to be abused? To see the poor dumb animals, who have no arms to save themselves by, suddenly thrown into the air, and falling heavily, is great fun for every body but those who know and love horses. Those who do, think hardly of a city which allows such shameless and unnecessary torture. Of course, the city is very sorry to be thought hardly of—and there has been a little inclosing of a square foot of street, and a little delicate grooving of the pavement by the Park. But every where the horses slip, and stagger, and fall. Fine carriage-horses, sad old omnibus-horses, prancing express-horses, reckless butcher-horses, steady milk-horses, and quiet bread-horses—they all go. Harnesses break, shafts and poles snap, people are delayed and lose their temper, ladies are handed out to the sidewalk by "a galliant pleaceman," through a crowd of admiring loafers. It is an evil; there is a loss in that most sensitive part—the pocket. But meanwhile Broadway glares with its smooth surface, and as the citizen, remembering the manifesto of our great functionary last winter, sees the suffering of the brutes—sees the slipping and the falling—he believes with Swedenborg, that "animals also are immortal," that the feeling we have for the domestic and serviceable brutes is sufficient proof of a relation that Nature will not let perish; and as the horse of the omnibus in which he makes these reflections whacks upon the stones, he consoles himself, upon stepping out, with the profound faith that there is a heaven for horses, and, in all justice, a higher heaven for horses than for mayors.

"Our loss is insignificant," are the last words of one of Marshal Pelissier's dispatches to the Emperor of France. There had been a sally, an alarm, a skirmish, and retreat. Only a few men were left upon the field—not more than ten, perhaps—it was hardly worth mentioning: "Our loss is insignificant," says the Captain General.

This is one of the terrible episodes of a great war. Only great results are considered—individual suffering is overlooked. It must be so. There can be no personal mention of the five thousand who fall. The thing in view is the national aim—the benefit of hundreds of thousands. And yet in

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the smallest skirmish, as in the bloodiest battle, what issues are involved in every event? As every soldier drops, there drops the welfare of a family—there breaks a lonely and longing heart—there are blighted hopes that make life worth living to some distant soul.

"Our loss is insignificant;" but what now are the losses of Marathon and the battles of Hannibal? What to us, sitting upon the western shore of the sea, were the losses in the taking of Sebastopol itself? Imagination will not sit down with the gray Marshal in his hut and pen this dispatch to the Emperor in his palace, and forget the dead with the day. Imagination goes home to Normandy or the South of France, and hears the arrival of the news in some quiet country town. There are no names mentioned—they will come by-and-by. But the son of this house was with the army in the Crimea—the son of many hopes and prayers—and he was only a private. What was the regiment, and the company engaged? Was our son there? Is this his only obituary—"Our loss is insignificant?"

Names come slowly—only after many weeks of anxious doubt and long suspense shall the parents, and brothers, and lovers of those whose loss is insignificant know that they are lost. Then the fathers and the brothers will bury their sorrow in "the glory of France." But the mothers, and the sisters, and the lovers will feel that their hearts are tombs, and will smile, yet not be comforted. Then let some village curé, on some tranquil summer morning, when the breath of the blossoming vineyards is sweet in the gray old church, remind his flock—and, most of all, the stricken and the weary, that there is a sweeter pasturage, even a heavenly, to gain which, indeed, "our loss is insignificant."

When this venerable Easy Chair was a sapling and swung round the world, it found itself one lovely summer at Interlachen, a place which, whoever has been in Switzerland or has read "Hyperion," knows and loves. There it befell that sundry clerks of Oxenford in England, came to stay, and were supposed to study under the superintendance of several rosy-cheeked, mutton-chop-whiskered youths, who were called fellows of colleges. They were also good fellows and jolly fellows. In truth both students and tutors were fellows for whom any *Alma Mater* might ring its meditative twilight bells in praise. They were fair-cheeked and honest-hearted. They had that air of robust health which is so common with the Englishman and so rare with every other nation under heaven, especially the parboiled Germans with their porcelain stoves.

We used to hear of study, but we used to see riding, and walking, and leaping, and playing ball. Perhaps they were studying the development of the muscles; at least they were practicing it. There were parties formed and expeditions performed to every height in the neighborhood. The "fellows" ran up the Wenzern Alp from Lauterbrunnen and down on the other side into Grindelwald, and rowed home by the Lake of Brienz. They scaled the Little Jungfrau, and even passed over the great and terrible Aar glacier, and came out at the Grimsel hospice. They went off for days among the mountains. They looked from the Fanthorn; they picnicked under the Rosenlaire glacier, the youngest and bluest of all the Alpine crystals. They penetrated the green valley of Meyringen, and returned with sketches of every thing, including that famous maid of the inn. They knew the mountains by heart, and to know any thing *by heart*, is not that to love it?

There was an easy, frank, generous way with all these students and "fellows." They were simple and hearty, and devoid of imagination and sentiment. If the Count Storia, who had just come up from Italy, and who was and is beloved of this Easy Chair, allowed his tongue to obey his glowing heart and gave us a kind of Titianesque description of a sunset, or a scene by the way, or an incident of travel, the good English youths listened with all their shirt-collars acutely pointing toward the Count, and, when he had finished, the "fellows" always ejaculated, "how odd!" and the clerks of Oxenford, "how poetic!"

Now it is singular that if a man says a poetic thing, he does not wish to hear some one immediately mention that it is poetic. If that criticism is made, there is a present end of the poetry.

And so as we stood in many a pleasant sunset at the door of the Hôtel des Alpes, and saw the light flickering and fading up the valley of Lauterbrunnen—"the Valley of Fountains only" Paul Fleming translates it—and saw the Jungfrau as Tennyson saw Monte Rosa from the Milan Cathedral,

> "A thousand shadowy painted valleys,
> And snowy dells in a golden air,"

then Storia, with his imagination yet warm from the touch of Italy, would forget the comment that would surely follow what he said, and saying a few ardent words was crushed by the "odd" and the "poetic."

"Nasty snobs," was the Count Storia's concise way of reviewing his reviewers.

And yet they listened with perfect respect, and sincerely meant what they said. But it was very droll, and Storia's chagrin was very intelligible.

When we fell into conversation with the young Englishmen, it was curious to find how natural their unmeaning exclamations were. There was not one of them who was not the senior of the sapling which this Easy Chair then was,* but they were mere schoolboys in mind. They had little cultivation and no knowledge of the world, and were traveling in charge of the "fellows." If a difference arose in conversation, involving any principle, they instantly referred to precedent, apparently supposing that it was then settled. They could not see any ground, for instance, upon which a poacher could be excused. While the Game Laws existed every poacher ought to be shot, or fined, or imprisoned. But when Storia thundered in the question whether the Game Laws were not unjust in principle, they could not understand. Their reverence for precedent, for authority, for the powers that were, was so profound, that, for its own part, this sapling felt like a very flippant and foolish iconoclast. These young Englishmen reposed in tradition as a babe in its mother's bosom. There was something fascinating in such implicit faith. There was something beautiful in their respect for power, and their obedience to law as Law.

The ethics of their faith, and the probable practical results of their mental condition, the sapling, now grown into the Easy Chair, thinks about, but says nothing about here. Memory has a hundred times refreshed that Swiss landscape with figures, like a sponge going over an old picture, whenever

* The witty reader will here supply—"and still is."

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we have seen the total want of a similar respect among the young saplings around our chair.

Lately we have been especially reminded of it by the tone of criticism upon "Hiawatha," and, in the summer, upon "Maud." Has a poet ceased to be revered? Shall genius in itself have no respect? Are we so jealous of the fame of the dead singers, that we are unjust to the living? Flippant criticism of the works of great men is only an injury to the critic, but it is an insult to the author. Tennyson was not one of the gods of the "fellows" at Interlachen, but they confessed their ignorance of him, while of Macaulay, and those who were their pets, they spoke with an admiring respect, which is a tone unknown to American appreciation. Their tone implied that the author's genius and studies, and the literary achievements which had made his name famous, were of themselves to be respected; and whatever came from him was to be received as the work of a master who was to be emulated, not of a tyro who was to be tried. This feeling gives to English criticism in general a dignity and persuasion which is not found in ours, and which is always felt in our final literary estimates. It does not accept as perfect whatever Shakspeare does, but it treats Shakspeare like a gentleman. It supposes a world of gentlemen. It honors genius. It loves the poet; and when one strain is not so sweet to its ear as another, it does not cry out, "Ho! ho! that doesn't do. Look here! you can't cram this sort of stuff down, you know. No resting on your oars, and using your reputation. No Sir-ee, Mr. Homer! toe the mark of the Iliad, or shut up your 'potatoe-trap.'"

The Hon. Vulcan Bellerophon, editor of the "Palladium of Freedom and Bungtown Banner," says: "That is criticism which the masses understand; none of your hi'falutin about reverence and sentiment," adds that pillar of an uncoerceable press. "Besides," says he, "in this country no man is to be allowed any thing for what he *has* done. If he can't do better, let him stand aside. There ain't no room for the fogies. An independent press brings 'em all up to the scratch, Sir. We are not to be blinded by respect for things, Sir. We want the genuine article, or none at all, Sir—pork or poetry."

The Hon. V. Bellerophon is probably a judge of both. But have we not said that there are two sides to every question? and when we read and hear the Bellerophon style of criticism, we long to be a sapling once more, lounging in summer Interlachen, and hearing the dear, healthy, check-trowsered, peaked-collared, short-waisted, graceless, gawky young Bulls, listening with delight to Storia's stories, and exclaiming, "How odd! how poetic!"

During the happy Christmas season—which lasts as long as the longest cornucopeia of candy found in the stocking, there have been endless books for children. But two—and two of the best—came late: "The Magician's Show-Box" and "The Last of the Huggermuggers." The anonymous author of the first-named is already known by "Rainbows for Children;" the author of the last is Mr. C. P. Cranch, the painter. They are both beautiful books; and they have that real charm of children's books, that they are interesting and full of meaning to children of a larger growth.

The Last of the Huggermuggers is a good giant, which is a novelty in fairy lore. Giants are usually only dreadful ogres—as if the human being became worse by growing larger. It is the prettiest child's book ever issued in America; and we hope every friend of the Easy Chair who has little people around him will introduce them to the good giant Huggermugger. He will be good company at all times, for his agreeability does not end with the holidays. He is such a simple-hearted, good-natured mountain of flesh, that the children will be sure to love him, as they would an overgrown puppy.

The "Magician," whose "show-box" is better than many a magic-lantern, slides his pictures along so gently and winningly, that papas and mammas must look with the children. And papas and mammas will find a subtle and tender beauty in them which the children will understand when they have children of their own.

The best judges of children's books are children, and many whom this Easy Chair knows and loves have read these stories, and report that they are of the right kind.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mourning and rejoicing have belonged largely to the year we have left behind us; but the murmur of the mourning lingers, now when the pæans are dead. Far and wide over the French plain country—the country of shepherds and of vine-dressers—the pretty Loire banks and on the Rhone cliffs, the peasant mothers of France are reckoning up in this season their divided households; and counting, with sighs, the lost boys who a twelvemonth ago wore brave ribbons in their hats, and went away cheerily to a drum-beat toward the camp—to the port—to the East—to the great siege—to death.

The noise of the guns, of fight and of rejoicing, has passed long ago; but the lower sounds, with which the gathered Christmas households talk of some one who died there, linger still.

What hopes cut off! what hearts wrung! what desolated firesides find no gazetting!

Sometimes, at a general's bier, or with our eye resting on some wreck of a man shattered in battle, we think of the ghastly trail which war makes; but presently forget it in a reading of some official list of dead and wounded, and we wait again for guns.

Not long ago there was a military funeral in a Paris church—we think the church was the palace church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The sable trappings at the door were princely; the tapers burning before the shrine counted by hundreds. People stopped, and wondered what great general was dead. No one could tell them. The body had come home from the Crimea. Among the mourners were titled men, who were known at the palace and throughout France. Mourning ladies wore a wealth of black. Who could be the distinguished victim?

Upon the richly-appareled coffin (as if to mock public curiosity still more) was the dress and arms of a simple sergeant of the Zouaves, the uniform of the deceased.

But the dead sergeant of the Zouaves (whose fellow-sufferers lay yet under the soil of South Russia) had worn the title of a Marquis: *hinc illæ splendidissimæ lachrymæ*. He had been also at one time an attaché at the Foreign Office of the government; he had been a marked man at the clubs, and had tasted to the full whatever of sweetness

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belongs to society in Paris. But overcome with that craving appetite for glory which grows easily out of French blood, he had forsworn his friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, had enlisted in a cavalry regiment, had subsequently secured a transfer to a corps more immediately engaged, and in his first brave push after the coveted glory had been thrust down a corpse by the bayonet of a Muscovite serf.

He has gained, however, a great funeral; and the weepers who followed the pageant are no more heart-stricken (and maybe no less) than the ungazetted ones who weep for the dead sergeants and privates whose bodies never come home.

We dropped a note some time ago about the death of that veteran sculptor, Rude, who fell away from his work just at the time when his fame had been stamped by the admiration of Europe.

Another great death in France was that of Monsieur Paillet, than whom no member of the Paris bar was more widely known and more deservedly respected. The papers have told us how his last illness came upon him in the Chambers of the French Hall of Justice; how he struggled with it bravely, as a strong man will; how he asked for a glass of water to revive him; how he sank upon his bench; how he was borne out for air; how he was carried home—to die.

A little after this came the news that the Admiral Bruat was dead. He had commanded successfully the Black Sea fleet; he had escaped all the storms and the perils of at least two bombardments; he had but just received a splendid reception at the hands of the Sultan in Constantinople, and on his way homeward, under the balmy sky of the southern Mediterranean, he died upon the deck of his vessel.

After Bruat comes the memory and mention (in all Paris talk) of the Count Molé—one time chief minister of the government of Louis Philippe; again holding place under Louis XVIII.; and, still earlier, a protégé of the great Napoleon. And notwithstanding this variety of masters he preserved throughout, with a curious French elasticity of principle, the reputation of an honest and conscientious man. Even before the closing scenes in the Orleans drama of 1848, the old Count Molé had grown weary of official cares, and disgusted with the liberalism of the French deputies. His measures could gain no votes; his speeches could command very little of applause. Guizot had succeeded to his position as first adviser of the Crown, and the old Count had retired to his country-place at Champlatreux, where, the other day, he died. He was one of those few men of noble family in France whose reputation and whose title had extended unbroken across the chasms which revolution had made between four successive dynasties; and who, with wealth untouched, person unharmed, quiet undisturbed, was seated in the old country-home of his fathers, waiting for the summons of his last Master.

During the summer past he had made a short run into Germany, in the course of which he had met and held conference with the Duke of Chambord. A singular conference it must have been—of this monarch without a throne with a statesman who had outlived all influence. Champlatreux, where the decayed statesman died, is as pretty a country estate as the traveler can find in France. The lawn is broad, and flanked with thick belts of foliage. The chateau is of that picturesque mingling of brick and stone which characterizes the old royal establishment of St. Germains, and dates from the time of Louis XIV. But even in that gay period the titled family of Molé was indebted to plebeian wealth for its splendor; for the count who built the chateau was only rescued from poverty and a very humble farm dwelling by his marriage with a daughter of Samuel Bernard, who brought to him a *dot* of nearly four millions of dollars. Such fortunes are not dissipated rapidly in France, and the octogenarian with whose name we began this mention died in the midst of luxury.

We had almost added another great name to our month's necrology; no less a one than that of the Queen Marie Amelie, now wearing the more modest title of Countess of Neuilly.

European report speaks of the old lady (near seventy-five) as lying very ill in a Sardinian town near to the city of Genoa. The sons, Prince de Joinville and the Duc de Nemours, are with her. Her old Paris physician, Chomel, has run away from his later patients to be near the bedside of the august sufferer; and the journalists, who chronicled not very long ago the confiscation of the Orleans estates in France, amuse their readers with a mention of the regal shadows of luxury which still linger around the Orleans queen, and tell us that her physician chartered one of the imperial mail-steamers for his transport from Marseilles to Genoa.

SHALL we listen to the doubtful scandal which, not yet in European journals, but in talk, throws its shade upon the Sardinian King, and which accuses him of bearing unworthy persons in his train? We are no apologists for the Court morals of Turin, and believe they might show, at times, as shameless a blazon as once belonged to those of Munich; but still we count Victor Emmanuel too discreet a man—under all his vices—to taint his first royal visiting with the lewd follies of a boy.

Moreover the Sardinian King has now a prize to play for. There may be, not far hence in point of time, a kingdom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel may be King of Italy. It were surely worth no little check to grosser follies to be able to count coolly the chances of such gain. The more sober republicans of Italy have already declared their first resolve for Italian independence—whether as kingdom or republic—and have asserted their willingness to follow the lead of the Sardinian King, if he will but hazard a blow for Lombardy.

We are loth to think or to speak badly of one upon whom so much of weal and so much glory may hang. Who can tell what may be the result of the closet councils of Napoleon and Victor with the map of Southern Europe under their eye, and the rejoicing guns of the Malakoff in their ear? The French monarch is a man of grand surprises, and some say those surprises may be wakened beyond the Alps.

Meantime Austria, with her splendid arts of diplomacy, is coming again into the field of political manœuvres, and is quickening those hopes of peace which she has already kindled and smothered a score of times. Her armies still shine on the Wallachian plains and the Transylvanian mountains—at once a brilliant threat and a brilliant promise. British opinion still deals gently with the arch-deceiver of Hapsburg, and hangs, like a daft lover upon the humors of a coquettish mistress.

But while the British journals, beguiled by the

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new whims of the German mediators, are hazarding hopes of peace, the Emperor Alexander, true to his barbarian instinct, is thanking his Crimean soldiery in terms that augur no speedy termination to their battles, and is bidding them God-speed in their defense of Russia and of their patron saints.

"It has been," says he, "my greatest pleasure to have been with you, and to greet personally my valiant soldiers. With all my heart I thank you for your brave deeds, and for the sturdy virtues you maintain. These warrant me in believing that the glory of our arms will be sustained, and that the resolution of my brave men to sacrifice themselves for their faith, their country, and their Czar will never have an end."

There seems little promise of peace in such language. Among other war items we count, moreover, the increased activity in all the great naval dépôts of England and of France: no new liners, indeed, are being built, but huge iron-covered hulks, proof against bomb and ball, which, with the balmy return of another June, people whisper, will plow their way toward the shallows and creeks of the Baltic. Cronstadt will lie in the next summer's thought like another Sebastopol, and the fears and hopes which waited so long on the Southern citadel may find a transfer to the sea-port of the North.

We barely hinted, in our last, at the splendors which were to belong to the closing scenes of the Great Exhibition: the wonder has come and gone. The forty thousand guests of the nation were there in gala dress. The Duke of Cambridge, with his long beard, of Crimean growth, sat beside the Empress, who was more brilliant than ever in her crimson velvet robe, with the premium point lace *d'Alençon*, and she wore upon her head a tiara of pearls. The news-writers surpass themselves in their story of the brilliant costumes, and we seem to see through their spirited paragraphs the magnificent nave of the palace, hanging, like a crystal shadow, in the hazy atmosphere conjured by the forty thousand breathing men and women who looked and listened. Nearly every country had its representatives; and the curious in costume could see at a glance the crimson liveries of England, the white of Austria, the green of Sardinia, the blue of France, the violet of Spain, with here and there the fez of some Mussulman ally.

The gorgeous hundred Guards, in their lively blue, their huge boots, their steel corselets decked with gold, stood grouped around the imperial circle—a chivalrous frieze stolen from the Middle Age chronicles. The Emperor, they tell us, was in the best of tone and spirits, and achieved an oratorical triumph. After this came the movements of the banner-men marshaling the winners of the medals of honor; and as they came forward, trooping to the music under the light of forty thousand eyes, it revived the story of old tournaments; and there was only needed some Queen of Love and Beauty to bestow the awards, and some score of bleeding knights in the background, to make the illusion complete.

Eight white horses, magnificently caparisoned, drew away the imperial carriage, and the Industrial *fête* was ended.

Among the premiums awarded to those representing American interests were three crosses of the legion of honor to three Commissioners of American States—of which one to Monsieur Vattemare, the indefatigable advocate for international exchanges. We are compelled to add, with shame, that the bestowal of the last named honor was the occasion of ill-feeling among our sensitive countrymen abroad.

Can it be that our representatives were so greedy for imperial honors that they could not waive the compliment to that Frenchman who, we boldly say, has done more to help forward and establish a European appreciation of American successes than any native?

M. Vattemare received unsolicited the appointment of Commissioner from various States; without any pecuniary emolument he has devoted himself to the interests of American exhibitors; by his individual exertions he has succeeded in establishing a permanent American library in Paris—embracing, we venture to say, a more ample exhibition of our intellectual accomplishment than any single collection in the United States—and yet, when this gentleman receives at the hands of the Government a token of their appreciation of his efforts, our over-sensitive representatives make an outcry about foreign birth and lack of nationality! Can the follies of Know-Nothingism go farther than this?

The time will come, we trust, when the zeal of M. Vattemare and his disinterested labor for American interests will have full and hearty appreciation; meantime, we freely give our tribute to his excellence of endeavor and to his modest worth.

The Hôtel de Ville has again been lighted up with one of those splendid and magical *fêtes* which have given a European reputation to the civic balls of Paris. The object of honor in this last display was the *fête*-loving monarch of Sardinia. Rumor, gadding about those decorated halls, tells us of the presence of many a beauty of doubtful character; and points its moral with allusion to that imperial sinner the Princess Mathilde.

While upon the subject of complimentary *fêtes*, we must not omit to mention a worthy and a joyous one which the men of Antwerp have just now given to M. Leys, the Belgian artist who bore off the only medal of honor to the painters of his country. It would seem that no jealousies have ignored the justice of this award, and he has received the best possible evidence in a *home* and hearty confirmation. The story of his reception on his return from Paris and on his arrival in his native city, carries us back to the enthusiastic times when a great artist drew a throng after him in the streets, and when the people all recognized that nobility of thought which finds expression in colors, and which writes poems and prayers upon canvas.

First of all, these men of Antwerp met their painter at the station with a round of cheers; they invited him to a great civic banquet in his honor; and a Minister of State brought to the banquet a welcome and a new reward from the Belgian King. A delegate from the people presented to the artist an enameled crown of gold; and the painter, in his acceptance, gave a new warrant of their regard and admiration by his modest reply. "I accept the crown," said he, "but I accept it for the Belgian School of Art, which has been my teacher."

A procession attended the painter as he left the banquet-hall, and only quieted their shouts of greeting when he was again within his own home. This smacks strongly of a simpler and honester age, when there were no artist coteries—no pre-Raphaelite combinations—and none of those nau-

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seating jealousies which, in our American world of art, divide the workers and embitter criticism.

When will American art-lovers arrive at such harmony as to join in any pæan to a single deserving artist? But, apart from those ignoble jealousies which appear to belong to all American workers in art or in letters, there seems lacking in us that disposition to declare and honor merit which is a part of European education.

We hear of Professor Morse as the discoverer or inventor of the magnetic telegraph; but the chances are that the first American scientific paper which your eye falls upon will, in its discussion of the topic, labor zealously to prove that the merit is not so much belonging to Professor Morse as to some client of the journal, of whom the world never before heard.

The Paris Association of Industry, and many competent bodies before it, have done honor to Mr. Goodyear as the inventor of the great improvements in manufacturing India-rubber; yet, ten to one, the home journals will spend their bile upon this recipient of honor, and stoutly defend the claims of some litigious and braggart manufacturer who has oiled their palms with his money.

M'Cormick has won a world-wide reputation by putting our farmers, and farmers every where, in the possession of an implement which shortens their harvest labor by two-thirds, and adds so much to their annual profits. And yet, in place of a generous recognition of these claims, we find American scientific journals disputing his honor, and willfully counterfeiting foreign opinions, which may establish the boasts of some rival manufacturer.

Are we grown so impertinently republican and equal that we can not recognize and honor merit? Must we straightway fall to picking away the trophy which any earnest worker among us gains by covert attack?

The Emperor's speech, which was for so long a time on the lips of the Paris world, has not wholly passed away yet from the dinner-talk of the metropolis. His grand appeal to opinion, and his challenge of the neutrals to make a bold show of their sympathies, whatever they may be—the passage, in short, which startled the most earnest plaudits, and set astir all the quidnuncs of Germany, has latterly received an official explication at the hands of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is in the form of a circular addressed by M. Walewski to the agents of France at foreign courts, and is too remarkable a document, in the present conjuncture of European affairs, to be passed over.

It explains the curt Imperial speech thus:

"Monsieur—From various quarters of Germany I learn that the speech of the Emperor, pronounced at the close of the Industrial Exhibition, has produced, as might indeed have been foreseen, a profound impression. It has not, however, been uniformly correctly interpreted. It has, nevertheless, but one signification; nor does it reflect in any manner upon any of the neutral states. The Emperor expressed himself desirous of a prompt and established peace—there can be no misunderstanding of such a wish—and, in addressing himself to the neutral states, he asked only their hearty co-operation in the furtherance of this wish. He does not, nor has he from the beginning overlooked the influence of their opinion upon the progress of events; nay, he conceives, that if the neutral powers had in the outset expressed clearly and strongly their judgment upon the questions at issue, such expression would have been attended with the happiest results. He does not, at this late day, undervalue the weight of their opinion; and in this view, he has begged a clear expression of such opinion, that it may have its due force in the decision of the great questions at issue."

This appeal to opinion is something new in a monarch—new, indeed, in a Government. How unlike any thing that Palmerston or Lord John Russell could, or would do!

Yet it is not a new art in battle. Some Hyer and Morrissey fall out in bar-room talk, and presently warm the matter into blows. Hyer, after a parry or two and a slight show of blood, gives a stunning blow under Morrissey's left jaw that fairly makes his teeth clatter; and at the instant, while Morrissey is taking breath and clearing his throat of blood, Hyer makes appeal to the by-standers: "Gentlemen, isn't this Morrissey's job? Is Tom Hyer to blame?"

And the pugilist counts upon a confirmatory wink as the best possible salvo to his conscience; nor does he undervalue its depreciating effects upon the fighting qualities of his adversary.

But observe, Tom Hyer, in the heat of the contest, does not once consider or reflect that the wink may be withheld—that sympathy may rest with the cracked jaw—that opinion may after all snub his pretensions.

How is it now with the Emperor? people ask themselves. What if neutral nations should chance to think very differently from France or England in the matter, and should give very open expression to their thoughts? What, if Prussia and Sweden, being pressed for an opinion, should reply, "We fear that the ambition of the Emperor has more to do with this Crimean matter than any Christian sympathy for the weak Turkish sister?" Or suppose they were to reply to England's vigorous assertions about balance of power, and defense of isolated nationality, and standard of civilization: "We count this the twaddle of a very great and far-seeing merchant-nation, which is very missionary and charitable, but which still keeps a close eye upon her great highway to India, and wants no giant Gog or Magog to sit beside the door-posts."

Would such opinions, boldly expressed, help the Emperor toward peace-making? There is something grand, indeed, in the thought enunciated by Napoleon, that opinion is, after all, the arbiter, however much swords may cut, or guns bellow death. But, unfortunately, that great body of opinion, which we call Public Opinion, must—like wine—have its season for ripening; heat keeps up fermentation, and until fermentation be past you can not judge of quality.

Opinion ripens by calm repose, and is only judge when it ceases to be advocate. Opinion on great national questions must have the benefit of international filtration; the gusts of ambition or prejudice must spread themselves over wide sweeps of land and sea before the elements of opinion settle into a just calm.

Public opinion will not come by calling it; if so, its force would be gone. It presides, not by the loudness of any spasmodic utterance, but by its slow, cumulative weight.

Apropos to this subject, the King of Prussia has already re-affirmed that strict neutrality which he has guarded from the first. "Our country," says he, "is still the asylum of peace, and I hope in

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God that it will remain so. I hope that Prussia may be able to maintain her honor and her position as a state without any of the sacrifices of war. I am proud to know that no people is more ready to make such sacrifice, if it be demanded, for the protection either of its honor or its interests. And this confident belief only imposes on me the more the duty of maintaining those declarations already made, to accept of no engagements whose issue, both political and military, can not be clearly understood and appreciated."

The British papers will declaim upon the selfishness of such a programme; the Government of Prussia has a single eye to its home interests. But so long as she violates no engagements, and infringes upon no rights of others, is she not pursuing the wisest course?

Ought not Governments to consult simply and purely the interests of the peoples committed to their charge? Is not such width of action—whatever Kossuth may say—enough for the legitimate exercise of national wealth and force?

From eastward of Berlin, we learn that the Russian officials at Warsaw have just lighted up the city with a brilliant *fête* in honor of the anniversary of the triumph of 1830. No less than 15,000 picked troops formed part of the festal procession. The poor Prince Paskiewitch, however, the Viceroy of the city, is summoning his relatives about his sick bed for his last adieus.

In St. Petersburg another *fête* has grown out of the recent marriage of the Grand Duke Nicholas, youngest brother of the reigning Emperor, to a Princess of a small German State.

The northern papers of Europe are still full of their mention of the progress of General Canrobert through the Scandinavian country. They count confidently upon his return in the springtime at the head of a French army, which shall make a landing in the Baltic realms of the Czar.

The British journals have made a pretty political episode of the visit of Victor Emmanuel. The nation has honored him with fastening the royal name upon a new war-ship, and with a civic reception at Guildhall. The King, whether doubtful or no of his French, replies to French addresses of gratulation and welcome in his native Italian tongue. The gossips of the Court have watched narrowly his bearing toward the Princess Mary of Cambridge; and albeit, the English maiden is a zealous Churchwoman, they persist in hinting that she may shortly become the affianced of the gallant and royal widower.

The King goes back through France, perhaps to discuss the Princess Mary over a cup of the Emperor's wine, and he closes his traveling foray with a deer-hunt in the forests of Compeigne.

The Crimean letter-writers to the London papers are making merry over the steeple-chases and theatric shows which now enliven the life of the camp. The weather is represented as of the finest, and the Crimean markets are overstocked with fish, flesh, and fowl.

Young Bonaparte, we observe, of West Point education, has been awarded a cross of the Legion of Honor for "uniform good conduct during the campaign." He still holds the rank of second lieutenant in the Dragoons.

The Emperor, who makes easy gifts out of the ample store-house of the Louvre (the magnificent property of his Majesty), has just now delighted the buxom Princess Alice of England with a rich fan, which once belonged to the beautiful Marie Antoinette; and upon the Prince, her brother, he has bestowed a gem of a watch whose inclosing case is wrought out of a single ruby.

As a Christmas offering to poets, he has offered a prize of twenty thousand francs for the best poem upon the Capture of Sebastopol; another, of equal amount, upon the Imperial Epochs in France; and a third, *on dit*, whose subject shall be the Industrial Exhibition.

The levying of the new dog-tax has just startled all the old ladies of France, and many a lamented poodle has fallen sacrifice to the ten-franc impost. Money never loses love in the gay capital; and it would seem that the current of play-house satire was just now turning its conceits upon the omnipotence of wealth. The young Dumas has chimed with the feeling of the hour in dramatizing "Mr. Money;" and we hear of a *drawing* play-bill at the Porte St. Martin which reads—"The baker-woman who had the cash."

The Bourse is so jostled with eager speculators that there is serious talk of removing the great shrine of mammon to the crystal palace of Industry.

The "Mobilier," whose stock a year ago was dull at six hundred francs, is now in demand at thirteen hundred; so the great Joint Omnibus Company, which has been organized under the Mobilier patronage, and with the Mobilier funds, is the favorite investment of the day.

Meantime snow has fallen on the Paris roofs (4th December), before the New York *trottoir* has been whitened; and the Boulevard is showing its fur-trimmed mantles, while this-side cities are wearing their autumn shawls.

Editor's Drawer.

THAT the Drawer is the richest and most eagerly sought of all the departments of this Magazine, we might fairly infer from the repeated requests that come to us to print again the good things that have been relished so highly in previous Numbers. To these requests we are, of course, compelled to turn a deaf ear, preferring always to find something new, which, thanks to our courteous correspondents all over the country, we are able to do. But FLORA R., of this city, prefers a request, with a reason for it, that would almost tempt us to go back to the old Numbers to gratify her and others who may fare as well as she has done. She writes:

"In your Magazine of July, 1853, there appeared an article in the Drawer concerning *Bashful Men*. I read it, and it has been the means of procuring for me a good husband! Now, as it has done so much for me, I would ask you, as a great favor to the ladies, to republish it, and by so doing you will benefit the world, and oblige yours truly,

"FLORA R."

As it was the reading of it by the young lady herself that was the means of securing the good husband, it will surely repay the trouble for any of our fair friends in want of Flora's blessing, to turn to the fortunate Number indicated, and, like her, become the *drawer* of a prize.

A BOSTON gentleman, himself one of the ornaments of the modern Athens, sends us some excel-

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lent things, and here we would remark, that contributions to the Drawer are always acceptable. Our Boston friend says: "Sheridan's *Pudor vetat* is matched by an epitaph on a cat, ascribed to Dr. Johnson:

"'MI-CAT INTER OMNES.'"

But even this is not equaled by the inscription which a pedantic bachelor placed upon his tea-cady:

"TU DOCES—THOU TEA-CHEST."

THE same *Athens* furnishes us a capital anecdote, which is now going the rounds of the literary circles of that city.

"Soon after the publication of 'In Memoriam,' a number of the *literati* happened to meet at Ticknor's bookstore, talking over the latest bits of news in the literary world, and, of course, Tennyson's last came under discussion. Professor L—— was of the party, and in the course of his pertinent contribution to the conversation, he remarked, with his epigrammatical acuteness, in reference to the poem, that "Tennyson had done for friendship what Petrarch had done for love." The saying became popular at once, and forthwith served as a general critique, whenever second-hand wares could be put off without detection. Mr. A——, who sometimes writes small reviews of small authors, inferred that it ought to have point and merit from the reputation of its author, and determined to avail himself of the capital. The opportunity soon offered. At an evening party a friend was asked his opinion of the new poem, and he then proceeded to give his own, and concluded by saying, "To sum up my opinion in a word, Tennyson has done for friendship what PHE-tarch has done for love."

FATHER M'IVER was one of the worthiest of the Presbyterian clergymen in the South, but, like his ancestors, very much set in his own way. He came from the Scotch, and it was one of his forefathers who prayed at the opening of one of their ecclesiastical courts, "O Lord, grant that we may be right, for thou knowest we are very decided." So with Father M'Iver, he was very decided; but it was not of this trait in his character that our correspondent writes, who says of him:

"Sometimes he was remarkably absent-minded, and the apostolic benediction which he used in dismissing the congregation, he would pronounce when sitting down to table, instead of the customary blessing.

"Once he went into his garden just as the beans were coming up, and was surprised to see the old bean on the top of the young stems. Forgetting for the moment that this was the way in which he had always seen them coming up, he took his hoe, and for two hours worked away most diligently among them. His wife now made her appearance, and astonished, as she well might be at his work, exclaimed:

"'My dear Mr. Mac, what on earth are you doing?'

"'Why, you see, wife,' he replied, very innocently, 'the beans have all come up bottom upward, and I was setting them right again!'

"When he was stated clerk of the Fayetteville Presbytery, and was calling the roll at the opening of the meeting, he came to his own name, and called it out louder and louder three times. Receiving no answer, and not once thinking of himself as the person, he marked his own name, and recorded himself among the *absentees*."

The same North Carolina correspondent tells a very good story which has been related, however, long before his day, of others besides Uncle Hector; but he tells it so well it must be repeated.

"Old Uncle Hector was famous for having the largest nose in all Cape Fear region. He could not help that, though, but unfortunately his habits gave it a bright, rosy color, which, with its size, made it a natural and artificial curiosity. One night he retired to rest after indulging pretty freely all the evening, and waking up in the course of the night with a raging thirst, he rose and set off for something to drink. It was pitch dark, and for fear he would pitch against the door of his room, which was usually left standing open, he groped along, took the door directly *between* his hands, and received the edge of it full tilt against the end of his nose. It knocked him over backward, and he screamed out with an oath and agony:

"'Well, I always knew I had a big nose, but I never thought it was longer than my arm before.'"

AND *Alabama* writes to us of a Methodist preacher who introduced the services with the hymn commencing:

"Purge me with hysop."

The chorister led off with a tune not very familiar to the choir, and after repeating the first line again and again, and breaking down in the tune with every attempt, the chorister looked to the preacher in great distress, and said:

"Brother Nixon, won't you please to try some other *yarb*?"

It was in Alabama also that the preacher was accustomed to distinguish the I. and II. epistles of John by saying, John with one *eye*, and John with two *eyes*. It was a long time before the people got the hang of it, but when they did, the distinction answered very well.

A BETTER story than the following, which comes from North Carolina, we have not found in the Drawer in many a month.

About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone, and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whisky, and after dark, of a black night too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half-tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring the spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and seeing through the dim gray of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and soon comes stumbling along back, and says:

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilming-

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ton here yet; and, what's more, the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"

It was a fact, and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for dear life without knowing it.

But they did not suffer so much as the man who fell into a pit as he was wandering in the dark. He managed to catch fast by the top of the pit; but his agony was so great, as he held on all night expecting to fall and be dashed to pieces, that his hair turned white with fright. In the morning he found that his feet came within two inches of the bottom!

During the visit of Rachel in this city an enthusiastic collector of autographs sent his book to her with an earnest request that she would write in it, because "he was so young." The great *tragedienne* complied with the request, writing as follows:

"A tous les cœurs bien nés que la Patrie est chère,
Ma Patrie est la vie, en l'on comprend les arts.

"Rachel."

The very next person to whom the inveterate collector submitted his book was John Brougham, actor, author, artist, etc., who inscribed this complimentary quatrain under the couplet which Rachel had quoted:

"I dare to write my name upon the page
With *hers* which Fame has written on the age;
That will endure until the 'crack of doom,'
But *this* will live no longer than John Brougham."

The Hard Shell Baptists seem to be furnishing a rich variety of amusing matters just now. A correspondent writes:

"This sect (the Hard Shells) are in the habit of holding a yearly association in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near to a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon those in the neighborhood of the meeting; and these are required, of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature-comforts, and among them, as the most important, a plenty of whisky. A short time ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up benches, and making the place ready, when Brother Smith said,

"'Wa'll, Brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made to home for the big association?'

"'Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whisky.'

Brother Smith expressed great contempt at this preparation. "A gallon of whisky for a big meetin'. Why, I've laid in a whole bar'l; and you're just as well able, Brother Gobbin, as I am to *support the Gospel!*"

Advertising has become one of the fine arts, and promises to take its rank among the first of them. Many a firm now keeps its poet, and the profits of the business depend more upon his genius than upon the quality of the wares he celebrates. This would be tolerable if the said poetaster would expend his energies upon the production of original verse; but that he should desecrate our favorite and most cherished melodies with the profane parodies which he perpetrates for want of wit to make something new, is an outrage on the Muses and "the rest of mankind." What can be worse than compelling Ben Bolt and Lily Dale to do duty in extolling the merits of the *Russia Salve?* Redding and Co., of Boston, are the men who have thus injured us; and they have even taken Old Uncle Ned, and, instead of the refrain

"Then lay down the shovel and de hoe,"

we have such stanzas as these:

"I once went to *Redding's* for some Salve for Uncle Ned,
For he'd met with a dreadful blow,
And he had a deep cut on the side of his head,
And the blood o'er his wool did flow!

Chorus—Spread out the *Salve* just so,
Right upon the cut let it go,
And there's no more pain for Uncle Ned,
For that *Salve* never fails, we know.

"A day or two after, we went to Uncle Ned—
He was brisk and bright to see,
For the sore was well on the side of his head—
'Dat *Salve* is the stuff!' said he.

Chorus—So when you get an awkward blow,
Lose no time, but unto *Redding's* go,
And quickly you'll be cured, like Uncle Ned,
For the *Salve never fails, we know.*"

Henry Vevor is a fair specimen of the slow-going, old-fashioned, money-lending settlers of Southwestern Ohio. He has accumulated a large fortune by close-shaving and saving, and more by keeping his hired men hard at work, getting out of them the last and most that human nature will yield when pushed. Not long ago he was out on his farm with his team and one man to help him in loading a saw-log. The team was hitched by a long chain to the log, which was to be rolled on the wagon. Old Vevor placed himself behind the log to push, when, by some accident, the chain parted, the log rolled back upon the old man, crushing him down into the soft, plowed ground. The man who was helping, frightened by the sudden change of affairs, and supposing that old Vevor would be squeezed to death if not rescued instantly, was bawling lustily to the men at work in the next field, when, to his surprise, Vevor spoke up—his ruling passion strong even under the pressure of the log—and said, "Never mind, John; don't call the men from their work; I guess you can manage to pry the log off yourself."

And so he did after a while, but John said afterward that he was half sorry when he got the old man out alive.

"Come, kiss me," said Robin. I gently said "No;
For my mother forbade me to play with men so."
Ashamed by my answer, he glided away,
Though my looks pretty plainly advised him to stay.
Silly swain, not at all recollecting—not he—
That *his* mother ne'er said that he must not kiss *me*.

One more is added to the "Randolph of Roanoke" stories, by a Virginian correspondent, who says it has never been published before:

When John Randolph visited Richmond, it was his habit to stop at the Eagle Hotel, and to drive his own horse around to the stables, on another street. On one of these occasions, while performing this latter operation, he was arrested by a country wagon standing before the grocery store kept by one Simpson and his wife—the wife being the man of the two—and Randolph being impeded in his passage of the narrow street, ordered the countryman to get out of his way. The frightened fellow tried to do so, but Randolph was too impatient, and springing out of his own wagon, put after the countryman, who took refuge in the grocery. As Randolph rushed in, Mrs. S. was

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coming out with a bucket of dirty water in her hand, and seeing the excitement of the intruder, demanded of him where he was going.

"Madam," said Randolph, in his shrillest key, "do you know who you are speaking to?" And then drawing himself up to his fullest *lankitude*, he exclaimed, "I am John Randolph, of Roanoke!"

"I don't care," said she, "who you are; but if you ain't out of this house in a minute you'll get this bucket of slops in your face."

Suiting the action to the threat, she raised the bucket, and would have dashed it over the statesman, had not his discretion, for the first and only time, got the better of his valor. Turning on his heel he beat a hasty retreat, and left the woman mistress of the field.

THE church in Billington a few years ago was earnest in the matter of reform, and banished all drinkers of strong liquors from its communion. Old Deacon Manton had lived threescore years, taking his bitters three times a day, but he could not resist the pressure of the times; he submitted to the new measures, and resigned his favorite beverage without a word, but not without a groan. Next came the crusade against tea and coffee, and as the Deacon was never very fond of them, he yielded them more readily, and indeed rather made a virtue of taking the lead. But when a new preacher came in, and lifted up his voice like a trumpet against the use of tobacco, Deacon Manton felt called upon to take a stand against the radicalism of the church. He had chewed the weed forty years, and loved it too well to give it up without a struggle. At the church meeting he said, "I'll tell you what it is, brethren; when you went agin sperituous likers I went agin 'em too, and store-tea, and coffee, and all them sort of things; but now I say, you take *rale* good tobakker, and it's *what I call pretty good eatin'*, and I ain't going to quit it." And he stuck to it. The most of the male brethren were of the Deacon's mind, and the lady-reformers *had* to give in.

DEAN PEACOCK is said to have solved the following enigma, which is in our Drawer without an answer. If any Yankee can guess as well as the Dean, and will send his work to the Drawer, we shall find it and print it:

Charade.

"I sit here on a rock while I'm raising the wind,
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.
I have kings at my feet, who await but my nod,
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I have trod.
I am seen by the world, I am known but to few;
The Gentiles detest me! I'm 'pork' to the Jew!
I never have passed but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah, all alone in the ark.
My weight is 3 lbs.! my length is a mile!
And when I'm discovered, you'll say, with a smile,
My first and my last are the best in our isle!"

THE late Abbott Lawrence, when offered the post of Minister to the Court of St. James, hesitated some time before accepting it, and going to Edward Everett for advice, said to him:

"I wish to know whether there is any foundation, any reality for that ancient jest, that a foreign minister is a man sent abroad to tell lies for his government; for, if this is the case, it is no place for me. I never told a lie yet, and I am not going to begin at the age of fifty."

Mr. Everett replied: "Of course, that is a jest: for my part I have never said a word, never written a line, so far as my personal character or the honor of the government was concerned, that I should not care to find its way into the newspapers next day."

It is difficult to say on which of these men this conversation reflects the most credit. They had the true feeling of the statesman, as distinct from the politician, and their sentiment is worthy of being written on their monuments.

"A PROFESSOR of universal knowledge" had put up his sign near the palace of an Oriental prince, who suddenly came in upon the pretender, and put his wisdom to the test.

"So thou knowest all things," said the King; "then tell me to-morrow morning these three things only, or thou shalt lose thy head. *First*, how many baskets of earth there are in yonder mountain? *Secondly*, how much is the king worth? And, *thirdly*, what is the King thinking of at the time."

The Professor was distressed beyond measure, and in his apartments rolled upon the carpet in agony, for he knew that he must die on the morrow. His servant learned the trouble, and offered to appear before the King and take his chance of answering the questions. The next morning the servant, clothed in his master's robes, presented himself to his Majesty, who was deceived by his appearance, and the King proceeded:

"Tell me, now, how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If the baskets are as large as the mountain, one will hold it; if half as large, two; if a quarter, four; and so on."

The King had to be satisfied, and proceeded:

"Now, tell me how much the King is worth?"

"Well, your Majesty, the King of Heaven and Earth was sold for *thirty* pieces of silver, and I conclude you are worth *one* piece."

This was so witty an escape, that the King laughed, and went on:

"Now, once more, tell me what am I thinking of?"

"You are now thinking that you are talking with the Professor, whereas it is only his servant."

"Well done," said the King, you shall have your reward, and your master shall not lose his head."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the doctor who gives people fits—of laughing, sent a letter to the post-office of a Ladies' Fair at Pittsfield. On the first page he wrote:

"Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hush, oh hush thy breathing heart—
The *one* thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one dollar bill, with some verses beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell,
If this is not a truthful letter;
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And nought (0) can make thee love it better."

WE have occasionally recorded remarkable typographical errors, but the following are more peculiar than any we have lately met with.

A correspondent says: "A religious newspaper

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published in Richmond, Virginia, fell in my way the other day, and to my astonishment the first article that met my eye was the startling headline—

'TO AN UNCONVERTED FIEND.'

Reading on a few lines, I found that the letter, instead of being written to a lost spirit, as I at first supposed, was intended for a FRIEND, and I certainly hope it did him good. I turned to another article, which was an account of the life and death of a fine young man, who left a large number of 'inconsolable *fiends* to mourn his loss.' Here, again, the man's friends were turned into fiends; but to make up for the loss of the letter, we are told, at the close of the account, that after the remains were committed to the grave, his friends stood riveted to the sport—evidently meaning the *spot*."

THERE is no end to the good things told of Lamb, Charley Lamb, as every body loves to call the gentle Elia. He and his sister Mary lived snugly at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, and often had a friend dropping in to spend a social evening. On such an evening it chanced that they were disturbed by the whining of a dog, which had attracted Lamb's attention that day, and as it was starving, he had brought it home, fed it, and tied it in the back yard. Charles was chatting away when Mary interrupted him by saying:

"Charles, that dog yelps so."

"What is it, Mary—the dog?—oh! he's enjoying himself."

"Enjoying himself, Charles!"

"Yes, Mary, yes, just as much as he can on *whine* and water."

PREACHING politics has become so common in these days, that the following brief conversation has a pretty sharp point to it:

PASSENGER. "Well, Mr. Conductor, what news in the *political* world?"

CONDUCTOR. "Don't know, Sir; *I haven't been to church* for the last two Sundays."

HERE is a good hint for ministers who marry rich wives:

The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, author of Morning and Evening Exercises, a patriarch indeed, a friend and companion of Hannah More, Wilberforce, and others whose names are among the past, has but lately deceased. When far advanced in life, and preaching on a special occasion, when many of the clergy were before him, he said:

"It is to be regretted that many enter the ministry after they have been educated, to whose services the church has a claim; they look round and select a lady for their wife, but they are careful she possesses a fortune. After a time they begin to get weary in well doing. They take a cold, it results in a cough; they are so weak that they can not attend to the duties of their office. They resign and live upon their wife's fortune. I know five cases of this kind—may it never be your lot."

During the delivery of this kind rebuke there was a young minister, or rather an ex-minister, who did not seem very comfortable. After the service was closed, the merits of the discourse were canvassed, and the general opinion was, that it was only such a one as could be delivered by Mr. Jay. Said one to the ex-pastor:

"How did you like Mr. Jay? It was fine, quite a treat, wasn't it?"

"Well, I liked him very well, but I think he was rather personal."

"Personal, eh? how so?"

"Why, you must have noticed his reference to ministers out of health resigning."

"Yes, yes; he was a little close there, I must admit."

"I shall speak to him about it," said the delicate, fastidious ex-minister.

He sought the vestry, and found Mr. Jay there. He congratulated him on his health and discourse, but hinted that he was personal in his remarks, and would like to know if he referred to him.

"Personal?" said the patriarch; "eh! in what part of the discourse?"

"When you were speaking about ministers resigning."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jay, "I see; yes—have you resigned?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you marry a rich wife?'

"Yes, Sir."

"Ah! my friend, yours is the sixth case, then!"

IN the times of Henry V. the following lines were written:

"Two wymen in one house,
Two cattes and one mowce,
Two dogges and one bone,
May never accord in one."

GEORGIA, as well as Italy, has its Rome; in which place a jury, evidently not as civilized as the Romans of old, brought in the following verdict: "We the gury choazen and swoarn, agree that tom Kamyron must pa abe gonsing the full amount of 20 sents that the planetif pa over the won kwart of licker for the benefit of the gury and Kosts will be ruled out."

THE following was written on the tomb-board of Isaac Greentree, in Harrow churchyard, by Lord Byron:

"Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

A YOUNG man in one of our Western towns had patronized the fine arts so far as to buy a picture of the Temptation of Adam and Eve. Some one asked him if it was a chaste picture. "Yes," he said, "*chased* by a snake." This would have been witty if he had known it, but he didn't.

CAPTAIN JONES was a great traveler, and, like other travelers, fond of telling large stories, some of which being doubted, he proved by making his affidavit of their truth. When he died, the following epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone:

"Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, yet here he *lies*."

VERY beautiful, because true to the faith of every right man's heart, are the following lines by a German poet:

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WOMAN'S HEART.

"That hallowed sphere, a woman's heart, contains
Empires of feeling, and the rich domains
Where love, disporting in her sunniest hours,
Breathes his sweet incense o'er ambrosial flowers.
A woman's heart, that gem, divinely set
In native gold—that peerless amulet!
Which, firmly linked to love's electric chain,
Connects the world of transport and of pain!"

THE best pun now going is that of a friend of the late lamented Hood, who says of the departed punster:

"Poor Hood, he died out of pure generosity to gratify the undertaker, who wished to *urn* a *lively Hood*."

DAVE CONSTABLE says there is one advantage about old-fashioned frigates. One evening, while running up the Mediterranean under a one-horse breeze, Captain Pompous, the commander of the *Wash-tub*, came on deck just before sundown, and entered into the following conversation with Mr. Smile, the first-lieutenant:

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smile; what was the cause of it?"

"A man fell from the fore-yard."

Without saying another word, Captain Pompous entered the cabin, and was not seen again until next morning after breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and again entered into conversation with the first-lieutenant:

"I think you told me, Mr. Smile, that a man fell overboard from the fore-yard last evening?"

"I did, Sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor fellow will begin to starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman who disappeared from the fore-yard but eighteen inches farther astern than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back fast asleep!

"WALK in, gentlemen, walk in! Come *in*, and see the turkeys dance! It's cur'ous—*real* cur'ous. You won't wish you *hadn't* if you *du* see it once, but you *will* wish you *had*, a theousand times, if you *don't* see it!"

"Turkeys *dancing*? Fact, and no mistake?"

"Sartain! Come in and *see*, if you don't believe it. If 'taint so, you can have back your two shillin'. Perhaps them other gentlemen that's with you would like tu come in, tew. It's only tew shillin', *any* heow!"

This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a shanty at a "General Training"—an October gathering in one of the interior towns of our own Empire State, in one of its midland counties.

I was *one* of "them other gentlemen" referred to, and I disbursed the "two shillin'" referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the shanty.

"Wal, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, who was an out-and-out Yankee, "expect we might as well begin. You see that 'ere long coop of turkeys. Wal, I shall feed 'em fust, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel their oats (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn), you'll see 'em, as soon as the music strikes up, you'll see 'em begin to dance."

The coop, which ran along the end of the shanty, farthest from the door, was about fifteen feet long, and must have contained some twenty or thirty turkeys; heavy fellows they were, too, most of them—perfect treasures for a Christmas or a New-Year's table. Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck—or at least half a peck—of corn.

This was soon gathered up, not without much squabbling and fighting on the part of the feathered recipients, who wanted to see fair play—that kind of "fair play" meaning, which would give to the complainants the largest half of the "provant."

Presently it was all devoured; and the "audience" called for the "performance," as promised.

"Yes, yes," said the exhibitor, "don't be in *tew* big a stew. Give us time, *if* you please. Strike up, music—give 'em a lively teewn!"

At this, a cracked flute, an old black, greasy fiddle, "manned" by a big thick-lipped negro, and an "ear-piercing fife," started off with "Yankee Doodle," at very quick time; and sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing, chasséeing—doing every thing, in short, known to the saltatory art except "joining hands" and "turning partners."

"Well, that *is* curious!" exclaimed the auditors, simultaneously. "I never saw any thing like it before!"

"No," said the exhibitor, "expect you *didn't*. 'It's all in edication,' as the poet says. *I* edicated them turkeys; and there ain't *one* on 'em that hasn't a good ear for music."

Hereupon he turned to the audience, and added:

"Wal, you've *seen* it, and seen how natural they do it; now we want you to vacate the room, and give them a chance that's on the outside. There's new customers out there a-waitin', and if you only tell 'em outside what you've seen with your own eyes, you'll be doin' a service to me, and give to *them* a equal pleasure with what you have enjoyed."

This was soon done; the audience retired, and another took their place—including, however, one who had been an auditor at the *last* exhibition. The same scene was gone through with; the same feeding, "music, and dancing," only it was observed that the motion of the turkeys was even more lively than before.

It struck the twice-observer that just before the music began a man was seen to leave the room on both occasions; and, unnoticed, he stepped out himself the last time, and saw the man busying himself with putting some light kindling-wood under an opening beneath the shanty.

The mystery was now *out*. The turkey-cage rested over a slow fire, with a thin tin floor, and when the music struck up the fire had become so hot that the turkeys hopped about—first on one leg, then on the other—and changed positions, "seeking rest and finding none," till the fire had gone down, and they were ready for another feed!

It is proper to add that the author of this invention was a Yankee of the first water—the Orpheus of Turkeydom.

THE reply of Mr. Prentice, of the *Louisville* (Kentucky) *Journal*, some months since, to a person who had challenged him while on a business visit at Little Rock, Arkansas, has been much commented

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upon by the public press North and South. In that reply Mr. Prentice said:

"Presuming that your notes are written to me with a view to a duel, I may as well say here, that I have not the least thought of accepting a challenge from you. . . . . There are many persons to whom my life is valuable; and however little or much value *I* may attach to it, on my own account, I do not see fit at present to put it voluntarily against yours. . . . . I don't want your blood upon *my* hands, and I don't want mine upon *any body's*. . . . . I have not the least desire to kill you, or to harm a hair of your head, and I am not conscious of having done any thing to make you wish to kill me," etc., etc.

When we first saw this correspondence in the daily newspapers, we called to mind a very laughable circumstance said to have occurred in Albany, during a session of the Legislature at the Capitol, several years ago—of course before the prohibition of dueling by statute in this State.

It was an exciting political time, and owing to some "words spoken in debate" by a heated member, during the "heated term," touching somewhat upon the private character of a brother member, a challenge was forthwith dispatched to the offending member by "a friend," as such a messenger is called in the language of the code of honor.

The challenge was at once accepted:

Pleased with this promptness, the second said:

"When can we expect your friend?"

"Don't *want* any friend," said the challenged party. "I waive all such advantages. *He* can have a dozen if he wishes."

"This is magnaminous, but it is not according to the 'code.' Well, Sir—if I am to confer with you directly—what weapons?"

"Broad-swords."

"The time?"

"Day after to-morrow, at twelve o'clock at noon, precisely."

"At what place?"

"At O——, on the Saint Lawrence. Your principal shall stand on one side of the river, and I will stand on the other, and we will fight it out!"

The "second" frowned: "This is no jesting matter, Sir. You are not serious!"

"Why, *yes* I am, too! Hasn't the challenged party a right to the choice of weapons and place?"

"Well—yes—Sir; but not to unusual weapons in unusual places."

"Very well: pistols will not be objected to, of course?"

"Assuredly not: the gentleman's weapon."

"Very good, then. We will meet to-morrow in the little village of B——, and at twelve o'clock, precisely, we will fight on the top of 'Sugar-loaf Hill;' standing back to back, marching ten paces, then turning and firing. Will *that* arrangement be satisfactory?"

"It will. We shall be there."

And the parties separated. Now "Sugar-loaf Hill," "at the place aforesaid," was exactly what its name imports; a sharp, conical *pillar* of ground, remarkable all the *immediate* country round for its peculiar formation.

The time arrived, and "the parties" appeared on the ground; but the state of the case "leaked out" very quick.

"Sir!" said the second, as he arrived with his almost breathless "principal" at the apex of the Sugar-loaf, and surveyed the ground—"Sir! this is *another* subterfuge! What kind of a place is *this* for a duel with pistols, back to back, and a forward march of ten paces? Why, Sir, both parties would be *out of sight at eight paces*, let alone *ten;* and in turning to fire you must fire into the side-hill!"

"So much the better for *both* of us!" answered the "party of the second part;" "we are on terms of perfect equality, then, which is not always the case in modern duels."

Outspake the challenging "principal" then, in words too plain to be misunderstood:

"SIR-R!" he said, to the second "principal," at the same time looking daggers at him; "SIR-R-R! *you are a coward!*"

"Well! s'posin' *I am?* You *knew* I was, or you would not have challenged me!"

"They *do* say" that the two "parties" that went down the steep sides of Sugar-loaf Hill, on that memorable occasion, were as difficult of reconciliation as when they ascended its sides; and, moreover, that they were as different in temper as possible. One party was laughing, and the other "breathing out threatening and slaughter;" but nothing came of it after all. This was the last of *that* duel.

And, thoughtfully regarded, it seems to us that there is really something of a lesson in it, "indifferently well" as we have set the actual occurrence before our readers.

AT a recent celebration of the New England Society of New York, at the Astor House, a very good "Box" pun-toast was given; but there was *one* "box" omitted, which was supplied about the same time by a toast given at an assemblage of Americans in Paris. It was as follows:

"*The Cartridge-box, the Ballot-box, and* THE BAND-BOX! The external, the internal, and the eternal preservatives of Republicanism!"

The "rights of women" are here fully recognized!

A SAINT LOUIS poet has a communication on "The Kurrincy," which indicates "hard times" and harder spelling in that region. The poet rejoices in the name of A. P. L. Parin (*Apple Parin*, perhaps!) and the following is a favorable sample of the product of his teeming muse:

"The paper-mills is a bustin' up!
The German, Dutch, and the Irish Grekes
Is runnin' round to the munny restaurants,
An' inquire for their propty, witch was s'posed
To be 'shoved up' by them for palace-houses,
And ecxlent furnitour. The American
Folkes is likewais in a swet, 'cause their bills
Ain't enny better then furriner's; and all are
Ekally hipothecatydid. *I* had half a
Dollar on their bills; and on a-coming
To the place, there wasn't enny half dollars
Where the half dollars ort to be; and so
I gave it to a man of big size, if he
Would let me out of the crowd to get hoam.
The restaurants as don't pay their labrin'
Men as works a hull week for a nine
Dollar bill, wich is a suspended bank when
They git it, ort to be blode!"

There is "more truth than poetry" in Mr. A. P. L. Parin's verse; but to say that he is a "poet born, and not made," would perhaps be assuming too much. His spelling is not of the best, certainly; but as a similar "poet" has asked, "What part of poetic genus is spellin'?"

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Valentines delivered in our Street.



MISS SERAPHINA POPPY'S VALENTINE.
"Too good to be true."



TOM LIGHTFOOT'S VALENTINE.
"That's into you, Tom!"



WIDOW SPARKLE'S VALENTINE.
"I can't break the poor fellow's heart."



PETER SQUEEZUM, ESQ.'S VALENTINE.
"What can the fellow mean?"



DOCTOR PURGEUM'S VALENTINE.
"I consider that personal!"



REV. NARCISSUS VIOLET'S VALENTINE.
"Dear Lambs of my flock."



SINGLETON JINKS'S VALENTINE.
"'Tain't for me. I'm a Bachelor."



MISS WIGSBY'S VALENTINE.
"What impudence! Well, I never!"

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MR. DONE BROWN'S VALENTINE.
"What does Snip mean, I'd like to know?"



MR. LIONEL LAVENDER'S VALENTINE.
"Oh yes, Dinah! But—"



BRIDGET MALONY'S VALENTINE.
"Sure, Patrick is a jewel ov a boy."



CÆSAR WASHINGTON'S VALENTINE.
"Dat is a fac, an' no mistake!"



HANS SCHWILLANPUFF'S VALENTINE.
"Ach, mein Vaterland!"



MR. NERVOUS TREMBLE'S VALENTINE.
"Why, I'll apologize, of course I will."



YOUNG AMERICA'S VALENTINE.
"I go in for that. It'll make cigars cheaper."



MISS MARY NOBLE'S VALENTINE.
"That's from Frank, I know. Dear fellow!"

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Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1–5.—Children's Dresses.

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MOST of the Children's Costumes which we here present may be fashioned of any seasonable material. The manner of construction will be apparent from a glance at the Illustration. In Figure 1, the velvet surcoat of the boy is trimmed with ermine, for which swansdown may be substituted. The Cloak worn by the girl, in Figure 2, is represented as of cloth, heavily embroidered. We have seen it composed of velvet.

This cloak will serve to indicate the general style of garment which is deservedly a great favorite for ordinary wear. It is made of Scotch plaid, or some similar fabric. They are of a circular form, and have hoods. They are not, however, embroidered, as when worn by children, as represented in the Illustration, but are trimmed with velvet or *moire antique* ribbons. Open cloaks and *sorties du bal* are frequently in like manner made with hoods.

BONNETS are increasing somewhat in size, but still have flat round crowns. The curtain is deeper, and is drawn up so much at the sides as to cause the back to slope considerably. Necklaces are again coming into favor. Trimmings of various kinds are used with less profusion and with more discrimination than heretofore.

In spite of our prediction to the contrary, we are constrained to admit that HOOPS are increasing in favor, diameter, and number. The most approved mode is to place one midway from top to bottom of the underskirt, and two others above this. These are arranged so that the several pieces of whalebone of which each is composed slide over each other, or else the whalebone does not meet in front. Either fashion permits the dress to yield to pressure from without. A heavy cord—say of the thickness of the finger—is inserted in the bottom of the skirt.

The HEAD-DRESS below may be fabricated by any lady of ordinary ingenuity. It is made of worsted, with either white or alternate white and red falls of balls and star-shaped rosettes, as shown in the Illustration.



FIGURE 7.—COIFFURE.

The COIFFURE represented above is fashioned of the pensile filaments of a white plume tipped with silvered sprays, which contrast with *nœuds* and streamers of Napoleon blue velvet ribbon. From the junctions of the several loops depend rows of pearls, diminishing in size until the last, which is of the same size as the first. The bow at the centre is ornamented with festoons and droplets of pearls.

The beautiful Coiffure below is emblematical of the seasons. Upon the left is a cluster of autumn fruit and cereals, of which beautiful imitations are now abundant, with leaves of chenille. Upon the right is a cluster of jonquils, snow-drops, hyacinths, lilacs, flowering almonds, and other spring flowers. Between these emblems of autumn and spring, and uniting them, is the symbol of winter, a snow-white ribbon, frosted at the edges with silver spangles, and fringed with silver threads.



FIGURE 6.—HEAD-DRESS.



FIGURE 8.—COIFFURE.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXX.—MARCH, 1856.—Vol. XII.



JUNCTION OF THE JUNIATA AND THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE JUNIATA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THAT accomplished English traveler, the Hon. Mr. Murray, is reported to have said, upon the interesting occasion of his first visit to the scenes of our present jaunt, "To my shame be it spoken, I have never looked upon the Juniata until to-day." Many others, no doubt, have thus reproached themselves for leaving the fairy beauties of this charming region to blush so long unseen.

To ourself, the very name of the Juniata—one of those sweet and apposite Indian words of which the barbarous taste of the age has left so few—always came with whispers of poetry and romance, to be enjoyed in some remote "good time coming." In our childish ignorance we dreamed of the Juniata as a mythical world, or at best as some far-off Mecca, more inaccessible than storied Alp or Apennine; never imagining that all the dainty charms with

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UP THE JUNIATA, AT NEWPORT.

which our fancy invested it (and fancy, as we have since learned, did not tell us one half the truth), laid almost within the range of our daily walk; and when we see so many of our neighbors making long, painful pilgrimages in quest of pleasures which they here leave unseen behind them, we can not but think that our ancient error is still too wide awake in the land, and that people need to be reminded at least, if not informed, that the blue waters which heard, and the bold crags which echoed, the glad voice of "bright Alfarata,"* may be seen and enjoyed with very little cost of time, trouble, or money.

The great State of Pennsylvania is, in its physical aspect, nearly equally divided from north to south into three distinctly marked phases. The central, or mountain region, of two hundred miles in breadth, with the rich meadow lands of the Atlantic slope on the one side, and the fertile basin of the Ohio on the other. The genial soils and suns of the eastern and the western regions furnish forth those abundant stores for which the State is so famous, of "oats, peas, beans, and barleycorns," while the mountain ridges yield a great portion of the mineral wealth of our country, and send us those vast stores of anthracite, of which every winter hearth in the land speaks so glowingly. It is this central region too, which, while brightening our homes in winter, warms our hearts in summer with every variation of natural beauty. Its extent (of nearly two hundred miles, as we have said) is occupied by numerous parallel ridges of the great Appalachian chain of hills, running in a general course from the northeast to the southwest. Nearest to the Atlantic division we have the South Mountain; next beyond, the Blue Ridge and the Kittatinny, through which the Delaware breaks at the celebrated Water Gap, and the Lehigh at Wind Gap, and again the noble Susquehanna, not far from its meeting with the Juniata. These chains of hills have an average elevation of a thousand feet or more, not sufficient to make them of very great pith or moment to the artist, though they hold in their laps countless gems of water and valley beauty. It is through the thirty or forty miles of hill and dale which lie between the Kittatinny and the Susquehanna that the great coal-beds which supply so much of our fuel are found. Next come the Tuscarora and the Sideling Hills, inconsiderable ridges, extending from the centre of the Juniata to Maryland, while yet beyond rise the lofty outlines of the Alleghanies, the great western walls of the mountain region, though the Ohio basin, which now follows, is still broken at intervals by lesser elevations, of which the chief are Laurel Ridge, twenty-five miles distant, and Chestnut Ridge, ten miles more.

In the very heart of that wild portion of Pennsylvania is the unvisited and almost unknown home of the Juniata, one of the loveliest of the rivers of America, and, with the neighboring waters of the Susquehanna, of which it is the principal affluent, most justly the pride of the Keystone State. The Juniata, leaping from the crags and chasms of the Alleghanies, winds its

* The once popular song:

"Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where flow the waters of the blue Juniata."

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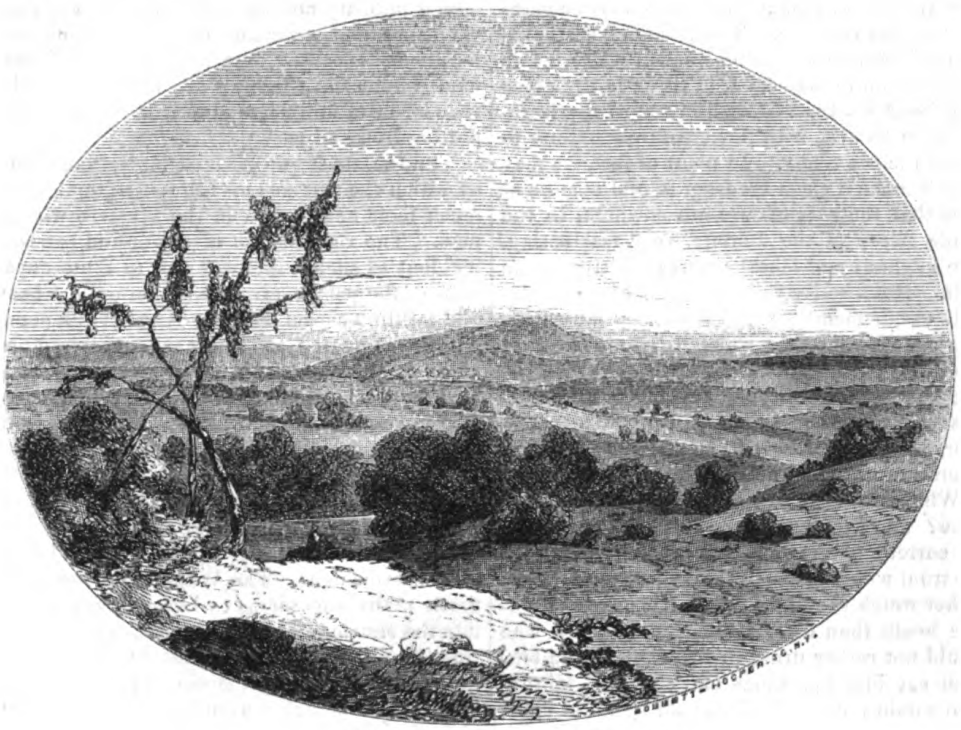
lonely and devious way eastward through a hundred and fifty miles of mountain solitude to its final nuptials with the Susquehanna; and greatly is the placid nature of that staid old river-god vexed by the madcap moods and the turbulent waters of its roystering young mate, shouting "Presto! change!" to his ancient bachelor reveries, and leaving him henceforth nothing but toil and trouble. Thirty years ago this region of the Juniata was a great highway, as it is now, over the mountains to the Ohio, but then the rude journey of the ponderous wagons was a long and painful matter, while to-day the route is traversed with all modern ease and speed of locomotion. The Pennsylvania Railway (next to the Erie Road in New York the grandest in the Union) follows the river from its mouth to its source, in immediate companionship all the way with a canal and telegraph line. The river is itself unnavigable.

Our aproach to the Juniata was through Philadelphia and Harrisburg, the State capital, to the junction of the river with the Susquehanna, where we halted for some pleasant days under the homely roof of John Miller, whom we cultivated in our hours of in-door rest, as an agreeable example of the honest sturdy yeomen and forest character of the people among whom we were about to dwell. "John Miller"—he scorns to be mister'd—is one of those grave, plodding, one-horse Pennsylvania Dutchmen who originally settled the region, and have managed to withstand all the Yankee galvanism which is daily more and more infecting the slumberous air they breathe. John Miller had inhaled enough of the poison to feel a little curiosity as to the character and errand of his unlooked-for guest; indeed he plainly asked us at once what might be our business there—a question which he seemed to think very rationally answered when we told him that our business was to eat our dinner, which we would attend to industriously as soon as he should set it before us. To dine was, in John Miller's estimation, the employment of a reasonable man, and a vigorous appetite did more than any thing else in helping us to live down much prejudice which our vagabond and, to his eyes, profitless wanderings over hill and glade created. We, however, failed utterly to convince him of the sanity of our daily strolls at dawn or sun-setting to the tops of the surrounding hills. To his incomprehension it was all a stumbling-block, and our very choicest "bits" of distance, middle-ground, and foreground, only foolishness, for John Miller's soul had never been

> "Touched by the love of art to learn to know
> Nature's soft line and colors' varied glow."

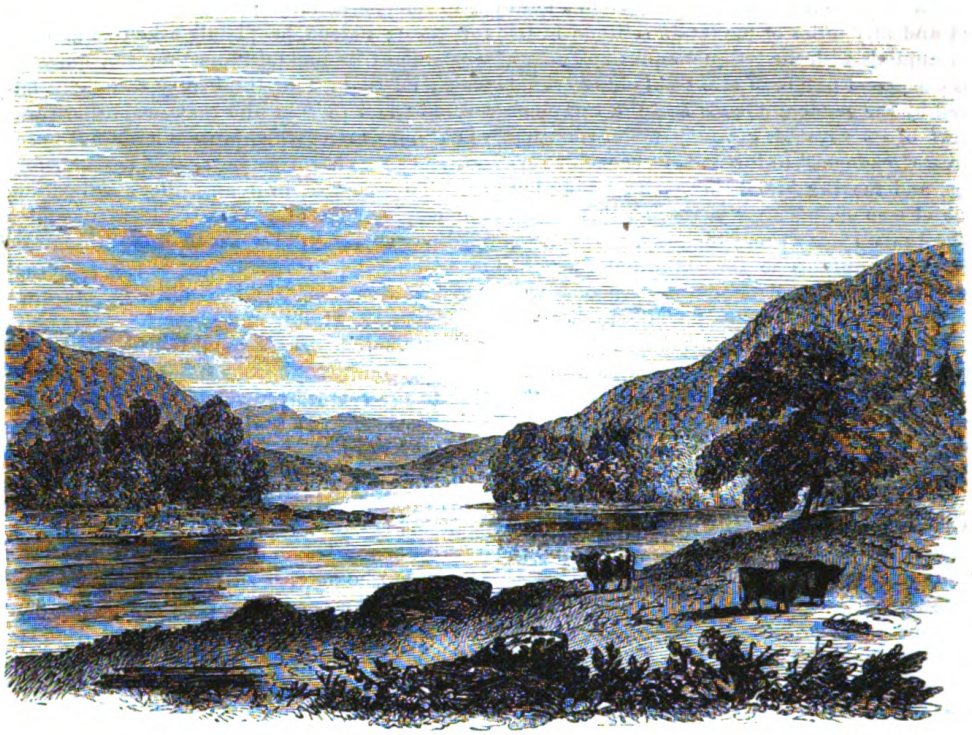
He did, to be sure, seem to be thinking better of us when we once gravely listened to his suggestion to paint his red old homestead, or the condemned canal-boat, moored near by.

From the highlands overtopping John Miller's tavern—John had never heard of a hotel—we picked up our frontispiece of the meeting of the waters. These eminences command charming prospects on all hands, northward up the winding course of the broad and placid Susquehanna, with its verdant islands and long white sand-bars dotted with groups of lazy cattle; and southward over fertile pastures and village-gemmed lawns, while the glimpses westward,



LOOKING NORTH, AT NEWPORT.

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THE JUNIATA NEAR LEWISTOWN.

up the course of the Juniata, make you in haste to explore its hidden treasures.

Our second and third pictures are from the hills south of Newport, ten miles onward, and the next convenient stopping-place after John Miller's. Agreeable bits of middle-lands and fine stretches of mountain distance may be gathered in this vicinage. The banks of the canal also afford here charming wooded walks, while the surrounding creeks are full of pretty glens and forest nooks. Newport itself is a miserable little hamlet, with few creature comforts to tempt the *bon vivant*. In point of fact, we may as well make a clean breast of it, and confess at once that the bills of fare are nowhere, in the whole sweep of the Juniata, very fascinating. The kitchens and tables are as primitive as the hills. Not a solitary dinner there comes gratefully to our memory; and the cigars are as unlike the Havanas for which they are sold, as are the beautiful creations which embellish the *salons* of our connoisseurs like the real old masters whose names they take in vain. This, however, is, of course, a matter of but trifling consideration to the earnest worshiper of Nature.

Who would not prefer rosy morn to rosy wine? who would not rather gaze into the crystal current of the pebbly brook, than swallow the trout which disport therein? who would not rather watch the flight of the deer over his native heath than dissect him into steaks? who would not rather drink in the songs of the bird than eat him up, wings and "second joint?" who would not——? Don't all speak at once, æsthetic readers!

The elegancies and luxuries of life will doubtless increase here in due course of time, and with the advancing numbers and wealth of the people; and with this social progress, the present lonely physique of much of the landscape will become softened and embellished by enlarged industry and improved taste. The conveniences and pleasures of polished life can hardly be expected in a new and wild forest-land, where the dwellers are absorbed in the rude labors of mining, manufacturing, and transporting iron and coal.

The Juniata is one of the chief thoroughfares by which the myriads of European immigrants reach their new homes in the Western wilderness. The vast amount of travel and carriage incident to such a highway and to the occupations of the people, give the region a more busy and bustling aspect than the extent of the population warrants. Long trains of cars pass continually, and the horns of the boatmen on the canal keep up an incessant jargon of horrid sounds. The sudden halting of a line of emigrant cars in one of the usually quiet towns creates for the time a magical metamorphosis. Seclusaval suddenly becomes Babel. The air so hushed an instant ago, is now rent with the mingled voices of the hundreds of strange figures disgorged from their narrow dens. The Wapping of some plethoric metropolis seems to have bounced down into the startled forest. A brief space—the bell rings, the whistle of the locomotive shrieks, the crowds rush back to their lairs, and the demon vision passes as though it were in truth but a dream.

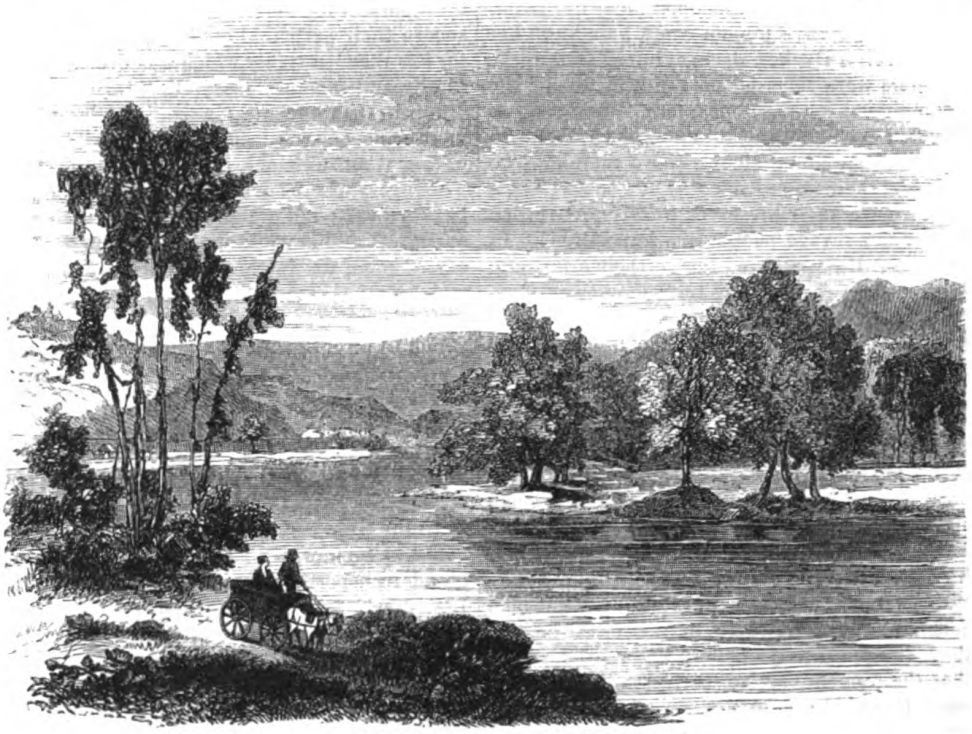
In the neighborhood of Millerstown, Mifflin-

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town, and Lewistown—growing villages yet farther up the river—numerous romantic brooks and brooklets come dancing down into the valleys. In these streams the fisherman may find abundant and rare sport. The trout here are still comfortably unsophisticated, having seen too little of society to lose much of their native simplicity of character. You may pay your leaden compliments also to the astonished deer as they halt in simple wonder at your novel presence. In an exploration of one of these minor waters at Lewistown we passed successively sundry charming mills and cottages, merry cascades, and much grateful, bower'd walk. The fourth picture of this series is a view looking down the river east of Lewistown.

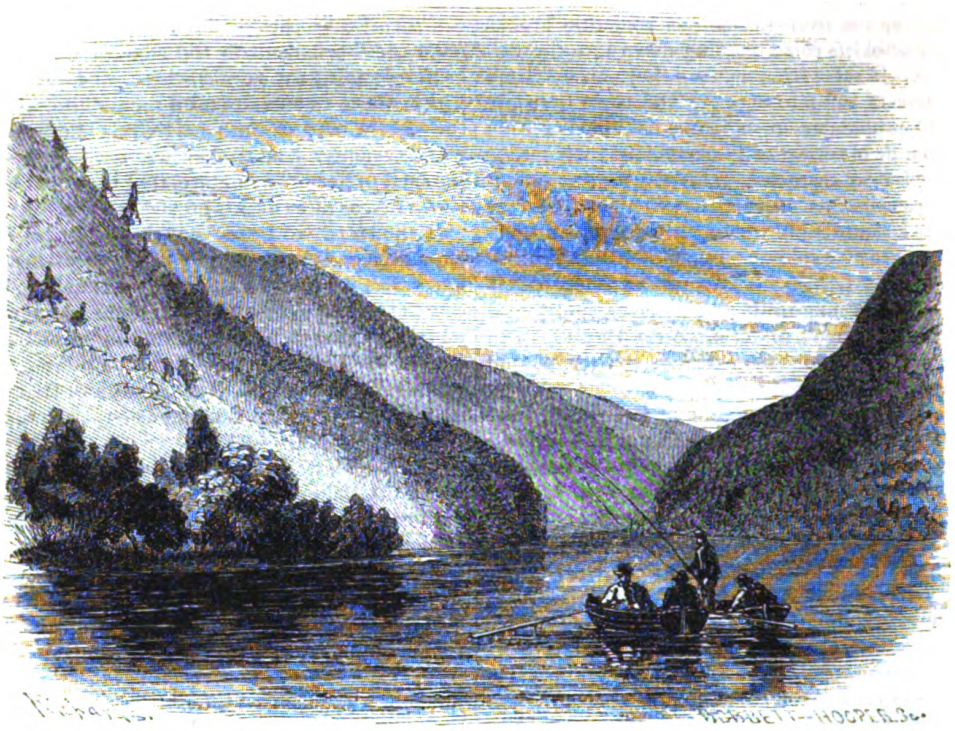
From the old inhabitants of the villages and wilds in this gnarled latitude, the curious and genial tourist may gather rich pages of Indian history and romance, which will give an irresistible charm to the waters, and islands, and rocks of the merry Juniata, where neither nature nor art may have done sufficient to win his love; or rather, perhaps, where his own perceptions may prove too dull to detect and appreciate their beauties. It was on one of our many erratic peregrinations among the mountain wilds of this vicinage that we stumbled upon an unexpected, but not the less welcome dinner, at the rude homestead of a venerable forester, whose memories, early associations, and descent, were picturesquely interwoven with the history of the ancient occupancy of the soil. His ancestors, during the stormy days of the early settlers (so he informed us, as we smoked the calumet together after our homely meal), suffered—as too many then did—one fatal night from a murderous surprise by the jealous and revengeful red men. All fell beneath the edge of the tomahawk excepting two youths, whose good fortune it was to effect an escape, and a mere child, whom the victors bore off into captivity. Perhaps it was her magic beauty, her winsome smile, or the spell of her gentle nature, that protected her. Certainly, as after events proved, these talismans won the stern yet impressionable hearts of her captors, and bent them in willing obedience to her will. Heart's-Ease, as she was called, became even more than a queen among her adopted tribe and race. She exerted an unseen influence far beyond her confessed authority, absolute even as that was. The counsels of Heart's-Ease were more than commands—they were inspirations.

Years fled, and the jealousies and hates between the Indians and the aggressive white men matured into open struggle. Two brave and gallant leaders of the enemy fell at this time, by the chances of war, into the hands of the tribe of Heart's-Ease. Animosity against the pale face had grown so deep, and the conduct of this particular encounter had been so deadly on both sides, that for once even the voice of Heart's-Ease was powerless to avert the terrible fate to which her people doomed their captives. The person and character of the strange little Indian maiden, did not, of course, fail to attract the especial notice of the prisoners. They perceived and appreciated her interest in their fate, and sought by every means to facilitate the accomplishment of her generous desires toward them; more, though, out of a sentiment of gratitude to her



THE JUNIATA AT HUNTINGDON.

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THE JUNIATA AT WATER STREET.

than from any selfish feeling, for they were gallant men, who were ever ready to meet their fate, and feared not to die. Suffice it to say, that Heart's-Ease, finding both her authority and influence in this case unavailing, resolved to effect secretly that which she might not accomplish openly. In this emergency her memories of her native tongue came happily to her assistance. By her daring interposition the prisoners were released on the very eve of the day assigned for their massacre. But even as they fled their purpose became known, and with it that of the fair maiden's share therein. To complete their own escape was now easy enough, but to leave their preserver to the ungoverned fury of her savage people was impossible! In an instant they gathered her in their arms, and flying unhurt through the terrible shower of arrows which fell like rain about them, they were soon safe beyond pursuit. The brothers bore their darling guest far away toward their own home. As they traveled, and communed, and looked into each other's souls, Heart's-Ease's nature seemed to develop into new and wonderful phases. The brothers won from her her little history, as far as many years and strange events had left the memory of it in her mind. A vague suspicion, a wild hope, a glad and joyful certainty sprung up and grew in their hearts as nearing, and at length (after weeks of toilsome journey) reaching, their native forest-hearth, they dreamed, prayed, and knew of a surety that their noble captive, their brave little saviour, Heart's-Ease, was none other than their own long-lost and beloved sister.

When the strong passions of the hour were calmed, their old love and reverence for their stolen queen came back in redoubled force to the bosoms of her Indian brethren. They sought her unremittingly, and when at last successfully, her power over them sufficed not only to obtain their pardon for herself and her brothers, but to secure their perpetual good-will and protection for her race—a treaty which was ever afterward kindly and sacredly observed.

With such touching narratives did the old man cheer our way; and so, in the wildernesses of our vast territory, north, south, east, and west, every where have such unwritten romances beguiled us. Let the historian seize their subtle and sweet aroma while they yet live in the memory of men, for in the incidents and emotions which they created and developed we may best read the secrets of that strong and noble nature which in after days so indignantly shook off the hand of oppression when it bore too rudely, and which has taught the people of to-day to feel and maintain themselves true and gallant men. Let the romancer snatch them, for in them is hidden the very essence of fiction—the poetry of truth.

In the time and space which we have just devoted to memories of other days, we had purposed transporting the reader westward from Lewistown, past many attractive scenes, to the subject of our fifth picture, near the pleasant village of Huntingdon. This scene meets the eye as you stroll on the river shore, close by your inn; or as you look back for an instant while entering the village, on the railway. As we now approach the

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upper waters of the Juniata, the character of the country grows momently more strongly marked. The hills wear a more imposing front, and encroach more and more upon the area of the valleys. At Petersburg the railway, which thus far has very closely hugged the river, flies off for a while, and flirts with the Little Juniata. By either route—the river and canal or the railway—the voyager will be well amused. On the main river we pass through the village of Alexandria, the social centre of a pleasant country. Our next halt is at a little hamlet called Water Street. Here the canal merges in the river, forming what the boatmen style slack water. The hills at this point are of commanding elevation, and the river road is for a few miles charmingly sheltered and secluded. The mountain flanks are in many places marked with the *débris* of the land slides which give so weird a look to much of the Juniata scenery; an expression which led John Miller to remark that the whole country looked as though it had been struck by lightning and knocked wrong side up.

From Water Street the river continues onward, though gradually losing its distinctive character, some twenty or thirty miles to Hollidaysburg, at the base of the Alleghanies. Here the boats and cars were, at the time of our visit, transported over the mountains at Blair's Summit Gap by a portage railroad. This is a construction of great extent and enterprise. It is forty miles in length, and in its ascent and descent overcomes an aggregate of two thousand five hundred and seventy feet. There are on the route ten inclined planes, varying in inclination from $4\frac{1}{8}$ to $5\frac{6}{8}$ degrees; a tunnel eight hundred and seventy feet long through the Staple Bend Mountain of the Conemaugh; and also four great viaducts—one of which, over the Horse-shoe Bend, is a semicircular arch of eighty feet span. The cost of this road was nearly two millions of dollars. The cars are elevated by stationary steam-engines at the head of each plane. The necessity for these inclined planes has been since obviated by the substitution of a grand tunnel.

Here we terminate our journey westward; and, returning to Water Street, take a pleasant walk of three miles across to the railway at Spruce Creek. A noble view is disclosed as we reach the lofty ground overlooking the village and the waters of the Little Juniata. Far below the rapid cars vanish in the Plutonian mouth of the tunnel deep in the mountain side. Spruce Creek is a new but prosperous town, possessing the nearest approach to metropolitan appointment, in the way of a hotel, which the Juniata region can boast. If we recollect, the table is provided with napkins, and the office with a modern patent "annunciator." In a house with acoustic and "annunciator" privileges, one must, of course, be happy. We found newspapers, too, in the reading-room—but they were too antique to interest us very much.

We close our chapter with a memento of a pleasant morning's ramble upon the banks of the Little Juniata. Carefully folding our napkin at the breakfast-table of the Great Spruce Creek Hotel, we soon brushed the dew from the heather and the unaccustomed polish from our boots, on the grassy banks of the sparkling little stream. For half a dozen miles we wandered on, over glittering lawns, through densely-shaded glens, and by rolling cascades, whose joyous humor blackened the brows of the beetling cliffs and precipices above. We have rarely found a greater variety of scene within the same distance than in the course of this morning's walk on the Little Juniata. The constant and marked alternations of the grave and gay kept our interest ever alive and alert. The sterner feature of the landscape here reminded us continually of the picturesque ravines of the Catskills. When our walk had extended a few miles, the secluded character of the way changed very completely and unexpectedly. From glen and ravine we suddenly emerged into a cultivated valley stretch, full of the shops and shanties of an iron foundry. Here we were agreeably surprised to encounter our whilom host, John Miller. We were not a little astonished to find him venturing so far from home, and still more to learn that he had been more than a week on the journey.

"You must, like ourself, have explored the country on your way, John Miller," said we. "The cars run up from the junction to this region in a few hours."

"Yes, I know they do; but I came on the canal. Don't catch me on any of your whizz and spit railroads! I prefer the good old-fashioned way of traveling on dry land."

We knew before that John Miller belonged to the solemn race of old fogies—a numerous class in his section of country—and we subsequently discovered that this humor colored not only all his moral and social notions, but even his religious and political creeds. The masses in all this latitude, every body knows, appertain to the go-ahead school of progressive democracy, except John Miller, as we learned on the occasion of our third and last encounter with him.

We were once again, by the chances of travel, near the junction of the Susquehanna and Juniata. It was during the heat of the Scott and Pierce campaign in 1852. While sketching on the banks of the canal, our attention was drawn for a moment to the passage of a bateau pulled lustily by a dashing steed, and crowded by roaring electors, on their way to a county convention. Flags and banners bearing the names of "Pierce and King" floated from all parts of the boat.

"Take us down right!" shouted the captain to us, as he sailed past. "Take us down right; we're Pierce and King! Them chaps below is Scott and Graham!" Turning our head, we observed, slowly following, an old lumbering barge, laboriously pulled by a dozen wearied fellows, while, lounging at the helm, the only man on board, was—John Miller!

The primitive and rude character which we have remarked in the physical aspect of much

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THE LITTLE JUNIATA.

of the Juniata region, is quite as strongly seen in the *morale* of the people. They have among them too great a leaven of plodding Deutschland to evince much of that restless progress which Yankee speed of invention and unrelenting execution is so brilliantly manifesting in other parts of the country. They have, no doubt, all the infallible certainty of Vaterland, but it is clogged with the equally national characteristic of slowness. There must be fewer John Millers among them before roses will grow very thickly and luxuriantly in their wildernesses. The Germanic populations of Pennsylvania are as indolent in their way as are the self-indulgent Southrons; but the indolence of the former is widely different from that of the latter, and less bearable, inasmuch as being with the one the development of a sluggish nature rather than of an enervating climate, it is never roused into corresponding earnestness as with the other. This very inert humor appeared to us in many ways while on the Juniata. At our various halts, half a dozen men would tremble under the weight of our baggage, which a New England porter or a Southern darkey would have tossed about like "brown paper parcels." At the stirring town of Petersburg our traps laid about loose for half a day while our host negotiated, by committee and caucus, for a porter hardy enough to undertake the labor of transporting them. The question was who should sacrifice himself at the shrine of the public honor.

The active spirit which the everlasting flight of rail-cars is spreading through their valleys, will, no doubt, soon quicken the people into more earnest life. Steam and electricity must stir up the Juniata folk, as they are rattling the dry bones of all other communities. Tell a man nowadays the most marvelous tale of the great world beyond the confines of his native hills, or without the bosom of his drowsy valley, and the old prejudiced smile of disbelief will vanish as he turns his eyes upward to the wires of the telegraph, and is compelled to admit that there are of a truth more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy. These mighty wires, as they look down upon the solitudes of the world, are everywhere rebuking presumptuous ignorance and incredulity, arousing dormant thought, and giving nobler purpose and braver faith to all earth's workers.

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COMMODORE PERRY.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

"I am for bombarding all the exclusive Asiatics, who shut up the earth, and will not let me walk civilly and quietly through it, doing no harm, and paying for all I want."—SYDNEY SMITH.

FIRST VISIT.

THE successful issue of the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan was hailed with a proud acclamation by the American people. The strict isolation of the Japanese, amidst the busy intermingling of all the nations of the world in an age of extraordinary commercial activity, marked them out as a peculiar race. There was in this exceptional position of Japan something irresistibly provocative of American enterprise, the indomitable energies of which had hitherto mastered every opposition, whether of man or of nature. The change in the geographical position of the United States in relation to the East, by the acquisition of the golden territory of California, establishing our domain, as it were, the "middle kingdom" between Europe and Asia, while it brought the Americans closer to Japan, served also to reveal more clearly the remoteness of that strange country from all national communion.

Prompted by a natural curiosity to know a nation which boastingly defied the intelligence of the civilized world, and seemed to think, like a child that, by shutting its own eyes, it put out the light of the universe, and wrapped itself forever in darkness; stimulated with a desire to establish commercial relations with a people known to be industrious and wealthy; and eager to expand a profitable intercourse with Asia, toward which the newly-acquired shores of California directly pointed, and the perfected development of steam communication brought the United States so near, it was not surprising that American enterprise should be impatient to disperse the obscurity which shut out Japan from the view of the world, and darkened the direct passage to the East. Some thoughtful minds pondered the subject, and as they looked to the intercourse with Japan as inevitable, carefully

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considered the means by which commercial relations could be established with that country, without a sacrifice of national dignity on the one hand, or a cruel exercise of power on the other.

Commodore Perry had been among the first to urge upon the government the necessity and advantage of sending an embassy to Japan, for the purpose of establishing commercial relations between that country and the United States. Others, it is true, had speculated upon the subject, and it is known that the great statesman, Daniel Webster, had—though at first with the characteristic slowness of deliberation of his massive intellect he received the suggestion with an apparent lack of interest—finally, with a clear vision of the important results to his country, exercised his great powers toward the consummation of a treaty with Japan. The immediate efforts, however, which led to the expedition came from the active energies of Commodore Perry, and to him was reserved the honor of conducting and bringing to a successful result the mission to Japan.

The public, with the pride it feels in a national triumph, has naturally awaited with eager curiosity the full revelation of the details of the Japanese expedition. It is known that the interest of the nation is to be fully gratified by a complete narrative, on the part of Commodore Perry, of his mission; and the work will, undoubtedly, be a worthy record of his great services. In the mean while we proceed to give our readers a rapid narrative of the Commodore's movements, from the inception to the close of his mission, drawn from the most authentic sources.

When it became known that the United States government had resolved upon an expedition to Japan, an eager desire was evinced on the part of many scientific persons, and others governed by a liberal curiosity, to join Commodore Perry on a journey which promised to add so much to the interest and information of the world. There were others, however, actuated by less worthy motives, who used every influence, direct and indirect, to participate in the advantages of the occasion. Among the latter was the well-known author of the famous work on Japan, the German Von Siebold, who, having been banished from Japanese territory, where he had forfeited his life by a violation of law, was desirous of defying the Japanese authorities under the protection of the American flag. There was every reason, too, to suspect that Russia, ever on the alert to advance her interests, and never very scrupulous about the means, had employed the subtle German to act as a spy, and to counteract, in behalf of the government of which he was a servile tool, the proceedings of the United States in the contemplated mission to Japan. Commodore Perry had, however, reserved the duties of the expedition exclusively for the naval officers, as they alone could be thoroughly controlled by the naval discipline which was so essential toward preserving a perfect unity of action. The offers of all external aid were therefore refused, and though in some instances with regret, yet not without the highest satisfaction in the case of Von Siebold, whose affectation of disinterestedness was exposed by the exactest information of his real character.

After the usual delays and obstructions which seem inseparable from public business, Commodore Perry finally sailed in the steamer *Mississippi* from Norfolk, on the 24th of November, 1852, on the mission to Japan. It was originally intended that the *Princeton* should have accompanied him, but this vessel had hardly steamed down the Chesapeake Bay, when her total unfitness for the voyage was proved by a serious accident to her machinery. The Commodore, therefore, determined to put to sea with the *Mississippi* alone, with the understanding that he should be reinforced by the steamer *Susquehanna*, the sloops of war the *Plymouth* and *Saratoga*, already on the East Indian station, and other vessels and store-ships. We need not dwell upon the visit of the Commodore to Madeira, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, Macao, Hong Kong, and Canton, at all of which places he successively touched for supplies of fuel and refreshments, but will pass at once to those comparatively unknown countries in which the experiences of the expedition will supply new sources of interest and information.

Arriving at Shanghae on the 4th of May, 1853, the Commodore found the *Susquehanna* there, and his first movement was to transfer his pennant from the *Mississippi* to that steamer. The Commodore's arrival at Shanghae was hailed with a joyful welcome by the American merchants, whose patriotic fervor and interest in the public weal happened just at that time to coincide with a due regard for their own private concerns. The Chinese rebels had been making formidable headway, and were threatening to march upon Shanghae, much to the discomposure of the wealthy foreign traders, who, with their millions at stake, were very joyful at the opportune arrival of an American Commodore, and were very well pleased to have their moneybags guarded by a formidable battery of American guns. It was not surprising, then, that these gentry were disposed to make the most of their visitors, which, it may be stated to the credit of their hospitality, they did in the handsomest possible style.

Although Shanghae has only been opened to foreign commerce since the English opium war, it has already become an immense mart for American and European trade, surpassing in extent that of Canton, and destined, probably, to monopolize the whole in the course of time. The foreign merchants have erected immense storehouses and palatial residences, which they term Hongs, along the quay which borders the dirty, shallow stream of the Yang-tse-keang.

The foreign merchants who reside in China do their best to compensate themselves for their absence from home by building magnificent res-

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idences, where they succeed admirably in combining civilized comfort with Oriental splendor. To do them justice, they are the most hospitable of men, and the visitor finds his letter of introduction something more than a "ticket for soup," for it immediately gives him the run of palatial quarters, where he is at home at once, and has all the advantages of a first-rate hotel without the disagreeable reminder that there is a bill to pay. All the guest has to do is to express a wish and it is gratified by the Chinese major-domo on the instant, and no want is too preposterous for the universal power this omnipotent provider seems to have over the wide domain of flesh, fish, and fowl. Nor is his control confined to the solid substantials of life, for he seems equally absolute in his dominion over the liquid luxuries, as was fairly tested when the order for some Saratoga water was responded to immediately by a bottle just fresh, as it were, from the Congress Spring. Commodore Perry had, however, no time to dally in the luxuriance of the palatial residences of the foreign merchants of Shanghae; so eating his last dinner, and making his farewell bow at the gay but rather hot balls, he prepared to embark on his mission.

The *Plymouth* being left at Shanghae to quiet the fears of the American merchants, and to protect their interests should they be endanger-

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ed, the Commodore sailed on the 23d of May for Loo-Choo, in the steamer *Susquehanna*, accompanied by the *Mississippi* and the store-ship the *Caprice*. The *Plymouth* was ordered to join him when she could consistently with the state of things in China; and the *Saratoga* was expected to reach Loo-Choo from Macao about the time of the Commodore's arrival. During the voyage general orders were read to the officers and crew to the effect that, as all amicable means were to be used *before resorting to force*, to obtain the object of the expedition, each one, in his relations with the Japanese, should be as friendly as possible. It was, however—although it was hoped a conciliatory policy would effect all that was desired—evidently the resolute purpose of the Commodore to open Japan to American intercourse at all hazards. To be prepared for every emergency the crews of the ships were kept thoroughly drilled, and being beaten daily by the sound of the trumpet and the roll of the drum to quarters, reached such a state of discipline as would have made them very dangerous to quarrel with. With smooth seas and light winds the steamers soon traversed the short space of six hundred miles, and made the land after three days' sail.

Nothing could be more grateful to the eye after the sea voyage, although it had only been of three days' duration, than the first view of the islands of Loo-Choo, which rose in picturesque elevations from the sea, covered with the freshest verdure.

The large island—Great Loo-Choo, as it is called—towered above the numerous islets of the group, and the slopes of its sides, which here rolled in gentle undulations of fertile fields, from a central ridge, and there broke into precipitous crags and irregular rocks down to the coral shore, were beautifully diversified by waving rice, groves of pines, tropical palms, and the greatest variety of vegetation of varied hues of the richest green. A pleasing contrast of the wildest nature in its most eccentric forms of rock and headland with the highest culture, where lawns, gardens, and meadow-lands showed the careful and laborious hand of man, presented the most agreeable aspect as the steamers entered the outer bay of Napa. On the low land within the inner harbor the brown-tiled roofs of some houses became visible as the fleet doubled the Cape, aptly called Abbey Point, from the castellated appearance of the crags and rocks which crowned its summit, and gave it very much the look of the ruins of one of those old half military half religious structures of the middle ages. On the acclivities of the green hills that arose on either side of the houses which formed the town of Napa, the tombs of white limestone glittered brightly out of the surrounding verdure. A fleet of Japanese junks lay closely within the shore, and gave a look of commercial activity to the place.

The first movement from the land was the hoisting of the ubiquitous British ensign from the summit of a crag which rises to the south of the town, and soon some persons were discerned in the distance, apparently watching with eager curiosity the approach of the vessels, to which was now added the *Saratoga*, that had arrived simultaneously with the steamers. The whole fleet presented quite a formidable appearance, and naturally awakened a great interest on shore, and as the steamers closed in with the land the stir among the natives, who could be seen busily moving about with their white umbrellas—for a pattering rain kept briskly falling—was quite apparent.

The ships had hardly come to anchor when a boat came alongside the *Susquehanna*, bringing a couple of native dignitaries from the shore. Those gentlemen of Napa made quite an imposing appearance, and would have gladdened the heart of an artist in search of a couple of model patriarchs of the time of Joseph and his brethren. Their costume, complexion, and reverend air were quite in character with the patriarchal worthies, the thought of whom their presence suggested. They wore long flowing robes of yellow and blue grass-cloth, which were gathered in at the waist with sashes, and fell below in folds nearly to their white-sandaled feet. On their heads were bright yellow caps, of a round, oblong form, resembling somewhat the Turkish fez in shape, termed, in the Loo-Choo dialect, *Hatchee-Matchee*, which were tied under their chins with strings, while from their swarthy Oriental faces, down upon their breasts, flowed long beards. The Loo-Choo dignitaries came on board, bowing so profoundly that they nearly touched the deck at each salaam with their yellow caps, and then, after assuming a temporary perpendicular, presented to one of the officers their cards. These cards were no doubt the fashion then prevailing in Napa, but



TOMBS AT NAPA.

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FIRST VISIT OF DIGNITARIES FROM THE SHORE.

were of a kind that, with all the sizes and shapes the caprice of the *beau monde* has given fashionable pasteboard with us, has never yet produced the like. The cards were three feet in length, and of a red color, and, being so large, it was found convenient to carry them folded. A Napa lady, with a large number of morning calls on her list, must be obliged, we should think, to make use of a mail-bag for her card-case, and hire an express wagon to carry it. As Mr. Williams, the Chinese interpreter, had only just arrived from Macao in the *Saratoga*, and had not yet come on board the flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*, it was necessary to have recourse to one of the Chinese stewards to make out what was written on the Brobdignag cards of the Loo-Choo visitors. He understood the writing sufficiently to discover that the visit was only one of politeness. They asked very courteously after the Commodore, and expressed a wish to have the pleasure of seeing him; but the Commodore, knowing the ceremonious kind of people he had to deal with, and how necessary it was to conform to their Oriental notions of dignity, refused to receive them, as he had determined to show himself only to the highest in authority, and he had reason to suppose his present visitors, although undoubtedly of the *ton*, were not of the loftiest official position. There seemed to be some difference of rank between the two—the one in a yellow robe, who gave his name as Whang-cha-ching, being the higher.

No sooner had the Loo-Choans taken their departure, somewhat discomposed at not having been admitted to the presence of the great American Mandarin, than a canoe, paddled by a dozen swarthy, half-naked natives, who worked lustily and sang their wild strain cheerily, dashed along and brought up alongside of the *Susquehanna*. A very civilized-looking gentleman, with a Jewish cast of countenance, and dressed in a Christian-like suit of dingy black, now actively stepped out, and was in a moment on deck, announcing himself as Dr. Bettelheim. This gentleman, a converted Jew, was the English missionary, who, with his wife and seven children, had resided for seven years on the island of Great Loo-Choo, with a forlorn hope of converting the natives. It was he who had hoisted the English flag on the arrival of the squadron, and he seemed to be still in a great fervor of excitement on the occasion, as, without a single proselyte to boast of, he was in a very decided minority on shore, and was accordingly delighted to have his cause strengthened by the arrival of the Americans. Dr. Bettelheim was soon closeted with the Commodore, who had no especial reason for retaining his reserve toward one about whose Western civilized character there could be no doubt. In accordance with the suggestions of this gentleman, the Commodore resolved upon sending an embassy to the chief authorities at Napa to demand an immediate conference with the chief in authority over Loo-Choo, who was said to be a Regent, acting in behalf of the young king, only some ten or eleven years of age.

Next morning the two Loo-Choan visitors presented themselves again, bringing in their train four boats, loaded with a number of natives, intermingled with bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, vegetables, and eggs, which—*not*, however, the natives—were offered as presents from the authorities to the Americans. The Commodore, however, refused them, and the Loo-Choans, much put out at the refusal, paddled back very disconsolately to the shore with their supplies. The Loo-Choans seem to think that the only object of the visits of foreigners to their country is to get something to eat; and, accordingly, their first movement, on the arrival of a strange ship, is to send on board of her an assortment of eatables such as might stock a butcher or green grocer's establishment. In the course of the day a lieutenant was sent, in company with the Chinese interpreter, to call on the mayor of Napa, to demand an interview on behalf of Commodore Perry with the Regent. The Americans were courteously received, and treated to soups and sweetmeats and a closing pipe of tobacco. The mayor seemed deeply wounded that his presents had not been accepted, but was relieved somewhat when he was told that it was against the American laws for our functionaries to receive presents. He promised that the Regent should be duly informed of the Commodore's desire to see him; and although he seemed to be very anxious to impress his visitors with the greatness of that high dignitary, assured them that he would, no doubt, visit the *Susquehanna* on the following day.

On the ships coming to anchor the Commodore had signaled, "No communication with the shore!" This injunction was strictly obeyed, although with a feeling of great disappointment, as it was difficult to repress the curiosity all felt to extend their experiences among

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the strange people on shore, and to wander among the beautiful groves and over the verdant hills, which looked so provokingly inviting to those imprisoned on board ship. The arrival of the store-ship *Supply*, the setting out of the survey party to examine the depth and bearings of the harbor, the movements on shore and among the fleet of large-eyed junks moored in the inner bay, several of which vessels put to sea in the course of the morning, were the chief incidents of the second day. The junks were supposed to be bound for Japan, where they were probably hurrying to convey the news of the arrival of the American squadron, that the Japanese might be prepared to give a warm welcome to the intrusive Yankees, about whose reception there were all kinds of sinister rumors.

The day (Saturday, 28th May, 1853) appointed for the visit of the Regent had arrived, and every thing looked propitious for the occasion. The weather, for two days previous rainy and unsettled, had cleared up, and though the heat was great, the glare of the hot sun was occasionally vailed by shifting clouds, the shadows of which chased each other rapidly over the beautiful landscape, varying perpetually the tints of green which freshly colored the fields of rice, and the rich tropical vegetation which covered the hills and filled the valleys of the island.

Every thing was in readiness on board the Commodore's flag-ship for the reception of the august visitor expected. The marines were dressed up in their full uniform of blue and white, and the officers had turned out all their gold and lace, and glittered gayly on the occasion. Shortly after mid-day three native boats were seen to put off from the coral reef below Napa, and they soon came paddling along in the direction of the Susquehanna. There was nothing very regal-looking about the craft, or any thing which would seem to betoken that they were conveying a representative of royalty. They were, however, well-manned with some thirty oarsmen or more, and contained, in addition to the Regent, a numerous suite of various Loo-Choo dignitaries and attendants. When the boat in which the Regent was seated had reached the gangway, an inferior official stepped out, and coming up on the deck presented one of the usual gigantic red visiting cards, which, in accordance with our own practice, was meant merely as an announcement of the Regent's arrival. Mr. Williams, the Chinese interpreter, was summoned to do duty on the occasion, and having perused the inscription, which read, "The High Officer generally Superintending the Kingdom of Loo-Choo," the official returned to his boat; immediately after, that great functionary, the Regent himself, or to give him his full Loo-Choan title, the Tsung-li-ta-chin, made his appearance, mounting the gangway, with the composure that became so dignified and venerable a personage, and assisted in his ascent up the sides of the steamer by two of his suite. No sooner had he put his foot upon the deck, where he was received with all the form and ceremony that befitted his exalted rank by two captains in full gilt and buttons, than a salute, in accordance with Chinese practice, of three guns was fired off. The Regent did not seem to have his composure much disturbed, but the equanimity and centre of gravity of some of his attendants were so far disarranged that they fell upon their knees at the loud explosion of the guns.



REGENT OF LOO-CHOO AND ATTENDANTS.

There were some twenty Loo-Choans in all composing the party, about half a dozen of whom were superior officers, and the rest inferiors and attendants. The Regent, however, was the most remarkable-looking man in the company. He, according to his own account, was only fifty-five years of age, but his long white beard, and general venerableness of aspect, made him look like a

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STREET IN NAPA, LOO-CHOO.

patriarch of twice that age in a remarkable state of good preservation. The Regent wore a red hatchee-matchee, as did also some of the other higher dignitaries, while the less distinguished officials sported the inferior yellow caps. The various grades of the officers of government are marked by the color of their hatchee-matchees, the highest wearing rose-red ones, and the lower yellow. These Loo-Choan gentlemen, according to their barbarian notions, thought it polite to remain covered in company, until they had asked permission to uncap themselves. Accordingly, although they were continually making the usual salaams of clapping their hands upon their brows, and bowing down to the ground with a suppleness that showed evidently that their politeness was habitual—for such elasticity of back could only be acquired by constant practice—they kept their hatchee-matchees on their heads, even after they had descended into the state cabin of the Commodore. They were, however, graciously permitted to uncover themselves after a polite request to that effect—a permission which they gladly received, as the heat of the weather, and the excitement of the occasion, seemed to have considerably elevated their temperature, in spite of the active fluttering of their fans.

The Commodore now for the first time revealed himself to the Loo-Choans, having hitherto preserved the most profound seclusion. The highest dignitary, however, of the kingdom having presented himself with due state and ceremony, there was no further occasion for reserve, as the Loo-Choans were evidently impressed with the necessity of bestowing all that ceremonious respect their Oriental notions teach them to exact from others. After the usual preliminary courtesies, the Commodore stated to the Regent, through the interpreter, the object of his visit to Loo-Choo. He had come, said the Commodore, to remain in the harbor of Napa until the arrival of the rest of his squadron before proceeding to Japan. In the mean time he desired the consent of the Regent for the officers to visit the land for the purpose of relaxation and observation. He would like, moreover, to have supplies of fresh provisions, but would only consent to take them on condition that a fair price was received in return. The Loo-Choan visitors were then invited to partake of refreshments, and shared with apparent gusto in the cakes and wines with which they were served. Pipes and tobacco succeeded the repast, and the Regent, with great formality and politeness, offered his services to the Commodore in filling his pipe, which were accepted and reciprocated.

All the demands of the Commodore were unresistingly acceded to, but with an air of nervous anxiety, showing that the Regent was actuated more by his fears than his desires. As he rose to depart the Commodore promised to return his visit at the Palace of Sheudi, a notification which seemed greatly to startle the old

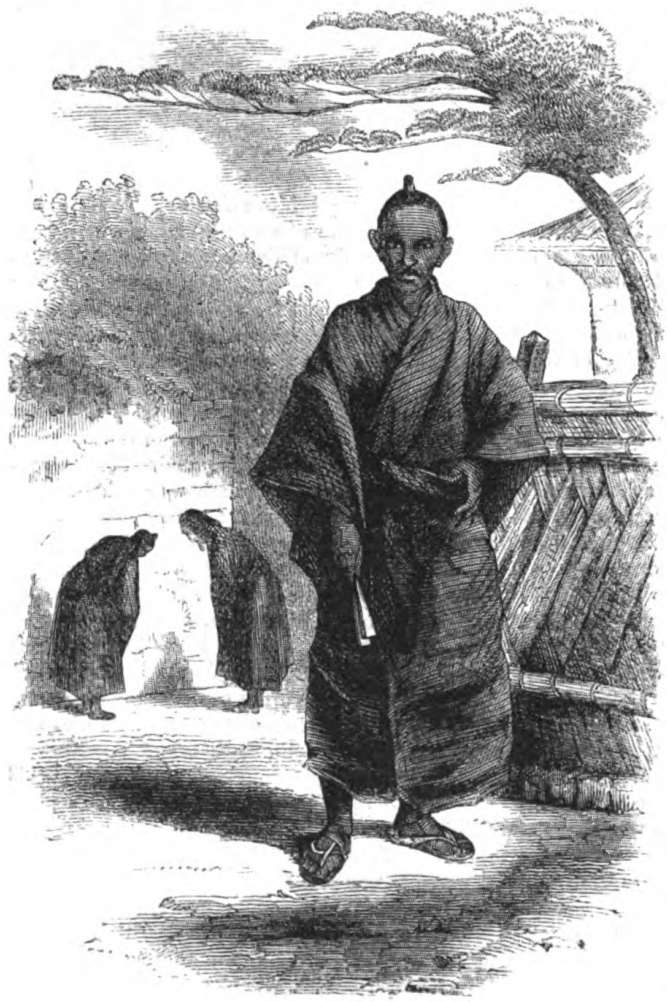
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man. On coming out from the interview the Loo-Choan party were conducted over the steamer, but they regarded every thing with an air of stolid composure; the great guns, the groups of sailors, the lines of armed marines, and the band of music, which struck up a lively air as the Regent and his suite passed on, did not seem to excite the least interest. Upon being shown the engine, however, there was some apparent curiosity upon their grave and unruffled faces, which were ordinarily as unmoved as if wrought in bronze. The Regent and his suite, after having made the circuit of the ship from stem to stern, and deck to hold, took their departure, being honored, as upon their arrival, with a salvo of three guns.

One good effect of their visit, which was appreciated by all on board, was the permission for the officers to go on shore, a privilege they were not slow in availing themselves of. Soon some thirty or forty officers, with leave from their respective ships, were off for a visit to the town of Napa.

The town of Napa commences from the very edge of the surf-whitened coral shore, and extends along for some distance by the water side and up the acclivities of the surrounding hills. The streets are regular, remarkably clean and neat-looking, composed of bamboo-houses covered with roofs of red tiles, surrounded with gardens, and inclosed within high walls of coral, built up with great regularity, and surmounted with hedges of cactus, from above the tops of which project palm and banana-trees. These walled houses would have a very prison-like look were it not for the cheerful and comfortable air given them by their pretty gardens and snug appointments.

As soon as the Americans landed most of the inhabitants, after having paused a while to take a glance at the strangers, made off rapidly, in order to avoid all communication. The shop-keepers quickly closed their shops, and the street peddlers dispersed in such haste that they left their stocks behind them. The better class of people, however, were not quite so shy, and although they looked somewhat askance at their visitors, stood still as they passed, and made them the most profound salutations. Some of these, with their flowing robes and long beards, made a most venerable appearance, and had such a benevolence of aspect, that the American officers felt quite disposed to strike up an acquaintance, but no sooner did they approach with the most friendly intentions, than these Loo-Choan gentry turned upon their heels, and disappeared.



LOO-CHOO MERCHANT.

The different classes of people were distinguished by their costumes. The highest or official wore the caps of various colors already described, while the middle and lower classes were bareheaded. The hair-pins seemed to be an important indication of rank—those of silver marking the superior, and those of brass the inferior. The more respectable of the Loo-Choans who were not dignitaries, and yet were evidently well to do in the world, such as the merchants and successful traders, wore very much the same kind of dress in cut as the government officials—with the exception of the colored caps—consisting of the flowing grass-cloth garment of gray or yellow, gathered in at the waist with blue silk girdles, from the ends of which hung tobacco-pouches. Their hair being shaved on the crown, and allowed to grow to considerable length behind, was worn gathered up to the top of the head, where it was fastened by two long pins, inserted fore and aft. The low-

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NATIVE PEASANT.

est class—the mechanics, peasants, and laborers—were hardly covered with a very scant shirt of coarse cotton, while their children were entirely naked.

The women, of whom it was difficult to get a sight, and whose appearance, when seen, was not such as to cause any disappointment at their shyness—for they were awfully ugly—were dressed very much like the men. They, however, wore their robes of grass-cloth without any confining girdle about the waist, and were limited to a single hair-pin. They should have been entitled to the full complement of the Loo-Choan dress, for it evidently must have originally belonged to the female wardrobe, as it, after all, was little else than an expanded petticoat, while the long hair and the hair-pins were unquestionably of the feminine gender. Somehow or other a reversed social revolution had taken place in Loo-Choo, and the men had assumed the petticoat, instead of the women, as with us, usurping the breeches. The Loo-Choan males, too, seemingly had availed themselves of the feminine privilege of doing comparatively nothing, while the women were kept hard at work, daubing cabinet-ware with dirty lacquer, hoeing sweet potatoes in the fields, and vending coarse cheese-cakes and dabs of gingerbread in the market-place and at the street-corners. They had retained, however, that quality of the sex

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which is believed to be universal from New York to Loo-Choo—female curiosity; for the women of Napa, old and young, were observed peeping round the lanes and listening through the chinks of the coral walls whenever they found a chance.

Marriages are arranged in Loo-Choo, as with us, by match-making relatives, and the natural consequence is a good deal of conjugal discord, which, however, is more readily settled than by our tedious laws, by a very summary process of divorce. All the dissatisfied husband has to do is to send his wife back to her parents and try his luck again. If the parents are too poor to receive their rejected child, her former husband builds a hut near his own house where he imprisons her for life with hard labor and harder treatment, where she mourns her degradation and captivity within the sounds of the endearments her former partner is bestowing upon her successor in his affections.

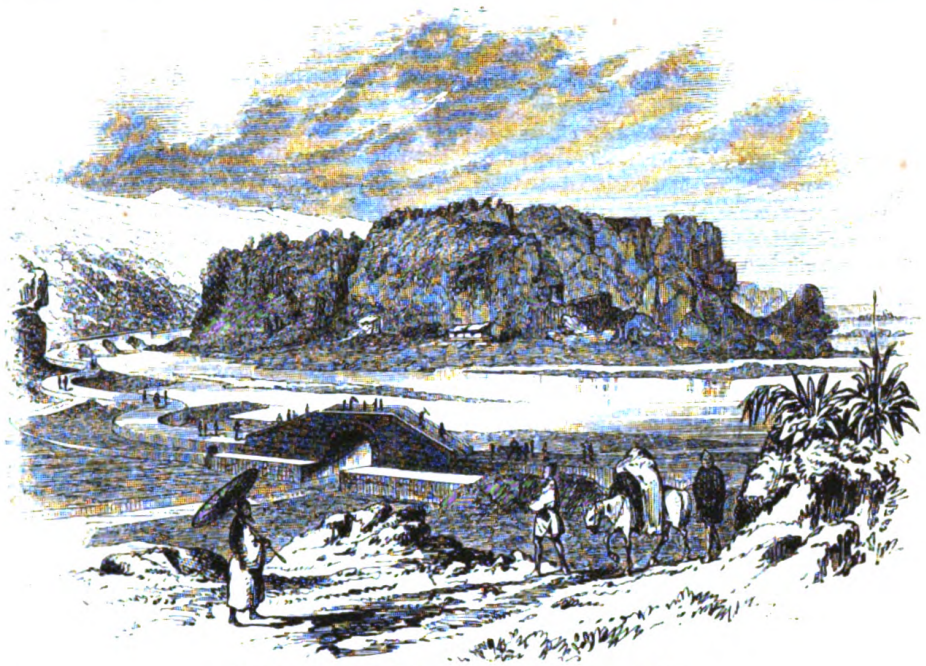
The people generally are not remarkable for their good looks, having the Mongolian cast of features, the bronze complexion, the high cheeked bones, and slanting eyes. The higher classes are, however, somewhat better looking, and, with their grave and courteous manners and their patriarchal robes and long beards, make rather an imposing appearance. They are more like the Japanese than the Chinese, and are supposed to be an offset from the former, to whom it is believed they are subject, although what with their religion and education, founded on the doctrines of Confucius, and the annual tribute they pay to China, it is reasonable to suppose that Loo-Choo has been, either by conquest or origin, at some period closely related to the Chinese Empire. The people seem divided into two great classes, with various subdivisions—the rulers and the ruled. The former count nearly one-fourth of the total population of the island, which amounts in all to some fifty thousand inhabitants, twenty thousand of whom live at Napa, about the same number in the capital city, named Sheudi, and the rest are distributed over the interior of Great Loo-Choo and the thirty-five smaller islands which compose the whole group. Great Loo-Choo is much the largest, being some thirty to forty miles long, and twelve to fifteen wide. Situated between 26 and 27 degrees of north latitude and between 127 and 128 degrees of east longitude, with a rich soil, delightful climate, and a mingled vegetation of temperate and tropical countries, there can be no place to surpass it in the prodigality of Nature's gifts.

The system of government is the most oppressive conceivable, the rulers forming, as has been stated, no less than one-fourth of the whole population, or one-half of all the males, presenting an immense number of idle dogs whose chief duty it is to watch each other and eat up all the substance of the rest of the people. The officials are chosen, as in China, from their supposed knowledge of the books of Confucius, and are the literati of the country, though no credit, be it said, to literature, as they are the greatest tyrants and the most deceitful rogues possible. The non-producing consumers are altogether too great, according to every law of political economy and dictate of common sense, for a condition of prosperity. Six-tenths of all the productions of the island go to the support of this indolent class, leaving a very scant proportion of rice and sweet potatoes, the chief productions of the soil, to the hard-tasked laborers who cultivate it, and who, with their scant allowance, may well be termed the non-consuming producers. The government is quite absolute, and forces implicit obedience to its laws by the most tyrannical administration. The great mass of the people are literally slaves, the services of whom are often bought and sold, and the poor wretches goaded to their work by the frequent application of the bamboo.



LOO-CHOANS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

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BRIDGE AND CAUSEWAY AT MA-CHI-NA-TOO, LOO-CHOO.

The system of espionage is the moving principle of the government from the highest to the lowest official, and the chief functions of a great proportion of the officers are merely to watch their neighbors.

The American officers were disposed, with a natural curiosity, to extend their observations over the island; and, on their first visit ashore, a party of them were tempted to ramble far out of the town. As they passed through the suburbs, along the stream which flows through the town, and over the bridge which led into the beautiful neighboring country, with a charming landscape on all sides, which was particularly attractive to those who had been confined closely on shipboard, they found themselves dogged by a couple of very respectable-looking Loo-Choans, who were evidently engaged in the disreputable business of acting as spies upon them. As soon as the Americans moved a step from the beaten road, these sharp-eyed fellows beckoned to them to keep the regular path. They might beckon, however, they were not attended to; and our countrymen pursued their way, for, with feet accustomed to step upon a land of freedom, they were not prepared to go and come at any one's bidding.

The country in the neighborhood of Napa is strikingly picturesque, with its surrounding hills rising one above the other to the mountainous district in the interior. The sides of the hills are highly cultivated, with rich fields of grain, separated by hedges of cactus, while the sheltered valleys are crowded with a tropical vegetation of the wild orange, the banana, and the luxuriant palm, and the summits of the mountains are crowned with groves of the dark pine, throwing a wide and deep shade, like that of the cedars of Lebanon. A well-paved road, as smooth and regular as if Macadamized, compact with broken corals thoroughly beaten into the soil beneath, extends to the neighboring villages and the capital of Sheudi. This is bordered by beautiful gardens, within the coral-walled inclosures of which snug houses of bamboo repose in shady groves. Along the road some horsemen were moving briskly upon their little high-spirited Loo-Choo nags, out apparently for an airing. The roads and bridges show a very creditable degree of attention on the part of the authorities to the internal improvements of the island. The bridges, in fact, are quite respectable specimens of masonry, being massive and scientifically constructed.

But to return to the Commodore, who still remained on board of his ship with a resolute determination to carry out the purposes of his visit, and not to budge until he had secured those advantages for his country which were evidently uppermost in his mind. He had organized a party of his officers and men to make an exploration of the island, who were accordingly dispatched on that duty. In the mean time the Commodore carried on his negotiations with the Loo-Choo authorities. He had made the very reasonable demand to be furnished with a house for the accommodation of the officers on shore, and had offered to pay a fair rent. After some equivocation, in accordance with the usual Loo-Choan policy, this request was granted, and a building was designated. The temple at Tumai, a village situated on the outskirts of Napa, on the road to Sheudi, was the selected place, and accordingly an officer was sent by the Commodore to take formal possession.

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This building was what is called a Cung-qua, a place of entertainment for strangers, and for various public purposes. Although not so luxuriously appointed as the Koung-kouans or Communal Palaces in China, the comfort of which Père Huc describes with such gusto, the temple at Tumai was for a similar purpose. There were some thirty mats spread on the floor, and waiters were at hand with tea and pipes, so when the officer and his party arrived they were hospitably entertained. In a short time, however, an official made his appearance, and although he showed an excess of politeness by constantly bowing to the ground, he declared, when he was told the object of the visit of the officer, that it was quite impossible for the Americans to have a house on shore. By some means or other this accomplished Loo-Choan had acquired enough English to deliver himself thus: "Gentleman, Doo-Choo men very small—American man not very small—I read of American in book—Washington very good man—very good—Doo-Choo good friend American—Doo-Choo man give American man all eat he want—American no have house on shore." The upshot of the matter was that one of the officers and the interpreter did sleep upon two of the mats all that night, in the temple of Tumai. However, on the next day, the authorities of Napa sent word to the Commodore that they wished the building vacated, to which they received the reply, that it would be done provided another suitable place was substituted, but that the Americans were determined to have a house on shore at all hazards, as such a privilege had been granted to previous visitors, as, for example, to the English, at the time of Basil Hall's visit to the island. Another building, with the high sounding title of "Shunghein"—"The Holy Presence Temple protecting the Anchorage"—was accordingly appropriated. The Loo-Choans were resolved to throw every obstruction in the way of the Commodore by their shuffling conduct and prevaricating policy, but he was conscious of their manœuvres, and was resolved to defeat them by his direct and resolute bearing.

The expressed resolution of the Commodore to return the visit of the Regent within the palace of Sheudi, had apparently created a great deal of anxiety on the part of the authorities, and they seemed resolved to prevent it if possible. They sent word that it was contrary to all precedent, and expressly forbidden by their laws, for a stranger to intrude within the sanctuary of the palace. Receiving no satisfactory answer to this protest, the Loo-Choans bethought themselves of trying a ruse upon the Commodore, and made the attempt to entrap him into an informal visit upon the Regent by preparing a feast at Napa, where that dignitary would be present, and to which the Commodore was invited. Just at that time, however, the Commodore found it convenient to attend to the dispatch of the steamship the *Caprice*, for



TEMPLE AT TUMAI, LOO-CHOO.

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Shanghae, and sent word that "business unfortunately prevented his acceptance of the polite invitation," etc. They were, however, not to be balked of their cunning civility, and as the Commodore would not go to the feast, they sent the feast to him, and accordingly two of the high functionaries in yellow caps came off to the ship with a supply of poultry, fish, vegetables, fruits, and cakes, all prepared in the highest style of Loo-Choan cookery, which were displayed upon the deck of the *Susquehanna*. The Commodore, however, kept himself secluded within his cabin, and left the banquet to be discussed by his officers and men, who found Loo-Choo fare quite appetizing, and soon cleared the decks. The Commodore now informed the authorities that his promised visit to the palace would certainly come off on Monday, the 6th of June, after the return of the exploring party.

The demand of the Commodore to be supplied with provisions, on the sole condition of his paying for them, was granted, after a show of considerable reluctance, and, accordingly, a daily supply was brought off by the natives to the ship, which was duly paid for in *cash*—the Chinese copper money, of which the Commodore had taken care to have a good quantity, having shipped at Shanghae no less than *five tons*. Notwithstanding the primitive simplicity with which Basil Hall in his romantic narrative has been pleased to attribute to the Loo-Choans, who he states had no idea of money, it was found that they were sufficiently acquainted with *cash*, of which they demanded 1750 instead of 1400, the Chinese valuation, to the dollar. If this arose from their ignorance of the true value, or from want of familiarity with the coin, at any rate their ignorance told very much to the advantage of their own pockets. These daily supplies were entirely regulated by the authorities, who pocketed all the profit, while the loss fell to the share of the poor natives from whom the supplies were wrung.

The visit to Sheudi was the hardest morsel for the Loo-Choan authorities to swallow, and they hemmed and coughed, and tried to put it off by all manner of imaginable deceit and trickery. The Regent dispatched a diplomatic missive beautifully inscribed upon a long roll of the softest of their bark-woven paper, in lines of Chinese characters, painted in India ink with a camel's-hair pencil. The roll was inclosed in an envelope, and duly sealed with the regal arms. The purport of this communication was to persuade the Commodore not to proceed to the palace of Sheudi, on the plea of the illness of the Queen Dowager, who had received such a shock from the visit of an English Admiral who had obstinately intruded himself within the sacred precincts of the palace some two years ago, that she had not yet recovered, and, wrote the Regent, another such a visit might be the death of her Majesty the royal mother. The Commodore in answer expressed his deep sorrow for the affliction of the Queen Dowager, and very humanely offered to send her one of his skillful surgeons, who would undoubtedly set the royal lady all right again; but as he took quite a different view of the case of her Majesty, he did not believe that his presence could act otherwise than favorably, as her mind would be diverted by the novel sight of the American visitors. The Commodore, therefore, reiterated his determination to go to the palace of Sheudi, as he believed this reputed sickness of the King's mother was all a sham. In fact, the youthful King and the Queen Dowager were suspected, at times, to be no more of realities than was Mrs. Harris, and to this day, it is by no means certain whether Loo-Choo has any other than an imaginary royal family reigning over it.

The Americans, in the mean time, made themselves quite at home within the dominions of the putative young King, and went about their daily business with as much ease as if they had been in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. The survey boats were out daily on duty, the marines were going through their exercises on shore, the officers were skylarking through the streets and neighborhood of Napa, and the temple at Tumai was all alive with the busy doings of the artists and the working men of the expedition.

The party sent to explore the interior of the island of Great Loo-Choo now returned after an absence of six days, and reported the result to the Commodore.

The exploration had extended over a distance embracing one half of the whole island, and had been completed in six days, during which nearly one hundred and eight miles had been traveled. The course was first across Loo-Choo to the east, and thence along the northern coast and back through the interior of the island. The party had hardly started when they were overtaken, on the paved road which leads from Napa to Sheudi, by a Loo-Choan, evidently of authority, accompanied by two subordinate attendants, who presented themselves as guides, but turned out to be three very sharp-sighted and scrutinizing spies. A crowd of the people gathered and followed in the distance, but finally dispersed, leaving some dozen of their number, who joined the Loo-Choan dignitary, and were duly recruited into his force of spies; these were utilized by the party from the ship to assist them in carrying their arms and provisions, as their own Chinese Coolie attendants were a set of lazy vagabonds, who were in every body's mess and nobody's watch, and always the first to break down in their work, and the last to rise from their meals. The Loo-Choan leader, whose title was Pe-Ching, or treasurer, a venerable man with a snow-white beard and a most benevolent aspect, was of inexhaustible good-nature, as were his companions. They were, moreover, most tenacious of their particular functions as spies, and seemed to be always on the alert, by night or by day. Every attempt to shake them off proved vain—they clung to the heels of the party with the tenacity of a pack of hounds. It was useless to try to tire them out by rapid walk-

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ing and the most preposterous hard day's work; they were determined not to be tired out. The old Pe-Ching, who was somewhat pursy, was led many a hard march up hill and down, and although his wind seemed every moment in danger of giving out, he always, somehow or another, recovered his breath in time to save his lungs, and was never completely blown. He would, it is true, often express his sense of all this useless fatigue, by a very significant way he had of slapping his stout flanks, as if to whip on their flagging energies, but he never fairly gave in, as he was undoubtedly bound, to use a cant phrase, "to see the American party through." He was, in fact, appointed by the authorities to act as a spy, and make a full report of the journey. He faithfully performed his functions, and took care that his subordinates should perform theirs. Every American throughout the exploring tour was thus always dogged by several spies, the force of which was recruited at the various stopping-places on the route. No sooner were all snugly quartered for the night and supper over, than Pe-Ching and his chief confederates pulled out their tablets from the folds of their flowing robes, and unrolling the silky mulberry bark-woven paper, and preparing their Indian ink and camel's-hair brushes, painted down line after line of puzzling hieroglyphics, which were supposed to express the results of the day.

The scenery of the country was most charming, presenting a beautiful combination of cultivated fields and wild tropical vegetation. Green rice, in rich growth, waved through the valleys, covering the banks of the streams, and growing down to the verge of the sea-shore. There was, in the various artificial arrangements for irrigation, an indication of considerable agricultural skill, and in the richness and abundance of the various crops, signs of great fertility and wealth of product; while the frequent salt vats showed an extensive manufacture of that article of universal consumption. Village after village, as they were approached, presented a succession of most charming prospects. Here, one was reposing in a beautiful valley, by the side of a running stream, with the green fields rising from the water, and extending far over the undulating hills which bounded the scene, and were cultivated to their very summits; and there, another lay almost hid away in groves of sago-palm and banana, while a third closed the vista through a long avenue of waving bamboo, whose bending tops united and formed a natural arched hall, through the leafy roof of which the sun's rays, as they passed, lost their glare, and refreshed the eye with a cool green-tinted light which pervaded the shaded interior.

The inhabitants of the villages, under the severe eyes of the corps of spies who accompanied the party, were very shy and retreating. They would drop down the mats before their doors and windows as soon as they heard the approaching step of one of the strange visitors, and if such should slyly come upon them and take them unawares, they would immediately let go their spinning-wheel, or leave any other household duty, and either prostrate themselves imploringly upon the ground, deprecating all intercourse, or run away and hide themselves in some corner of their bamboo houses. When, however, the Americans were lodged for the night in one of the cung-quas, the Loo-Choo peasants, male and female, would throng about the inclosures, and peep through the chinks, or look over the tops of the walls, with the hope of seeing the strangers without being discovered by the objects of their curiosity, or by the ever-watchful eyes of the spies. But as for getting an opportunity of seeing any thing of the interior life of the people, or holding conversation with them, it was quite impracticable.

The party found snug quarters in the various cung-quas, or government hotels, provided as resting-places for the officials at the public expense. These places are liberally distributed over the island, and are large wooden buildings, with verandas, and various compartments separated by sliding partitions, which can be readily shifted, converting the whole interior into one large hall. Attendants were always in waiting ready to provide the necessary supplies of chickens, eggs, cucumbers, rice, and tea, for the suppers of the tired visitors, and mats for their accommodation during the night. Many of the cung-quas are beautifully situated on picturesque sites, shaded by the bamboo and sago-palm, while their walls inclosed garden plots, regularly laid out, and adorned with the white and red camelia japonicas, chrysanthemums, and other flowers of varied color and of fragrant odors.

In the course of the wanderings of the explorers they came upon some gigantic idols of Phallic worship, which the more scientific examined with the reverent affection of veritable antiquarians; but the Loo-Choans, in their ignorance, treated these obscure relics of antiquity with proper contempt. The latter did not seem to be curious of their origin or history, while the former were disposed to consider them as the indications of an earlier race than that now inhabiting the island, thinking that these emblems of a disgusting worship had probably been introduced by some early migration from India. Certain ancient tombs, for which the natives had so little reverence that they called them "the houses of the devil's men," were also observed, and were supposed to be remains of an earlier people, or they would have been held in more respect by the present inhabitants.

Toward the north, upon the summit of a projecting point of the backbone of rock which runs through the centre of the island, the explorers came upon the ruins of an ancient fortress. These bore evidence of great antiquity, and yet of wonderful architectural skill. The double arches, the inner one of which was composed of two curved stones, and the outer of many, with a key-stone in the centre, and the large, well-cut square blocks adjusted with great nicety and compactness, showed all the characteristics of Egyptian structure. The walls of

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ANCIENT CASTLE OF NA-GA-GUS-KO, LOO-CHOO.

the fortress inclosed a wide space, and deeply shaded as they were with a rank tropical vegetation, and perched upon a lofty and precipitous eminence of rock, had an imposing appearance of wild grandeur.

The explorers, after six days' enjoyment of repeated visions of beautiful landscape, with all the contrasts of the wildness of nature and the most exquisite cultivation, and the pleasurable excitement of ever-recurring daily incident and adventure in a country so curious and novel, paid the old Pe-Ching the cash due him for services and provisions, and returned to the ships, where they prepared to participate in the coming event of the visit to Sheudi, about which every officer and man in the whole squadron was all agog.

On Monday morning, June 6th, at an early hour, a dozen or more boats, launches, cutters, gigs, and other small craft, pushed off for the shore, loaded with officers in full uniform, the marines with their bayoneted muskets and in their gay dress of blue and white, and the sailors with their black tarpaulins and their neat navy shirts. They were soon followed by the Commodore, in full feather, seated in his state barge, who, upon landing, was received by the marines, who, forming into two lines, presented arms as he passed between them. The procession was now formed at the village of Tumai, on the outskirts of Napa, at about two miles from Sheudi, with hundreds of the natives, gathered from the neighborhood, looking on in the distance at the novel show. First came a park of artillery, consisting of two field-pieces, over each of which waved the American flag, borne by a stout sailor, then the interpreters, succeeded by the ships' bands striking up a succession of lively airs, and a company of marines, followed by the Commodore in his sedan chair. This sedan chair was an extemporaneous affair got up for the occasion by the ship's carpenter, and although it was somewhat rudely constructed, and not very elaborately adorned, was altogether, for its size, a more comfortable conveyance than the native Kagoo, the only kind of Loo-Choan carriage extant. The kagoo is a mere box, about two feet in height, which puzzles one vastly to get into, and to keep in when he is there. The rider is forced to double himself into all the folds his arms, legs, and the extent of suppleness of his back will admit. He is obliged to sit cross-legged, arms folded, back doubled, and neck bent; and then, as he is carried by a couple of quick-moving natives jogging along, he is reminded by the repeated knockings of his head against the hard wooden roof that all his packing has been in vain, and that the contents of the *kagoo* are quite too large for its capacity. The Commodore, therefore, with a due regard for his comfort, had provided himself with a sizable sedan chair, which was borne on the shoulders of four Chinese Coolies from the ship, with a relay of four others to divide the labor. On either side of the sedan walked two marines as body-guards, and the Chinese servant of the Commodore; while, immediately behind, several Coolies came carrying the presents wrapped in red flannel. The officers of the ships then succeeded, followed by another company of marines which brought up the rear. The number, all told, amounted to more than two hundred; and as they moved along with flags flying in the breeze, the sword-hilts and bayonets, and the golden adornments and bright uniforms of the officers and soldiers

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flashing in the sun's light, and the bands playing a stirring tune, they presented quite a cheerful spectacle, which the Loo-Choans seemed to enjoy wondrously, as they collected every where by the roadside, and looked on with evident marks of delight—making holiday of the occasion.

The road lay along a paved causeway which led from Napa to the summit of the hill upon which the town and palace of Sheudi rose high to the view. Along this road was a succession, on either side, of fertile rice-fields and beautiful gardens, and as the procession advanced, reaching the higher ground, a fine view was obtained of the whole circuit of the island. On approaching the capital its houses were seen grouped upon the acclivity of a hill, and almost hid in thick foliage, while upon the summit rose high above the other buildings the fortress-like royal palace. The procession now passed, at the entrance to the city, through a gate of wood, high-arched above, and inscribed with certain characters which signified "The Central Hill," or "The Place of Authority." Sheudi, the capital and residence of the putative young monarch, was once the central one of three fortresses, each of which was the residence of a king, according to the ancient tradition, which records that the island of Great Loo-Choo was formerly divided into three dynasties. The ruins of Nagugusko are supposed to be the remains of the residence of the king who ruled over the north; and another ruin, at the southern part of the island, called Timaguko, seems to indicate the site of the fortress of the king of the south; while the palace of Sheudi, the seat of the present monarch, was the fortified position of the dynasty of the middle kingdom, which finally absorbed the two others, and still retains its title of "The Central Hill." There were three passages through the gate—a central and two side ones—the former being exclusively for the higher classes. It was through this, of course, that the procession made its way out into the wide and almost deserted main street of Sheudi, which, bounded on either side by high coral walls inclosing the residences of the inhabitants, and intersected by narrow lanes, led to the palace. A throng of officials in their gay, flowing robes, with wide sleeves, red and yellow hatchee-matchees, with fans, umbrellas, and chow-chow boxes, being in full toilet for the occasion, met the procession with many profound salutations, and finding that the Commodore was not to be diverted from his resolution, conducted it to the palace. This was an irregular structure of wood surrounded by a succession of walls, through which opened arched entrances, at one of which were two lofty pillars of stone and a couple of full-sized rudely carved lions.

The Commodore, accompanied by his suite, was ushered into a hall of no great size, and of no great pretensions as to ornament or furniture; it had, however, a high-sounding title, if the interpreter correctly translated the characters in gold which were inscribed at the head of the room, and which were said to mean, "The elevated inclosure of fragrant festivities." The hall was partly screened off by paper partitions, from behind which it was suspected that the Queen-mother, if there were such, was gratifying her royal curiosity. The American officers were conducted to seats, which were very like camp-stools, and placed on the right of the room, while the Regent and the other Loo-Choan dignitaries took their position on the left. After a ceremonious interchange of compliments, the Americans were invited to partake of some refreshments which were evidently very hastily got up, and consisted of cups of dilute tea, dabs of tough gingerbread, and tobacco. The Regent had evidently calculated upon his powers of persuasion to divert the Commodore from his fixed purpose of visiting the royal palace, and, accordingly, no preparation had been made for his reception. The Commodore now invited the Regent to visit him on board ship, after his return from an expedition he proposed to the Bonin islands, which would be, probably, in the course of ten days. This invitation was accepted with many profound salutations, and the presents being proffered, which were politely received but hardly looked at, the Americans, at the solicitation of the Regent, adjourned to that dignitary's house, which was not far off, being situated in a neighboring lane which intersected the main street.

There was nothing very regal about the Regent's quarters, it being a wooden house of the ordinary style of those of the city, with a court-yard and bamboo verandas, but rather larger in size. The interior was plain but neat, with wooden rafters painted of a red color, and its floors spread with matting.

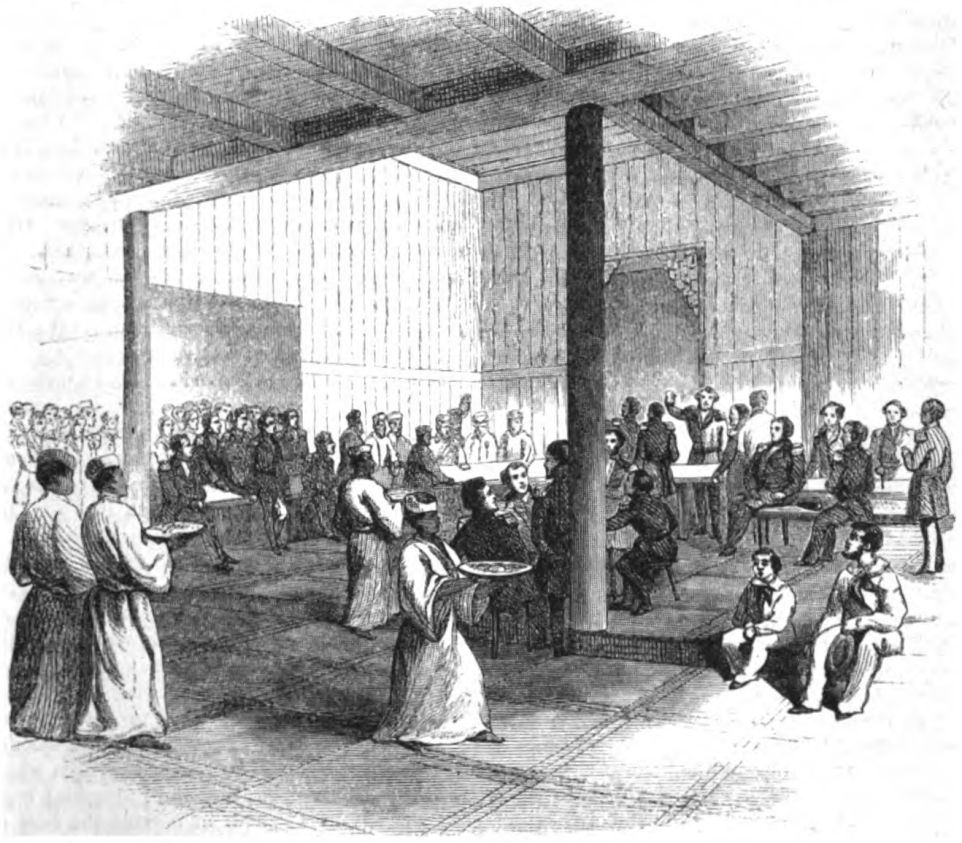
Every thing here was in readiness for a feast, and no sooner had the Commodore entered with his officers than they were invited to take their seats at the well-spread boards. There were ten tables in all—four in the central part of the hall, and three in each of its wings. At the two upper ones, on the right, the Commodore and his chief officers were seated, and at the same number, on the left, the Regent presided, assisted by some of the chief dignitaries of the island. The tables were heaped with the choicest Loo-Choan fare, consisting of a heterogeneous collection of strange dishes that no one but an expert of the Loo-Choan cuisine or some native Monsieur Soyer could possibly describe. Numerous dignified-looking attendants, robed in long garments, were in waiting, and commenced the feast by handing round cups of tea, followed by earthen goblets, no bigger than thimbles, overflowing with Sakee, the native liquor distilled from rice. These Lilliputian bumpers would not have floored a flea. Then the guests, arming themselves with the pairs of chopsticks at their sides, commenced the general attack upon the spread before them. Surrounded as they were by an immense variety, and without any knowledge of Loo-Choan cookery to direct them, they made an indiscriminate charge upon

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the bits of hog's liver and of sugar-candy, the red slices of eggs and of cucumber, the boiled fish and mustard, the fried beef, and the tender morsels of various somethings, which, as there was no bill of fare, it was impossible to tell what, although it was suspected they might be dog, cat, rat, or some other choice viand. In addition to the dishes on the table the waiters were constantly bringing in a succession of courses in rude earthen bowls, until they amounted to twelve, eight of which were different kinds of soup, and the rest were gingerbread, doughnuts, cabbage-sprouts, and an herb something like our calamus.

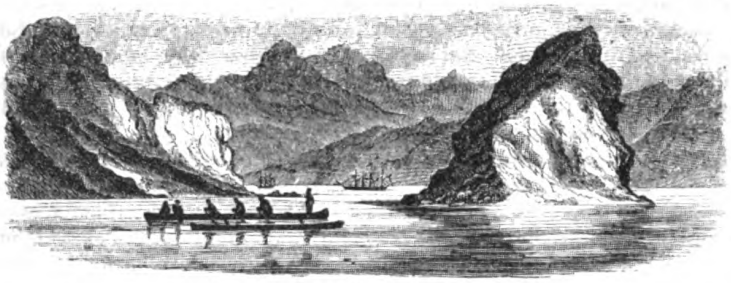
The Commodore, somewhere about the middle of the feast, calling upon the company to fill their cups with sakee, proposed the health of the Queen-dowager, her royal son, and the toast—"Prosperity to the Loo-Choans, and may they and the Americans always be friends!" This was then put into Chinese by Mr. Williams, for the benefit of the official interpreter of the Regent, a sharp-eyed youth, whose name was composed of two sneezes and a cough, and is indistinctly expressed by the word ICHI-RAZ-ICHI. Ichi then turned the toast and sentiment into the Loo-Choan lingua for the behoof of his master, who received them with very evident marks of satisfaction, and taking up his thimbleful of sakee, drank it to its last dregs, and slapped down the tiny cup bottom upward upon the table, to show that he was a fair drinker and a man above heel-taps. Several toasts and healths succeeded, and the dinner having reached the end of the twelfth course, the Commodore and his party took their departure, and, forming in procession as before, returned to Tumai and embarked on board ship.

The Commodore, having made fair progress in his diplomacy with the slippery authorities of Loo-Choo, and leaving the well-armed steamer *Mississippi* to keep up a wholesome awe, on their part, of the American style of negotiation, departed from Napa on the ninth of June, in his flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*, with the sloop-of-war *Saratoga* in tow. In five days, with the genial and favoring gales of the southwestern monsoon, the two vessels arrived and anchored in Port Lloyd, the principal harbor of the Bonin Islands. These islands are situated in the Japanese Sea, nearly five hundred miles southeast of Japan, and over eight hundred in an easterly direction from Loo-Choo. They were first discovered long since by the Japanese, by whom they were called Buna Sima (Island without People), but Captain Beechey, an Englishman, discovered them over again in 1827, and, with more patriotism than justice, took possession of them in the name of King George the Fourth, whom it used to please his loyal subjects to term the "first gentleman in Europe," but in regard to whom posterity—with a hint from Tom Moore and Thackeray—has settled down into the conviction that he was something quite different.



DINNER AT THE REGENT'S, LOO-CHOO.

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VIEW OF BONIN ISLANDS.

Beechey gave English names not only to the groups of the islands but to the individual ones, calling the northern cluster Parry's, and its three islands respectively Peel, Buckland, and Stapleton. Not content with this liberal appropriation, he also took possession of the southern group, giving it the name of Bailey, although he acknowledged that one Coffin, the captain of a whaler out of Nantucket, had been before him. He perhaps thought, in 1827, that a Yankee discoverer was not of much account; but Commodore Perry, in 1853, with his formidable American squadron to back him, thought differently, and accordingly erased the name of Bailey, the President of the Royal Society, from its ill-deserved prominence, and substituted that of Coffin, the broad-brimmed Quaker whaling skipper of Nantucket. The Commodore also took formal possession of the southern cluster, or Coffin Islands, in the name of the United States, and thus justly returned the stolen property to its proper owners. The inhabitants of the islands, with a sort of natural justice, and without much regard to euphony, discard entirely the high-sounding titles of Stapleton and Peel, and call these two islands of the northern group Hog and Goat.

The harbor of Port Lloyd is toward the centre of Peel Island on the west, and is good and commodious, ships of the largest draught being able to run in within the cast of a biscuit of the shore, and anchor almost under the shade of the forest of vegetation which crowds with its luxuriant growth the hills and the valleys of the islands. When a vessel arrives, up goes generally upon the top of a neighboring summit that everlasting British bunting, of which a vagabond Englishman, for the consideration of an occasional supply of rum from a chance visitor in the shape of one of Her Majesty's men-of-war, has undertaken to do the necessary hoisting, for which the grog is naturally supposed to give him the proper degree of elevating power.

The Commodore, on entering Port Lloyd, had fired a gun, which summoned a couple of denizens of the island, who came off to the ships in a rude dug-out canoe. These were a couple of active young fellows, whose lank black hair, dark eyes, and milk-and-molasses tint of complexion, and scant costume of dingy straw hats and sailor's trowsers, showed them to be a compromise between savage life and civilization. They were evidences of the facility with which all races, when left to their natural affinities, combine their blood, and express instinctively their fraternal, or rather conjugal, relations. The two men were, in fact, a mongrel compound of a tarpaulin Jack and a Kanaka woman. One of them called himself John Bravo, and was the only native at the time of the Commodore's visit, though there were not wanting excellent prospects for the future in the hopeful fertility of the island.

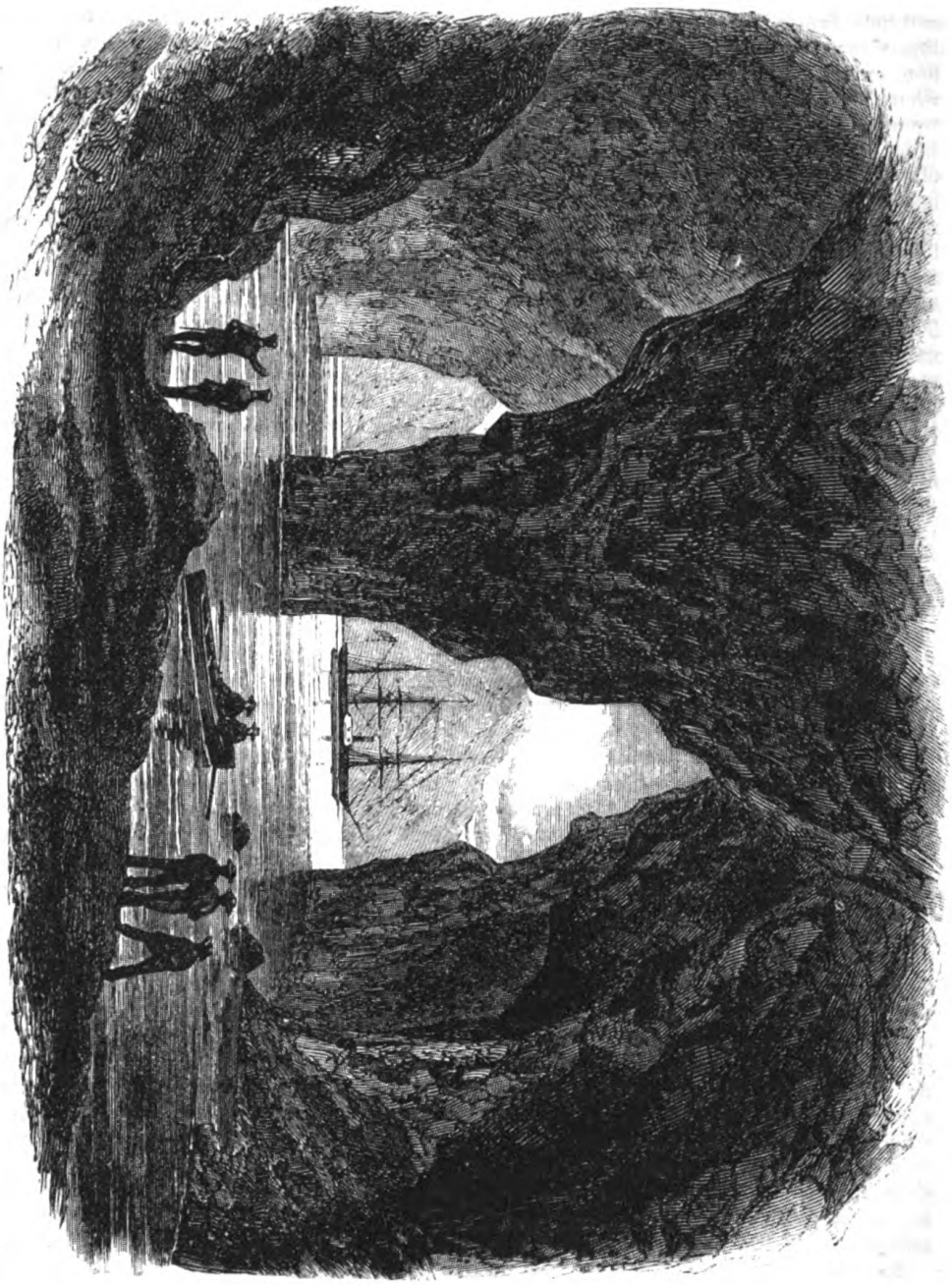
The Bonin Islands are of volcanic origin, and show, by their irregular outlines, their bold, abrupt cliffs, their broken headlands, their heaped-up rocks, their steep gorges, and the generally confused surface of the land, that Nature has been struggling at some time in one of her wildest convulsions. The imaginative eye, as it looks upon the scene, can picture the varied forms of castle and tower, and the most grotesque shapes of animals monstrous in size and hideous in form. Though the irregular upheaving of the rocky foundations of the islands, and the spasmodic struggling of the volcanic force, finding issue in cavernous vents and jagged fissures through which it has poured torrents of lava, have given the shore generally the grandeur of wild confusion, yet by some strange chance a certain order and regularity of form have been preserved here and there amidst the universal convulsion. Many passages pass like canals through the base of the hills, and have a smoothness and regularity as if they had been executed by the most skillful art. There is one which passes through a headland bounding the harbor of Port Lloyd, which is constantly traversed by the canoes of the inhabitants, and there is another, with a width of fifteen feet and a height within of fifty, the roof of which rises in an arch, which spans the canal with all the regularity of an architectural structure.

In 1830, a colony of Americans and Europeans came to Peel Island, from the Sandwich Islands, having in their train several native male and female Kanakas. This is the nucleus of the population, which amounted to only thirty-one, all told, on the visit of Commodore Perry. One Nathaniel Savery, a New England Yankee, is looked up to as a sort of patriarch of the people, and he manages to sustain himself with the proper degree of dignity. This man has married a native of Guam, the widow of one of the first settlers, and—what with an increasing family of young Saveries, the cultivation of a patch of alluvial land, bounded in front toward the bay by a coral reef, and in the rear by a wooded gorge, which stretches between two hills which rise from the interior, and the proverbial ingenuity of his countrymen in making the best of the accidental circumstances of life—seems to

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be in a highly prosperous condition. Savery contrives to raise such abundant harvests of sweet potatoes, maize, taro, onions, pine-apples, bananas, and water-melons, that he has not only enough for himself and family but a surplus to spare for the whalers which frequent the Bonins for supplies. Whatever may be the theoretical views of Savery upon the all-absorbing question of a Maine Law, he evidently practically disproves of it, for he has constructed a still, and is famous for making the best rum in all the Bonins. He has a pretty enough cottage, with neat inclosures and a garden, watered by a beautiful stream which flows coolly through the tropical vegetation that fills in the valley behind. The other European inhabitants live very much as Savery, and are mostly paired with substantial Sandwich Island women, who are doing their best to colonize the country. The Kanakas have grouped themselves together in a village of palm-thatched huts, where they live very much as in their native islands, to the genial climate of which that of the Bonins is not unlike.

The soil is remarkably fertile, and with a sufficient population the islands could be made very productive. They have every advantage, with an excellent harbor, an abundance of pure water, wood, fish, turtle, and other natural products, for a stopping-place for whalers and steamers. Commodore Perry was greatly impressed with



NATURAL CAVE, BONIN ISLANDS.

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the resources of Peel Island, and by purchasing from Savery a piece of land in the bay, made due provision for the probable wants of our Government. Explorations throughout the island disclosed much fertile land in the valleys, and the richest possible variety of tropical vegetation. Some forests of palms thronged up the hillsides and through the ravines, giving, with the surface of the land, broken into irregular mountainous elevations and abrupt cliffs, a wild and picturesque aspect to the country. Wild boars were started from their coverts in the undergrowth, or suddenly disturbed from their burrows beneath the overhanging rocks.

After a visit of four days' duration, during which the islands were thoroughly explored, and their future interests promoted by an addition of some animals to their stock, the Commodore returned with his two ships to Loo-Choo, where he arrived on the evening of June the twenty-third. The Commodore found every thing at Napa very much as when he had left, although the arrival of the *Plymouth* from Shanghae had supplied a large accession to the force of Americans who had remained at Loo-Choo. These had nothing to complain of in regard to their treatment, which was marked by the usual courtesy, though with no diminution of reserve. There was some surprise in finding that the venerable Regent had been deposed and a younger man substituted in his place. It was thought at first that that aged and respectable dignitary had made way with himself, in accordance with the Loo-Choan and Japanese practice. Whenever an official incurs the serious displeasure of his superiors, he anticipates the consequences by what is termed in Japan the *Hari Kari*, which is a very summary operation of suicide. The self-condemned criminal first rips up his bowels with his sword, and then cuts his neck, by which he forestalls all judiciary proceedings; and although he loses his life, which he would have done probably in any event, he secures his property to his family, which otherwise would have been forfeited to the state. It was, however, a very agreeable surprise to find that the venerable Regent had not been reduced to this unpleasant necessity, and it was quite a relief to the anxiety of all to see the old gentleman again, though shorn of his honors, in the full possession of his head and of his digestive apparatus, apparently in its original state of integrity. He had, it was learned, merely resigned in consequence of his modest conviction that he was too old to cope with the resolute energies of the enterprising Yankees, and a more youthful and active man had taken his place. The new Regent had succeeded, among his other honors, to the invitation which the Commodore extended to his predecessor, and he and his suite were accordingly dined on board the *Mississippi*, where they showed a hearty appreciation of roast beef, plum pudding, and of what they were pleased to term American sakee—some old Monongahela whisky.

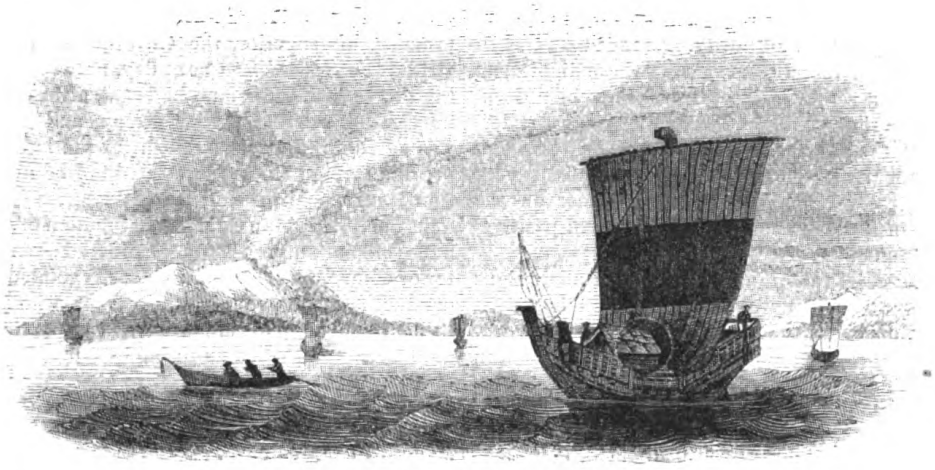
The Commodore now mustered all his forces for the expedition to Japan, with the determination to push with the greatest promptitude the designs he had in view. As for the comparatively small business with the Loo-Choans, he, after giving them a foretaste of the Yankee off-hand manner, proposed settling up his account with the authorities on his return.

Accordingly, at break of day on the morning of the second of July (1853), the American squadron, composed of the *Susquehanna*, which bore the Commodore's broad pendant, the steamer *Mississippi*, and the sloops-of-war the *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*, sailed from Napa. Each steamer had in tow a sailing ship, and as all the vessels were well appointed, with formidable batteries of guns, an abundant supply of small arms, and a good stock of American self-reliance, they probably were equal to any emergency that might arise, although the Commodore had hoped to have exhibited to the Japanese a more imposing show of his country's naval force. In fact, twelve vessels had been promised originally by the government, which number, however, had dwindled down, through the remissness of the authorities at home, to the very small force of four ships, all told. On rather a foggy morning—the 8th of July, six days after leaving Napa—the precipitous coast of Idzu, a district of Niphon, loomed up through the hazy atmosphere, and revealed the first sight of Japan to the sharp-sighted sailor at the masthead of the *Susquehanna*. The course of the squadron was now pointed directly to the entrance of the bay of Yedo. It will be found, on looking at a map of Japan, that that empire is composed chiefly of four islands, the largest one of which is Niphon; the next in size, Yedo, at the north; and the two smaller ones, Sitkoff, and Kiusou, at the south. The Commodore had determined to push his way as near as possible to Yedo, the capital, situated at the head of the bay of the same name, so he boldly steamed where steamer had never ventured before, and was soon plowing the remote waters of Japan, and looking with eager interest upon the novel scene which surrounded him. The bay at the entrance is hardly eight miles in width, but it increases to twelve or more beyond. The bold headlands of the precipitous Cape Sagami rose on the left, and on the right extended irregularly the mountainous district of Awa.

As the ships closed in with the land, and as the fog occasionally lifted, a glance was here and there caught of the neighboring shores, that were observed "to rise in precipitous bluffs which connected landward with undulating hills. Deep ravines, green with rich verdure, divided the slopes, and opened into small expanses of alluvial land, washed by the waters of the bay into the form of inlets, about the borders of which were grouped various Japanese villages. The uplands were beautifully varied with cultivated fields and tufted woods; while far behind rose the mountains, height upon height, in the inland distance."* The shores

* Commodore Perry's Narrative of the Japan Expedition.

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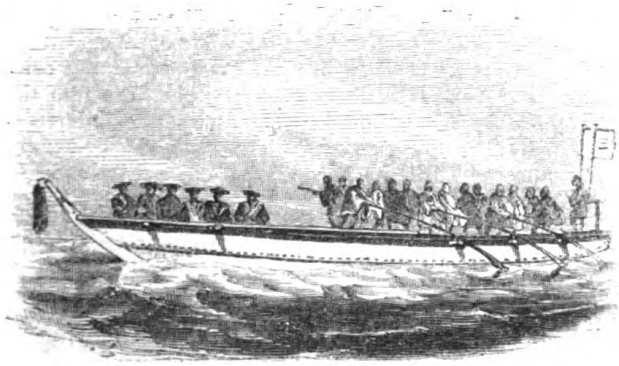
MOUTH OF BAY OF YEDO.

of the bay, particularly on the western side, were populous with a succession of towns and villages, picturesquely grouped in groves of pine and other trees. The rising ground which came down from the mountainous interior abruptly terminated at the water's edge in precipitous headlands, which were covered with white forts, more formidable in appearance than in reality. The bay was busy with trading-junks, sailing up and down with their broad sails, or putting in here and there at the various ports.

A fleet of Japanese boats, supposed to be government vessels, pulled out into the stream, with the apparent purpose of arresting the progress of the squadron. The steamers, however, passed them contemptuously by, and as they moved along rapidly on their course, at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, with all their sails furled, the Japanese were left rapidly behind, and in a state evidently of much amazement at the sight of the first vessels they had ever beheld impelled by steam. As the day advanced the sun came out, dispelling the mist which had gathered over the land, and revealing a wide prospect of the distant country. Mont Fuzi was now seen rising to an immense height, with its cone-like summit covered with snow, which glistened brightly in the sun.

The ships, as they approached their anchorage, continued sounding at every turn of the steamers' wheels, and they moved on slowly and cautiously until they reached a part of the bay off the city of Uraga, on the western side. The anchors were now let go, and the squadron was securely moored in Japanese waters, within a nearer distance of the capital of Yedo than any foreign vessel had ever ventured. As the ships hove to, commanding with their guns the town of Uraga and the battery upon its promontory, two guns were fired from the neighboring forts, and rockets were discharged into the air, for the purpose probably of signalizing the authorities at the capital. An immense fleet of government boats, each distinguished by a white flag at the stern with a black central stripe and a tassel at the bow, came, in accordance with the usual practice in Japanese waters, hovering about the squadron. The Commodore had issued orders that no one from the shore should be allowed to board either of his vessels except his own flagship. Some of the boats, however, attempted to get alongside the *Saratoga*, and the crews clung to the chains until they were repelled with considerable violence.

One of the Japanese boats was allowed to come alongside of the *Susquehanna*, and every one on board of the steamer was struck with the resemblance of her build, as well as of the others, to that of the famous yacht *America*. Her bows were sharp, her beam broad, and her stern slightly tapering. She was trimly built, of pine-wood apparently, without a touch of paint, and was propelled over the water with great swiftness by a numerous crew of boatmen, who, standing to their oars at the stern, sculled instead of rowing the boat. The men were naked, with the exception of a cloth about their loins, and were wonderfully stalwart and active fellows. Two persons, armed



JAPANESE GOVERNMENT BOAT.

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each with a couple of swords, a Japanese mark of official rank, stood toward the stern, and were evidently men of authority. As the boat reached the side of the steamer one of these dignitaries held up a scroll, which turned out to be a document in the French and Dutch languages, ordering off the ships, and forbidding them to anchor at their peril. No notice was taken of this very peremptory summons, and the officer on the deck of the Commodore's ship refused positively to touch the paper.

The chief functionary on the boat made signs to have the gangway let down, that he might come on board the *Susquehanna*. This was reported to the Commodore, who kept secluded in his cabin, and he sent word that no one but a dignitary of the highest rank would be received. The Chinese interpreter attached to the squadron tried to make this understood to the Japanese, but as there seemed some difficulty, one of the two functionaries in the boat, who was the chief spokesman, cried out in very good English, "I can speak Dutch!" The Dutch interpreter was then summoned in the emergency, and a parley ensued, in the course of which it was learned that the two officials alongside were Nagasima Saboroske, the Vice-Governor of Uraga, and Hori Tatsnoske, an interpreter. As they insisted that they were the proper persons with whom to confer, they were admitted on board, and were received in the captain's cabin on deck. The Commodore had resolved, from motives of policy, to keep himself entirely secluded until a personage of the highest rank was appointed to meet him, and accordingly communicated with the visitors only through his subordinate officers. The Japanese were now told that the Commodore bore a letter to the Emperor from the President of the United States, which he was prepared to deliver so soon as a proper person was appointed to receive it. To this they replied that Nagasaki, in the island of Kiusou, was the only place where any such communication could be received, and that the ships must proceed there immediately. This being reported to the Commodore, he sent back an answer declaring that he would not go to Nagasaki; and, moreover, if the authorities did not remove their boats, which were thronging about the ships, he would disperse them by force. This last piece of intelligence produced a very prompt effect, for the Vice-Governor of Uraga rose hurriedly on learning it, and going to the gangway beckoned the guard-boats away. In reference to the reception of the President's letter, the Japanese dignitary said he had nothing more to say, but that another personage of higher rank would come next morning and confer with the Commodore about it. The Japanese now took their departure.

The presence of the Americans in the bay of Yedo was evidently exciting a very lively apprehension among those on shore, for guns were frequently firing, signal rockets shooting up into the air, soldiers parading about the batteries on the various headlands, and at night beacon fires were blazing and illumining the long extent of shore. In accordance with the Vice-Governor's promise, his superior, the Governor of Uraga, visited the *Susquehanna* next day, notwithstanding the former gentleman had said, at first, that he himself was the proper person, and that it was against the laws of Japan for the latter to board a foreign ship. But this kind of deception is a recognized element of Japanese diplomacy, and lying is an established function of Japanese official duty, so it was considered as a matter of course, and the Commodore regulated his conduct accordingly. The Governor, who sent in his name upon his gigantic red card as Kayamon Yezaimon, was a more imposing personage than his Vice, and was robed in character with his great pretensions. He wore the usual Japanese loose gown, something like a clerical robe, which in his case was of rich silk, embroidered with a pattern of peacock feathers. In the sash which girded his waist were thrust the two swords of dignity, and on his head was a lacquered cap, like a reversed basin, reminding one of Don Quixote's helmet of Mambrino. When he uncovered, the usual manner of dressing the hair was disclosed, in which the head is shaved from the forehead far back, while the locks at the sides and above the neck being allowed to grow to a great length, are drawn up, and, being plastered and anointed with pomatum, are fastened in a knot which is stuck to the bald spot on the top. Yezaimon was admitted to an interview, not, however, with the Commodore, who still preserved his dignified reserve, but with one of his captains. A long conversation ensued, in the course of which he was told very much the same things as had been said to his predecessor. He, finding that the Commodore was resolute in his declaration that he would not go to Nagasaki, promised to refer the subject to the imperial government. Nagasaki, it will be recollected, is the place where the Dutch factory is established, and where the Japanese desire to confine all their relations with foreigners under the same degrading restrictions as those to which the Hollanders have, for the sake of a little trade, so long and so discreditably submitted.

The Commodore had sent out a number of boats, well armed, to survey the bay, and as they proceeded in their work, closing in with the land, troops of Japanese soldiers thronged the shores and the batteries, while fleets of government boats, with armed men under the command of military officers, pushed out into the stream, with the apparent purpose of intercepting the surveyors. The American lieutenant who led the survey party ordered his men to rest upon their oars a while, and to adjust the caps to their pistols, that they might be prepared for what appeared to be the imminent prospect of a collision. The Japanese, however, observing the resolute attitude of the strangers, sculled their trim boats fast away, and the Americans were left undisturbed in their labors.

Yezaimon having observed the survey boats

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busy in the bay, expressed great anxiety, and declared that it was against the Japanese laws, to which he was answered that the American laws command it, and that the Americans were as much bound to obey the latter as his countrymen were the former. The Commodore had every thing in battle array in case of a rupture; he had cleared the decks, placed his guns in position and shotted them, put the small-arms into order, overhauled the ammunition, arranged the sentinels, and had done all that was usual before meeting an enemy. Not that the Commodore anticipated actual hostilities, but that he was resolved to be on the alert in case of an emergency, knowing that the best means of avoiding war was to be well prepared for it. The Japanese on their part were no less engaged in busy preparation, furbishing up their forts and extending long stretches of black canvas to either side, with the view of giving them a more formidable aspect, not conscious apparently that the telescopes from the ships' decks disclosed all their sham contrivances for effect. The Japanese soldiers showed themselves in great force about the batteries, glittering in their gay robes of bright blue and red, while their lacquered caps, and tall spears, shone brightly in the sun's light. Numbers of government boats also thronged the neighboring shores.

After the most provoking and tedious negotiation with the Governor of Uraga, who almost daily visited the *Susquehanna*, and pertinaciously offered every obstacle in his power to the Commodore's resolute determination to be received by a proper personage to whom he might deliver the President's letter, it was at last reluctantly decided by the Government of Japan that the Commodore's wish should be complied with. Accordingly, Thursday, the 14th of July, 1853, was the day appointed for an interview. It was only by the Commodore's urgent demand, and the threat that he would carry the President's letter to Yedo and deliver it in person, that the authorities were prevailed upon to intermit their tedious and prevaricating diplomacy, and, after a delay of four days, to fix the time for the reception on shore.

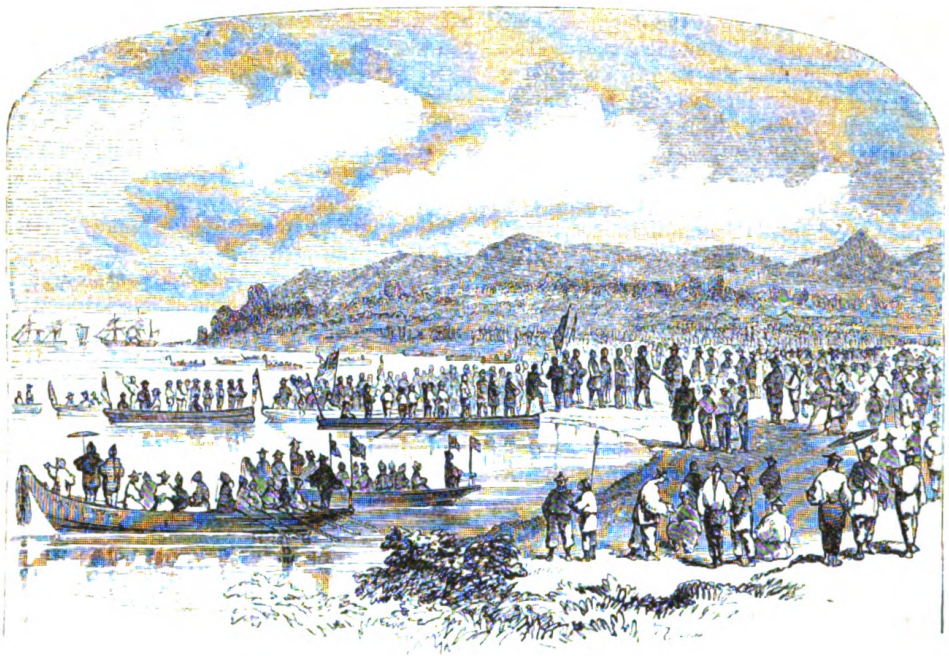
"I will wait until Tuesday, the 12th of July, and no longer," were the emphatic words of the Commodore, and on that day the answer of the Emperor came, appointing, as we have seen, the subsequent Thursday for the reception.

A small village, called Gori-hama, about a Japanese mile south of Uraga, had been selected for the interview, and accordingly, when the day arrived, the two steamers were moved down the bay opposite the place, and anchored in a position by which their guns could command the landing. The Japanese had erected a temporary building of pine-wood, the three-peaked roofs of which rose high above the houses of the neighboring village. White canvas, painted in squares with black stripes, covered the building and stretched a long distance to either side. Nine tall standards of a rich crimson cloth, surrounded by a crowd of variegated colored flags, were distributed along the beach in front, while troops of Japanese soldiers, to the number of five thousand or more, were arrayed in line behind. The hills and country in the neighborhood were thronged with people. As the steamers came to anchor, two Japanese boats sculled alongside the *Susquehanna*, and Kayama Yezaimon, the Governor of Uraga, accompanied by two interpreters, came on board, immediately followed by Nagasima Saboroske, the Vice-Governor, with an attendant. They were dressed in full official costume. Saboroske was the dandy of the occasion, and shone brilliantly in his loose robe of gayly-colored and richly embroidered silk, with its back, sleeves, and breasts all covered with armorial quarterings, like a herald-at-arms. He had rather a comical look, as he went, with his usual curiosity, poking about every where, and with his cunning vivacity seemed, in his gay bedizenment, very like an uncommonly brilliant knave of trumps. He wore, in addition to his splendid robe, a pair of very short but wide trowsers, while his legs below were partly naked and partly covered with black woolen socks. His feet were encased in white sandals, and his head was covered with the ordinary reversed hat, shining with lacquer and adorned with gilded ornaments.

Every thing being now in readiness for the landing, some fifteen boats left the ships loaded down with officers, marines, and sailors. One of the captains, who had the command of the day, led the van in his barge, flanked on either side by the two Japanese boats containing the Governor and Vice-Governor of Uraga and their suites. The others followed in order, accompanied by the two bands of music, which struck up a series of enlivening tunes. A temporary wharf of straw and sand had been built out from the shore, where the boats now disembarked in succession their various loads, and fell back in line to either side. The marines and sailors were ranged in rank and file along the beach, and awaited the coming of the Commodore, who was the last to set out. He now came in his state barge, amidst the salvo of thirteen guns from his flag-ship, and immediately after landing upon the wharf was escorted up the beach to the house of reception by his body-guard, the various officers, the marines, and sailors who formed the procession.

The Americans, it must be allowed, made quite a formidable appearance with their force, which amounted, all told, to nearly four hundred. The marines were in full uniform of blue and white, and, with their thorough military discipline, their neat muskets, and glistening bayonets, presented quite an effective appearance as they marched in front. The Jack tars who followed, swinging in their nautical gait and dressed in their neat navy frocks and saucy-looking tarpaulins, were fine manly fellows, and contrasted greatly with the effeminate-looking Japanese about. The United States flag was borne by two tall, broad-shouldered sailors, who had been picked out of the whole

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FIRST LANDING AT GORAHAMA, JAPAN.

squadron for their stalwart proportions. These were immediately followed by two boys, dressed rather fancifully for the occasion, who bore, wrapped in a scarlet cloth envelope, the box which contained the Commodore's credentials and the President's letter. These documents were beautifully inscribed on vellum of folio size, and bound in blue silk velvet. The seals were attached by cords of silk and gold terminating in gold tassels, and encased in circular boxes, six inches in diameter and three in depth, beautifully wrought of solid gold. The box which contained the documents was of rosewood, with gold mountings. The Commodore came immediately after, in full uniform, flanked on either side by a tall negro armed to the teeth —the two being the best-looking fellows that could be found. The various officers of the squadron followed in succession according to their rank, and thus the procession reached the entrance of the Reception House, where the marines and sailors halting, formed two lines, between which the Commodore and his officers passed up and entered the building. The house showed in its bare timbers marks of hasty erection, but it was handsomely adorned for the occasion. The first apartment was a large reception hall, spread with thick, soft mats of rice straw, and its walls hung with cotton hangings adorned with representations of the crane—the sacred bird of Japan. Along the sides were divans covered with red cloth; and through the centre of the floor was extended a strip of red carpet, which led to an inner recess, raised, like a dais, several steps higher than the outer hall. This inner compartment was fitted up with hangings of silk and fine cotton, upon which the imperial arms, consisting of the three leaves of the common clover joined together in a circle, were embroidered in white. The Commodore and his suite advanced to the raised dais, and were conducted to the seats which had been prepared for them on the left, the place of honor with the Japanese. On the right were the two princes who had been appointed by the imperial government to receive the President's letter. They were both venerable-looking men, with white beards and thoughtful expressions of face. As the Commodore entered, they rose and bowed, but did not utter a word; and, in fact, during the whole interview they remained as silent as statues. These dignitaries were richly robed in garments of heavy silk brocade, interwoven with gold and silver ornaments, and made quite an effective appearance. Near them stood a large lacquered box, of a bright red color, supported on feet made of brass; and on either side of this box Yezaimon and the interpreter, Tatsnoske, took their positions, crouched upon their knees. These prostrate gentlemen acted as masters of ceremonies on the occasion, and moved about with exceeding liveliness, notwithstanding that their humble attitude, which they preserved throughout, prevented the use of their legs.

Tatsnoske having announced the names of the princes as *Toda-idzu-no-Kami*—Toda, Prince of Idzu, and *Ido-iwami-no-Kami*—Ido, Prince of Iwami, there was a momentary pause, as if to give the Commodore an opportunity to recover from the effects of so imposing an announcement. Business then commenced by the Japanese interpreter asking if the letters were ready for delivery, and pointing at the red box as the proper receptacle for them. The Commodore accordingly called in his pages from the

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A JAPANESE MACKINTOSH.

lower hall who carried the documents, and they, obeying the summons, marched up, followed by the two tall negro guards. They were then directed to place the papers upon the red box prepared to receive them, which they did, and the business of the day was done. The Commodore, bowing formally, now arose and returned to the ship with the same ceremony as when he left.

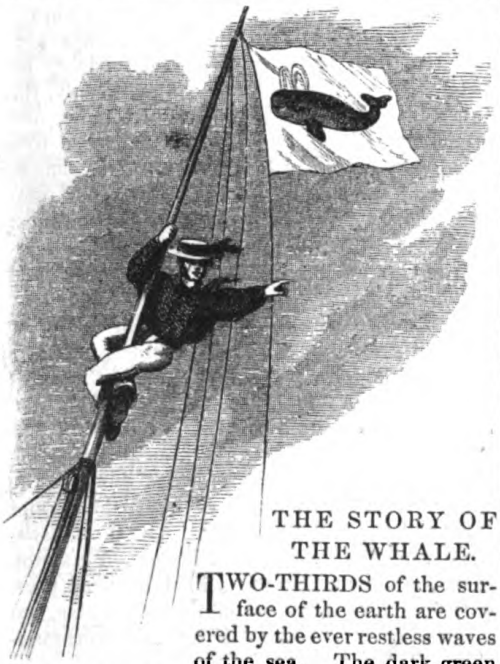
Yezaimon Saboroske and Tatsnoske accompanied the Americans on board, and were readily persuaded to take a sail on the *Susquehanna* up the bay. Yezaimon was always a great favorite with the Americans, as, in addition to the usual well-bred courtesy of his countrymen, he had a great deal of *bonhomie*, which induced him to share freely in the good-fellowship of the naval officers. With all his friendliness he showed a gentlemanly reserve, and in this respect differed from the Vice-Governor, Saboroske, who was pert and rudely inquisitive. Every thing on board ship was now shown to the Japanese, and they exhibited an intelligent curiosity about all they saw. While the engine of the steamer was in motion they examined with great interest every part of the machinery, and by their questions showed a certain familiarity with the power of steam. They asked, for example, whether it was a smaller machine of the same kind as the ship's engine which was used in America on those roads that are cut through the mountains, evidently alluding to our railroads. They wanted to know who first invented steamers, and what was the greatest speed they reached. Upon a globe being presented to them, they pointed out New York and Washington, and also the various principal states of Europe, proving a very accurate knowledge on their part of the geographical distribution of the earth. The revolvers on board pleased them particularly, and they asked to have them fired off. On the arrival of the steamers off Uraga the Japanese left in their boats, which had been towed at the stern of the *Susquehanna*, and expressed great regret at taking what they supposed was their last farewell.

The steamers being now joined by the *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*, which vessels had weighed their anchors in readiness, the whole squadron moved up the bay in line. A good opportunity was thus obtained of seeing the country on both sides, and nothing could be more beautiful than the varied scene of cultivated fields, terraced gardens, groves of spreading trees, rich valleys, green hillsides, and populous villages which presented itself as the ships passed along the shore. They first crossed to the eastern side; then returned to the western side, where they finally came to anchor in a beautiful spot, which had already been carefully surveyed, and was now called for the first time the "American Anchorage." Great consternation was created on land by this movement; but although the soldiers thronged the numerous batteries, and the government boats pulled out into the bay, there was no attempt to interfere forcibly with the squadron. Yezaimon and Tatsnoske, however, as soon as the anchors were dropped, sculled up alongside the *Susquehanna* in great haste, and hurried aboard, asking anxiously, "Why do your ships anchor here?" They were, however, soon quieted when they discovered that all they had to say was not likely to produce much effect upon the Commodore, who merely told them that as he was to return in the spring, he wished to obtain a good anchorage for his vessels. After a few words of protest on the one side and explanation on the other, the whole matter dropped, and was very agreeably relieved by the entrance of a supply of refreshments. Yezaimon was always prepared to take his part in any conviviality on hand, and seemed now to enjoy keenly the ship's biscuit, the ham and cold tongue, and especially the whisky. As the Japanese rose to go, they crammed into their spacious sleeves pieces of the bread and ham, and other remnants of the feast, and took leave in the most courtly and friendly manner.

The Commodore on the next day transferred his flag to the *Mississippi*, and pushed his way to a distance within seven miles of Yedo, so near, in fact, that he could distinctly see the suburb although not the capital itself, for a projecting promontory hid it from view. There was no interruption to the progress of the steamer, but evidently great interest excited on shore, as the inhabitants crowded down to the water's edge in multitudes, and the troops thronged about the batteries. On the *Mississippi* returning to her anchorage, Yezaimon came on board, bringing with him some presents for the Commodore of no great value, but interesting as specimens of Japanese workmanship. There were a few wooden cups beautifully polished with their famous lacquer, some pieces of fine silks, and several grotesquely ornamented fans. These were only accepted on the condition that something of at least equal value should be received in return, which, after some demur on the part of Yezaimon, was finally complied with. As the squadron was to leave the bay of Yedo next day Yezaimon and Tats-

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noske expressed their regret that the time for parting with their American friends had arrived, and did their best to drown their grief in the abundant supplies of wine and whisky which circulated on that occasion. The Japanese grew very affectionate, and particularly Yezaimon, who not only drank much Champagne, but was, oddly enough, the most pathetic of the party; he avowed that when his American friends should leave he would be obliged to relieve himself in a gush of tears. Tatsnoske became rather confidential than tender, and hinted, with a knowing look and with a very diplomatic whisper, that all would be well, as he could aver on the best authority, with the President's letter. When these jovial Japanese rose to leave, they shook hands with every man that happened to be within sight, and then descended reluctantly into their boat alongside, bowing at every step. No sooner were those worthies seated on their mats in their boat, than Yezaimon ordered one of the cases of wine which had been presented to him to be opened, and taking out a bottle, commenced drinking a parting health to his American friends. On the next morning (Sunday, July 17th, 1853), the Commodore set sail for Napa, having spent just seventeen days in the bay of Yedo. This was the duration of his first visit; his second, with its important consequences and interesting developments, we may relate at some future time.



THE STORY OF THE WHALE.

TWO-THIRDS of the surface of the earth are covered by the ever restless waves of the sea. The dark-green water, like a thick atmosphere, is settled upon valleys and mountains, including landscapes as diversified and grand as were ever witnessed from the peaks of the Andes or the Alps. Standing upon the solid earth, we behold its broken and varied surface covered with forests and cities; animated life is every where visible; the air is filled with birds of gay plumage, the land is crowded with active beings, and the mind of man is overwhelmed with wonder and admiration at the visible works of creation. Could we behold the mysteries of the great deep as we can those of the more buoyant air, we should see shells that outrival in beauty the choicest flowers of the field—plants which rejoice in raiment of purple and gold, and myriad gems "of purest ray serene." We should witness strange glimpses of sunshine and storm amidst the bold cliffs, the undulating valleys, and the coral reefs; we should behold in these vast depths thousands of living creatures, and, through the media of this lower world, would be seen sporting upon pinions apparently as light as air, not the eagle, the hawk, and the singing-bird, but the gay dolphin, the voracious shark, and the mighty leviathan.

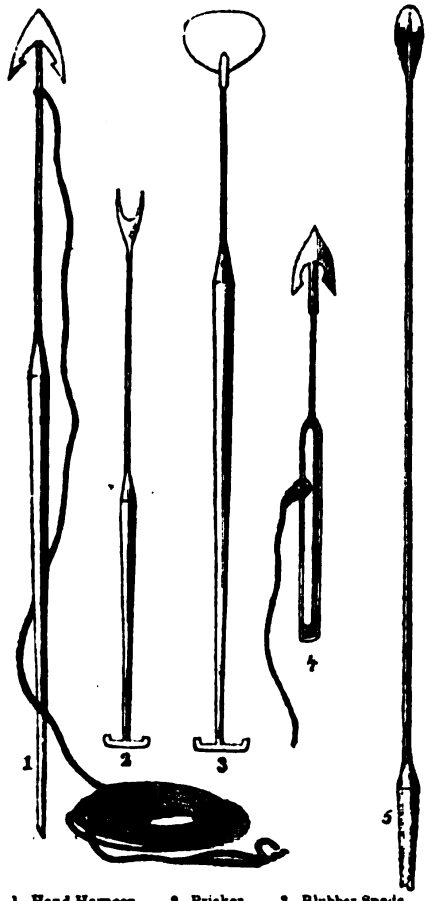
The ocean is indeed richer in treasure than the land—its great characteristic is abundance. Its inexhaustible wealth, without any apparent decrease and with but little labor, supplies food and luxuries for millions: it knows no stint; famine never visits its domain; yet, withal, its appetite is insatiable, and its dark, unfathomed caves are sepulchres, most dread and mysterious, where lie not only untold treasures, but, without head-stone or record, sleep accumulated individuals and nations. In this domain of water, which is not like the land divided into parts, but is one great whole, exists an animal of characteristic proportions, whose gigantic structure demands the universal waste for a sporting ground; for, in search of its food, it moves from zone to zone; at one time basking beneath the torrid heats of the equator, and then suddenly appearing among the desert fields of ice in the farthest North—of all created living things the mightiest—of all game pursued by the destructive hand of man the most sublime.

A love for the chase is the most deeply-implanted sentiment of the human heart, and it gives rise to the most exciting employment of the human faculties. Its practice has been the best preserver of freedom; for no nation has ever been enslaved so long as its strong men used the bow, the spear, or the rifle in conflict with the wild beasts of prey. Heroes of all times have been hunters; the ability to destroy has given birth to the power to defend. Upon the great trysting-ground of the illimitable sea, even more than upon land, we behold the majesty of the chase; for its bosom has always been the nursery of the strong arm and the defiant spirit; for even when universal peace prevails on shore, the battle for life upon the ocean still goes on.

Crushed as may become the wild nature of man under the enervating influences of cities and traffic, still there are thousands who, not content with gain realized in the usual way from the avaricious hand of trade—who, although willing to labor, still feel restless because they have no formidable obstacles to overcome, no perils to encounter, except such as grow out of the befouled intricacies of licentious civilization.

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It is such men who seek excitement in war—who become the champions of the oppressed, or, mingling a love of gain with adventurous disposition, look out upon the imperiled seas, and, by a happy conception, unite together the pursuits of the wild man with the necessities of the civilized race, gather wealth in the face of danger, and snatch a subsistence from the impending jaws of death—this spirit originated and still maintains the conquest of the whale, reducing his huge carcass to the purposes of commerce and the wants of man.



1. Hand Harpoon. 2. Pricker. 3. Blubber Spade. 4. Gun Harpoon. 5. Lance.

IMPLEMENTS USED IN WHALING.

The Cetacea, or the Whale kind, closely resemble in shape the fishes, and, until quite recently, have been confounded among them by naturalists. We well remember the shower of ridicule that was dispensed upon an American savan, when he announced that the whale belonged to the quadrupeds!

Fishy as the whale may appear, it is essentially different, and belongs, in the order of creation, to the mammalia. It is dependent for life upon breathing the upper air, is filled with warm, red blood, possesses a double system for its circulation, and brings forth its young alive. It is impossible from any description, however perfect, to form any clear idea of the magnitude or shape of the whale; nor can we be made to comprehend it by any familiar comparison. The hugest beast by its side makes little more impression than the tiny mouse; for the largest-sized whales have within themselves the fat, the bone, and the muscle of near a thousand head of cattle. Sporting upon the surface of the ocean, it is as graceful as the trout of the mountain stream; it skims along the water with rapidity; it disports in the sun; it stems the mountain wave; and, in its joyous exultation, leaps bodily into the air; but, like the hull of the noble ship, if stranded upon the shore, it becomes a wreck in form, helpless, and totally unlike the thing it was in life. The industry of the showman has exposed to our gaze the giants of the land. The elephant is caged and trained; but we may as soon expect the islands of the sea to be uprooted from their foundations, and borne triumphant through our cities, as to look for the full-grown living whale.

The voyager, either for business or pleasure, when out upon the ocean, is often startled by the announcement, "There are whales!" Every eye is strained along the horizon, and, perchance, a dim puff of mist may be seen, blowing off to the windward, no more tangible than an infant's breath greeting the frosty morn. Still that phenomenon grows mighty when it is considered how many miles over the dreary waste of waters intervene, between the lungs that respired it and the intelligent mind that marked the effect; such, however, is the unsatisfactory view that most of us have of whales.

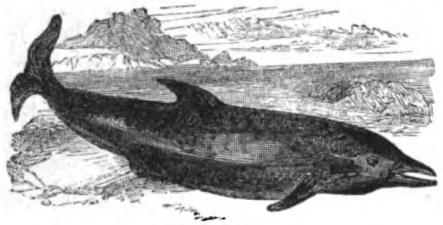
The body of every species of whale is remarkable for its covering of fat. They are naturally disposed to take on this quality, so peculiar to lymphatic temperaments when well fed; hence it is that the porpoises have been termed the Aldermen of fish. This fat, called by the sailors "blubber," lies between the skin and muscles, and in the right and sperm whale varies from four to twenty inches in thickness, and supplies the oil so well known to commerce. It is of a coarse texture, and much harder than the fat of pork. So very full of oil is it that a cask closely packed with clean, raw blubber, will not—as has been frequently shown by experiment—contain the oil and scraps extracted by heat. This coat, which wraps the fish as in a blanket, has several important uses. It renders the specific gravity of the animal lighter, serves as a non-conductor against the effects of cold, and protects the internal organs when the fish comes in collision with hard bodies, or suffers in diving from the supposed tremendous pressure of the sea.

The family of the cetacea are wonderful for their swiftness in the water, and yet their sole propelling power is in the tail. Unlike the fish, instead of being perpendicular, this important member lies horizontally upon the water, and is used with an up and down motion instead of from side to side. In the whale the tail, which is fifteen feet wide, is called its "flukes," and it is wielded in all directions with astonishing power and velocity. It not only drives the animal through the water, but is its weapon of

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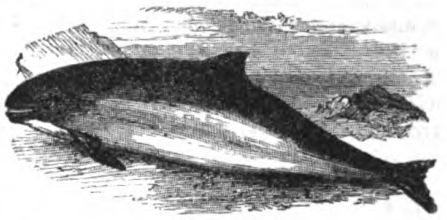
defense. Where the flukes join the body the latter is very small, yet it is found that this diameter is occupied with unnumbered tendons connected with every part of the gigantic structure. Hence its facile power, its seeming intelligence. The trunk of the elephant contains forty thousand muscles, the tail of the whale is composed of a still greater number. We have already alluded to the speed of the dolphin and the activity of the porpoise; of the whale, it has been asserted by Toussenel that he could circumnavigate the globe in fifteen days. This is, no doubt, an imagination; but they perform tremendous journeys in little time, passing from the tropics to the poles, and from sea to sea, without an effort and without fatigue. The whale, guided by the wisdom of the Creator, annually passes to the East Indies, by way of the North Pole, and accomplishes, in the very enjoyment of its existence, what has baffled the wisdom of man—has sent Parry, discouraged, to his shipping port, and numbered the lamented Franklin among the dead.

In the creation of the whale, it would seem that such a giant, in order to sustain life, would soon depopulate even the teeming ocean, and that his voracity would necessarily cause him to be the tyrant of his domain. An animal which can with its closing jaws crush, as an egg-shell, the sides of a whale-boat—which can with a single headlong rush break in the oaken planks of our stoutest ships, who could oppose? Yet the whale, with all this power, if left undisturbed, is one of the most harmless creatures of the great deep.



THE DOLPHIN.

To the cetacea belong the dolphin, the porpoise, and the narwhal. The dolphins have had the fortune of being idolized by the poets, and at the same time they have been cruelly distorted by the painter and sculptor. Their length varies from six to ten feet, and they are among the most expert swimmers of the sea. Great numbers are said to inhabit the river St. Lawrence; and amidst the severest storms they breast the waves against the wind with all the speed that characterizes their movements when the elements are at rest. The porpoise is quite familiar, as it frequents the bays and inlets of our coast. It is active, fleet, and voracious. When the shoals of herring and other fish periodically visit our shores, they are harassed by the porpoise, which at these times revels in a perpetual feast. Their momentary appearance above the surface of the water is for the purpose of breathing; this accomplished, they plunge down again in search of food. In former times the flesh of this animal was esteemed a most acceptable luxury on the tables of the great; it is still something of a favorite with the sailors suffering from the privations of a long voyage, and rejoices in the name of "sea beef."



THE PORPOISE.

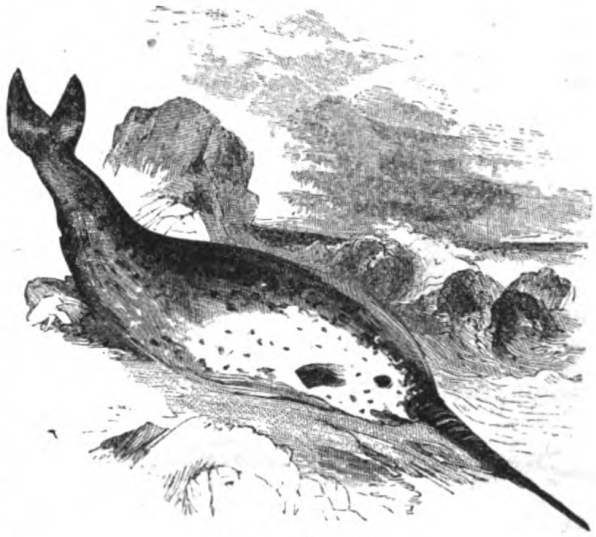
Away over on Long Island, where the Atlantic surf beats an eternal requiem for the lost mariner, lives an old fisherman who has met with strange adventures among the smaller inhabitants of the sea. He tells a tale of a porpoise which went "prospecting" up a little narrow-mouthed cove, which at high tide formed a miniature bay. Determined to secure the adventurous animal, he moored his little sloop in such a way that, when the tide fell, it left its hull a strong barricade grounded in the mud across the entire entrance of the cove. It was not long before the porpoise saw the necessity of a speedy retreat, and it came rushing down the gradually shallowing water, and drove its head plump against the side of the vessel. Numerous charges of buckshot were poured into its eyes and head, while it was making its oft-repeated efforts to escape underneath the obstruction in the way of its passage to deep water. Not to be thwarted, as a last resort, it deliberately retreated a few score feet, and gathering headway, made a flying leap *over the sloop*, and landed safely in the dark and deep sea beyond.

The narwhal, which grows to the length of thirty or forty feet, strangely differs from the other members of its family in having an immense spiral tusk projecting from the front of its head. In old times this weapon was unwittingly used to propagate a singular error; occasionally, through the channels of commerce, finding their way from the northern seas to the civilized portions of Europe, they passed for the veritable horn of the unicorn, and as an accredited part of that heraldic animal they commanded high prices. The use of this tusk to the animal is not known; no evidence exists that it is for destructive purposes, yet its strength is very great—sufficient to penetrate the oak timbers of a ship. Unless the narwhal should become an object of especial interest in the adventurous pursuits of commerce, it will ever remain but imperfectly known.

The sperm whale, which is exclusively confined to the tropics, is the most interesting of the family, not only on account of his immense size and superior intelligence, but also for his great value in supplying the wants of mankind. In form the animal seems shapeless when com-

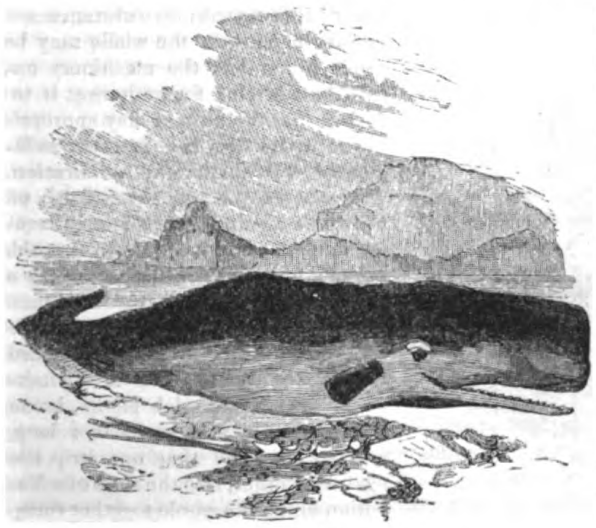
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pared with any other species of fish, his head forming one-third of his whole length; his skin, which is of a deep blue, is represented as having a lean and shriveled appearance, and wrinkled from the eye to the flukes, so as to resemble the surface of the ocean when the wind breaks it into riffs. It is a proverb among whalers, however, that the rougher and more out of condition the animal looks, the greater will be the amount of fat upon his ribs. He has but one "spout hole" through which the breath is forced, giving out at the same time a misty cloud resembling a whiff of tobacco-smoke. These "spouts" have a picturesque effect when contrasted with the blue expanse against which they are relieved, and from the "mast-head" can be seen eight or ten miles. This whale is never taken on soundings, and though often seen near land, it is where there is a bold shore and great depth of sea. Their power of vision is exceedingly limited; they can not see directly ahead of them, and hence, when alarmed, they often run foul of each other, and sometimes against the boats engaged in their pursuit, becoming perfectly terrified at their inability to discover where the danger lies. Their hearing, however, is extraordinary; not unfrequently, in large shoals, covering a vast expanse, the instant one is attacked every whale for miles around springs up, shoots his head out of the water, and listens. If a female has been struck, unconscious of danger they rush to the rescue; if a male is the victim, the shoal generally runs off, and is soon out of sight.



THE NARWHAL.

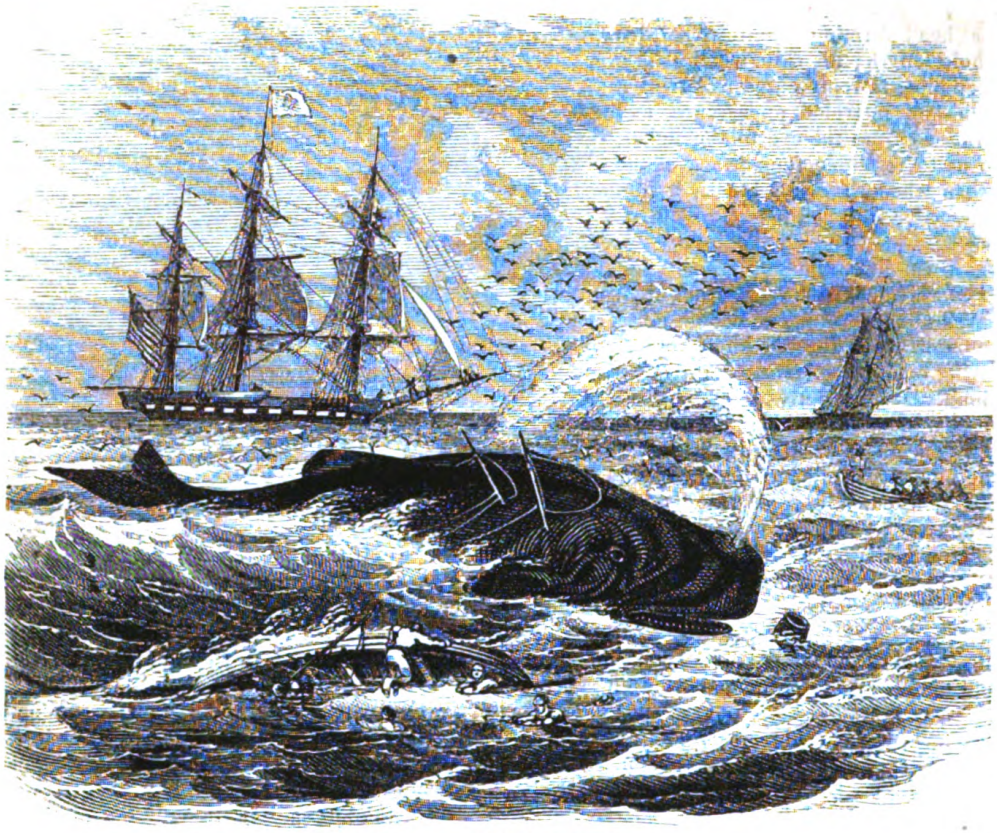
The ordinary speed of the whale is ten miles an hour, but when alarmed he will go fifteen. When a number are pursued—and they generally go in shoals—they will move like a troop of horse, descend and come up to the surface together, and then in unison blow off their confined breath. A shoal generally contains thirty or forty, and occasionally three or four hundred will be together. If one is found alone it is a male, and generally of the largest size. The "cows," which are all comparatively small, herd together, accompanied by a large "bull," which the whalers designate as their king. If not alarmed, the animal sinks quietly out of sight, but if otherwise he goes down perpendicularly, throwing the flukes high in the air, evidently to give the downward intent increased acceleration. Ordinarily the whale remains under water ten or fifteen minutes, but when endeavoring to hide away from its pursuers it keeps under the surface, according to the experience of most whalemen, just one hour. The impression that the eye of the whale is small, being but little larger than that of the ox, evidently arises from the contrast with the immense head, for the skeleton—seventy-two feet in length—which was for many years exhibited in London, presented sockets eighteen inches in diameter. The interior of the head of this enormous structure would hold thirty persons, while fifty men could find convenient standing-places within the ribs of the chest.



SPERM WHALE.

The fat or "blubber" of the sperm whale does not differ from the other species; it is the head alone which furnishes the substance so familiar in the form of wax candles. This sperm is found in a large cistern, the base of which rests upon the roof of the whale's mouth, and extends upward from nine to twelve feet. This "case" having been well secured to the ship's side, a hole is cut in the top of the skull, and the substance—of a delicate rose color, and of the consistency of cream—is dipped out with buckets,

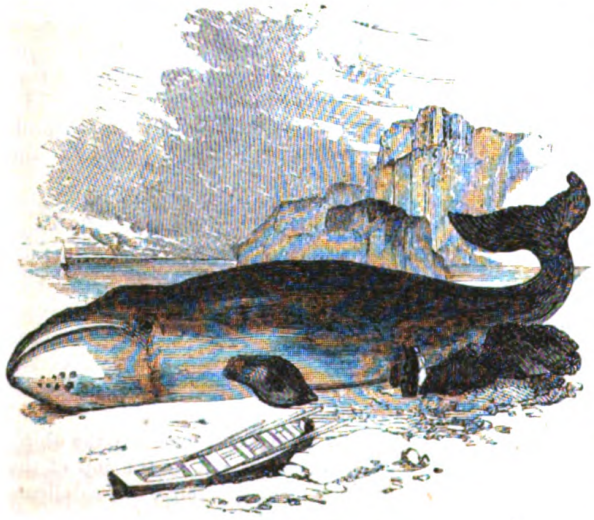
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PURSUIT OF THE SPERM WHALE.

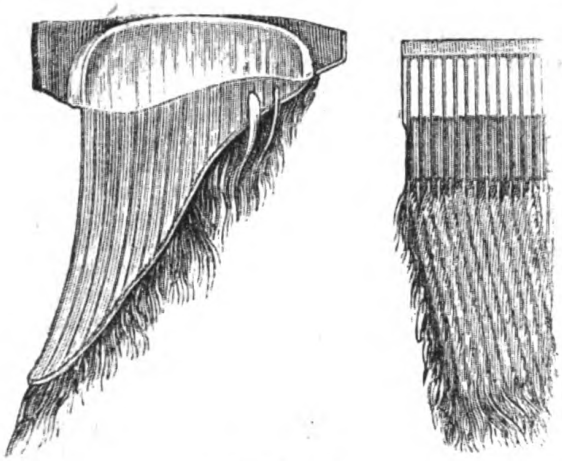
sometimes amounting to sixteen or twenty barrels.

The right, or Greenland whale, differs materially from the one we have imperfectly described. The sperm is an inhabitant of warm latitudes. Lieutenant Maury discovered that the torrid zone is to the right whale as a sea of fire, through which it could not pass. The "feed" of this species is one of the miracles of nature: it is a soft, gelatinous substance, composed of particles which are often too small to be discovered by the naked eye. In the Greenland and Arctic oceans, in its massive forms, it is visible for miles, and abundant enough to impede the progress of a ship. By the aid of a microscope it has been found to give the olive-green color peculiar to those seas; and hence the amount of the medusan animalculæ which they contain not only exceeds calculation, but the number is beyond the range of human words and conceptions. The quantity of this mysterious substance necessary to sustain the whale may be dimly imagined; the machinery nature has devised for gathering it together, that the animal may appropriate it to its own use, can not sufficiently call forth our admiration. The size of the toothless mouth of the right whale may be faintly comprehended, when it is known that the lower jaw makes a Gothic arch for a gateway sufficiently large for a man to drive through on horseback. To the roof of this mouth is attached the elastic substance known as whalebone. This material is in broad pieces, from six to eight feet long, and so arranged that one strip lies against another, like the slabs of a Venetian blind, the whole together forming an immense sieve. The tongue



THE GREENLAND WHALE.

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WHALEBONE.

which contains about five barrels of oil, rests beneath, and resembles a large cushion of white satin. The animal, if disposed to break his fast, rushes open-mouthed along the water containing the "feed," which forces the medusæ through the sieve we have described, leaving them entangled in its meshes. The amount thus entrapped being deemed sufficient, the huge mouth is closed, the surplus water is spouted off through two orifices in the top of the animal's head, flying into the air sometimes thirty, and sometimes fifty feet; the "feed" is then collected together by the tongue, and carried down the throat, which the sailors say is so small that it would be choked by a penny loaf.



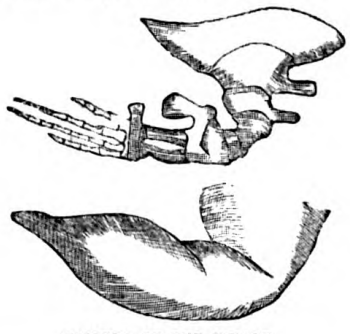
JAW OF THE GREENLAND WHALE.

The velocity of this whale when wounded is very great. Captain Scoresby harpooned one which descended four hundred fathoms, at the rate of eight miles an hour. Suffering from the pain of wounds they often, in spite of the presumed pressure of water upon their sides, reach much greater depths, bruising themselves against the rocks they encounter, and in some instances fracturing their jaws against the hard bed of the ocean.

The right whales associate in pairs, and exhibit great attachment for each other; the "bull" is gallant and daring in defense of his consort. Captain Anderson saw two in company, and succeeded in striking one after it had made a long and severe resistance. Among the evidences of its determination was the destruction of a large boat with a single blow of its tail. The companion whale lent every assistance in its power, until finding its mate was sinking under its wounds, the faithful creature disdained to survive the loss, and stretched itself over the slain, and, without offering any resistance, shared its fate.

The whale rarely brings forth more than one young at a time, which the mother nurses with the greatest care, even after it has attained the length of thirty feet. At its birth the "calf" is twelve feet long, and weighs a ton. The intense affection displayed by the cow whale for its progeny has ever been the theme of admiration. Captain Scoresby relates that, having struck a calf in hopes of securing the mother (a plan often most cruelly pursued), she rose and wrapped her fins, or rather "flippers," around it, as a mother would fold her child in her arms, and instantly dived, dragging about a hundred fathoms of line rapidly from the boat. Suddenly she came to the surface, furiously darting to and fro, and charging in every direction, exhibiting all the while the signs of the most intense agony and solicitude. For some time she thus continued to act, and although closely pursued by the boats, her care for her young made her entirely regardless of the danger that menaced on every side. After several fruitless trials, she was finally harpooned, but even then, in spite of her sufferings, she made no effort for her own protection, but clung to her young until the cruel harpoon put an end to her solicitude by death.

There is another species of gigantic whale called the fin-back, specimens of which have been killed measuring nearly a hundred feet in length. From the fact that it is more restless, more apprehensive, and fiercer than other whales, and yields but little oil, it contributes but little to the wants of man. Such is its speed when harpooned, that it has been known to snap the line, and it is rarely under any circumstances captured. In the year 1827 a fin-back, ninety-five feet in length, stranded in a storm upon the beach at Ostend. Its gross weight was calculated to be five hundred thousand pounds. Its skeleton alone, which was taken to Paris, weighed seventy thousand pounds. Baron Cuvier, and other French savans who assisted in the dissection of this whale, from certain appearances in the small bones of its extremities, gave it as their opinion that the whale must have been a thousand years old.



FLIPPER OF THE WHALE.

A cosmopolitan, in a recently published work, relates the following incident as coming under his own observation: "No visitor in the harbor of Muscat is more warmly welcomed by the na-

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tives than 'Muscat Tom.' This name has been given by the sailors to a male fin-back whale, which has made a habitual practice, for over forty years, to enter the harbor, feed and frolic about the cove several hours each day, always leaving before night. Sometimes a smaller one of his tribe, supposed to be a female, accompanies him. His length is about seventy-five feet, that of his companion fifty. Since his arrival signalizes the departure of the sharks which infest the waters of the harbor, to the prevention of sea-bathing by the natives, the most strenuous caution is observed not to interfere with his pursuits and diversions: thus left to himself, he displays no fear of the vessels that are constantly trespassing on his watery domain.

The whale is subject to many infirmities, such as blindness, deformities of the jaws, and dyspepsia! The loss of sight, which is not uncommon, seems to have no evil effect on his general health, but indigestion reduces him to the most miserable extremity. An ancient mariner writes "That he did once catch a whale that was very feeble, so that all his skin, but chiefly that near the tail and fins, hung like rags behind him, and he was so very lean that there could be very little train-oil made from his fat." In early times ambergris was considered a specific for many ills that flesh is heir to, and is still esteemed by some nations both as a spice and a perfume. The mystery attending its production, no doubt, proved a source of attraction, and as it was only found floating upon the sea, a thousand fanciful theories were constructed regarding its origin. An attenuated whale was struck by a Nantucket seaman, and the monster in its dying throes ejected from its stomach a large piece of ambergris, and thus, to the astonishment of the curious, it proved the product of disease. Large masses, weighing from sixty to two hundred and twenty-five pounds, have sometimes been found floating in those regions frequented by the sperm whale.

In the whale the blood is more abundant than in any other animal, and the machinery necessary for its circulation may be imagined when it is known that the great aorta of the largest animals is but little less in diameter than the distributing pipes of the Croton water-works. The contents of a river, as they go roaring through those artificial passages, must be inferior in impetus and velocity to the stream of life rushing from the whale's heart when his passions are roused, and his pulse beats high in conflict with his enemies. How it was that the whale, with such a prodigious stream of blood, and so imperatively needing the oxygenation of the air, could remain under water an hour was difficult to explain, until dissection revealed the fact, that in the cetaceous animals, the arterial blood instead of passing the venous circulation the ordinary way, was provided with a grand reservoir, the contents of which could be emptied into the general circulation, and thus for a time make respiration unnecessary. It is possible that the penetration of these cells by the harpoon or lance may have something to do with the animals occasionally sinking after being killed—a phenomenon not yet clearly explained.

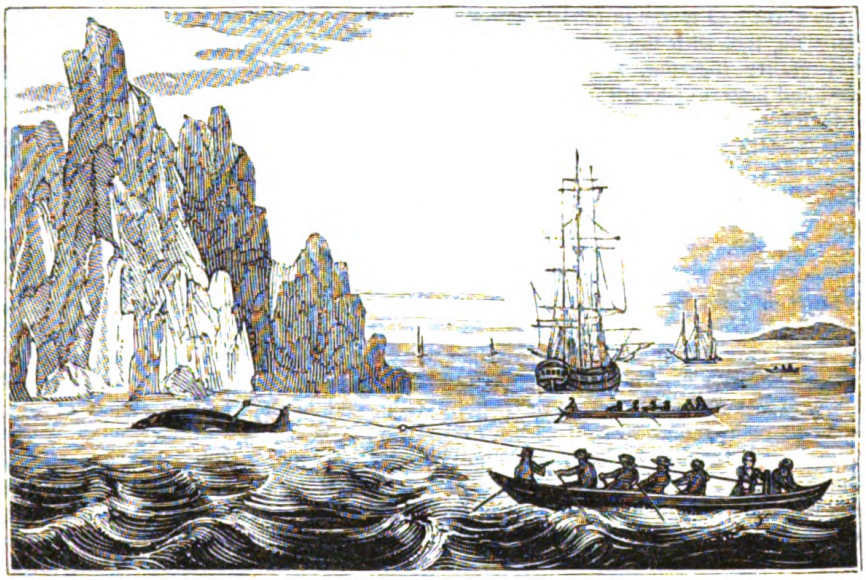
The whale is known to have three natural enemies; the "killer," itself one of the cetaceæ, is perhaps the most destructive. Its appearance among a shoal of sperm whales will fill them with consternation, and scatter them in all directions. Lieutenant Wilkes witnessed a combat between these animals, in which he saw a killer about twenty feet long fastened to the lower jaw of the whale, precisely as a bull-dog seizes an ox. The persecuted monster, with mouth wide open in agony, threw himself entirely out of the water, the enemy still hanging on, the blood streaming about in all directions, and discoloring the sea. The killer, having worried its victim to death, eats only the tongue, and leaves the huge carcass a prey to the sharks, and the no less voracious birds. It has been known to capture a whale from a ship's company, by seizing hold of the dead body and dragging it under the water. The sword-fish and the thrasher have different ways of attacking an enemy: one penetrates its sides with his terrible weapon, the other lashes it with its long slender, but nevertheless heavy body. As the thrasher has no destructive power in the water, it therefore joins with the sword-fish against the leviathan. The one, armed with sword, attacks from below, and causing the whale to keep on the surface, the unrelenting thrasher fastens himself in a favorable position, and whirling his entire body through the air, deals such heavy blows as to stagger and confuse the monster, until the sword-fish completes the work of death.

The ease with which a whale is killed is certainly not one of the least strange things appertaining to its history. A harpoon fortunately struck, or a well-directed thrust of a lance, will do the work. An instance is given of a whale being captured without being wounded at all. While a crew of a boat was busy hauling up a line, attached to which was a dead whale, they were surprised to find that it sometimes came up easily, and sometimes "pulled" with a great deal of force. At last a whale appeared with a coil of rope around its head, when, after being disentangled, it was found that the fish struck by the boat was still dangling below, the one in possession having been drowned by being caught in the line. On another occasion a line that had been purposely loosened from a harpoon, and was many hundred fathoms in the water, commenced running as if attached to a wounded fish. In a few moments, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, a large "bull" rose to the surface, quite exhausted by fatigue, and having every appearance of a "fast fish." Without making any resistance it permitted itself to be struck, and was speedily killed. On examination after death, it was discovered that it had caught the pendent line in its mouth, where it still remained firmly compressed between the lips; the sensation caused by such "feed" be-

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ing so unusual, had induced the creature to hold on, and thus precipitated its death.

There are times, however, when the whale shows a tenacity of life that is very great. Mention is made of one that, after a chase of five hours, was fastened upon at four o'clock in the morning. This animal, in its endeavor to escape, dragged its assailants rapidly through the sea, although finally burdened with five boats and sixteen hundred fathoms of line. At eight o'clock in the evening a rope was taken to the ship with a view of retarding his flight by adding additional weight, and although the wind was blowing a brisk gale, the vessel was towed for an hour and a half, the whale, meanwhile, not only performing this extraordinary task, but at the same time beating the surrounding waters into a continual foam. Captain Scoresby writes of a Greenland whale which was not killed until it had drawn out six miles of line attached to fifteen different harpoons, and taken down a boat that was never afterward seen.



STRENGTH OF THE WHALE.

These jousts of the sea are not always successful conquests to the hardy seamen. The prize sometimes sinks after all the labor of a completed capture. Whales occasionally escape with lines attached to them miles in length and worth a thousand dollars. Entanglement is productive, however, of the greatest disaster. A steersman of the *John of Greenock* happened to step into the centre of a coil of running rope, and had a foot severed from his body as if with a knife. A harpooner belonging to the *Henrietta of Whitby* had incautiously entangled himself, when a sudden dart of the fish made it twist round his body. He had just time to exclaim, "Clear away the line!" when his body was nearly cut asunder, dragged overboard, and never seen again.

The appearance of a whale ship under short sail is very different from those engaged in the usual purposes of trade. The latter, bound for some given port, like a sea-bird rushes gallantly along—the whaler, on the contrary, with masts almost bare, floats quietly upon the broad water, playing the part of a mighty sentinel over the leviathans of the deep. The look-out, suspended in mid-air for days and weeks, contemplates, without the interruption of an intervening object, the mingling of the waters with the clouds—watches the splendors of the rising sun, and the still more impressive beauty of his sinking in the west. He sees the storm-cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand, enlarge until it sweeps like a mighty pall over the heavens; but it is not until the wished-for object springs out of the waves that there is excitement in the ship. It is not until the cry goes forth, "There she blows!" that the heart is roused, as when the tiger scents his prey.

With "There she blows!" the death-warrant of the monster has been uttered, and the preliminaries of the execution commence. The whaling-boat gains upon the sacrifice; the lordly victim, that has heretofore roamed in freedom, appreciates his danger—the destructive influence of man is upon him. It is in vain that he buries himself from sight—his habits are known—his pulsations are counted. Rising to the surface, the sharp harpoon enters his vitals—the vast internal machinery is at once deranged—the huge fountains and conduits of blood pour out their contents upon the lungs, and are then spouted into the air. Imagination can not conceive any thing more awful than the butchery that now takes place. Terrified, the whale plunges from wave to wave—springs with agony out of the water, and covers the surrounding ocean with blood and foam. He dives downward, leaving a whirlpool in his path—he rushes upward, and the fatal lance enters some still untouched spring of life—whichever way he turns,

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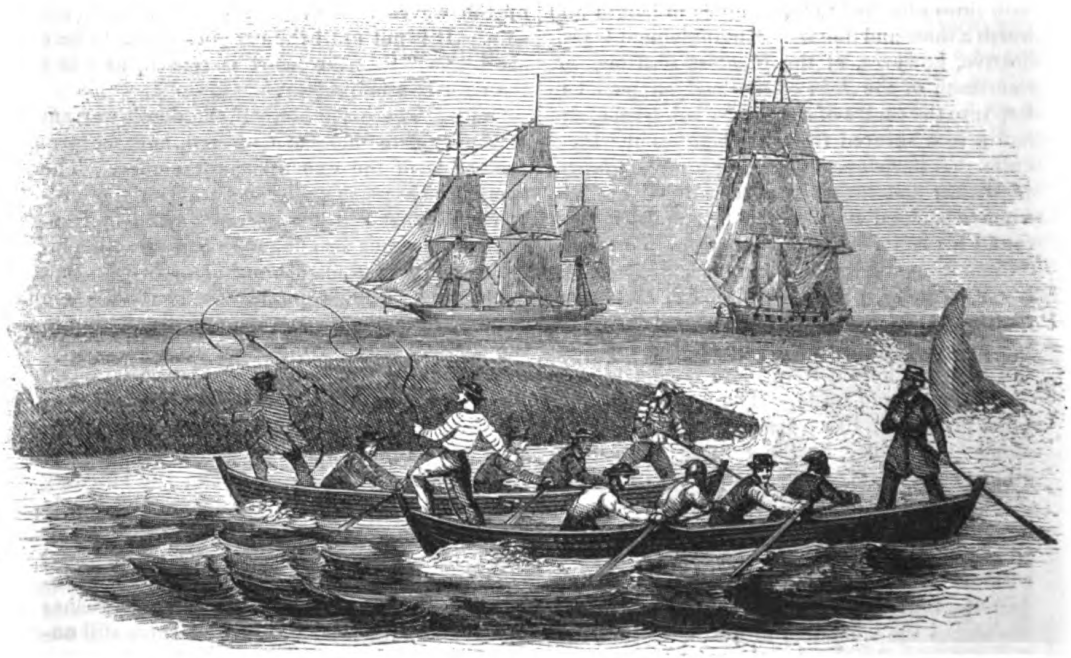
the cold iron goads him to desperation, and in the vanity of his strength he makes the sea to "boil like a pot"—a tremor seizes upon his huge frame, and shakes it as the wakening volcano does the mountain's side—the last drop of the heart's blood is discharged—strangely he turns toward the sun, topples on one side—the once mighty breathing mass, now dead, is tossed contemptuously in the troughs of the sea. But not man alone rejoices in the destruction—the swan-like albatross, the haglets, the gulls, and the petrels come pouring in from the distant corners of the earth and hover in excitement over the slain. So, too, with the destroyers of the sea; they gather together, and gambol with wide-extended jaws, expectant of a feast.

The rivalry which exists between different nations is sometimes thrillingly displayed by their representatives on the whaling-grounds. The first harpoon made fast secures ownership, and the law is sacredly respected. From a work published in London a hundred and fifty years ago, we take the following illustrative incident:

"On the same morning a whale appeared near our own ship, and we put out four boats after him; but two Holland boats were a half league from us. We used great diligence and care, but the fish came up just before the Dutchman's boat, and was struck by him with a harpoon. Thus he took the bread out of our mouths!" A more modern example of the same species of robbery is recorded, where a large whale made its appearance equidistant from an American and an English ship. From both the boats were lowered, manned, and off in an instant. The race was exciting; the Britons had the advantage; Greek had met Greek, and the contest was upon the sea. Side by side, the light barks sped along with the rapidity of racers, and the oars fairly bent under the force of human energy. The hunters came up with the game, ran for a moment abreast—the Americans outside. No time was to be lost. Suddenly a Yankee sailor sprang to his feet, and, with extraordinary precision and force, hurled his ponderous harpoon over the heads of his rivals, and buried the socket in a vital part. The defeated whalemen seemed to shrink into the surrounding waves, while the spectators, including every tongue and kindred, made "Delego Bay" echo and re-echo with shouts of applause.

The whale fishery has ever been emphatically the nursery of the best seamen—has always been the theatre of the most daring exploits. We read of a sailor who, to secure a whale supposed to be dead, leaped upon the body, and, while in the act of passing a rope through a hole he made in the flukes, he felt the animal sinking, and then move forward. In another instant it reared its body aloft, and lashed the sea so violently that the reverberating echo was heard for miles. The sailor so unceremoniously pitched into the sea, not at all disconcerted, swam to the nearest boat. Another, standing harpoon in hand, waiting for the appearance of the fish, was thrown into the air by an unexpected attack, and landed, amidst clouds of water and foam, upon the back of the whale. With a self-possession that nothing would startle, he took advantage of the incident to drive home the harpoon and secure the prize. Another here became entangled in the line, and found himself, along with a wounded whale, descending into the depths of the sea. Drawing his knife, he cut the cord and rose to the surface, exhausted but yet alive.

The first discoverers of the Northern seas detailed strange stories of these singular regions;

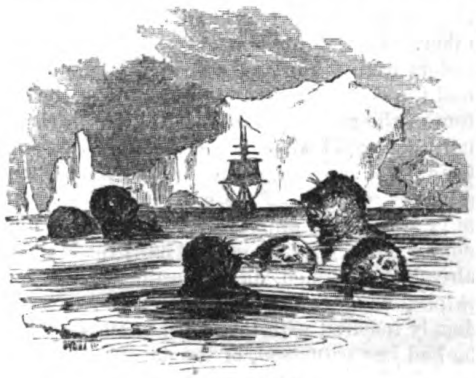


SCENE IN "DELEGO BAY."

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and "scientific works," published within the period of seventy years, give grave accounts of the merman, mermaid, great sea-serpent, and the kraken. This latter named fish, supposed to be of the polypus species, was described as the most surprising in the world. When the Norwegian fishermen suddenly discovered the waters underneath them growing shallow, they said the kraken was rising from the depths below, whereupon they would run away with great expedition. Presently, the fishermen asserted, the animal would come to the surface, displaying a number of humps that resembled small islands, covered with sea-weeds, and abounding with a great variety of fish, which would leap about and then roll back into the sea. At length a great number of pellucid attennæ would rise up, as large and high as the masts of moderately-sized ships, and by the means of these instruments the creature moved and gathered his food. After he had remained a little time on the surface, he disappeared with a motion that would cause great swells and whirlpools in the water. "In all probability," suggests the historian, "the many 'floating islands' described by early navigators were no other than the back of this huge monster."

The "merman" attracted immense attention because so frequently met with: it was evidently what is now known as the seal. Even at this day this curious animal, while sporting in groups upon the surface of the sea, is so suggestive of human beings that a superstitious feeling comes over the novice as to the propriety of wantonly taking their lives. How these harmless creatures looked to the fishermen one hundred and twenty-five years ago is faithfully given in the following affidavit, solemnly sworn before one Cornelius Van Gram. Said fishermen declared that, in the month of July, in calm weather, between Haveen and Saedland, they approached, in their boat, something that floated on the surface like a dead body, which lay without motion until they were within seven or eight fathoms of it, when it sunk instantaneously, but rose again in the same place. There he remained near a quarter of an hour staring at them. Being terrified at the sight of this monster, they began to row away. He then blew up his cheeks, uttered a kind of muttering roar, and dived under the water. He appeared like an old man, with broad shoulders, and a small head covered with short black hair. His eyes were hollow, his face meagre and weather-beaten. One of the party concluded by farther affirming that he had seen a mermaid twenty years before; and the historian who records these things, and published them "by the King's authority," adds, "The marmicle or marmate belongs to the same class, and is perhaps the young of this species. It is often caught by the fishermen of Norway, some no larger than infants a year old, some larger than children of three years!"



SEALS AT PLAY.

No chapter of human suffering is more painful to read than that resulting from the cold peculiar to the regions inhabited by the Greenland whale. The icebergs which are constantly floating about often crush ships to pieces, or inclose them in a solid barrier of granite, leaving their human inmates to perish by the most terrible of deaths. Some of these disasters have been attended by peculiar circumstances. In 1825, the *Active* was so completely beset with ice in Exeter Sound, that the crew felt obliged to abandon her, and take passage home in other ships. Next year a vessel was sent out to ascertain her fate; and, to the astonishment of the crew, the abandoned ship was found upon the beach near where she was last seen, perfectly uninjured, and, with her cargo, was brought home in safety. The ship *Resolute*, sent out by the British government to seek for Sir John Franklin, became imbedded in a field of ice in Wellington Sound, and was finally abandoned by Captain Belcher, her commander. Nearly two years afterward (October, 1855) the ship was found, fourteen hundred miles from where she was deserted, in almost perfect order, and was brought safely to New London by Captain Buddington, an enterprising whaleman hailing from that port. These incidents would seem to confirm the truth of the following strange narrative: In 1775, Captain Warrens, master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs. At midnight the wind rose to a gale, and in the morning he discovered that he was completely surrounded, save in one place, where the accumulated ice presented a narrow opening as far as the eye could discern. Two miles beyond the entrance of this canal, about noon, a ship suddenly made its appearance. The sun partially dissipated the fogs and showed a single mast, remarkable for the manner in which its sails were disposed, and the dismantled aspect of the yards and rigging. The vessel continued to move before the wind until she grounded upon some low icebergs, and remained motionless. Captain Warrens's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several other seamen, and rowed toward her.

On approaching, it was observed that the ship's hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared upon the snow-covered deck. Hailing the crew several times and re-

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THE NORTH SEA, ACCORDING TO EARLY DISCOVERERS.

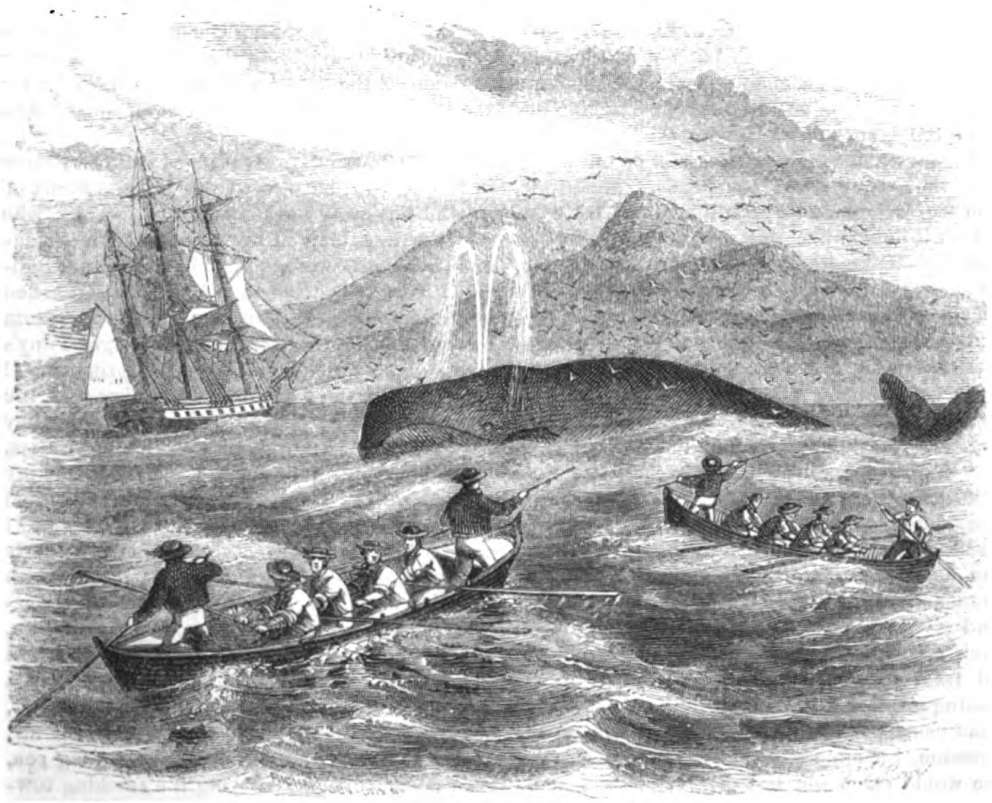
ceiving no answer, Captain Warrens peered into an open port-hole, near the main chains, and perceived a man reclining back in a chair with writing materials before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing indistinct. The captain and his party proceeded on deck, removed the hatchway, which was closed, and entered the cabin. The first apartment examined was the one seen through the port-hole, and it sent a thrill of horror through all who witnessed it. Its inmate was found to be a corpse; a green damp mould covered the cheeks and forehead, and vailed the eye-balls. A pen still remained in its hand, and in the log-book, open upon the table, was this unfinished sentence: "November 11, 1762. We have now been inclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, but without success. His wife died this morning; there is no relief."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot, and pressed forward without uttering a word. Upon entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of a young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where; but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of the seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He, therefore, carried away the log-book already mentioned, and, returning to his own ship, immediately steered to the southwest, deeply inspired with the awful example, which he had just witnessed, of the danger of navigating the Polar seas.

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One of the greatest hardships of the whaler's life is experienced in the long season of ignoble repose, when weeks and months pass away without employment; when poor Jack fairly melts under the heats of a tropical sun, which pours down with such fierce and unrelenting power that the very ocean itself becomes an opaque polished surface, without a sign to remind you of its translucent state. Still, despite all disappointments, the hardy fisherman has to continue his cruise over the wide waste of waters, hoping that each succeeding day will bring him in contact with his monstrous game. It is not in human nature to withstand the oppressive feelings called forth by this seeming waste of time. On such occasions the first mate, if he is a genuine "salt," performs the duty of keeping up the spirits of the men, after his own rough fashion. Taking advantage of the very witching time of despondency, he suddenly hails the men aloft, and refreshes them with allusion to the necessity of keeping "their eyes well skinned," and then, stepping forward where the loiterers are assembled, with well-feigned look of surprise upon his hard face, he asks why every one looks so "down at the mouth?" to which question sundry muttered answers are given—such as, "No good stopping out longer;" "Whales not to be got hereaway;" "Wish the voyage was up." Whereupon the old mate will roysterously bellow forth—"If I didn't know as you've got the right stuff among ye, I should think I'd found a lot of chicken-hearted greenhorns. Why, what the dickens ails the boys? We do every thing that can be done; always keep a good look-out; but we must wait our turn; every body knows we can't make whales; so, d—n it, where's the use of getting the blues or looking long-favored? will that bring a drop of ile alongside? No, Sir-ee! You may just as well look for the grace of God in a Guinea-man's log-book as to try that game." Having thus given expression to his feelings, and apparently very much to his own satisfaction, Mr. Starboard will resume his pipe, declare himself a jolly dog, as one having plenty to eat and drink, with a snug barky as ever walked blue water to sail in, every thing ship-shape alow and aloft, and therefore past his comprehension what more sailors could possibly desire. Then unconsciously yielding to the depressing circumstances with which he is surrounded, he gets his shipmates around him, and relates the following story:

"It must have been near four-and-twenty years ago that I shipped as third mate for a long voyage. We sailed out of Nantucket, and for the crew we had a fine lot of fellows fore and aft, all up to the mark, and most of them used to deep water. I was a smart young fellow then, though I say it myself; I'm tolerable tough now, but *then* I was all whip-cord and whalebone. Well, as I was saying, we had a first-rate crew all round, and whales were more plenty then than now, for a voyage was seldom more than a year or two: ah! whaling was whaling then, and no mistake. But hold on,



PURSUIT OF THE GREENLAND WHALE.

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WHALE "BREACHING."

boys, I'm running out line too fast, so let's haul in and fetch up to the yarn. As I was saying, we left Nantucket in fine feather and ready for any thing; we cruised along pleasantly enough, taking it all smooth and easy until we weathered 'the Cape,' and commenced cruising off the old ground on the coast of Chili and Peru. Well, month after month we searched, and crossed and recrossed the ground, but not a fish could we scare up—not a chance could we get—and we became sick of seeing our boats hanging dry upon the cranes. At last we thought we had a Jonah among us, and all kinds of unreasonable thoughts entered our heads. Meantime, you see, we got under 'the line;' and, my eyes, wasn't it hot? when, one morning 'fore the sun was handspike high, we heard from the top, 'There she blows!' Again and again was this music repeated; but there was no time for gossiping, for, two or three miles ahead, the whales were spouting in crowds, so we down boats and were soon among 'em, and, to cut short, as if to make up for bad luck, we had weeks of 'killing,' 'cutting in,' and 'trying out.'

"Seventeen months out, and half the time idle, with three thousand barrels stowed away, the skipper concluded to catch two or three more fish if he could, and then head for home. Among my shipmates was one Tony, a good and true man as ever held an oar—he had been lively and given to sky-larking through all our bad luck, but he became unaccountably down-hearted from the time we talked of leaving the fishing-grounds. One evening Tony was more than usually depressed, and, with a strange expression, he announced 'that on the morrow we would catch our last fish and lose a man.' His hearers condemned him in harsh terms for what they called his 'infernal croaking,' and Tony was left to eat his supper by himself. The 'morrow' came, and by the time we had breakfasted the look-outs announced 'There she blows!' and, sure enough, there was a large shoal of whales just discernible about half a point to the leeward of our course, enjoying the fine weather by lazily rolling about in the troughs of the sea. 'Now,' said the skipper, going over the side of the vessel with the boats, 'now for the last pull, and then for our sweet-hearts and wives!'

"A few moments only elapsed before we were in full pursuit, but the whales got the scent of us, and put away to the windward. Tony, who was the first man in his place, wore a serious look, but there was nothing about him that indicated fear. Cheering on the boys as we dashed over the water, we soon came near two sperm whales, and in the excitement I forgot Tony's face and his prophecy. It was, 'Spring, boys! spring, I tell you! a few more strokes and the prize is our own! a good eighty barrels if they have a gallon. Think of the yellow shiners, lads, and bend your backs!' Such were my cries as we neared the monster, and the critical moment arrived. 'Stand up, Tony, my boy! and let him have it.' My words were scarcely uttered before the first harpoon was hurled with unerring certainty, and quick as thought a second iron was sped upon its deadly mission. 'Stern all!' was now the order, and with a will the boys obeyed it. The stricken fish gave a convulsive flounce, rolled himself half over, breached his enormous body high in the air, madly lashed his flukes upon the foaming sea, then down he went, carrying the smoking towline out of the boat with startling velocity.

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"No less rapid in his movements was the unhurt whale; for with that strange sympathy known to exist among the species, he appeared to share the agonizing pangs of his companion, by giving a wild, spasmodic start; then, perceiving his unknown enemy, as if impelled by a desire for vengeance, he settled down a few fathoms beneath the surface of the sea, and then came rushing up madly at the boat, evidently intending to drive it to atoms by his monstrous head. With great difficulty we managed to evade the blow, and the whale breached out of the water a few feet from our bows. Finding he had missed his object, the enraged animal turned upon us with redoubled fury; rolling upon his side, and striking his huge jaws terrifically together, he rushed at us with open mouth. 'Stern all! stern all, men, for your lives!' I shouted, as the monster came down upon us. The boat, as if appreciating its own danger, glided rapidly astern, and thus once more just escaped the impending peril; but our danger was by no means over, for, maddened and furious beyond measure at finding his attempts to seize us unavailing, the monster resolved on a different and more dangerous mode of attack. Rolling himself over toward the boat's head, he raised his body many feet above the water. I at once comprehended the threatened visitation, and shrieked to the men, 'Into the water, boys, for God's sake! into the water!' Ere the command could be obeyed, the whale's enormous flukes were thrown up from the boiling sea, flashing above the whole forward part of the boat. With lightning rapidity they passed away, when, lo! as if by a miracle, they descended with a deafening sound upon the water, leaving the boat, apparently unharmed, dancing and heaving upon the whitened waves.

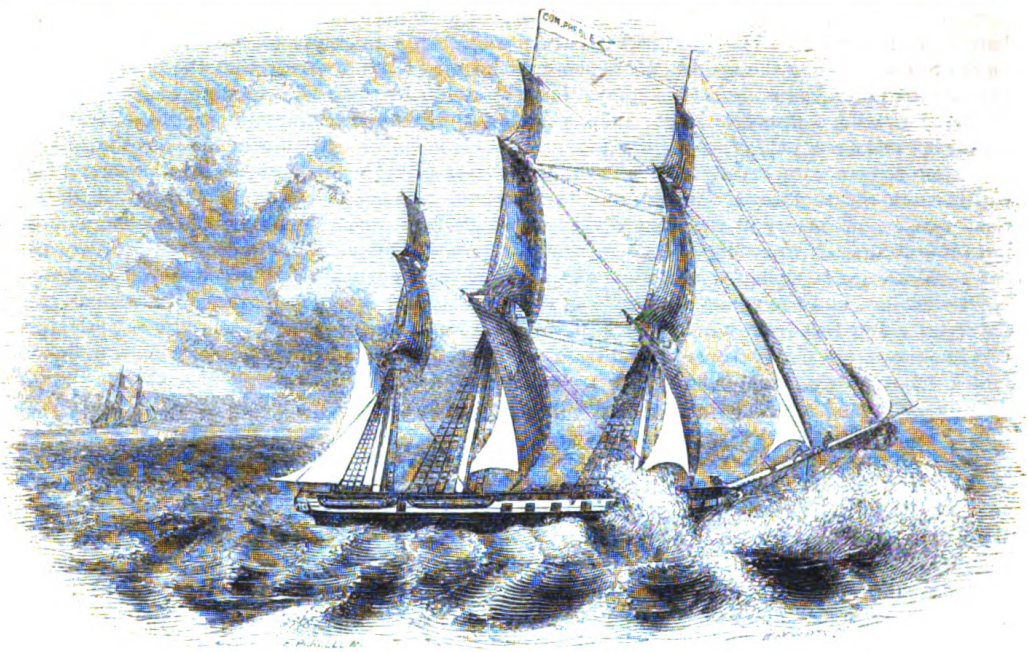
"These scenes, so imperfectly conveyed to the mind by any description, occupied but a moment of time. We had cut the line attached to the wounded whale before the last terrific charge of its companion; it would have been worse than madness to have held on longer, and all breathed freely that the danger of destruction was passed. Casting about our eyes, an universal exclamation arose — 'My God! where's Tony?' He was at his place in the last charge of the whale—no one knew more. The horrid mystery soon was solved. Just at the boat's head was a wide, gaping opening, almost as round and clearly cut as if made by a saw, the bloody edges of which too painfully revealed the dreadful fate of the unhappy harpooner. He had been stricken down and torn through the side of the boat at the moment those fearful flukes were flourishing over us; and such was the incalculable force of the blow that the surrounding timbers were unsprung. His presentiment had proved too true—'We had killed, for that voyage, our last whale, and lost a man.'"

The encouraging notes of Mr. Starboard, in which he attempts to rouse the spirits of a desponding crew, are by no means characteristic. On most ships there is a professed "growler," who delivers himself after this style: "I'll be everlastingly shivered from clew to ear-ring if this ship isn't the cussedest old tub that was ever sailed in. Shiver my top-lights if I wouldn't like to see her sink. I've seen vessels before—yes, all sorts of vessels—and I have taken it rough-and-tumble in all sorts of weather; but this bloody old blubber-hunter beats all, particularly as we get nothing to eat, live on hard work, and sleep in a forecastle not fit for a hog to waller in! That's the way to tell it. Yes! and I'll let the *council* at the first port we touch at know how things was done; and, if I don't see a council, when I get home I'll let the President of the United States know it, pervided I ever get home in this dirty, lubberly, crazy, rotten old craft!" Jack having thus delivered himself, puts an enormous piece of "pig-tail" inside his left cheek, and is ready to quarrel with the first man who says a word against the "snug craft" that no one must abuse but himself.



A CASE OF NIGHT-MARE.

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WHALE SHIP HOMEWARD BOUND.

There is a variety of culinary luxuries enjoyed on a whale ship not to be found upon the bill of fare of our best hotels. The idea of cooking food in lamp-oil is certainly offensive, but it must be remembered that this "sea lard" when first manufactured is quite sweet and wholesome, and in no way resembles the rancid article known in our household economy. We knew an old sailor who defended his "sea dishes" with great vehemence, and triumphantly asked what would be the difference between Goshen butter kept two years in the hold of a vessel and that just taken from the churn? If the master of the "galley fire" is a proficient in his business, and disposed to be very kind, he serves up to the sailors a favorite "doughnut," cooked in the large copper kettles trying out the blubber. If Jack has a dainty tooth, he soaks his hard biscuit in sea-water and fries it in the same boiling caldron. The whale's under-lip is quite suggestive of fresh beef, and by some much esteemed; but the barnacles, a species of shell-fish which adhere to the skin of the whale, are altogether the most prized, and form an era of delight among sturdy appetites and mouths cloyed by the constant round of salt meat.

An over-indulgence in these rare viands has often produced alarming symptoms of nightmare. A forecastle victim has given utterance to the sensations as follows: "You see, I tuck too much grub for supper, and as a consequence didn't get any sound sleep. Among the things that happened, I dreamt I was a whale — a sperm whale—and that I was a-cruisin' round in search of fodder, not thinkin' of no kinder harm, when what should I see but a 'blubber-hunter' right ahead. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'old fellow, you'd better be making tracks;' and with that I blowed out all the salt water I had in me, and turned flukes. I hadn't been down very long before I began to smother; so I come up and blowed again. Just as I riz to the top of the water, what should I hear but old Taber singing out with all his might, 'Thar she blows!' and sure enough I felt myself blowin' away, for not a flipper could I use until I got all the water out of my insides. While I was thus a workin' off like an old steam-engine, a whale-boat pitched up agin me, and before I knowed what I was about, Taber stuck an iron chuck into my gizzard. 'Starn all!' said somebody, and the boat flew away from me in the winkin of an eye, while I began to pitch and blow like mad, and finally giv in; but it was no use, for the boat come up again, and the second mate began to stick a lance right through my head. I soon spouted blood, turned on my back, and kicked the bucket, and was towed alongside of the ship. Arter awhile they heaved me up, and by the flukes lashed me to the night-heads, and for my life I couldn't move, but I didn't feel badly scared until they commenced cutting me in; then, by gosh! how they did rip the hide and taller off, and how the sharks did pitch in, and how they minced me up! But I knowed it was no use to holler, so jist kept as quiet as I could, till they got me in the tub a-trying me out. I couldn't stand the frying and fizzing in the hot coppers, and *so woke up!* It's no use to talk to me—whales has feelings; and I don't want to be one agin as long as ile is in demand, and the supply is got by frying blubber."

Circumstances favor the probability that the time will eventually come when the great leviathan of the deep will be exterminated. In the course of two centuries it has been driven from sea to sea; and now, with the scientific discoveries of Wilkes and Maury added to the

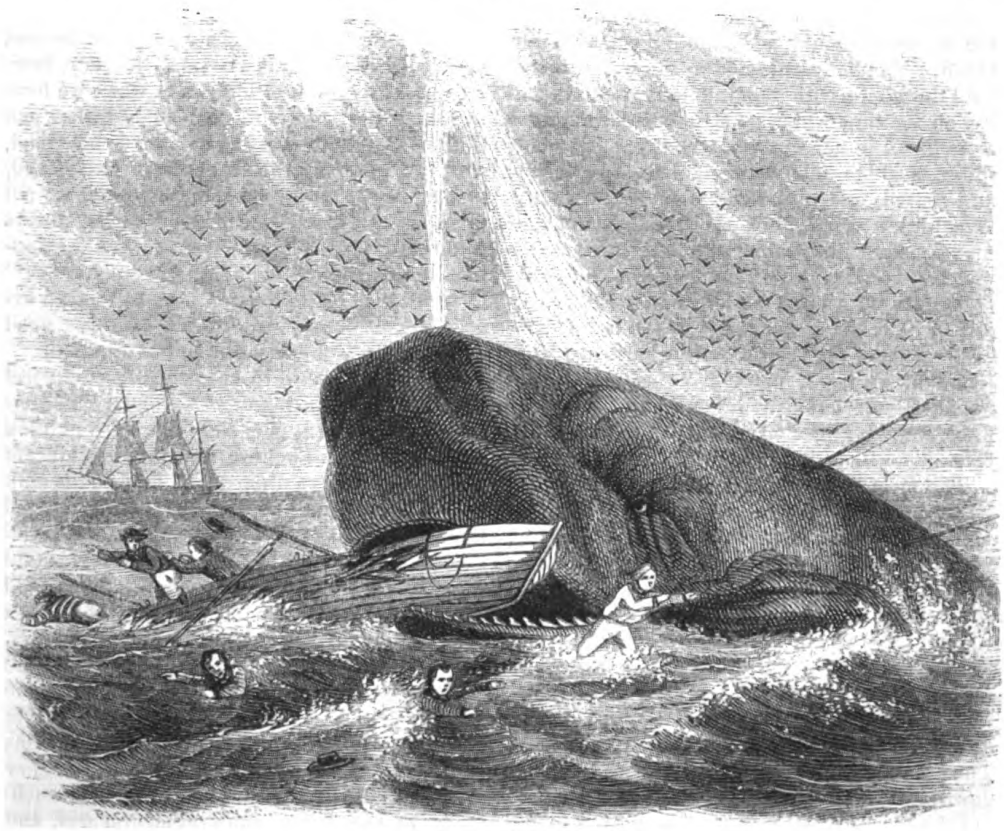
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perseverance of the whaleman, it has no resting-place. It is estimated that ten thousand are annually slain, and the increase can not equal the destruction. The number of ships engaged in the pursuit is constantly increasing. It is said that the whaling ships of the United States alone, placed in a line or in sight of each other, would reach half way round the globe. Upon the commencement of the fishery, the animal was taken near the shore, and offered no resistance to the approach of man. But the continual warfare of two hundred years has improved the intellectual faculties of the whale, and he is now more difficult to capture, and more wary of his feeding-grounds. This increasing intelligence may possibly preserve the species, and continue them as inhabitants of the great deep.

Early in the present century, a large white sperm whale, known as "Mocha Dick," became celebrated for his ferocity and his cunning. Upon being pursued, he invariably escaped by running off or breaking the lines attached to the harpoons. When he finally succumbed, his sides were found bristling with the instruments of death, his body was covered with scars, and his head was expressive of old age, cunning, and rapaciousness.

The fearful sufferings of the crew of the ship *Essex* at the time attracted universal attention. Of three sperm whales, one was wounded by a harpoon. The boat, commanded by the mate, being seriously damaged in the foray, returned to the ship for repairs. While the sailors were engaged at this work, a whale, eighty-five feet long, came in sight, about twenty rods from the ship, and eyed it intently for an instant and then disappeared. In a few moments he came again to the surface, and, rushing with full speed, struck the ship with his head, bringing her up as if foundered upon a rock, and knocking nearly all the men over on their faces. Passing under the ship and grazing the keel, the whale was seen a short way off, striking his jaws together as if distracted with rage. Gathering his energies, with ten-fold fury and vengeance in his aspect, he again rushed upon the vessel, stove in the bows, and then passing under the ship, went off to the leeward and was seen no more.

This was the first example known where the whale displayed design in its attack; in all other cases the damage created was the result of being in close proximity of his powerful jaws and tail. It was, therefore, that the fate of the *Essex* seemed something horrible, and made "old salts" turn from the record with dread. The animal, it would seem, had suddenly become possessed of a knowledge of its power, and could reason upon passing events. He came direct from the school where his companions had been surrounded by the boats of the *Essex;* he acted from the moment of his appearance as if fired with revenge by their suf-



THE WHALE OF CAPTAIN PEBLOIS.

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ferings, and both of his assaults were directed against the weakest part of the ship.

A more recent example of the increasing intelligence of the whale is afforded in the history and fate of the New Bedford ship *Ann Alexander*, where the fight was fairly conducted, and where the pertinacity of human passions found a consistent antagonist in the monster fish. Captain Deblois commanding one boat and his mate another, went in pursuit of a whale, the mate succeeded in driving home his harpoon, when the whale, finding he could not escape, turned upon the boat, seized it in his mouth, and actually "chawed it up." Captain Deblois instantly rescued all the men, and a "waist" boat arriving, they were again divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale. The moment the boats came up and the animal discovered their object, he again turned upon the one commanded by the mate, and crushed it to atoms. Captain Deblois now with some difficulty rescued the crew from a watery grave and turned toward the ship—the whale hovering near by with jaws extended, and evidently bent on destruction. The Captain soon reached his vessel, and recovering the floating oars and pieces of wreck, determined to pursue the whale with the ship, and setting all sail soon reached him, and from its side threw a lance into his head. After considerable fruitless manœuvring, and it being near sundown, it was decided to give up the chase. Captain Deblois, when he came to this conclusion, was standing on the bow with a lance in his hand, ready to strike if the monster should accidentally come within reach. Suddenly attracted to the water, he beheld the whale, with unparalleled rapidity, rushing on the ship, which he struck with such force as to break in her timbers, causing a great hole through which the water impetuously rushed and roared, and in a few moments the gallant vessel lay a wreck upon the sea. About four months after this catastrophe, the crew of the *Rebecca Sims*, of New Bedford, came up with, and captured a large whale, that permitted itself to be taken without any of the usual demonstrations of resistance. Two harpoons were found in its body, marked "*Ann Alexander*," its head was seriously injured, and from the huge wound projected pieces of a ship's timbers.

The most extraordinary case, all things considered, is the very recent destruction of the *Waterloo*, a British vessel loaded with grain, which, while in the North Sea quietly pursuing its course, was unprovokedly attacked and destroyed. The vessel was moving slowly along when a large whale was perceived to the windward, partly out of the water and swimming at a rapid rate, when, within ten yards of the ship's side, it dipped, and struck the hull so violently that the ship was perceived "to heel and crack." The animal then rose to the surface and plunged downward head-foremost, its tail nearly touching the foreyard while it was flourishing in the air. In two hours the ill-fated vessel began to settle down; the crew and captain, almost destitute of clothing, and entirely without food or water, barely had time to escape to their boats, when the ship capsized and disappeared head-foremost under the waves of the sea.

The number of ships destroyed by the attack of the whale increases with time—the once solitary instance of the *Essex* has become but one of many similar disasters. Without alluding to the *Union*, we will close with a naval contest between the *Parker Cook* and a near relative of "Mocha Dick." In this fight the harpoon only served to invite attack from the whale, for after being wounded, and destroying the boat that contained his enemies, he lay off from the ship, and deliberately made his assaults. The first shock threw every one on board prostrate upon the deck, and started the very foundation of the ship. Retreating half a mile, the monster gathered up his energies, but fortunately the second blow did little injury. As the whale came down the third time, Captain Cook, opened upon him with powder and his bomb-lance. The third of these weapons thus discharged entered the animal's body, reached the heart's blood, and destroyed a life with murderous saltpetre, which was evidently safe from the heretofore invincible attacks of the death-dealing harpoon.

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

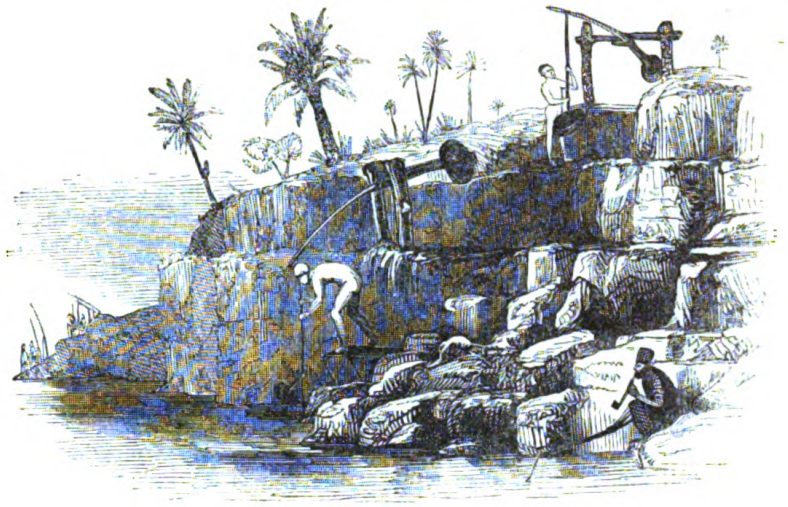
BY AN AMERICAN.

WE have been to Heliopolis. We went on donkeys. This is our regular custom now every where, and the ladies do seven miles and back with ease. It is no small journey, however, in this season of high Nile, when we have to follow the banks of the canals hither and thither, frequently crossing fields of flooded land, with the water up to the donkeys' knees, and, of course, up to our feet, except when we put them on the saddle—a proceeding not always conducive to security of position when the donkeys are constantly slipping.

At Heliopolis there is nothing to be seen except the obelisk. This stands, as it has stood from the days of Osirtasen and of Abraham.

I shall not pause to speak of chronological differences among Egyptian scholars. For our present purposes it is enough to take Wilkinson as our guide, and believe that this magnificent column stood here when Jacob blessed his children and departed, and when Joseph charged them to carry his bones into the Land of Promise. Around it then gathered the most splendid palaces of Egypt; and here, perhaps, was held the court to which the old wanderer of Canaan came. But of that old glory nothing remains. The obelisk stands ten feet below the surface of the surrounding earth, in an excavation made to exhibit its base, and under the mounds that lie here and there about it are the buried ruins of the City of the Sun. We sat in the shadow of the obelisk and spread before us our lunch. It was of bread, figs, dates, pomegranates, and oranges, and each of these fruits was growing

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THE SHADOOF.

in profusion within twenty yards of us, as well as olives, custard apples, okre, and melons of every kind. The obelisk stands in the centre of a garden of perhaps twenty acres of good land, and around this the desert rolls barren and hot. It would seem that the peculiar interest attached to this spot as the City of Joseph, as well as the great seat of learning in later years, where Plato and the other great philosophers studied and taught, has been specially provided for in the luxuriance of the fruits and products of its soil; so that, instead of the shining sand that covers Memphis and lies around the pyramids, we have the grove of the Academy to rest in while we listen to the voice of its great teacher.

The cultivation of the land of Egypt puzzles an American agriculturalist. Without plow, other than the wooden one that his forefathers used in the days of Sesostris, ignorant of hoe, or rake, or spade, the *fellah* cultivates his ground and raises his luxuriant crop beyond all that our best prize farmers think of doing. The great labor is the watering, and this is carried on by a thorough system, though lacking modern improvements.

Canals, large and small, intersect the country every where. Let it be remembered that the arable land of Egypt is almost a perfect level, so that when the Nile rises to a certain height it flows over all the land in every direction, and canals continue the supply as the river falls. Some lands, rescued from the desert, are on a level a few feet higher, and others are not so low as to be covered by the Nile in a year like this, when it does not reach its full height. Every field, high or low, is intersected by little canals, made by heaping the dirt up and hollowing a trench in it, so that the field is divided, like a chess-board, into a number of small squares. These trenches are supplied with water by two processes. The larger trenches, which run several miles, are supplied by wheels at the Nile or in the canals, which are turned by cattle, and which raise an endless chain of earthen pots of water. A pump is unknown in Egypt. The smaller canals are supplied by a *shadoof*, which is arranged precisely like an old-fashioned well-pole in America, except that the swing is so short that the man holds the bucket almost constantly in his hand, and dips and empties, dips and empties, all day long. It is not unusual to see the *shadoof* used on the side of the Nile instead of the water-wheel; but it is more commonly found inland, for the purpose of lifting water from one trench to another that will water a few acres of land that is higher in grade.

A very simple contrivance for the same purpose is often found in the fields. It is a basket, made of palm-leaves or some other stout substance, swung on four ropes, two in the hands of one man and two of another. The men sit on opposite sides of the stream or pool of water supplied from a canal or trench, and drop the basket into the water. Then they raise it rapidly, swinging it at the same time over the top of the higher trench into which they wish to lift the water, and at the same instant slackening two of the ropes so as to allow the water to fall out. The rapidity and ease with which they continue this labor from morning till night is no less a source of surprise than the quantity of water they raise, keeping a steady stream running from their place of work.

Oftentimes a piece of land is rescued from the desert and made into a beautiful garden. Almost as often the desert covers over a garden and reclaims it for part of its empire of desolation. Thus at Heliopolis it would appear that the basin which may be formed by the ruined walls of an ancient temple, over which the sand has heaped itself up, suggested to some one the idea of bringing the Nile into it and watering the sand. With the Nile comes alluvial deposit, and with the deposit fruitfulness—such fruitfulness as we seldom see even on our Western prairies. In this small farm around the old stone grows every variety of Eastern fruit. Or-

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anges swing in clusters against its very sides, and pomegranates, and figs, and olives, are all found in the grounds, while vines and vegetables abound. A mud village stands on the edge of the desert, two or three hundred yards from the obelisk, and is the modern successor of the great On. Alas for the difference! A crowd of women and children followed us through the narrow winding street, shouting for money, until we were fairly out of their district, and they regarded us as within the "right of begging" of the next village.

On the way home, I found good shooting along the edge of the desert. I had my gun with me, and having missed a shot at a flock of ibis, I loaded my barrels more carefully, and had afterward better success. It is a curious fact that the air of Egypt is so very light and clear that the same quantity of gunpowder carries shot and ball much farther than elsewhere, and the load of a gun is to be reduced one-third for correct shooting. This I found instantly by the peculiar ring of the barrels on firing, and on inquiry I learned afterward from Dr. Abbott that such is the case in Egypt.

Desert partridges, so called, abound in this neighborhood. They have but one characteristic which should entitle them to be called partridges. That is the feathered legs. In other respects they are more like a large pigeon in shape, and their color is a nondescript, desert-sand sort of color not marked regularly in any specimens that I have seen. I had two or three shots at them, and had some half dozen to bring home for dinner. Add to these a large hawk, and an eagle, as the boys called it, but in fact a vulture, measuring about four feet from tip to tip, and you have the contents of my game-bag, which, by-the-by, was the loose bosoms of the shirts of the boys, which are our constant receptacles for articles to be carried.

It would be useless to say that we are fatigued after a day's work like this; but it is a fine healthful fatigue, and the evenings are so deliciously cool and refreshing that we seldom sleep before midnight. Indeed, Americans might well think it a strangely comfortable scene in Egypt to see us in our large room, three sides of which look out at the stars, two through open wells or courts, and one through the *mulkeef* (the open place which is built in every house for ventilation, and arranged with a high wooden wind-sail to catch the north wind), the lamps burning brightly, and our long pipes, to which we have taken like Turks, filling the air with a fragrant cloud; while, to make the scene a little more Oriental than our American garments would, we have the welcome presence of Dr. Abbott, who wears the native dress, and would never be mistaken for a Frank, and who enlivens the evening with his fund of information, anecdote, and antiquarian knowledge.

We had been two weeks in Cairo before we began to talk of our arrangements for ascending the Nile. It is so early in the season that there is no reason for haste, and we have time to look around among the dragomans and make our arrangements leisurely.

Within six hours after our arrival in Cairo we had something less than sixty dragomans anxious to show us their papers of recommendation. Curious papers they were indeed, and the dragomans little understood their contents. There was one which was sufficiently amusing. It was a strong commendation, closing with an interrogation point (?) that took off the edge of the praises completely. Others were worded so as to strike the ear and eye of an intelligent man as meaning precisely the opposite to their apparent contents. We amused ourselves by looking them over, and dismissed the crowd forever. Two weeks afterward we sent for one who had not appeared with the crowd, and whose name was mentioned to us as that of the best of the Egyptian dragomans. Our informant was to be relied on, and we sent for Mohammed Abd-el-Atti, whose name we had already seen in a number of the books from Wilkinson to Mrs. Romer. He came to see us, and we liked his appearance. He is a young man of about thirty-five, though he has seen much service. He is now in the employ of the British Government here, and appears to be much respected and confided in. Withal he has resided four years in England and France, speaking well the languages of both those countries, and writes his own language, the Arabic —an accomplishment which few of his countrymen have, and which is a material assistance to us in our studies. He is well acquainted with places and people from Darfur to Damascus, and already we have had a number of capital stories from him which promise well for the evenings on the Nile. His position among the other men of his class may be gathered from the fact that he is one of the examining committee who are appointed by government to grant licenses to the others of his class. He impressed us carefully with the idea that he had retired from the business of a dragoman, and was sufficiently comfortable in property and present salary to remain in Cairo. This we have learned is the truth. His health not being very good, he inclines to have a change of air, and had some thoughts of a trip to Upper Egypt for his health. This was the first suggestion made toward the business which actually brought us together, and then we went at it in a straightforward, American fashion, and concluded a contract with him for the voyage.

I was off one morning for a ride among the mosques of Cairo, and we directed our way first to the Mosque of Tooloon, which is the oldest in the modern city.

This is said to be the precise copy in miniature of the great Mosque at Mecca, and it is certainly the most imposing of the Mohammedan structures of Cairo. Its very age makes it the more stately. though it is now desecrated into a poor-house. The view here given shows but three of the five rows of columns and arches

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MOSQUE OF TOOLOON.

which form the eastern cloisters of the immense building. It surrounds a square, each side of which is perhaps four or six hundred feet long, and is built with pointed arches, being the earliest known specimen of the style. Its date is about A.D. 880, and its huge columns stand as firmly as they stood a thousand years ago. The minaret, visible on the opposite side of the court, is constructed somewhat singularly, having a winding stairway outside the tower. Whereof the tradition is that the founder, being reproached by his Grand Vizier for wasting his time in twisting a piece of paper, replied that he was planning a minaret to his new mosque up which he might ride on horseback, and so it was made. But it is not very similar, for the staircase makes but one turn around the tower. Nevertheless it is profoundly interesting to stand in a spot where, daily, for a thousand years, the prayers of men have been offered up; where the stones are worn with the knees of sincere if mistaken believers; where there has never been a day, since the ninth century, when the voice of the muezzin was not heard across the court and through the shadowy arches, uttering that simple and sublime passage that has been so often uttered above this city, and all the East, that one might think the air would sound it with its own morning winds forever after: "God is great. There is no deity but God. Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer, come to prayer: prayer is better than sleep; come to prayer. God is most great. There is no god but God."

At noonday and at sunsetting the same chant has filled these arches with solemn melody. One can not stand and hear it now without feeling that the voice is the same voice that uttered it ten centuries ago, though the men through whose thin lips it escaped on the air are the dead dust of those centuries. Age is sublime. A creed, though false, is nevertheless magnificent if it be old; and I can not look on these tottering walls, these upheaving pavements, these crumbling towers, without a melancholy regret, stealing in along with other feelings, that this worship, this creed, is approaching its end, and that the day is fast coming when Islam and the creed of the Prophet will be to men like the memories of Isis and Apis—shadows flitting around the ruins of old Egypt. In broad daylight, when eyes and intellects are wide awake, the shadows are as clouds dark with memories of crime and wrong; shapes of hideous deeds, blackening the very name of humanity. But in night time and the moonlight, when we do not see these, there will be shapes like halos around the fallen minarets of Tooloon and Amer as around the obelisk of Heliopolis and the unchanging pyramids; memories of simple but grand faith in the hearts of old men that worshiped God, and died in every year and month of all the thousands that have shone upon these stones; shadows that will forever haunt the places that are sanctified by man's holiest emotions—sincere and prayerful trust in God, though it were in a false god; shadows that are changeful, but always there; long shapes and forms cast on the walls by the altar flames, that remain and appear, and flit here and there on pavement and wall, though altar fires be long extinguished, and the wall lie in the dust of the broken pavements of the temple.

This is a terrible silence that lies over the City of Victory to-night. I am seated at my open window, the moon shining gloriously—a dazzling moon—my table drawn to the window, and the flame of my candle rising steadily and without a flicker in the profoundly silent air. Two hundred thousand people are lying here around me, and I ask who and what they are, and what part they form in the grand sum of human valuation? Literally nothing. They are not worth the counting among the races of men. They are the curse of one of the fairest lands on this earth's surface. But this is not for long. The end is coming. The mosque of Amer is crumbling into ruin, and the cres-

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cent increases no longer. From the distant citadel sounds the morning call to prayer, and another and another takes it up, and three hundred voices are filling the air with a rich, soft chant, that reaches the ear of the Mussulman in his profoundest slumber, and calls him up to pray. Does he obey? There was a time when, at that call, the City of Saladin had no closed eye, no unbent knee in all its walls. But the Mussulman is changed now. He heard the call in his half drunken sleep, stupefied with *hashish*, and he damned the muezzin, and turned over to deeper slumber. He heard it in his profound repose, after counting over the gains he had made by cheating his neighbors, and he did not feel like praying. He heard it on the perfumed couch of his slave, and he forgot the Prophet's in the present heaven. He heard it—yes, there were a few old men, who remember the glory of the Mamelukes; who heard their fierce shouts when the Christian invaders met them at the pyramids; and who, wearied with long life, look now for youth and rest in heaven, and they, when they heard the call, obeyed it, and theirs were the only prayers wasted on the dawning light in all of Cairo, and when they cease there will be none to pray.

This is no fancy picture. Mark the prophecy. Our days may be few, but there are men living now who will see the crescent disappear from the valley of the Nile, and who will build their houses from the sacred stones of the mightiest mosques in Grand Cairo. The beginning of this end is visible already, but who can foresee what is to follow?

As we were riding up the Mouski, May and myself, on our way to the bazaars, one afternoon, we were startled and arrested by an apparition that was not to be allowed to pass unseen.

Seated on a splendid sorrel mare, whose quick roving eye was ill at ease in the street of the city, was an old man, whose face was the face of a king. His dress was rich and elegant, but such as we had not yet seen in Cairo. He wore no shoes, stockings, nor trowsers. The dust of the desert was on his bare feet and ankles. Over a shirt of the richest brocade was worn a cloak of crimson cloth worked with gold, and over this a cloak of black, concealing all that was under it, except when it was exposed by accident. A cashmere sash was wound around his waist, binding the shirt only, in the folds of which gleamed pistols and knives more than I could count. His head was covered with a shawl of brown silk, the heaviest work of the looms of Damascus, and it was held in its place by a cord of the same material, heavy enough to hang a man, wound three times around the crown of his head above the forehead and ears.

But the dress, strange and elegant as it was, was a matter of subsequent observation to us. It was the face of the man that struck us, and riveted our attention. He was an old man. I did not then know how old. But his eye was brighter than the eye of a young eagle. The suns of the desert for a hundred years had not served to dim one ray of its brilliance. I never saw such an eye. It pierced me through and through. His features were chiseled with the sharpest regularity, and his eye lit them up so that he seemed every inch a prince. And yet he was of diminutive form, small, slender, and his naked foot, that rested in the shovel stirrup, was thin and bony to the extreme.

As he passed us we turned to look at him, and the very next instant Mohammed Abd-el-Atti rushed up to him, and they exchanged those graceful salutations which characterize the meetings of friends in Eastern countries. Immediately after their meeting, Abd-el-Atti brought us together, and made us acquainted with the Sheik Houssein Ibnegid, the most powerful of the Bedouin chiefs from Cairo to Mecca. The old man touched my hand, and as we each lifted our fingers to our lips after the grasp, we exchanged a look which is not soon to be forgotten. I think if he meets me in Wady Mousa he will know me; and I am very certain that if I meet him any where between Abou Simbel and Constantinople I shall remember that eye.

Sheik Houssein is an old man. Here men say that he is over a hundred years of age, and that his descendants of the fourth generation are full-grown men riding the desert horses. Be this as it may, he is a man well known in the world, and his fame has gone from Europe to America in the letters of travelers who have met him on the desert among his ten thousand followers. There he is a chieftain to be dreaded. He has but to lift a handful of dust and blow it into the air with his thin old lips, and three thousand Bedouins are in the saddle at his call. He is the guardian of Petra, with whom all who desire to see the Rock City must make peace and friendship.

But how came the Sheik Houssein within the walls of a city, and how came his mare to be treading the filthy streets of Cairo, through the narrow passages shut out from the sky—for where we met them there was no sky visible, the street itself being roofed over with reeds to keep out the sun? The story is somewhat long, but I will make it as brief as possible.

Some time ago the caravan from Suez to Cairo was robbed of a camel loaded with indigo. The Sheik Ibn-sh-deed, who rules the desert from Cairo to the Red Sea, is responsible to the government of Egypt for the safety of the caravan. He has hostages in the city to secure that responsibility. It was immediately evident that none of his tribe had committed the theft, and it was soon as evident that it was the act of two men belonging to a tribe nearer to Akaba, and bordering on the tribes that owe allegiance to the Sheik Houssein. Indeed, some evidence was given that they were actually men under that old Sheik's power.

Among the Arabs still prevails that patriarchal form of government which makes the Sheik the father of his entire tribe. If one of

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them is in trouble—it matters nothing whether it be his son or the poorest wretch of his retainers—he will sacrifice his life for him, and every man of the entire tribe is bound to do the same. The veneration for the Sheik, and his care over them, is in every respect like that of a father for his sons, and children for their parent. Accordingly, when one is known to have committed a crime, no trouble is taken to catch him. Any one of the same tribe is quite the same thing. Arrest him if you can, bring him to Cairo, and send word to his Sheik that he will remain in prison till the thief is produced at the prison-door, and all the tribe are at work instantly to secure the right man, taking care at first to exhaust all means of effecting the escape of the one who has been taken.

Ramadan Effendi, one of the officers of government in high standing, the third officer in the Transit Department—who, by the way, is the cousin and the brother-in-law of Abd-el-Atti, our dragoman—went on an expedition to catch one of the tribe at whose door lay the charge of this robbery. How adroitly he managed his business; how he inveigled two of them into an ambuscade, and then sprang on them and bound them; how the whole tribe dogged his returning way with his captives; how he took them in one of the passenger vans to cross from Suez among the English passengers, and thus escaped the vigilance of the Bedouins; and how he deposited them in chains, under bolt and bar, in Cairo, has been the subject of town talk for a month past among those who have known the circumstances. Still there remained a doubt as to whether the robbers were of this tribe, and it was desirable to catch a man from the tribes that acknowledge the supremacy of the Sheik Houssein, and thus make the matter certain.

A few days ago I went to the prison to see these caged eagles—call them rather vultures—but they were splendid fellows. One of them was the son of the Sheik of his tribe, and is celebrated as the man who dared to brave Mehemet Ali. Not many years ago, when that bold man had imprisoned the Shereef of Mecca in the citadel of Cairo, this Bedouin came under the wall of the citadel on the desert side—where it is fifty feet high—and, with ropes and his own sharp wit to aid him, entered the citadel, liberated the Shereef, lowered him to the desert sand, placed him on his own dromedary, and, with a shout of triumph, dashed away into the desert. Eighty horses, of the swiftest that the Viceroy possessed, in vain followed the escaped captive.

He sat and smoked his pipe calmly as I stood and looked at him. It is strongly suspected that he was one of the robbers himself. It is very certain that he will hang at the Bab Zouaileh if some one else is not speedily taken.

But the caravan of the pilgrims from Mecca was coming over the desert. This is the annual event of Cairo. The departure and the return of the Hadg are the two great festivals of the year, and the caravan had just arrived on the desert outside the city to-day—on the day of which I speak—and was waiting the order of the Pasha to enter the gates and march in procession to the citadel. Three thousand camels were scattered here and there over the sand-hills, and the scene is one of the finest and most picturesque pageants that we have ever witnessed.

A glance at the map will show any reader that the pilgrims, in crossing from Mecca to Cairo, pass immense deserts, and, of course, through the dominions of various Bedouin tribes. To each of these tribes the Hadg pays a certain sum for protection and safe passage. By instructions sent to them this year, the officers in charge of the caravan made a dispute with Sheik Houssein, on passing through his country, as to the kind of dollar to be paid to him—the rate having been fixed in dollars, and the dollar being a variable sum, meaning a five-franc piece, or twenty-three piastres, and also a Spanish dollar, which is twenty-six. The Hadg offered the Sheik French dollars, and he demanded, as no doubt he was entitled to receive, the more valuable. The result was that they refused to pay him any thing until they should arrive at Cairo and settle the dispute there. To this he agreed, and accompanied the caravan to Cairo; and he was just entering the city when we met him in the Mouski.

A fate that he little anticipated was before him. He asked us to accompany him to the government office, which was near at hand; and we, having an intimation of what was before him, and willing to see the process of catching an Eagle of the Desert, rode on by his side to the door, where we dismounted and entered.

We were shown into an upper room, where sat Mustapha Capitan, the chief officer of the Transit Department at Cairo, and Ramadan Effendi, who is the next in rank. Mustapha occupied the corner of the divan, and room was immediately made for May and myself on his right, where we sat while coffee was served. Ramadan sat on our left, Abd-el Atti being at hand to interpret in case of necessity. The room was crowded to suffocation with men in every variety of Eastern costume, not less than fifty of them being Bedouins of every tribe between Jerusalem, Mecca, Akaba, and Cairo. The Sheik Ibrahim, whose tribe are between Gaza and Heliopolis, with a dozen of his followers—dark, swarthy fellows, in blankets and shawls; Ibn-sh-deed, whom I have before mentioned, with as many of his retainers; Suleyman, from Akaba, a noble-looking man, with a fine, intelligent face, clothed in a brown robe, over a brown silk shirt, with a shawl of the same color on his head, the ends of which hung to his feet, and with him three darker and more devilish-looking Bedouins than I have elsewhere seen. If one met them on the desert, one would commence turning pockets wrong side out before they had opened their lips; and at the same time such fiends in appearance, that

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no man would have the slightest compunctions of conscience in putting a bullet through each of them successively. These whom I have named, and a half dozen others, surrounded the semicircle of which we formed the centre group. Do not imagine that they were silent. All were speaking vociferously as the old Sheik, Houssein, was introduced, and for the first time it became manifest to him that he was a prisoner.

It was not necessary to explain to him why he was detained. We heard them speaking of the lost camel, and he knew the story well, for every Bedouin in Arabia knew it a month ago. But he strode forward into the semicircle, and while he gathered his cloak around him with his left hand, he raised his thin right hand over his head, and stood in an attitude of grace that I have never but once seen equaled. The resemblance to the North American Indian was startling. Every gesture was similar, and the eloquence was the same natural flow of fierce, biting, furious words, yet full of imagery and beauty. I understand but little Arabic—only so much as I have picked up since my arrival here, to help me in the bazaars and on the boat. But I could follow him through nearly all that he said—asking Abd-el-Atti occasionally for a word or an idea—so perfect was his gesture, and in such perfect keeping with his subject.

Occasionally Mustapha interrupted him with a question, and he replied. The substance of what he said was that he knew of the robbery, knew who did it, knew where the man, camel, and indigo all were, but that they were all out of his jurisdiction; they were in an adjoining tribe, and he would not undertake to catch the thief, simply because it was none of his business. If he should do it, his own life would not be worth an hour's purchase, and there was no reason why he should throw it away for Said Pasha, a man to whom he owed nothing, and whom he did not love, respect, or fear. If the government of Egypt wanted the man enough to send an officer for him who would take the responsibility of catching him, then he would aid him, but he would not risk his life to do that in which he had no interest.

Some severe expressions were used by Mustapha Capitan, which roused the old Sheik's anger, and he shook his forefinger, while the room rang with his deep, guttural voice. "I am an old man; I knew Said Pasha's father; and long before Mehemet Ali sat on the divan in Cairo I was Sheik in Wady Mousa. Said Pasha may think himself somewhat of a man because he is in the seat of his father. My son, you are a boy. You have caught me in Cairo; but if I meet you outside the gates of your city—if I meet you on the desert sand—I will show you who is Sheik Houssein! Kill me here now, if you dare, and I have five sons, old men all, who will seek my blood on the stones of Cairo. No no, Mustapha Capitan; no no, Hassan Pasha; Sheik Houssein is not to be treated like a boy! What will become of your caravan next year, and the year after, and after that? Send ten thousand men with it to guard it by the mountains of Sheik Houssein, and from every rock and hiding-place will he rain death on them, and the ten thousand men will lie on the sands. You dare not harm this old head! I am not afraid of you, though I stand here in your strong house, in the heart of your great city. The man does not live who dares to harm me. Woe be to you, Mustapha Capitan—woe be to Said Pasha—if I go not out free from Cairo and unharmed!"

The room was silent for a moment, as the old man took breath after this burst of defiance, and then every voice rang at once in a storm of dissension, dispute, demand, refusal, defiance, anger, and fury. This subsided as the Sheik Houssein again raised his voice, and hurled his anathemas on Said Pasha and the Egyptian government. Meantime Mustapha Capitan sat calmly in the corner of the divan, and May and myself sat as calmly by his side. I confess that I thought once or twice that if this storm of words should result as it would have been likely to result in any other part of the world, our chance would have been poor to reach the door through a hundred Arabs, every one of them fully armed.

But the audience was over. Mustapha had had enough of the Sheik, and he broke up the sitting by a nod. We went out with the crowd, and as the room opened out on the large roof of the lower building, the Bedouins sat down on the stones of the roof, and we sat down in a circle composed of the four sheiks that I have mentioned and ourselves, attended by Abd-el-Atti. Here we remained an hour longer, listening to the wily attempts of the others to persuade the old man into a promise to produce the thief. It was in vain. He was not to be caught. Accordingly I proposed to Abd-el-Atti to take the old man with us and visit the other prisoners. I was anxious to see their meeting. He went with us.

As he entered the prison-door they advanced to meet him, and the first one, the son of a sheik, met him with outstretched arms, kissing him on each cheek and receiving his kisses in return, then pressing his forehead against the old man's forehead and standing silent and motionless for thirty seconds in that graceful and strange position, their eyes fixed on the ground. The other prisoner received a similar salute, but not so impressive. The first prisoner was dressed in the plainest and most common gray blanket of the Bedouins. It was wound around his body, and the corner was thrown over his head. And yet his slave, who had come to him from his far-off home across the desert, was as richly dressed as any man in the assembly, in silk and cashmere, and, I might also have remarked, was one of the loudest talkers in the audience-room. For here slaves talk freely before their masters, and dispute with them fearlessly.

Mustapha Capitan ordered the Sheik Houssein to be detained in the prison all night.

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Woe to Mustapha if he set his foot on the desert sand east of Suez after this.

Abd-el-Atti succeeded in obtaining a good room for him and a comfortable place, and since then he has done more. He has given his word for his appearance in Cairo whenever the Government wish him in this matter, and on his faith Sheik Houssein was the next evening set at liberty, and Abd-el-Atti brought him immediately to us. We were just finishing dinner when he was announced, and we brought him into the dining-room to take coffee and fruit with us; and he sat an hour, much to our edification and that of some travelers who had arrived at the hotel. Among these we are fortunate in having with us Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the most accomplished Egyptian scholar and antiquarian of the present day, and he was able to converse freely with the Sheik, who was unsparing in his threats of vengeance for the insult he has received, as well as his promises of good treatment to Abd-el-Atti and his friends, whom, he said impressively, "I pray God I may see in Wady Mousa before I die." It is, at least, a happy circumstance for us to have met him under such auspices. It removes one of the great obstacles in the way of our crossing the desert. For, to say truth, Sheik Houssein has been a terror before us, his reputation being none of the best with travelers, many tales being current of his skill in robbing them of superfluous or necessary dollars. But he has eaten bread with us, so he said at parting, and he hopes to eat with us again in Wady Mousa.

"What will you do to Abd-el-Atti, when he comes to your tent?" I asked him.

He turned his eye up to Abd-el-Atti with a good-natured laugh, and drew his finger across his throat.

We laughed at his jesting threat, and I asked him what he would do to Mustapha Capitan if he ever came to Wady Mousa. His face sobered in an instant, and he looked with his flashing eye at me, and was silent for a moment. Then he growled, rather than spoke,

"You know very well what I will do to Mustapha Capitan or to Said Pasha, if either of them comes within my reach."

While he remains he will eat and sleep at the house of Abd-el-Atti, and when he returns to his desert Said Pasha has another horde of enemies to disturb his already uncertain reign.

The administration of justice in Egypt is a curious affair. As I was riding homeward from the prison in which I had left the old man of the desert, I met a camel carrying a large box which contained a huge tiger. The animal was growling furiously, as every swing of the camel sent him now to one end of the cage and now to the other. I was comparing him to the old chief. Never were two more alike. While I was looking at him, two tall stout men, Europeans, dismounted from donkeys which they had hired, and refused to pay the owner for them. On his insisting, one of them struck him. Whereat he became more earnest in his demands for his money, but was still perfectly respectful, though he held the Frank firmly by the folds of his dress. The latter, enraged at the pertinacity of the Arab, struck him with his cane, and then gave him a terrible beating. I never saw a man so thoroughly thrashed. He struck him over his head and back, his legs and his bare arms, bringing blood at every blow. He beat him across the street and actually into the open court of the police office, where sat fifteen or twenty police officers, smoking sedately and calmly. No one of them moved from his seat, or spoke. Twenty other donkey men rushed in to the rescue, and the Frank broke his cane over the head of his victim, and then took to European swearing. The next instant he rushed out into the street, around the corner of the building, to the old man who sells bamboo and rattans, bought a stout bamboo for a piastre and returned to the charge. Again the poor Arab took it, and when he was thoroughly tired the Frank left the crowd and walked along the street as coolly as if he had but been whipping a dog.

This is an everyday occurrence in the streets of the city, and I mention it in connection with the arrest of the Sheik Houssein as showing what experience I had in one afternoon of the manner of administering justice in Cairo the Blessed.

The procession of the *makhmil* took place the third day after our meeting with Sheik Houssein, and we were up and off early in the morning to see it.

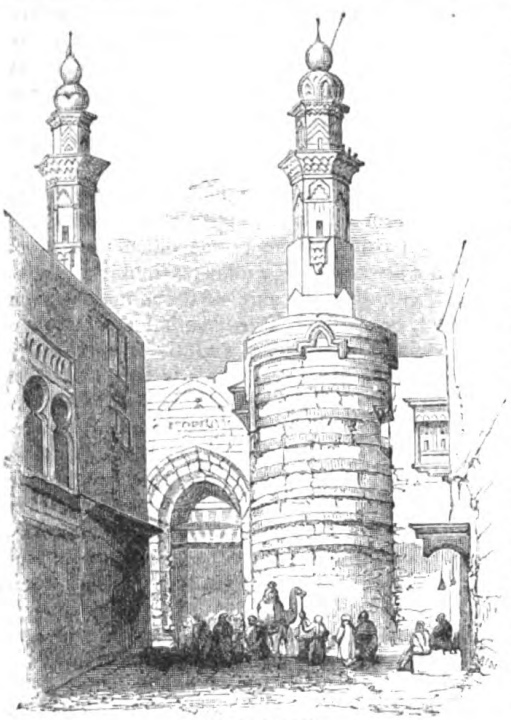
This procession is ordinarily one of the grandest events of the Cairene year. The departure of the pilgrims is the time for more display, but the scene is not more interesting, perhaps not as interesting.

The caravan had been waiting on the desert, outside the city walls, for the Pasha's order that it should enter, and this at length was issued at a late hour on the evening of the 10th. No one knew of it, and we should not have heard of it but for the faithfulness of our servant, who was up at his prayers before daylight, as every good Mussulman should be, and saw the soldiers passing on their way out of the city to meet the caravan, so he came and roused me, and called a carriage *instanter*. It had been decided before hand that we should have a carriage instead of going on donkeys, because, in the first place, we should be better able to see in a crowd, and in the second place, should be less liable to insult from the crowd. For on the day of this procession, from time immemorial, Mussulmans have been permitted to insult Christians with impunity, and the boys are accustomed to do so.

The makhmil is a somewhat curious affair. Few Mohammedans can tell you what it is, though they venerate it, and look forward and back to its arrival as the great event of the religious year.

Long years ago—let us not be particular about dates—a certain royal lady, a queen, made the

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BAB ZOOAYLEH.

pilgrimage to Mecca, and for her use had a gorgeous car or camel litter made, in which she rode all the way. The next year she did not go on the pilgrimage, but she sent her camel and her litter, and it was carried by the pilgrims each successive year, until they forgot the origin of the custom and made it a religious rite. Each year a most gorgeous canopy is made—a new one every year—at the expense of the government, and this goes and returns empty. On its return it is held most sacred. The people rush to touch it with their fingers. They press their foreheads and lips to the fringe, and rejoice at the blessing their eyes have in looking at it.

We were pretty effectually insured against insult by the presence of Abd-el-Atti with us, but still more when we met Sheik Houssein and took him into the carriage. The old man did not exactly like to sit in such an affair. He said he preferred to be on his horse, and he looked anxiously around him as we went along through the crowd that was pouring to the part of the city where the procession was to pass. We drove on rapidly, a runner preceding us and clearing the way. I wished to reach the *Bab-el-Nusr*, the Gate of Victory, before the entrance of the procession, but I was too late for it. We met them in the narrowest part of the way, and the officers who preceded the procession turned our horses' heads, so that we were obliged to head the procession and drive back till we came to a convenient turn out, where we could stop and let them pass. This place we found and there saw them.

The procession was headed by the caravan which had accompanied the Hadg to Mecca and back. Then followed the escort of cavalry and foot sent out to meet them. Behind these came the Sacred Camel, bearing the makhmil. It was indeed a gorgeous affair, blazing with the purest gold. No tinsel work about this. Its value was incalculable. The camel was almost hidden by the fringe of precious metal, and the balls and crescents shone like suns and moons. The whole crowd shouted and did reverence to it as it passed.

The Mohammedan sign of reverence is made by placing the palm of the open hand on the forehead, and drawing it down to the chin; every man, woman, and child did this, and then shouted. The air rang with the peculiar cry of joy which the women utter on all festive occasions, a long gurgling sound that no one can imitate who is not born in the East. Behind the makhmil, on a camel, sat a dervish, naked to the waist, who is a somewhat celebrated character, and an important part of the procession. His head rolls as if it were not attached to his shoulders, but only lay there, and every motion of the camel sent it around. This motion he is never known to stop from the time the makhmil leaves the citadel of Cairo on its way to Mecca until its return. Possibly in the night time, when no one is near, he may rest and sleep, but this is denied, and it is asserted and believed that he never rests an instant or ceases this strange motion.

Following him are the camels of the pilgrims, with their canopies and their families in them. The camel litter is composed of two boxes, swung on opposite sides of the camel, covered with one tent-like canopy. In each box are some of the riders, or possibly they balance the person on one side by the baggage on the other, if the family is not large enough to fill both.

These are the desert ships of old fame. Five thousand of them were in the caravan when they left Suez, but more than two thousand hastened on, and had been scattered to their various homes a week or more before the arrival of the main body. Hence the procession was not as full as usual.

After the camels came the guard of the caravan, a regiment of wild-looking rascals of every nation under the Eastern sun, dressed in more costumes than there are countries in Asia and Africa, and these closed the procession, which was altogether the strangest that we have ever been witnesses of. They passed us and went on through the Bab Zooayleh, which is one of the most stately edifices in the city, and so on up to the citadel. The Bab Zooayleh is, as its name imports, a gate. Before the days of Saladin it was the most southern gate of Cairo, but when that prince extended the city, and built the citadel, this gate was left in the midst of the houses, and stands to this day a monument of the greatness of that celebrated warrior.

It is withal one of the most sacred places in Cairo, and while superstition even among Mussulmans shrinks from public gaze, here it is displayed to the utmost.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY."

I HAVE a neighbor. We occupy adjoining rooms in a shabby-genteel boarding-house, where the cheap lodging partly consoles us for its discomforts. My neighbor is a grave, faded, silent woman of forty or thereabouts, always dressed in sombre colors, with a plain muslin cap concealing her gray hair, and a reserve of manner which baffles curiosity and questioners.

She has no visitors; she rarely leaves the house; the postman's arrival never causes a stir of joy or sorrow upon her countenance; and after each meal she slowly retires from the dining-room with her usual heavy, listless tread, and is not seen again until the bell summons us to the table once more.

If addressed, she answers quietly and firmly, glancing a moment at her interlocutor, and then looking down upon her plate, as if she wished to let you understand that politeness alone induced her reply.

Always punctual in her weekly payments, so mysteriously regular in her conduct, so averse to gossip, at first my neighbor was a great "card" in the house, and we shuffled and dealt her every day so soon as her back was turned.

"Who was she?"

No one could tell. She gave her name as Mrs. Brown; and weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, and still, grave, faded, silent, with her dark gowns and her measured footfall, the stranger lived in our midst as unknown as if she wore an iron mask, and did not speak our language.

Gradually the interest in her died away. The inmates of the boarding-house left off wondering about her, for no fresh food was served up for their eager swallow—she just staid at the same point, neither lessening nor increasing her self-concentrated style of life—so, sadly and wearily my neighbor's days dragged along in their unbroken calm and unwavering reserve.

She was still to me a subject of thought. Whether it were because I was more pertinacious than my fellow-boarders, or whether being in the next room, I seemed nearer to her, and could hear her frequently pacing her narrow chamber for hours, not restlessly, but with a solemn, marked, continuous march which often lasted till the gray dawn peeped through my shutters—whether this made a bond between us, unfelt by the others, I do not know; but certain it is, that long after the rest had ceased to notice her, I still watched, and strove to pierce the envelope which shut us out from her ideas, feelings, and sorrows.

After a night passed as I have described, she would appear at the breakfast-table with no traces of tears or sleeplessness—just the same haggard look around her large eyes, the same patient suffering wrinkling her faded mouth, the same entire hopelessness of carriage and air.

She asked no sympathy—she needed none. I saw very soon that she was unaccustomed to the coarse fare which our landlady provided; others had remarked that, soon after her arrival, and once, some one had said to her, "You don't relish your victuals, ma'am? You have been used to better, perhaps?"

She had fixed her sternest look upon the speaker.

"You are mistaken," she said, dropping her eyelids instantly; "every thing is better than I am in the habit of seeing."

And from that day the meanest dish on the humble board was always her choice, although she could not sometimes dispose of the contents, but would play with her knife and three-pronged fork, and rise from among us without having eaten enough to nourish a sparrow.

There was another singular incident which, early in her stay, caused much comment.

One morning she chanced to sit next our landlady, who, awkwardly enough, upset the ewer of boiled milk over the sleeve and hand of Mrs. Brown. It was not very hot, the milk—it never was—but Mrs. Plunkett started up with apologies, and, in spite of my neighbor's resistance, would wipe and rub the wet hand, herself. In a few seconds all the boarders saw with amazement that the well-polished hand contrasted singularly with its fellow, which was brown and harsh; while the one clasped by Mrs. Plunkett was delicate, fair, blue-veined, and admirably beautiful.

The boarders were almost content at losing their coffee, since the spilt milk had secured the knowledge of this mystery; but my neighbor drew her sleeve over the hand and retired. At dinner they appeared to have resumed their likeness; and worthy Mrs. Plunkett will to her last hour believe that the constant use of boiled milk (tepid) will produce the happiest results upon the most unsatisfactory skins.

Last week I remarked that my neighbor was more than usually depressed. Through the partition-wall I frequently heard her sigh, and for three nights the steady footsteps kept up their regular beat without intermission.

Each day she looked more worn, and my old eyes filled with tears as I watched her. Latterly she had not turned with a vexed frown from my observation, as I had often had the pain of seeing her do, but once or twice she gave me an earnest glance from beneath her fatigued brow, while her arms drooped moodily and weakly beside her.

She seemed thinner, more fragile than ever. Her gown-waist was pinned over more closely each day: a willow-wand is scarcely slighter than her waist.

But, as I was saying, last week—it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and I was sitting in my own room, intending to write a letter to my absent child, who is toiling in California, when a sob—so loud, so deep, so heart-breaking—came to me from my neighbor.

It was irresistible. I started up and went into the passage. A light shone below the closed door of my neighbor's room. I listen-

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ed. All was still, except from the parlor down stairs, where one of the ladies was torturing the piano.

Again that heavy sigh. It was as if a long pent-up agony, like a mighty river bursting its bounds rushed sweepingly, distractingly, overwhelmingly into sound and action. Sob upon sob; tears falling in mad sorrow; and then a fall, as if a figure gathered up to its full height had suddenly dropped prone upon the floor.

I felt the impropriety—the intrusion—but I softly opened the door, carried away by a sympathy stronger than conventional rules.

There lay my neighbor. Her long hair untwisted, disheveled; her head buried in her arms, gathered in a reckless heap, writhing in uncontrollable misery. Bitter sighs, half-uttered words, ceaseless moans. The room was bare; no curtains to the hard, comfortless bed: none at the solitary window. A stiff, uncushioned chair, a small trunk; not a book, not a sign of woman's presence; the most cheerless spot conceivable. But opposite to me there rested an object so strange to find in such an apartment, that it riveted my attention and kept me spell-bound.

A large packing-case held a picture in a splendid frame; the upper side had been removed only recently, for it yet leaned partly against the picture.

It was a portrait—a full-length portrait—of a beautiful woman; so brilliantly beautiful that I wondered if lips so red and eyes so dazzling could ever have existed. The dress was of a fashion of fifteen years back or more; the surroundings represented a drawing-room, handsomely furnished, and, reclining upon a sofa, with one arm half buried in its downy depths, lay this beauty—a sparkling petulance, a haughty grace enveloping her, and shining jewels decking her lovely person with a glorious fitness, like dew-drops upon morning blossoms.

By the light of a sixpenny glass-lamp, in which burned camphene, on the table near, I saw this luxurious picture, and the weeping, groveling woman, in her coarse garments and her fierce sorrow, on the floor at its feet. They seemed the antipodes of life; and yet it appeared to me that in the lofty dignity of the one I could trace a dreamy likeness to the lowly poverty of the other.

Was it so? Had these wearied, melancholy eyes, which now were vailed by her silvered hair, ever been faithfully represented by those insolently beautiful ones? Was there truly a connection between the portrait and the owner of it?

Was it Madgalen weeping before her early self?

The more I looked, the more I believed it. Withered, worn, shabby, old as she now was—this portrait had once, like a mirror, reflected the features of my neighbor.

What business had I there? What could I do for grief like this? The proud spirit which danced in every sparkle of the portrait's eye, the pretty scorn which shone in its air, might yet linger in my neighbor's breast. She was aroused. She was no longer patient, uncomplaining; some sorrow was stirring within her, which had overleaped her stoical calm.

I closed the door gently, and held my breath lest I should disturb her.

"Poor thing!"

I could not write. In spite of my sixty years, boyish tears wet my cheek, and I listened—listened—and heard the low sobs die out: then came the heavy, grief-laden footsteps.

"Who and what was my neighbor?"

Her door opened: not as I had opened it, but quickly, violently; and she ran—she who always walked as if shod with lead—down the stair. I caught a glimpse of her. Her bonnet was dashed upon her head, and a shawl thrown around her.

In a moment I was after her, watched the course she took, and followed.

Up one quiet street, down another, to the finest quarter of the city, flew my neighbor. At last we were almost driven over by carriages making their way in the same direction; and, to my surprise, she stopped where they did.

A grand old house! Lights streaming from the hall and through each window-chink. Files of servants in livery marshaling the guests, crowds of by-standers gazing into the entrance-door and gaping at the company, as coach after coach set down its richly-dressed occupants upon the carpet which was spread for dainty feet.

I was quite bewildered.

"What does my neighbor here?"

She stood three paces from me as I hid in the shade. The ragged boys jostled her, and a big Irishwoman thrust her aside. Her bonnet was pulled over her face, but I could see the large eyes flashing now; and when a police-officer shoved the crowd into order, and bade her "stand back," I saw her turn upon him with a gesture worthy of the portrait; and then, clasping her hands in agony, she shrunk back, and leaned panting against the iron railing.

Presently she raised her bowed head and looked eagerly around: then she slipped through the mass, and I followed after. She gained the back entrance, a deserted lane dimly lighted, and almost feeling in this darkness, opened a small gate and passed in.

I waited to hear her step forward, then pushed the gate gently, and found myself in a large garden. She was a few yards in advance, cautiously making her way.

Nothing daunted, I did likewise. She threaded the alleys with perfect ease, avoiding the broader paths, and walking steadily on. At length she paused so abruptly, at a sudden turn, that I was almost upon her heels. Immediately in front of us, with no impediment to our sight but the trunk of the tree behind which she partially screened herself, was spread out the whole company, whose simultaneous arrival was now accounted for.

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The night was warm (though in mid-winter), the shutters were folded back, and in this sumptuous drawing-room stood a bridal-party.

The bride was of a soft and gentle beauty, very young, fair and tender, blushing timidly beneath her vail and orange-blossoms, and looking up with mingled bashfulness and love at her bridegroom. We had arrived, singularly enough, just as they took their places for the ceremony.

A stout, severe, elderly man, with bushy brows and an obstinate, harsh expression breaking through the present suavity of his look, supported this young creature on her left. He was evidently her father or guardian, while as evidently I decided that the youth on the bridegroom's other side was her brother. He glanced suspiciously, stealthily from time to time at his sister; then nervously watched the motions of the older man, and seemed helplessly anxious and uneasy.

All this I took in at one look; for it has been my pleasure and habit for many a long year to study my fellow-beings, and I have acquired a quickness of perception which grows with what it feeds upon.

My neighbor grasped a drooping branch of the old oak, pressing her weak frame against its strength, and gazing ahead with such painful intensity, such starting eyeballs, that she neither noticed me, nor, I believe, would have turned her look aside even had she perceived me.

The low rustling of rich skirts as the elderly ladies stood up—a soft fluttering of fans and laces as the younger ones settled themselves—a faint cough or two—then a breathless silence.

"Dearly beloved.....

"If any man can show just cause why these may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"I do!" rang out my neighbor's voice, clear and shrill. It resounded throughout that great empty garden—it echoed from the ancient walls—it stunned me for a second.

A wild cry—a confused swaying of the crowd—the bride sinking in her bridegroom's arms—a momentary hush, and then some sprang to the open windows, and all was hurry and pursuit.

I seized my neighbor's arm; she struggled, but I dragged her on; and, while eyes were peering into the darkness, and rapid feet were close upon us, we gained the little gate, and were safe. She was quieter now; only her hand was marble cold, and she muttered:

"My darlings—my poor forsaken darlings!"

I led her into the silent park which borders that portion of the city, and seated her on a bench.

The stars twinkled above our heads—restlessly, it appeared to me, and with a feverish, uncertain gleam. There was no calm any where. Did the tumultuous beatings of that sorrowful heart fill the atmosphere, and make even heaven's lights burn fitfully?

It was not noisy—it was not rough; it was a wild, silent, desperate throb.

"How came you here?" she said, at last, turning upon me. "You were with me in the garden?"

"I was. I followed you. You have made me eager to serve and comfort you."

"Comfort me! Listen. That house which we have just left was once mine. There I lived, its proud and idolized mistress. That young bride is my daughter—my own fair-haired Emma. My petted boy—my darling Horace—you saw him, did you not? They clung to me, they were so young. Yes—I left them!"

She paused.

"I scarcely know your name—but latterly I have seen that you feel for me—that you pity me. You are an old man. My heart is breaking to-night. God help me! I thought it had broken long ago. It is years since I have permitted myself the luxury of a friendly word. I never speak. When I was a woman, beautiful and admired, men used to worship my wit, and bow down before my sarcastic eloquence. It is one of my penances now to be silent—to permit myself no relaxation from this strict vow. But to-night I *must* speak.

"Is she not lovely, my gentle Emma? Did you see the bridegroom? I know him. He is cruel, heartless, cold, selfish, unwarmed by a single virtue or even vice. He feels too little to be even wicked. All is calculation. Hard as adamant, unbending as the steadfast rock, he will crush my darling's timid spirit. He will not ill-use her, but she will die from sheer want of sympathy. He will sneer at her girlish feelings, and put down her rising thoughts.

"He is twelve years her senior, and marries her for her father's gold.

"How long is it since I deserted them? My brain wanders to-night"—she put back her tangled hair, and beat upon her knee with her thin hand.

"I was very beautiful—very haughty—I could not brook control; and, in my wrath, meeting each day a will striving to be stronger than my own, I grew restive. Life to me was such a weary business. He came—did I love him? I do not know. Was it vanity or passion? a yearning after some powerful interest or a mere outburst of fretted pride? I can not tell now. Then I thought it a love stronger than reason.

"Five years I reigned the tainted queen of dishonoring homage. Who so bright, so grandly towering in the midst of her hollow court?

"One day a new light broke upon me. In full career—with not a charm impaired—with not a wrinkle to warn my cheek that time was fleeting past—with no tarnish on my lips or brow—in the plenitude of my meridian glory, I turned with disgust from revelry and empty, vicious joys.

"It was satiety. It palled upon me. I pined for my children's pure kisses. I hated the train of bold, bad men who worshiped and despised me. I loathed the painted, meretricious women who formed my society. With fearless scorn I bade them farewell. I tore the jewels from

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my arms and brow, and gave the wages of sin to feed the poor and clothe the naked.

"It was a night like this, when, assembling the wicked, careless crowd for one last festival, more superb than ever—in robes so costly that the women about me 'paled their ineffectual fires' before the dazzle of my beauty and magnificence—I took (mentally and forever) my leave of them.

"Never was my supremacy more loudly acknowledged. Eyes hung upon mine. Men quailed before my bitter tongue, and then crept to my feet to sun themselves in the dangerous softness of my smile.

"How I hated them all!

"At early dawn I was miles away. Straight as the lapwing to her nest, I sought my children.

"I came to this city disguised.

"There were no marks of age then—midnight orgies had respected their fit associate—the devil had cared for his own. I stained my face—my royally beautiful hands. The feet which had been planted in their slender divinity upon the necks of my subjects, were hidden in coarse shoes. The figure, whose voluptuous proportions sculptors and artists had delighted to perpetuate, was now swathed in rusty garments, which enabled me, unchecked, unrecognized, to dog the footsteps of my children and their attendants.

"One day Emma stumbled, and I caught her in my arms. The graceful, modest girl of twelve turned her blue eyes gratefully upon me. I trembled like those leaves which the wind now beats aside; her governess drew her away with murmured thanks, and looked askance at me as I slowly moved along.

"Years have passed since then. I do not give myself the enjoyment, the passive delight of even a hut, where in perfect solitude I might brood over my life—my griefs.

"There is a refinement of penance to my mind in searching out such spots as the one in which I now live.

"To surround myself with commonplace, ignorant, prying people, whose very contact once would have disgusted me. They irritate me now; they are the hair-shirt and the lash which devout Catholics administer to themselves.

"Do you realize my life? Do you understand it? This is my jar of ointment. I pour it out daily.

"The only relic I possess of what I was, is the cruelest stab which yet remains to be told.

"When I left my home, my children, my all, the stern, inflexible father of those children sent me my portrait, taken in the pride and bloom of my youthful maturity. He would not retain a vestige which spoke of me. I have it still. When the storm of 'vexed passions,' of undying regrets rages highest within me, I open the box in which it stands.

"It is not the sight of my past beauty (for I need no disguises now) which wrings my very soul, but the memory of my innocence."

She stopped.

"Away!" she cried, lifting up her arms; "the hurricane is at hand now. Who can teach me to wipe out the past? Repentance will not do it, tears will not do it, penance will not do it!"

"But prayer will," I whispered softly, folding both fiercely-nervous hands in my aged ones.

"Prayer!" she repeated, scornfully. "Prayer will not give me my children, my lost name, my proud position. Prayer can not heal the bleeding wounds that make up my heart. Prayer can not prevent what has happened this night—the sacrifice of my Emma. Prayer can not restore to them the blessing of a virtuous and loving mother, nor to me dutiful and happy children. Prayer might save *my* soul, but can not help them."

Alas! alas!

I almost hoped that I read aright—my neighbor's mind had gone astray as well as her poor, faltering footsteps.

"Farewell!" she said, rising abruptly; "farewell. I thank you. Do not follow me. Ask no questions about me. They tell me you write tales for bread. If you can, make a warning of me. Farewell!"

She walked straight down the path, far into the darkness. I saw the flow of her black gown and her steady march until the trees shut her out.

I began by saying "I have a neighbor;" I should have said "I had."

I looked for her in her usual seat the next morning: she was not at the breakfast-table.

"Where is Mrs. Brown?" I asked.

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Plunkett, "she left at daylight, bag and baggage; not much of it, though, she has to move—only a big flat box and a trunk. The Lord, he knows where she has gone. A queer soul that Mrs. Brown! I am not sorry to lose her. Shall I fill your cup, Sir?"

THE SENSES.

III.—SMELL.

"THE Lord God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and *man* became a living soul," says the revealed account of the first creation of man, and surely the fact is not without its deep meaning, that life entered his earth-born body by that channel and by no other. Yet of all the handmaidens that serve as so-called senses, the

> "Pure brain,
> Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,"

none is less known and more neglected than that of smell. The very manner in which it performs its marvelous duties is a mystery; the thousand sources of pure, exquisite enjoyment that it affords us daily, are carelessly overlooked, and the loss of the sense is scarcely regarded. Even its outward representative, however, the nose, may be safely claimed as one of the high prerogatives that make man to differ from the brute. Few animals, indeed, can be said to possess a true nose. What is so called by com-

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mon consent—their organ of smell—lies mostly flat and close upon the jaws; hence the two senses of taste and smell are rarely very distinct and sharply separated in animals. Both of them are probably intended to guide them in the choice of their food, not each for itself, but jointly. Socrates and Cicero thought that smell and taste were given to animals to tell them what food was to be taken and what to be rejected. Even in those apes that most nearly approach to human shape, we miss the separate existence of the sense, and only one, the kaho, has, as it were, a caricature of the human nose in his irresistibly ludicrous face. Where the organ is not thus closely joined and confined to the mouth, it grows out from it in extravagant length, as in the pig, the mouse, and the seal, reaching its extreme in the elephant's trunk, but presenting in all a form equally far removed from that of the human nose.

Far different is it in man, "made after the image of God." Here the most general of senses, touch, is spread over the whole wide surface in the simplest organ, the skin, that covers his body. Taste is half hid behind the discrete curtains of the lips, and within the dark recess of the palate, as if nature were anxious to conceal the more or less sensual organ, and to keep the eye of the curious from those secret chambers where food is received and changed into flesh and blood.

Smell is the first of the senses that has an outward organ, bold, open, and striking; though it need not always be "as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." It is, however, the first of those three great senses that represent outwardly, in the human countenance, the inner life of the nerves and their mysterious sensations. Hence it is generally admitted that of all organs of the senses the nose is the most characteristic feature in the face of man, and gives it, far beyond eye or mouth, its own distinctive expression. Altogether independent of the strongest will and the subtlest cunning, it can not, as our eyes can, laugh with the merry and weep with the mourning. The well-trained courtier, the crafty comedian, and the consummate hypocrite, can fashion the soft, silken lips into all they desire; but the nose grows up with the child, and ever speaks its mind freely, pointing to the hour on the dial of the face with a quickness and an accuracy nowise inferior to the sun's own shadow from on high. Nothing, therefore, disfigures the face more than a permanent injury, or the loss of that organ. We soon learn to forget the harelip, and even the viler sneer of the scoffer's mouth; sweet twilight still lingers on the blind man's eloquent countenance, and awakes with our sorrow deep pity and tender affection. But from the face without nose we turn with instinctive horror: the seal of the Maker is no more seen, and the breath of life itself seems to have been taken from the wretched sufferer. For we must not forget that the nose is but an extension of that skull which is in man alone so beautiful and perfect, and in him finds, as it were, its crown and its highest expression. Curvatures of the spine, therefore, and similar defects in the skull, are not unfrequently reproduced in the nose, with a fidelity as amazing to the layman as it is suggestive to the careful observer of the harmony that ever prevails between soul and body. And as its outward form, its body and substance, is thus connected with the head, so its inner soul-like nerves are but direct continuations of the two hemispheres of the brain, and make in this character their house a true and faithful symbol of the more or less refined spiritual life of their owner.

Hence both the almost unlimited variety of forms which this organ assumes among men, and the apparently undeserved importance which we attach to its shape. Not only the form, however, but also the direction, the outline, and even the coloring of the nose is striking in each case, and ever full of meaning. The infantine nose is always small and unmeaning; the brain behind has not yet begun its wondrous work, and as yet has fashioned no features. Each year, however, adds to its precision of shape; it changes more than either eye or mouth, and reaches not its full form and permanent outline until the character also is completely formed. Hence a child-like nose does not please us in grown persons, however fashion may protect it as a *nez retroussé*, or the *Roxelane* nose may charm us in spite, and not on account of its imperfections. For as a round, highly vaulted brow gives to mature age the likeness of childhood, so, in the fully-developed head, a little turned-up nose also suggests at once a childish and imperfect character. This is most strikingly felt in the lower races of men, especially the negroes, who are all more or less marked by the same peculiar feature. Whether this be so ordained from the beginning, or merely the result of their hard fate abroad and dark barbarism at home, is perfectly immaterial to the symbolic meaning. Among the higher races it occurs, necessarily, oftener among women than among men, though here, with an otherwise well-developed head, it generally proves most attractive, and gives always the expression of pleasing, perhaps rather pert *naïveté*. Without such advantages it is a sure sign of insignificancy, and often of coarseness. Little, stumpy noses among men are rare in the higher races, and, when they occur, seldom fail to indicate weakness of mind, or imperfect moral development. If they are short and thick, we may safely presume a strong sensual disposition. A turned-up nose, with wide-open nostrils, is a rarely deceiving sign of empty, pompous vanity, and mostly belongs to men most truly called "puffed up," lacking that "charity which vaunteth not itself." Not that large nostrils in themselves are considered objectionable; so far from it, they generally pass as an indication of strength, pride, and courage, as small ones show fear and weakness. Porta said that "men with open nostrils were rather given to wrath, but

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strongest." Nor is this a mere arbitrary notion; for we know that the beautifully winding channels within reproduce there in miniature the great organ of the chest, by which we breathe, as the parts of the mouth are in like manner the reduced image of the digestive organs below. The strong man breathes fully and freely, and opens his nostrils, as his lungs, widely and largely. Even in the noble horse we read good blood and fiery spirit in open nostrils, with large breathing, and delicate transparent structure.

Another type is the full, well-developed nose. The familiar fact that in man, whose respiration is stronger and more voluminous than that of woman, the nose should be almost invariably larger, is full of meaning. A large, strongly marked nose is rare in the fairer sex, and when found, is a sure sign of masculine temper, or undue development of the less refined sensations. That in mature age much may be gathered from this organ, was not unknown to the ancients. They collected with care numerous drawings, and Porta and others compared them with various forms in the animal kingdom. That the outward form has its latent meaning, can not be doubted; but we must not forget that while the whole is given by nature, and some may be accident, a part of both form and expression is commonly the result of the owner's mode of life and daily habits. Over-abundant food and intemperance in drinking develop the nose beyond all limits of beauty. Nor is it without its special meaning, no doubt, that wine, whose main effect is upon the brain, should thus change the form of the skull, which, to be sure, we can only see in the most prominent part, the nose, where it accumulates cellular tissues and fills the countless blood-vessels. It is but rarely that a nose thus developed, when coupled with a refined mind and high intelligence, gives to the face a sense of comfortable sensuality and cheerful humor, such as we fancy in Falstaff, and see in some of the noblest princes of the church, as painted by Titian or Rubens. On the other hand, we find that great general leanness, the excessive use of snuff, and the frequent touch of the finger in deep meditation, may reduce a nose to a pitiful shadow, and give it most marvelous sharpness. When coupled with pale, prim lips, such a nose is a certain warning against the narrow mind that dwells within, or speaks of melancholy temper. In woman, where all sharp bony eminences are commonly covered and softly rounded off with an abundance of flesh and fat, a sharp, pointed nose reminds us readily of the Witch of Endor. Too great regularity is, strangely enough, even less desirable than an inferior outline. Faces of far-famed beauty, in art or in life, show mostly a nose approaching the Greek ideal, which, perfect as it is in theory, still does not convey to us the feeling we most prize—of a highly-developed mind and vigorous character. It may please the senses, but it can not content the heart.

Among the higher races a large, fully-developed nose is generally well received, and Napoleon is even said to have invariably been prepossessed in favor of men so endowed. But there is, we all know, no accounting for tastes; and large, powerful nations differ from us altogether. The Chinese have a national fancy for diminutive noses, and the Mongols and Tatars think that nose the fairest that is least seen. They whittle it down to negative beauty, as De Quincey quaintly says, until Djengis Khan's Empress became the cynosure of all eyes, having no nose but only two holes. Indian tribes flatten them on purpose; but less authentic is the account that the Tatars, who are now the next door neighbors of our English cousins in the Crimea, break the noses of their infants, thinking it, as we are told, "a great piece of folly to let their noses stand right before their eyes."

The Jews of the Old Covenant evidently differed from these views of beauty, for there we are told that "Whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish, he shall not approach to offer the bread of his God: a blind man or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose." On the other hand, they were given to strange ways of adorning it with costly ornaments, for they are threatened that "In that day the Lord will take away their rings and nose-jewels;" and the preacher says, "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion." Women wear these barbarous rings even now: in the nostrils among some tribes of India, or in the partition-wall, as among the Fellahs of Egypt, where the large, heavy hoop has to be specially raised whenever they wish to engage in kissing or less romantic occupations. Equally barbarous was another nose ornament, known to the Bible: the ring, or rather the hook, put into the nose of captives. The Lord threatens, through his prophet, that he "will put his hook in his nose, and his bridle in his lips;" for this was by no means, as some have imagined, done only with refractory animals, but constantly also with men. Assyrian sculptures, especially, show us again and again prisoners of distinction who are brought before gorgeously-robed monarchs, led by a rope fastened to rings in their lips or noses!

Five-fold is the duty performed by this organ of sense. In man, as in "all in whose nostrils is the breath of life," it serves to test the air we breathe, and aids in the great process of respiration. But with man alone it models the voice; it gathers the superfluous moisture with which sorrow or sympathy fill our eyes; and lastly, as we have seen, it adds beauty and character to the human face.

But we must not forget, in speaking of these nobler functions, that our senses are the ever-open gates through which the outer world finds admission to the secret temple, on whose vailed and mysterious altars the higher powers of man are enthroned. At these portals stand faithful guardians, who open them wide when welcome guests are without, but who can, with equal

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quickness and irresistible force, close the doors and exclude the bearer of a treacherous gift or a hostile challenge. The eye and the mouth are thus well defended. Wide open the beautiful gates of the former when the soul is filled with amazement, or with admiration for the greatness or the novelty of an object; or when an intangible thought, an overwhelming idea, suddenly opens, as it were, a vista into the far distance, or reveals a precipice at our feet. But how quickly they close, as if lightning had struck the apple of our eye, when a horrible sight, a crushing message surprises the sight! Nor is the nose without its trusty watchman. But as we can not close the gates here, as in eye and mouth, by a mere contraction of muscles, we raise our hand with instinctive rapidity, or we arrest our breath, that the nauseous current may not find entrance into the sensitive chambers. Thus all muscles and nerves that serve us in breathing change their position and show our reluctance; or we raise the upper lip and draw down the corners of the nostrils, thus half closing the entrance—a gesture equally expressive, whether employed to shut out a loathsome odor, or to reject the thought and the man that "stand in bad odor."

While by touch we commune with all that is solid, and by taste with substances fit for food, this sense measures with marvelous delicacy all that takes the form of air or vapor. That all the world is but one great whole, is shown in this also, that all elements constantly and forever try to change their form—the solid into fluid or vapor, vapor and fluid again into solid—and thus to enter into ever-new bonds of love and friendship. For all these forms our senses are each in its way arranged and prepared, and smell, in particular, tests all those elements which, on their great journey from solid earth, are ever striving to rise heavenward, and fleeing and flying, spread and scatter in the wide, pure ether. Most bodies exposed to the air are constantly sending out atoms so diminutive as to be far beyond the reach of human eyes; yet these may give us a pleasure we could not otherwise derive from such impalpable sources. The fragrance of a rose is not only pleasant in itself, but gives a refreshing stimulus to the whole system. Or they might be injurious to our health, noxious in the highest degree, and yet remain utterly imperceptible but for the aid of that faithful monitor. Thus foul air is first perceived by its smell long ere it enters the lungs, and many poisonous plants warn us from using them by their loathsome odor.

Delicate as these atoms are, the instruments of this sense are still more marvelously delicate. Not that they are equally so in all created beings; for some have more and some fewer nerves for that purpose. The dolphin certainly, the whale possibly, have none at all; and some of the most perfect classes of animals have neither olfactory nerves nor special organs for the sense of smell. With the majority, however, all theory of botany consists in smell, for plants mainly invite those for whom kind mother Nature matures them by odor or perfume. Here the exquisite sense of smell is the forerunner of taste. Hence its organ is placed close above the mouth. The eyes perceive substance and form; smell tests the inner nature and chemical composition; and food, thus tried and examined, is at last admitted to the taste.

Birds have but feeble smell but keen sight, because they are lifted on high by their wings, and can thus choose from far and near. On the other hand, Providence gives to animals that are bound to the soil a feebler sight and more delicate smell. Birds feeding on grain, therefore, judge almost alone by form and by color; a hen does not smell the grain that is offered, but, if it be strange, pushes it aside with bill and foot, and looks at it carefully from all sides. Nor do they ever eat at night. The horse, on the contrary, feeds in the dark as well as in the bright day; but when the oats are poured into the crib he smells with loud breathing, and if the odor displease him, refuses the fairest and plumpest corn. Cats, like all carnivorous animals, possess an exquisite smell because they hunt mostly at night, and are so excessively cautious that even the most tempting morsel is rarely taken from the master's hand, but first placed on the ground, and then carefully examined with the nose.

St. Pierre remarks that too little attention is given to the odor of vegetables; still it is striking, and yet rarely noticed, that most plants differ only in the shade of their one common color, green, but are easily distinguished by decided differences of odor. This the cattle know full well; and to this Isaac referred when he said, "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field the Lord has blessed." Useful to the beasts of the earth, plants become grateful to men. It is their noble vocation, in the great household of nature, to change, by their ever-active life—full of silent devotion and unrewarded industry—the mephitic vapors of all that decays into sweet perfume. Their only reward is to be allowed to exhale them, and thus to earn the gratitude of man, entering by such sweet service into the gentle bonds of loving fellowship that bind all parts of nature one to another. Fruits also, when hard, are odorless, because they can remain long without being gathered; but when soft, and liable to spoil, they warn us by strong perfumes to gather them in time.

The sense of smell does not belong to the whole organ, as many fancy, but only to the upper parts and the adjoining cells. The lower passages, through which we breathe the common air, are as insensible to smell as the many little cavities that lie behind and above the eyebrows and farther inward. The whole extent of the cavity of the nostrils is tapestried with wonderful hangings—a skin covered all over with tiny hairs, which by incessant motion produce a never-resting current of air. These moving *cilia* are planted upon cells so exqui-

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sitely delicate and sensitive, that even in pure water they instantly swell and change their form. They are as easily detached, and in a cold the phlegm shows under a microscope an abundance of these tiny cells, still in most active motion. Cells and cilia both are indispensable for smell. It is well known that a cold deprives us of the latter, because then the cells are swollen, and the cilia move in different directions; the same occurs in excessive dryness. The last most delicate fibres of the olfactory nerves are not exposed to the air, nor to the immediate action of an odorous substance. No nerve comes in this manner in immediate contact with the outer world. As the senses are only handmaidens of the mind enthroned within, so their servants, the nerves, also have nothing to do with the world, but only report to the secret power that certain changes have taken place in that portion of the body over which they are appointed to watch. The fine particles that have odor affect the delicate cilia and the skin underneath, in a manner as yet as mysterious as the influence of light on the Daguerreian silver-plate. The change, probably electrical, is reported, and becomes known to us in our mind as *odor*. The process is one of incredible delicacy. A grain of musk, kept for long years, and losing no visible part of its volume, fills constantly a vast space around it with innumerable impalpable particles. Yet each of these inconceivably minute atoms produces, at the moment of contact, such a change in the peculiar form and nature of this skin, that immediately all nerves are put in action; most accurate reports are made at head-quarters, and our mind is filled with pleasant or unpleasant sensations. Thus astonishment and admiration are excited here, as every where, when a glance is permitted at the secrets of nature.

To smell as to taste motion is requisite, and odorous substances must touch the delicate hairs while the current of air is carrying them on its active waves. Another beautiful evidence of the wisdom of our Maker! For as the larynx needed only to be placed where it is, at the head of the respiratory organs, to be ever provided with air without effort, and even without consciousness, so the sense of smell is placed at the very entrance-gate where the air we breathe is constantly passing, and thus ever carries on its imperceptible waves odorous atoms. If the air be perfectly stagnant the sense also rests in repose, and smell is impossible. Hence we stop breathing, and thus arrest the current of air to exclude disagreeable odors; and when we wish to smell we do it, not by one long-drawn respiration, but by repeated rapid breathings.

Another characteristic feature of this sense lies in its mixed powers. In the secret chambers of eye and ear, the most important parts of the hidden household of the intellect, no other sensations are produced but those of sight and hearing. Not so with taste and smell, whose special nerves are every where interwoven with the general nerves of the face. Both senses, therefore, pass easily into touch, especially as their organs approach the outer world. Hence the frequent confusion between them, as in the effect of *salmiac*, or horse-radish, which has nothing to do with odor, but is merely mechanical, and produces the same irritation on the skin of the eyes. Perhaps this uncertainty may explain in part the inability of languages to designate the infinite variety of odors. For we still speak of sharp and pungent smells, or we give them the name of flowers and animals by which they are produced.

Taste and smell, however, are most nearly related, and almost one in the lower classes of the animal kingdom, especially among the children of water, where, to human perceptions at least, all smell would be impossible. The two senses are apt to suffer together, and a defect or disease in one commonly affects the other. The great similarity of sensations caused by either, enables us often to tell the taste of a thing from its smell, and has led us, no doubt, to give so frequently the same names to both. It does not follow, however, that what pleases the one must needs please the other; for highly-seasoned venison, so pleasant to the palate of the gourmand, is rarely a "pleasant savor," and the aphrodisiacal apple, the delight of men in India, has the odor of a putrid onion. But it must be confessed that, after all, the mechanism of this sense is as yet but imperfectly known; science can not even tell us whether our nerves perceive odor by chemical or by mechanical action. So true is it that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

The exquisite delicacy of this sense, and its powerful influence on the mind, arises mainly from the fact that the olfactory nerves stand in the very nearest and most constant connection with the brain. Even in animals they are the immediate and powerful continuation of the substance of the brain. In man this is still more distinctly marked. This close and intimate relation between the organ of smell and the great temple of intellect, and the very large surface on which these nerves operate, explain both the marvelous variety of impressions we receive by smell and the permanent influence of odors on our inner life. Nor can it be entirely insignificant that the two nostrils are independent of each other. Two distinct fragrant substances presented at once do not produce a mixed odor, but both are distinctly perceptible, and we can at will let one prevail over the other. Our attention alone decides between the two competitors, who are equally anxious to gratify the eager nerves.

The power of perception itself varies wondrously in different individuals. There exist even cases, though very few, where both pairs of olfactory nerves and the sense of smell itself were entirely wanting. Diseases are apt to produce very remarkable changes in our perceptions. Women who, in good health, were passionately fond of the sweet odor of flowers, detest them in hysteric attacks, and prefer the

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odor of asafœtida or burnt feathers to all others. Strychnine, on the other hand, snuffed up or taken inwardly, sharpens the sense to almost painful acuteness. Pleasant but gentle odors are most frequently imperceptible to men but feebly endowed with the sense of smell. Frequent change, also, and constant use, make the latter at last dull, and finally inactive; the most pleasant perfumes, if used without intermission, become at first indifferent and then disagreeable. Thanks to the fact that habit diminishes the power of the sense, step by step, workmen who deal with putrid substances, druggists, and surgeons, soon overcome their first often painful impressions. Equally fortunate is it that a stronger smell extinguishes the weaker. A drop of oil of cloves and one of oil of peppermint put into the same bottle produce no mixture, but the former only is smelled, while the latter has for a time disappeared. Hence the large consumption of snuff by the young student of anatomy, made more efficient yet by the experience that the odor remains in the nostrils long after the fragrant substance is removed, thanks to the tiny atoms caught and kept captives between the downy hairs.

The effect of smell on the general state of our health and on our temper is not less varied and interesting. Men with a dull nose keep no account at all of their perceptions by this sense. Others are influenced by it more than by any other, and odors excite in them pleasure and comfort, or disgust and even fainting illness. The Italians love the perfumes of flowers with passion, but can not endure artificial odors. While Schiller kept rotting apples in his drawers, sharing the royal poet's wish, "The smell of thy nose shall be like apples," Quercet, the secretary of Francis I., could never smell them without giving his nose a violent bleeding. While some men scarcely notice the most penetrating and disagreeable odors, others perceive instantly the most delicate exhalations. The blind very often become acute observers by this sense, and can with marvelous accuracy recognise persons by the faint, feeble odor of their perspiration, which we do not notice. It is well known that our Indians perceive in the mere touch of a bare foot on the soil a sufficient odor to distinguish the track of a white man from that of a red man. In the Antilles there are negroes who will even, by smell alone, distinguish the footstep of a Frenchman from that of a native.

For such purposes animals are often endowed with a peculiarly keen sense of smell. By it the spaniel finds the game in field and forest for his master; by it the camel bears the pilgrim to the fountain of fresh water across the burning sands of Arabia; and by it the shark pursues through the ocean his helpless victim. Safer than sight or hearing, smell alone leads the faithful dog to trace his master's course through the crowded street and the lonely heath, where man could not find the dog by such or other means. In some dogs it seems even to have been given for this special purpose alone, and not for the obtaining of food, for they will not eat the game they have thus tracked, although the scent seems to animate them far beyond the zeal that a mere desire of food could produce. Birds of prey, that feed upon carrion, are often guided by smell, though most of them rely on their sight with greater accuracy, and at farther distances. In other animals, again, it serves to enable the male to discover the female, which at certain seasons is gifted with special odors. Nor are the influences of odors on the passions of animals less striking. Elephants, who have never seen tigers, show the most violent symptoms of fear and horror at their mere smell. In one of the gorgeous spectacles which Lord Clive was so fond of giving to strangers, nothing could force or allure an elephant to pass a place over which a tiger in his cage had been dragged. A gallon of arrac, however, at once changed his fear into fury; he broke down the barriers between himself and his adversary, and killed him almost in an instant. Horses, also, can not easily be made to step over the spot where another horse has died, though they have not seen it, and though no trace of it may remain. All farmers are, moreover, familiar with the fact that oxen, upon seeing blood, especially if it come from their own race, will assemble around it, and roar and bellow with most expressive signs of horror and deep distress. They have no sensation of fear, nor can they apprehend death to themselves: it is one of those mysterious symptoms of a higher life in the brute creation, all of which we cover conveniently and lazily with the broad name of instinct.

If we finally sum up the powers of this remarkable sense, we find that besides its humbler and more or less mechanical purposes, it serves to make us aware of the long series of odors, pleasant or unpleasant in their impression upon our mind. The variety thus presented to our higher perceptions is all the more remarkable because it is so vast that it can not be fully or satisfactorily designated by words. Smell is the poorest of all senses in point of language. It borrows a few names from the other senses, mostly from the taste; but a thousand delicate shades, of the highest importance to each one of us, can not be expressed at all, or at least but imperfectly, and by a number of vague expressions. Still, this very variety aids us in distinguishing countless objects, by which power the sense becomes a valuable and efficient guardian of our health. It warns us constantly against much that would be injurious, by an instinct, as yet unexplained, but acknowledged to be surer than all rule or science. This power itself is no sign of superiority in man, for here the Indian is vastly superior to the European, and still even he can not always compete with the beast of the forest. No animal, however, can be said to enjoy sweet odors, though elephants are said to love flowers, and to delight in the mere flavor of arrac. More remarkable still is

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it, that unpleasant odors affect us with so much greater violence than sweet perfumes. However we may be pleased with the fragrance of a rose or a lily, still this never seizes us with the same force as the loathsome odor of putrid matter, which shakes our brain into spasms, and causes our very nature to revolt, and our body to sicken. On the other hand, we find that with eye and ear the perfectly beautiful almost always produces the greatest effect, while dissonances, or tasteless combination of colors, are but passingly painful. Hence smell and taste alone produce that strange, complicated sensation which, as nausea, affects the body only, but is rarely felt without a corresponding lowness of spirit and sinking of the heart, utterly unlike any sensation produced by the other senses.

Smell has, secondly, its own peculiar sympathetic force, produced by the above mentioned close relation between its nerves and the innermost recesses of those halls where the mind of man is most active. With striking, almost stunning suddenness and force, certain ideas, especially of form and locality, which were impressed upon our mind in connection with certain odors, revive in us the very moment that similar odors affect our nerves. The sweet fragrance of cypress-wood is full of richest recollections of the fragrant Orient, and the faint perfume of the rose of Damascus paints with the lightning's flashing light the brilliant bazaar and the distant Houran on our mind's eye. Children of icy Sweden and Norway love to wander among spruces and pines, running over in sweet spring-time with resinous fragrance, until their homes among lofty snow-capped mountains, rise before them in stately grandeur, and tears gush from the overburdened heart. An open door wafts a favorite perfume to us, and she whom we loved stands in passing beauty at our side; stale musk or nauseous camphor breathe upon us, and palls and shrouds hide once more the faded forms of those that are gone to a better home.

The little fragrant atoms now affect precisely the same minute, delicate nerves that they once before, perhaps years ago, had touched; there a thousand forgotten but not effaced impressions have been slumbering ever since, and at the magic touch revive once more and cause in us kindred sensations. Hence also the effect that at least certain odors have on the other senses or on our passions. The pleasant smell of savory dishes causes "our mouths to water," and raises the appetite, as other odors appeal to even more delicate feelings. For all pleasant odors increase the general sensibility, and not in idle dreaming said Mohammed that "perfumes raise the soul to heaven." There is hardly a nation of earth that does not feel this at least instinctively; and almost every form of religious worship on earth knows the use of odors and perfumes in the shape of incense. Burnt-offerings are a "sweet savor to the Lord," and myrrh and aloes are counted equal to gold. Hence also the vast importance attached to the calumet of the Indian and the pipe in the Orient. The custom of kindling a fire and of throwing herbs or fragrant roses on it that the sweet smell might please the Deity, was known to the very earliest races of men in Egypt, Mexico, and China. Even for mere human purposes, antiquity already knew the enjoyment derived from changing herbs and fruits into smoke. Herodotus tells us that the Massagetes threw the fruit of a tree growing on the Araxes isles into the fire, and the fumes arising from it had an intoxicating effect like wine, and inspired those who inhaled them so that they sang and danced. The ancient Scythians, also, on the Borysthenes, took a variety of hempseed, and throwing it on red-hot stones in their tents, inhaled it until "they roared with delight." Hence the almost universal custom of smoking hemp and opium in the East; tobacco and humbler substitutes in the West. Snuff, also, is far more generally used than is commonly supposed: the humblest races of Africa, and the poorest of all nations on earth, the Esquimaux, knew it already when first discovered by Europeans. The Indians of South America bake the husk of a Mimosa, and mixing it with corn-meal and lime, draw the powdered mass through hollow bones of birds into the nose; while the natives of Greenland snuff dried mosses and mushrooms from early childhood.

These impressions, produced by smell, may finally cease to be merely sympathetic and then become narcotic. The effect of fragrant flowers or of treacherous opium on the mind is well known from oldest times. More recently, however, the facility with which the smelling of ether or chloroform deadens all other impressions and almost causes life itself to pause for a time, has still more clearly shown the short road from the organ of smell to the brain, and the intimate, almost fearful, connection between this sense and the life of man. The effect is never instantaneous; all these substances are first exciting, and then only the mind becomes darkened. Hence, in some cases, the impressions remain in the first stage, and never reach the second, as those produced by the so-called Nicotiana. While the traveler Léry tells us that the Brazilians smoke tobacco until they become fully intoxicated, the wiser races of European blood ascribe to it better results, and believe that it heightens, through the sense of smell, the general activity of the mind, and sharpens the perceptions of our other senses. Certain it is that snuff becomes very often an indispensable stimulant; and it was surely neither accident, nor without good reasons, that men like Frederick the Great and Napoleon consumed such enormous quantities of snuff from their waistcoat pockets.

We must not omit to allude, in conclusion, to the symbolic powers of this much neglected sense. Proverbs and common sayings refer to it in unusual frequency, and show us here, also, how the mass of the people ever anticipate in dim indistinct perceptions the great truths of

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science, which are only slowly unraveled. How frequently do we not hear, in slang-phrases of men "who have a fine nose," or a "keen scent," because they show sagacity or judgment! As we "trace and track" things by sharp smell, so we trace and track them in the paths of knowledge by sharp thought. To "pull the nose" is the highest insult known among the most civilized nations; while in New Zealand all greeting is done among friends by the rubbing or rather pressing of noses. Travelers tell us that the natives sit down, holding up their faces, while the strangers stand over them, and, one after another, press the bridge of their nose against theirs. During the ceremony both parties utter most comfortable little grunts, and each greeting shows as much variety in tenderness and earnestness as, with us, the countless ways of shaking hands.

The ancients ascribed to the form and the sensations of the nose most varied ominous meanings, and even the Bible does not disdain to use the figures of haughty men "turning up their noses," or of the angry, whose nostrils open wide, and rise and quiver with wrath. Hence "He was wroth, and there went up a smoke out of his nostrils;" and Job swears with great emphasis, "All the while my breath is in me, and *the spirit of God is in my nostrils*, my lips shall not speak wickedness."

CINDERELLA.

NOT A FAIRY TALE.

IT was an artist's studio; not a very extensive or elegant one, for our artist, like the mass of his brethren, had no superabundance of this world's goods. His studio was very much like a hundred others—a long, narrow room, with a broad window at one end, and a sky-light above; a crimson carpet, something faded, on the floor, a few chairs and couches of the same soft color; and the usual quantum of "sketches," "studies," and unframed pictures on the walls, and half-finished paintings on the easels. It differed from most artists' studies in this thing, though—that every where throughout the length and breadth of the room you saw the evidences of a woman's neatness and taste. There was no dust upon the loose piles of drawings, no cobwebs clinging to the few busts and statuettes that ornamented the room; and though books and papers and sketches seemed to lie around in picturesque carelessness, there was, nevertheless, a method in their very disarrangement.

It was very evident that no clumsy "janitor," or "porter," had the care of that room; but a woman's hand—and not an Irish Biddy's either—gave to it its aspect of bright, cheerful neatness and comfort. For an undeniable proof, not very far from the easel sat a pretty little sewing-chair, and a footstool covered with fanciful embroidery beside it; moreover, a small foot, dressed in the neatest of slippers, was at that very time crushing down the worsted roses and heart's-ease of the little ottoman; and in the chair sat just the tidiest, bonniest little lady-housekeeper that ever flourished a duster or jingled a bunch of keys. Such bright, cheerful brown eyes she had, such neatly-arranged, shining brown hair, such a clear, healthful complexion and rosy smiling lips! That bright face and trim little figure made a picture in themselves not out of place in the artist's studio; and so he seemed to think himself as he turned round from his easel and watched her silently for a moment.

Her hands were busy with some sort of white work, not whiter, though, than the swift little fingers flying over it, and her head bent slightly, caught the sunshine on her smooth hair. She was a pretty little picture, pleasant to look at, and yet not what the artist wanted, after all.

"Maggie," he exclaimed, suddenly, as he arrived at this conclusion, "I want a model!"

"Do you?" Maggie looked up saucily; "well, if you want a model of a good housekeeper, a neat seamstress, and the best sister in the world, you haven't far to look, brother Willie! I'm at your service."

"Hold your tongue, Vanity!" the young man answered. "I've looked for *such* a model till I despair of finding it, and now I'm looking for just her opposite—a Cinderella."

"That stupid Cinderella! you haven't got at that again?" Maggie exclaimed. "Talk about a woman's fickleness—I wonder how many times you've said first *you would*, and then *you wouldn't* finish that picture! Oh, you immaculate lords of creation!"

"Don't be saucy, Maggie; it's constant association with you, I suppose, that makes me 'unstable in all my ways.' But now I'm quite determined to finish this Cinderella—that is, if I can find a model for my heroine. That's the only reason why I haven't finished it long ago—I can't find or invent a face that pleases me for her."

"Why, won't I do?" Maggie asked demurely.

"You—nonsense! You're altogether too happy and contented-looking, and entirely too well dressed."

"But I have a dress equal to any thing Cinderella ever wore, and I could put you on the most miserable face in the world!" Maggie said, laughing.

"I think I see you!" her brother answered. "No, Miss Maggie, I'll paint you for a little Mabel in the woods—

> 'Look only, said another,
> At her little gown of blue,
> At the kerchief pinned about her head,
> And her tidy little shoe!'

But I must look farther for my Cinderella. She must have a cloud of golden curls—no such smooth, brown braids as yours—and tender violet eyes, sorrowful and wistful, yet with a childish eagerness in them. Figure, half a woman half a child; face, a dream of tender, saddened, sorrowful loveliness."

"Hear the President of the National Academy!" Maggie cried gayly. "Was ever such a

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Cinderella pictured? My most eloquent and poetical President, success to your search for her!"

"I'm going to look for her now," said the artist. "Good-by, Miss Maggie, and have my pallet all ready for me when I come back with her."

Mr. Wilson Barstow, "Prospective President of the National Academy," as Maggie saucily styled him, donned his hat and warm over-coat as he spoke, and feeling comfortably protected against the sharp north wind that was careering about the streets—peeping under thin shawls, and searching shabby, out-at-elbow great-coats, for a good place to bite—started out for a walk. He had no particular object in view, unless exercise, maybe; but he felt too idle to paint that morning, and had, besides, a sort of romantic idea of hunting up a Cinderella for his favorite picture. It was one begun a long time ago—a simple thing, Cinderella, and her godmother fitting her up for the ball. But the artist had made it a sort of pet for his leisure hours, painting on it at intervals only, and laying it aside as often as duty or fancy led to something else. It was finished now, all but the figure of the heroine, and this had been painted in and painted out a number of times, for he never could satisfy himself with his labor. He could not give expression to his idea, and nowhere could he see such a face as he wanted.

Maggie made great fun of the Cinderella, and "his high-flown ideas," as she called them, about it. She called him foolish to care so much for "such a baby-picture," and in her heart thought it a shame that he should waste his genius—which Maggie, proud little woman! considered unrivaled—upon any thing so silly as a fairy tale. But Wilson Barstow, true and earnest artist though he was, was not at all ashamed of using his pencil in illustration of the sweet old story; and he knew that could he finish his own picture according to his original conception, it would be, if one of the simplest, nevertheless one of the most graceful and charming that he had ever created.

He drew his coat closely up about his ears as he trod briskly over the snowy pavement; for that keen north wind was most impertinently curious, and if fingers or ears chanced to be uncovered, or a bit of neck or throat unprotected by the wrappings, he was sure to be prying around them with his frosty stinging breath. Our artist had no mind to make further acquaintance with the inquisitive blusterer, so he strode along with hands buried in the deep pockets of his coat, and its spacious collar muffling throat and ears, pitying heartily, as he enjoyed the comfort of his own warm garments, every one else less fortunate than himself. And of these he saw enough; one need not go far in the streets of New York of a winter's day to look for unfortunates. They stand at every corner, cold, hungry, and miserable; and we pass them by crying, "God pity them!" when if we would but pity them more ourselves there would be little need for such a prayer. But Wilson Barstow was not one of that stamp, and though he had no more dollars than artists usually have, his hands came out of his pockets more than once that morning in answer to some sorrowful plea for charity.

He had almost forgotten his picture in other thoughts wakened by the sight of the want and suffering round him, and was wandering on in altogether too abstracted a manner for a busy city-street, pondering vaguely some grand plan for making all these poor wretches comfortable and happy. In the midst of his reveries he was suddenly interrupted by finding himself coming in collision with somebody else apparently as self-absorbed as himself. It was a young girl, and a very fair one too—the artist saw that in his hasty glimpse of her face as she hurried on, blushing at his apologies for the accident. He turned round involuntarily to look after her, for that one glance made him want to see more. She was hurrying on at a quick pace, and suddenly obeying an impulse, which he did not stop to define, Wilson forsook his own course, and followed after the girl. She was very plainly, even scantily dressed for the severity of the weather; her clean-looking but too thin shawl seemed more suitable for an April day than for mid-winter, and her dress, of some cotton fabric, did not at all answer Wilson's ideas of warmth and comfort.

So young and girlish-looking she was too, her figure so slender and delicate; and the wind, as it met her, rudely blew backward from her face a cluster of soft bright curls of the very golden hue that the artist wished for his picture. "My Cinderella!" was the thought that flashed into his mind, as his quick eye caught the glitter of the golden curls before they were hastily drawn back again and prisoned under the coarse straw bonnet. And with a new interest he continued to follow her, wondering who and what she was, and what was the object of her cold walk; and wishing he could get a closer view of the face, that one glimpse of which had so fascinated him.

So he followed her for many a square down the long busy thoroughfare; she keeping the same swift pace, never turning or stopping, and Wilson laughing at himself for his eager pursuit of a stranger. "I wonder what Maggie would say," he thought; "how she would laugh at me for following a poor shop-girl in the street! No matter though, the girl really has beautiful hair, and I am curious to see where she goes. I hope she will come to a terminus pretty soon, though, for being a lazy man, this sort of walking is rather too exciting!"

Perhaps she divined Mr. Wilson Barstow's wishes, for just at this point of his soliloquy the young girl paused before the door of a large clothing establishment, and went in. Wilson waited a minute or two outside, and then followed her in, apologizing to himself for his impertinence by suddenly feeling the need of a new vest, or cravat, or something else, he didn't

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exactly know what. And so while he stood turning over indiscriminate articles and pretending to be very hard to please, his eyes were in reality covertly searching the room for the young girl. She had vanished into private regions, but the young man determined to wait for her reappearance, even at the risk of being considered a very troublesome customer. It was not long, however, before she came forward again to the front of the store, and the artist had a full view of a fair young face, as delicate and lovely as any his own imagination had ever pictured to him. A pure, wild-rose complexion, wavy tresses of soft golden-brown hair, large liquid eyes so heavily fringed that you scarce could guess their color, made up a face of such rare beauty that our artist almost forgot his gentlemanly politeness in his long and eager gaze.

She never saw him, however—she was paying more heed to her employer's words than any stranger's looks; and Wilson Barstow stood near enough to them both to hear those words, and mark the effect they produced: "I am very sorry," the merchant was saying, "very sorry indeed, Miss Haven, but we are obliged to do it. The times are so hard, and we have so large a quantity of stock on hand, that we must part with some of our work-people. We must make a reduction in our expenses, or give up the business. But I hope you will not be long out of employment, and if I hear of any thing promising I will certainly let you know. Good morning, Miss."

The merchant's words and manner were not only respectful, but really kind and sympathizing: Wilson Barstow felt as if he should have knocked him down on the spot had they been otherwise, for the look of mute despair that settled upon the listener's features stirred a host of passionate emotions in his bosom. Very pale the young face grew, and the drooping lashes fell still lower, as if to hide fast-gathering tears, while she heard the words that shut her out from her only means of subsistence; and the merchant himself, accustomed as he was to such things, hurried away from her, unable to bear the sight of that girlish face in its sad despair.

So she left the store without a word; and the artist, hastily paying for something which he did not want, followed speedily after her, now determined never to leave the pursuit till he knew more about the young girl whose sorrow, as well as her beauty and delicacy, so excited his interest and compassion. It was a long walk, through side streets and narrow alleys, where the snow lay in huge dirty piles, and the wind swept sharply by, as if mocking the poverty and desolation in its way. But the artist followed on, with an earnest purpose, wherever the young girl went. He kept a little distance back, that she might not know herself followed, and feel alarmed; but she never looked behind her, and unnoticed he was able to watch her till he saw her enter the house which seemed to be her home. It was an humble little two-story house, with a poverty-stricken look—and yet a sort of respectability too. Wilson fancied it a cheap boarding-house, for there was a bit of paper with "Rooms to Let" stuck upon the door. For the moment he felt tempted to go in, on a plea of looking at the rooms, and so perhaps have another view of the girl; but a better plan occurred to him suddenly, and he hurried off again in a homeward line, to put it in speedy operation.

"Well, brother Willie, where's the Cinderella?" Maggie asked gayly, flourishing pallet and paint-brushes before her brother as he entered the studio. "I've prepared an extra quantity of cerulean blue for you; for if you paint her from life this cold day, she will infallibly have a blue nose as well as blue eyes!"

"Quit your nonsense, Maggie!" was her brother's complimentary answer, "and go put on your bonnet and cloak. I want you to take a walk with me."

"Now? this cold day, Willie? What ever do you want of me?"

"To take a walk with me, I told you."

"But where? To find a Cinderella?"

"No, only to call on her. I've already found her for myself."

"What nonsense, brother Willie! you're not in earnest," Maggie exclaimed, puzzled, yet half convinced by her brother's gravity. But he answered, quite seriously,

"I never was more so, Maggie; run and get ready, and I'll tell you all about it." So Maggie knew he "meant to be minded," and hurried up stairs to make swift work of her dressing. She appeared again in a few minutes, all ready, and found herself in the street with Wilson presently, without having any sort of idea of where she was to go or what to do.

"You're so ridiculous, Willie!" she said, half pettishly. "Why couldn't you tell me about it without starting me off in this harum-scarum fashion? I declare I'm not half dressed, and if I'm to call on a lady I wonder what she'll think of me!"

"I don't think she'll criticise your dress, Maggie, any way," Wilson answered, smiling, as he looked down at his sister's handsome cloak and furs and fine merino dress. "She's no grand lady; only a poor shop-girl out of employment, and I want you to give her some work to do."

"Then we might as well go home again, if that's all," said Maggie, half crossly. "That's just such a foolish errand as one might expect from you, Willie! Where in the world am I to find work for a shop-girl out of employment, when I haven't enough to keep myself busy?"

"Can't she make me some shirts, or something?"

"Yes, of course, if you expect to live as long as the Patriarchs! for you are the possessor of more now than you can wear out in an ordinary life—thanks to my industry!"

"Then I wish you were not so ridiculously

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industrious," Wilson said, laughing; "for we must find some work for this girl. Just listen to me, Maggie."

And so he went on to tell her the whole story of his walk that morning, of his meeting the young girl, the little scene at the clothing-store, and his following her to her home. Maggie listened with interest, and though she laughed at Wilson's enthusiastic description of her beauty, and called him "disinterested champion of unprotected females," her woman's sympathy was excited, and she was as eager as her brother to carry help and comfort to the young stranger.

"I'll see what I can do, Willie," she said, thoughtfully. "You've a great way of tearing up your shirts for paint-rags, you know, and perhaps she might as well make you some for that special purpose."

"You may thank your bonnet for saving your ears, sauce-box!" Wilson answered, gayly; "they would surely get pulled if they were not so well covered. But here we are now—this is the very house. You go in, Maggie, and I'll walk about outside till you finish your business."

"Well, but what am I to do? I don't at all know," Maggie asked. "This *is* a foolish errand, after all, Willie."

"Don't make it so by talking nonsense, Maggie. What you are to do is to ring the bell in the first place, and ask for Miss Haven—I heard her name, fortunately. Then, Miss Haven having appeared, ask her if she will please to consider herself engaged for an indefinite time at No. 20 Blank Street, to make paint-rags and pillow-cases for Miss Barstow—"

"And Cinderellas for *Mr.* Barstow!" Maggie retorted.

"Exactly; that's the whole performance! Go ahead, Maggie!" And Wilson Barstow pulled the rickety old bell for his sister, then ran down the steps again, and commenced his promenade up and down the narrow pavement. He saw the door opened, and his sister admitted; but he took many a turn backward and forward before the little boarding-house, and grew as impatient as so good-natured a person could, before that door was opened again to let her out.

"What in the world can she be thinking of, to keep me here in the cold such an outrageous time?" he exclaimed testily, as for the seventh time he passed the door without seeing Maggie. "Upon my word, she must have found Miss Haven an interesting companion; but I don't know that she need forget my existence entirely."

He had half a mind to ring the bell and inquire for her, when the door opened at last, and little Maggie appeared. Miss Haven came out with her, and Wilson at a little distance saw the two girls shaking hands as warmly as if they had known each other always. "Be sure to come to-morrow," he heard Maggie say; and "I will, indeed," was answered in a sweet, womanly voice. Then the door was shut, and his sister ran down to meet him.

"Don't scold, Willie, I know I kept you an abominable time," she exclaimed, eagerly; "but I couldn't help it indeed. She is perfectly charming, Willie; I never *saw* any body so lovely; and oh, I cried so when she told me all the trouble she has had!"

Maggie's face was all in a glow, and her brown eye-lashes were wet still with her tears. Wilson forgot his impatience in his eagerness to hear her story, and Maggie went on:

"Well, she's a lady, Willie, every bit of her! Any body might know that who only looked at her. I never saw such an exquisite face; and only to think of her having to sew in a shop to support herself! She never shall again, I declare, and I almost told her so. If nothing better than that can be found for Elsie Haven to do, she shall stay at our house and do nothing!"

"Is that her name—Elsie Haven?" Wilson asked.

"Yes; isn't it sweet? It just suits her though. She told me all about herself. I got so interested from the first that I made her tell me every thing, and so the time slipped by before I knew it."

"It didn't get along so fast for me!" said Wilson; "but go on and tell me. What did she have to say for herself?"

"Well, it isn't such a very long story after all, but pitiful enough. She was an orphan, and her brother took care of her just as you take care of me, Willie, and supported them both by writing for the magazines. He published a volume of poems too, but they did not sell; and then he had to work so hard, and sit up so late at night, to pay for the printing of them, till at last he grew blind! Then they had a terrible time; he was ill for so long, and not able to do any thing at all, and all their money melted away, and they got in debt for board and medicine and every thing—and in the midst of it all her brother died. Since then she has been quite alone in the world she says; for she has neither friends nor relatives to care for her; and it almost broke my heart to hear her tell all the bitter struggles she has had for one long year to earn an honest livelihood. With no money and no protectors—her very beauty and refinement making her more liable to insult and hardship—just imagine, Willie, all she must have suffered!"

He *could* imagine it, better perhaps than Maggie even; and she knew by his quick grasp of her hand, and sudden close drawing of her to his side, as if to shield *her* from the bare idea of such a fate, how keen were the interest and sympathy excited in his mind. But he only said, "Poor child!" and Maggie went on:

"I've engaged her to come to us to-morrow for—just as you said, Willie—an indefinite time. I told her to give up her room at her boarding-house, and not trouble herself to look out for another just yet. Some people would say it was an imprudent thing to do, to take a stranger into the family so; I would have said so myself yesterday; but I can not look into that

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girl's face and doubt her, to save my life. So I know I am right."

"Of course you are!" was her brother's hearty comment, "as you always are when you follow the lead of your own little heart. Poor child! she will not be desolate any longer if she wins you for a sister, Maggie.

"For a sister! Pretty good, Willie!" Maggie cried, saucily. "But I didn't promise so far as that. That's a relationship that can only be established by *your* agency!"

"Pshaw! don't be a goose, child," Wilson answered hastily; but the color mounted up to his brown cheek nevertheless, for he was boy enough for blushes still. "Did you say any thing about the Cinderella?"

"Cinderella! Nonsense! Of course I didn't. Do you suppose I had nothing else to talk about but you and your baby pictures?"

They had reached the door of their own house, and Maggie ran in hastily and sprang up stairs to escape from her brother as she flung out this saucy speech. He shook his hand at her with a promise to "pay her for that;" but Maggie laughed as she thought of the fib she had told him. For she *had* told the young stranger the whole history of the Cinderella, and how through the thought of it her brother had first been led to notice herself in the street—enlarging, in a sisterly way, as she told her story, upon that brother's manifold perfections. She had smiled inly as she watched the wild rose on Elsie's cheek flush into a proper carnation when she told her how the artist had followed her so eagerly, and how vivid an impression her delicate beauty had made upon him. And in her own heart she thought as she gazed upon the fair young face—so sweet an index of the pure soul within—that she would be glad if that impression were deepened into an emotion which should last forever. So fully had Maggie's impulsive little heart been won! Certainly they were not worldly-wise people, this hero and heroine of mine; and doubtless more than one of my readers have set them down as of the "Simpleton" family. However, for my part I am glad this same family is not altogether extinct yet!

A stream of sunshine, brighter than old Winter shows every day, poured in at the broad window of Wilson's studio next morning, lighting up with a special glow the picture on the easel. The shrewd, *Puckish* face of the little godmother with her pretty fantastic dress; the huge pumpkin-coach, with its steeds and outriders of rats and mice; the interior of the rude kitchen—a picture by itself in its graphic detail of domestic life—all stood out vividly in the strong light. There was but one thing wanting to its perfection; and the Cinderella that should have been in the picture seemed unaccountably to have stepped out of it, and to be standing before it now. Maggie herself could not but confess, as she looked at Elsie standing in the sunlight, her golden hair dropping in soft clusters over her cheeks, and her face lighted now with a look of eagerness and interest as she gazed at the charming picture, that she was the very ideal that her brother wanted.

And Elsie herself was persuaded to think so, through Maggie's strong representations; for the young girl's shyness needed a deal of such urging before she gave consent to sit as a model before the artist. It was hard to get her to look up when she should, and assume the proper expression of eagerness, half-childish, half-womanly, which Cinderella may be supposed to have worn, watching the preparations for that dearly anticipated ball. The long sunny fringes *would* droop over those shy eyes of hers, and the bashful color burn in her cheeks, whenever she encountered Wilson's gaze; and as, of course, he was obliged to look at her often enough—else how could he paint her?—you may imagine that the picture made slow progress to completion. Maggie laughed to herself as, day after day, she saw how few touches had been added to the Cinderella, while nevertheless the sittings were by no means shortened; she laughed to herself when—being called out of the studio sometimes for household duties—she would come back and find Wilson's pallet laid aside entirely, and he turned round from his painting, neglecting it altogether, while he talked animatedly with Miss Elsie. True, *her* work was not put by; her fingers flew up and down the seams as rapidly as ever, and she did not make much answer to any thing the artist said. But Maggie noted the signs of the times in the glow of pleasure that would so often steal over her fair face, and the light that flashed and softened so gloriously in her eyes sometimes—a light born of emotions which the girl herself had not yet begun to recognize.

Maggie laughed, but she kept all her merriment to herself. She would not interfere to mar what her woman's eyes told her well enough needed no help from her. She did not even say one saucy thing to Wilson, and for this self-control we must give her infinite credit. The mischievous words burned upon her tongue many a time, but she let them cool off, and he, far-seeing man! thought only how very guarded and circumspect he had been, that even Maggie's quick eyes could not see the influence that was daily gaining stronger upon his heart.

There was self-abnegation too, as well as self-control in the little sister's heart. She had been first in all things hitherto with this dearly beloved brother of her's; no love before, not even a young man's proud ambition had come between her and the tenderness which he had always lavished upon her. It required no small magnanimity to see another, and that other a stranger till so recently, set before her; to feel herself gradually declining from the throne which she had occupied so long, and an interloper crowned queen of hearts in her place. Maggie was a brave, unselfish little woman, though, and she choked down resolutely the few bitter feelings that sprung up at first—giv-

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ing up her whole heart to a desire for the accomplishment of that on which she now saw her brother's happiness was depending.

She had grown to love Elsie very dearly too: "The child"—as she always called her, though Elsie's sunny curls overtopped Maggie's brown head by several inches—had won her own place in the sister's heart as well as the brother's. Who could help loving her, so childlike in her simplicity and purity, yet so earnest and womanly through the hard discipline which had so early been her experience of life. Maggie listened to her almost reverentially sometimes, when in her gentle way she gave expression to the faith that had sustained her when the dreariest night was closing round her; and Wilson, who listened by stealth to these twilight conversations of the girls—for Elsie herself rarely spoke in his presence—used to watch the golden head as the light faded away from it, and the beautiful face that was such a fitting soul-mirror for her, and think he should paint her for a St. Cecilia or a Madonna rather than the too earthly Cinderella, the summit of whose happiness was a ball-dress and a night of gayety!

However, the Cinderella came to a terminus by-and-by: the last touch had been bestowed, the last gleam upon the soft, bright hair, the last sweet rose-tinge to the young face. The picture stood completed, and very charming in its unique simplicity.

"It is very lovely," said Maggie, "and the likeness is perfect." They were all three standing before it one afternoon, and the sunset rays were lingering round it, shedding a special halo upon the Cinderella's golden hair and beautiful face. The likeness was perfect indeed, even to the half-wistful, half-eager expression on the faces of both. But the eagerness faded presently away from Elsie's eyes, and only the wistful, sorrowful look remained, quivering upon her lips and drooping her long eyelashes. She turned away from the picture silently, and sat down busily to her work. Wilson was strangely silent too, for him, and Maggie watched him holding a book in his hand which he did *not* read, with a half-wondering, half-fearful expectation in her heart. She got up quietly by-and-by, and stole out of the room, for the stillness was growing oppressive to her, and some presentiment told her that they two were sufficient for themselves now, and heart to heart would speak soon, needing no mediation from her.

The studio was breathlessly still for minutes after she had left. Elsie's head dropped very low, and her needle flew with a blind speed through her work; she thought those heart-beats throbbing so wildly, thronging so tumultuously that they almost exhausted her breath, must be resounding through the room as audibly as they echoed in her own ears. She did not know that another heart near her was beating as strongly, fluttering as timidly as her own. For Wilson Barstow was young still, unsophisticated in worldly wisdom, and this first strong love of his life, stirred and bewildered him as if he had been a timid maiden.

He laid his book down presently, and went over to the couch where the young girl sat. She did not shrink from him as he took a seat by her, though it was the first time he had ever done so; but her face grew white, and her hand trembled so that she could not guide the needle. It was all in vain that she called herself weak and foolish, and struggled to regain calmness and self-possession; the fluttering pulses would not be still, and she could only sit powerless and trembling, awaiting her destiny.

"Elsie"—he never had called her so before, and now the low-spoken word thrilled to her heart, and sent the blood in a vivid rush to her cheeks again—"Don't you *know* what I want to say to you?"

How could she answer the eager, passionate question? She could not speak, she could not look up, for heavier and heavier drooped the lids over those sweet eyes, and great tears filled them, and sobs swelled up to her throat—the only utterance she could find for this blissful dream of love, and joy, and happiness which seemed too sudden, too strange, too wonderful for any reality.

"Don't you *know* that I love you, Elsie?" and his hand prisoned in a close grasp the little one lying powerless before him. Then growing bolder, for it was not withdrawn: "Does not your own heart answer to the love I offer you fully, freely? tell me, Elsie!" he pleaded. And there is little need to tell how the pleading was answered so to his own satisfaction, that not words and looks merely, but tenderest caresses set soon the seal to this compact of hearts.

I won't pretend to say where Maggie was during this little episode! I only know she came in by-and-by with a most sedate step and demure look, and held up her hands with a well-feigned start of astonishment and "virtuous indignation" as she beheld the "position of affairs." What that position was I leave the curious to guess, and the initiated to imagine. Elsie started up, blushing like a thousand roses, but Wilson drew her back firmly to her place by his side, and met Maggie's saucy looks with a very determined glance, in which all the independence and manhood of Wilson Barstow, Esq., was made fully significant.

"So! it was the model of a wife you wanted, Willie? I congratulate you upon the success of your Cinderella!"

"Thank you, Maggie, your approbation is all we want to make it entirely satisfactory."

"Oh, Maggie!" it was Elsie, all tearful and crimson, who spoke now; but Maggie cut short the humble, deprecating words with a shower of kisses, as she threw her arms round the young girl.

"My dear child, *I'm* perfectly willing! You needn't be afraid of *me!* If you are so silly as to love that man, and fancy you can manage

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him, why I haven't the least objection in life. Only I give you warning, you will have your small hands full to keep him in subjection!"

"I'm not afraid!" Elsie cried, laughing through her tears, "but oh, Maggie!" and then the foolish little head went down again with a sob upon Maggie's shoulder.

"Well, what is it? What in the world are you crying for?"

"Because I'm so happy, I suppose," Elsie half sobbed; "it is terribly like a dream though, Maggie, and I don't at all deserve such happiness!"

"Of course not; you're not half good enough for him, you foolish child. *He* seems to be satisfied though, so *I* wouldn't distress myself!"

"But to marry *me*, Maggie—poor, and friendless, and homeless."

"Nonsense! I never thought you could be so ungrateful, Elsie, to call yourself 'poor' when you have *his* love, 'friendless' while *I* am near you, 'homeless' in *this* house!"

"Good, Maggie!" Wilson cried, gayly. "You shall have a kiss for that, little woman." And his arms circled the two girls as they stood together, in a glad loving caress, which Maggie returned heartily, and Elsie submitted to with shy, blushing grace.

Well! they were a very happy trio in the studio that evening; but my paper is quite too precious to be wasted with accounts of all the "fond and foolish" things that were said among them, and there's little need to prolong the limits of this story. Every body knows how the "Cinderella, by Wilson Barstow, N.A." was one of the charms of that year's exhibition. Every body lavished epithets of "dainty," "graceful," "piquant," "unique," upon it, and every one lingered in delight over the *spirituelle* loveliness of the fair maiden. But every body didn't know, as I happened to, the private history of that same Cinderella, nor that the veritable original of it was to be seen in that graceful girlish figure who promenaded the rooms leaning upon Mr. Wilson Barstow's arm, but who so persistently kept her vail down, to the chagrin of sundry curious ladies who felt more interest than they acknowledged in Mr. Wilson Barstow's female companions.

But Wilson used to say that the Cinderella was his happiest inspiration—not the less so because his cash receipts for it paid all the expenses of a most charming little bridal tour that summer! A bridal tour by-the-way, in which Maggie, invincible little woman! found her double, and discovered, greatly to her own astonishment, that there was another man in the world besides "Brother Willie."

THE 'GEES.

IN relating to my friends various passages of my sea-goings, I have at times had occasion to allude to that singular people the 'Gees, sometimes as casual acquaintances, sometimes as shipmates. Such allusions have been quite natural and easy. For instance, I have said *The two 'Gees*, just as another would say *The two Dutchmen*, or *The two Indians*. In fact, being myself so familiar with 'Gees, it seemed as if all the rest of the world must be. But not so. My auditors have opened their eyes as much as to say, "What under the sun is a 'Gee?" To enlighten them I have repeatedly had to interrupt myself, and not without detriment to my stories. To remedy which inconvenience, a friend hinted the advisability of writing out some account of the 'Gees, and having it published. Such as they are, the following memoranda spring from that happy suggestion:

The word *'Gee* (*g* hard) is an abbreviation, by seamen, of *Portuguee*, the corrupt form of *Portuguese*. As the name is a curtailment, so the race is a residuum. Some three centuries ago certain Portuguese convicts were sent as a colony to Fogo, one of the Cape de Verds, off the northwest coast of Africa, an island previously stocked with an aboriginal race of negroes, ranking pretty high in incivility, but rather low in stature and morals. In course of time, from the amalgamated generation all the likelier sort were drafted off as food for powder, and the ancestors of the since called 'Gees were left as the *caput mortuum*, or melancholy remainder.

Of all men seamen have strong prejudices, particularly in the matter of race. They are bigots here. But when a creature of inferior race lives among them, an inferior tar, there seems no bound to their disdain. Now, as ere long will be hinted, the 'Gee, though of an aquatic nature, does not, as regards higher qualifications, make the best of sailors. In short, by seamen the abbreviation 'Gee was hit upon in pure contumely; the degree of which may be partially inferred from this, that with them the primitive word Portuguee itself is a reproach; so that 'Gee, being a subtle distillation from that word, stands, in point of relative intensity to it, as attar of roses does to rose-water. At times, when some crusty old sea-dog has his spleen more than usually excited against some luckless blunderer of Fogo his shipmate, it is marvelous the prolongation of taunt into which he will spin out the one little exclamatory monosyllable Ge-e-e-e-e!

The Isle of Fogo, that is, "Fire Isle," was so called from its volcano, which, after throwing up an infinite deal of stones and ashes, finally threw up business altogether, from its broadcast bounteousness having become bankrupt. But thanks to the volcano's prodigality in its time, the soil of Fogo is such as may be found of a dusty day on a road newly Macadamized. Cut off from farms and gardens, the staple food of the inhabitants is fish, at catching which they are expert. But none the less do they relish ship-biscuit, which, indeed, by most islanders, barbarous or semi-barbarous, is held a sort of lozenge.

In his best estate the 'Gee is rather small (he admits it), but, with some exceptions, hardy;

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capable of enduring extreme hard work, hard fare, or hard usage, as the case may be. In fact, upon a scientific view, there would seem a natural adaptability in the 'Gee to hard times generally. A theory not uncorroborated by his experiences; and furthermore, that kindly care of Nature in fitting him for them, something as for his hard rubs with a hardened world Fox the Quaker fitted himself, namely, in a tough leather suit from top to toe. In other words, the 'Gee is by no means of that exquisitely delicate sensibility expressed by the figurative adjective thin-skinned. His physicals and spirituals are in singular contrast. The 'Gee has a great appetite, but little imagination; a large eyeball, but small insight. Biscuit he crunches, but sentiment he eschews.

His complexion is hybrid; his hair ditto; his mouth disproportionally large, as compared with his stomach; his neck short; but his head round, compact, and betokening a solid understanding.

Like the negro, the 'Gee has a peculiar savor, but a different one—a sort of wild, marine, gamy savor, as in the sea-bird called haglet. Like venison, his flesh is firm but lean.

His teeth are what are called butter-teeth, strong, durable, square, and yellow. Among captains at a loss for better discourse during dull, rainy weather in the horse-latitudes, much debate has been had whether his teeth are intended for carnivorous or herbivorous purposes, or both conjoined. But as on his isle the 'Gee eats neither flesh nor grass, this inquiry would seem superfluous.

The native dress of the 'Gee is, like his name, compendious. His head being by nature well thatched, he wears no hat. Wont to wade much in the surf, he wears no shoes. He has a serviceably hard heel, a kick from which is by the judicious held almost as dangerous as one from a wild zebra.

Though for a long time back no stranger to the seafaring people of Portugal, the 'Gee, until a comparatively recent period, remained almost undreamed of by seafaring Americans. It is now some forty years since he first became known to certain masters of our Nantucket ships, who commenced the practice of touching at Fogo, on the outward passage, there to fill up vacancies among their crews arising from the short supply of men at home. By degrees the custom became pretty general, till now the 'Gee is found aboard of almost one whaler out of three. One reason why they are in request is this: An unsophisticated 'Gee coming on board a foreign ship never asks for wages. He comes for biscuit. He does not know what other wages mean, unless cuffs and buffets be wages, of which sort he receives a liberal allowance, paid with great punctuality, besides perquisites of punches thrown in now and then. But for all this, some persons there are, and not unduly biassed by partiality to him either, who still insist that the 'Gee never gets his due.

His docile services being thus cheaply to be had, some captains will go the length of maintaining that 'Gee sailors are preferable, indeed every way, physically and intellectually, superior to American sailors—such captains complaining, and justly, that American sailors, if not decently treated, are apt to give serious trouble.

But even by their most ardent admirers it is not deemed prudent to sail a ship with none but 'Gees, at least if they chance to be all green hands, a green 'Gee being of all green things the greenest. Besides, owing to the clumsiness of their feet ere improved by practice in the rigging, green 'Gees are wont, in no inconsiderable numbers, to fall overboard the first dark, squally night; insomuch that when unreasonable owners insist with a captain against his will upon a green 'Gee crew fore and aft, he will ship twice as many 'Gees as he would have shipped of Americans, so as to provide for all contingencies.

The 'Gees are always ready to be shipped. Any day one may go to their isle, and on the showing of a coin of biscuit over the rail, may load down to the water's edge with them.

But though any number of 'Gees are ever ready to be shipped, still it is by no means well to take them as they come. There is a choice even in 'Gees.

Of course the 'Gee has his private nature as well as his public coat. To know 'Gees—to be a sound judge of Gees—one must study them, just as to know and be a judge of horses one must study horses. Simple as for the most part are both horse and 'Gee, in neither case can knowledge of the creature come by intuition. How unwise, then, in those ignorant young captains who, on their first voyage, will go and ship their 'Gees at Fogo without any preparatory information, or even so much as taking convenient advice from a 'Gee jockey. By a 'Gee jockey is meant a man well versed in 'Gees. Many a young captain has been thrown and badly hurt by a 'Gee of his own choosing. For notwithstanding the general docility of the 'Gee when green, it may be otherwise with him when ripe. Discreet captains won't have such a 'Gee. "Away with that ripe 'Gee!" they cry; "that smart 'Gee; that knowing 'Gee! Green 'Gees for me!"

For the benefit of inexperienced captains about to visit Fogo, the following may be given as the best way to test a 'Gee: Get square before him, at, say three paces, so that the eye, like a shot, may rake the 'Gee fore and aft, at one glance taking in his whole make and build—how he looks about the head, whether he carry it well; his ears, are they over-lengthy? How fares it in the withers? His legs, does the 'Gee stand strongly on them? His knees, any Belshazzar symptoms there? How stands it in the region of the brisket? etc., etc.

Thus far for bone and bottom. For the rest, draw close to, and put the centre of the pupil of your eye—put it, as it were, right into the 'Gee's eye; even as an eye-stone, gently, but firmly slip it in there, and then note what speck

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or beam of viciousness, if any, will be floated out.

All this and much more must be done; and yet after all, the best judge may be deceived. But on no account should the shipper negotiate for his 'Gee with any middle-man, himself a 'Gee. Because such an one must be a knowing 'Gee, who will be sure to advise the green 'Gee what things to hide and what to display, to hit the skipper's fancy; which, of course, the knowing 'Gee supposes to lean toward as much physical and moral excellence as possible. The rashness of trusting to one of these middle-men was forcibly shown in the case of the 'Gee who by his countrymen was recommended to a New Bedford captain as one of the most agile 'Gees in Fogo. There he stood straight and stout, in a flowing pair of man-of-war's-man's trowsers, uncommonly well filled out. True, he did not step around much at the time. But that was diffidence. Good. They shipped him. But at the first taking in of sail the 'Gee hung fire. Come to look, both trowser-legs were full of elephantiasis. It was a long sperm-whaling voyage. Useless as so much lumber, at every port prohibited from being dumped ashore, that elephantine 'Gee, ever crunching biscuit, for three weary years was trundled round the globe.

Grown wise by several similar experiences, old Captain Hosea Kean, of Nantucket, in shipping a 'Gee, at present manages matters thus: He lands at Fogo in the night; by secret means gains information where the likeliest 'Gee wanting to ship lodges; whereupon with a strong party he surprises all the friends and acquaintances of that 'Gee; putting them under guard with pistols at their heads; then creeps cautiously toward the 'Gee, now lying wholly at unawares in his hut, quite relaxed from all possibility of displaying aught deceptive in his appearance. Thus silently, thus suddenly, thus unannounced, Captain Kean bursts upon his 'Gee, so to speak, in the very bosom of his family. By this means, more than once, unexpected revelations have been made. A 'Gee, noised abroad for a Hercules in strength and an Apollo Belvidere for beauty, of a sudden is discovered all in a wretched heap; forlornly adroop as upon crutches, his legs looking as if broken at the cart-wheel. Solitude is the house of candor, according to Captain Kean. In the stall, not the street, he says, resides the real nag.

The innate disdain of regularly bred seamen toward 'Gees receives an added edge from this. The 'Gees undersell them, working for biscuit where the sailors demand dollars. Hence, any thing said by sailors to the prejudice of 'Gees should be received with caution. Especially that jeer of theirs, that monkey-jacket was originally so called from the circumstance that that rude sort of shaggy garment was first known in Fogo. They often call a monkey-jacket a 'Gee-jacket. However this may be, there is no call to which the 'Gee will with more alacrity respond than the word "Man!"

Is there any hard work to be done, and the 'Gees stand round in sulks? "Here, my men!" cries the mate. How they jump. But ten to one when the work is done, it is plain 'Gee again. "Here, 'Gee! you 'Ge-e-e-e!" In fact, it is not unsurmised, that only when extraordinary stimulus is needed, only when an extra strain is to be got out of them, are these hapless 'Gees ennobled with the human name.

As yet, the intellect of the 'Gee has been little cultivated. No well-attested educational experiment has been tried upon him. It is said, however, that in the last century a young 'Gee was by a visionary Portuguese naval officer sent to Salamanca University. Also, among the Quakers of Nantucket, there has been talk of sending five comely 'Gees, aged sixteen, to Dartmouth College; that venerable institution, as is well known, having been originally founded partly with the object of finishing off wild Indians in the classics and higher mathematics. Two qualities of the 'Gee which, with his docility, may be justly regarded as furnishing a hopeful basis for his intellectual training, is his excellent memory, and still more excellent credulity.

The above account may, perhaps, among the ethnologists, raise some curiosity to see a 'Gee. But to see a 'Gee there is no need to go all the way to Fogo, no more than to see a Chinaman to go all the way to China. 'Gees are occasionally to be encountered in our sea-ports, but more particularly in Nantucket and New Bedford. But these 'Gees are not the 'Gees of Fogo. That is, they are no longer green 'Gees. They are sophisticated 'Gees, and hence liable to be taken for naturalized citizens badly sunburnt. Many a Chinaman, in new coat and pantaloons, his long queue coiled out of sight in one of Genin's hats, has promenaded Broadway, and been taken merely for an eccentric Georgia planter. The same with 'Gees; a stranger need have a sharp eye to know a 'Gee, even if he see him.

Thus much for a general sketchy view of the 'Gee. For further and fuller information apply to any sharp-witted American whaling captain, but more especially to the before-mentioned old Captain Hosea Kean, of Nantucket, whose address at present is "Pacific Ocean."

A PISTOL-SHOT AT THE DUELISTS.

EVERY one has heard of the English artist who, being asked to draw an illustration to a paper on dueling, sketched an injured husband falling before the pistol of his wife's paramour, and gasping with his last breath, "I am satisfied!"

Such a picture contained the whole theory of dueling. "You have wronged me, therefore kill me," is the proper translation of every challenge. It is not, "You have wronged me, therefore I must kill you;" for it is abundantly established by the reports of law cases arising out of duels, that wherever the challenger takes peculiar pains to kill his adversary—such as practicing with his weapon beforehand, taking aim with unusual deliberateness, obtaining some de-

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cided advantage in position, or otherwise—he forfeits whatever attenuation a jury might be disposed to allow to the average duelist, in consideration of the supposed state of public opinion on the subject. Let him go to the ground with the evident purpose of killing his man, and he becomes—in the eye of the law—a mere murderer, to be nowise distinguished from the burglar who cuts his victim's throat at dead of night. The public call for his punishment; duelists disown him. The Code of Honor is positive against his conduct. Again, in challenging, he must concede to his adversary the choice of weapons, time, and distance. There appears to be some reason for believing that the option secured to the challenged party is not wholly unlimited; for instance, that he would hardly be sustained by the sense of duelists if he proposed to smoke astride of a barrel of gunpowder side by side with his antagonist; but within rules of tolerably extensive latitude, he is the master of the combat. He may choose a weapon with the use of which he is practiced, and impose it on his adversary who has never handled it before. Quite recently, in a somewhat notorious case, the challenged insisted on the use of rifles; the challenger had perhaps never fired one in his life. In former times, spadassins familiar with the small sword gained quite a reputation by insulting people less dexterous with that weapon; the latter retorted by a challenge, which conferred upon the party offering the insult the choice of weapons, and the superior skill of the practiced swordsman easily won the victory.

During the period of the occupation of France by the allies of Louis XVIII., in 1815, this system was pursued extensively by the French officers. Patriotism and a deep sense of injury perhaps palliated its atrocity. Day after day, Prussian and English officers would be grossly insulted by Frenchmen—would send a cartel—fight—and be carried off regularly to Père la Chaise. Some of Napoleon's *maîtres d'armés* made a business of killing their man each day. A story is told of one of them—an old Capitaine Ducroc—who had slain his scores, and was never known to have met his match with the sword. He never sent a challenge, was always the aggressor, and pitilessly insisted on the right of choosing his favorite weapon. When he had not found an adversary in the course of the day, he would enter the Café Foy, at Paris, toward six o'clock, for dinner; and the waiters could tell by his face and the way he twirled his grizzly mustache that he was on the look-out for a quarrel. Woe to him who gave him the least chance! One evening, there chanced to drop into the same café an English officer named Gwynne. He belonged to the army of occupation, but had only just returned to his regiment from his home, where he had been kept a close prisoner by a wound received at Waterloo. During his absence, his brother had had the misfortune—so he had heard—to quarrel with Capitaine Ducroc, and to be killed by him in a duel.

Gwynne entered the Café Foy a few minutes before six, and sat down at a small vacant table. A waiter started at the sight, and running to the Englishman, observed, with some agitation, that that was "the Captain's table." "What Captain, my friend?" asked the Englishman. "Oh! le Capitaine Ducroc!" answered the waiter, pronouncing the terrible name almost with a feeling of awe. Gwynne's cheek flushed at the name, but he merely observed that "this table was like all the others, seemingly; still," he said, "if the Capitaine insisted upon it, he would doubtless satisfy him." On which, he took up the newspaper and began to read.

Almost at the same instant the door opened, and a heavy tread of spurred boots was heard approaching the table. When at a few feet distance, "le Capitaine" stopped, and surveyed the usurper with an insulting smile. Gwynne looked calmly at him, but did not speak. The Capitaine sat down at a table close by, and began to twirl his mustache. People who knew him understood the meaning of the gesture, and gathered closer to the redoubtable champion of France. They had not long to wait before he commenced operations.

Stretching across suddenly, he seized the lamp on the Englishman's table, and snatched it away, while with the other hand he plucked the newspaper out of Gwynne's grasp. There was a buzz in the café at this gross insult, and one or two Englishmen present sprang to their feet, and moved toward their countryman. But he did not speak or move; his face did not even show any apparent notice of the affront.

Le Capitaine read for a moment or two, then turning his chair so as to bring it close to the Englishman's table, he suddenly stretched out his leg, and brought down the heel of his heavy boot on Gwynne's foot. There was another buzz and murmur among the *consommateurs;* but Gwynne contented himself with drawing his foot up, and folding his arms. His countrymen gathered round him, evidently galled at his seeming indifference to the insult; but he took no notice. At last le Capitaine, after a long look at his antagonist, called to the waiter for a glass of brandy. When it was brought, he raised the glass, and drank it, saying to Gwynne, "*A votre courage, Anglais!*"

Then slowly and leisurely the latter rose. He was a man of immense size and strength. With one stride he stood beside the Frenchman; then, grasping his mustache with one hand and his chin with the other, he wrenched his mouth open and spat down his throat.

"Should Monsieur deem fit," he said, in a calm, quiet voice, "to honor me with a call, there is my card." So saying he left the café. Needless to add, that his invitation was not accepted. Ducroc never challenged; the choice of weapons was essential to his safety.

Similar stories are common and well authenticated. If they prove any thing, it is that the English of a challenge is: "You have wronged me—therefore kill me."

It has not always been so, of course. In

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France, in the sixteenth century—where the modern duel may be said to have originated—the privilege of fighting was confined to gentlemen; that is to say, to men whose dress was incomplete without a sword. Francis the First's courtiers were all supposed to be expert swordsmen; fencing was so large a part of their education that the grossest insult you could offer to one of them was to suppose them incapable of defending themselves with the usual weapon. All duels being fought with the sword, and all being trained alike, there were but few cases in which the duel involved any probable inequality. A Bussy or a D'Artagnan might be formidable antagonists; but the French gentleman of that day, either in challenging or accepting a challenge, ran little risk, as a general rule, of finding himself at a disadvantage. Fairness was the soul of the combat. Of a Sunday morning the combatants would ride to the Pré aux Clercs, or some other rendezvous, four, six, and ten on a side; they would chat pleasantly on the way, and fight with perfect good-humor and gallantry until most of them were disabled. By far the greater portion of these duelists, it must be remembered, moreover, were fighting men by profession. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, were not generally deemed gentlemen; they were not expected, or we should say privileged, to fight; the sword parties were confined to the officers of the army, which body included all, or nearly all, the noblemen and gentlemen of Paris. There was certainly, therefore, in their duels less of absurdity and illogicality than in modern dueling. Even the grand objection to the practice — that it proves nothing — could hardly apply in their case, for the subject of their quarrels was generally the relative beauty of their mistresses, the meaning of a look, or some such question which was not susceptible of logical argument.

Nor was there wanting, to the mind of people of that day, a sort of method in their mania. The old wager of battle had not long been disused in the courts. For centuries, the question of guilt or innocence had been arbitrated by the sword. Accuser and accused were armed alike, and magistrates sat by to receive the bloody verdict. Providence, it was piously supposed, could not suffer the wicked to triumph or the innocent to succumb; and no doubt, in a vast number of cases, a consciousness of guilt would unnerve, as a righteous indignation would steel the arm. Hence the French gentleman who conceived himself aggrieved would be fortified by popular prejudice in the notion that, however inferior his skill, the justice of his cause would counterbalance the defect. He might easily believe himself an instrument in the hands of God, secretly intrusted with the execution of Divine vengeance. In many cases, doubtless, the combatants were inspired by no such lofty considerations as these: the duels of the time of Henry III. and Louis XIII. were often mere pastimes, a lively sort of fencing; but still, in judging the duelists of this period, the theory of "Appeals to God" must be remembered as an extenuating circumstance.

Again, it must be borne in mind that many of the French duels of this period were fought on public, not on private grounds. They were, in fact, miniature battles, quite as defensible as the battles of Niagara, Cerro Gordo, or Inkermann. Whether three Leaguers crossed swords with three Huguenots, or three thousand, the principle was obviously the same. If "infallible artillery" is to be blessed by bishops, we can not consistently anathematize the rapier or the pistol that is drawn in the like cause.

Evidently the public duel demands some respectful consideration. Manlius Torquatus challenging and slaying the Gaul—David fighting his duel with Goliah—the Earl of Essex challenging the Governor of Lisbon—are personages not by any means to be held up to odium, or to be confounded with the spadassin. Indeed, as, after all, the final appeal among men is yet to brute force, it would seem that he who contrives to lodge such appeal with least prospect of bloodshed merits high honor. If the European monarchs had accepted the proposal of Russian Paul, and fought out their quarrels at St. Petersburg with the small sword, Talleyrand, Pitt, Metternich, and Bernstorf officiating as seconds, Europe would manifestly have been a large gainer by the arrangement. Even now, what an excellent bargain for humanity if Alexander and Napoleon could settle their strife with pistols at twelve paces!

There is another sort of public duel, less clearly praiseworthy, as less plainly economical of blood, yet not deserving of indiscriminate blame. Such was Hamilton's duel with Burr. "I am not the party challenged," said the great statesman in substance—"the blow is aimed at the Federal party." It was in this conviction that he fought against the dictates of his principles. Of course he could do no good to the party by fighting; but whether he would not have done it harm by declining the duel in those fighting days, is not so clear. Similar was young Las Casas's challenge to Sir Hudson Lowe. The latter had barbarously carried out the orders of a barbarous government; had helped disease to make short work of Napoleon. When he returned to England, the son of Napoleon's friend and biographer challenged him. True, there was a nearer occasion for the cartel in a letter of Sir Hudson's; but its real basis was the quarrel between the late Emperor of France and the British Government. Sir Hudson would not fight—preferred a horse-whipping from young Bertrand; and really it seems difficult to condemn this sensible course. But who shall throw the stone at his challenger?

Another case of a like nature was the challenge sent by Lafayette to the Earl of Carlisle. The Earl, as every body knows, in an appeal to the people of the United States, repeated the old English sneers at the French, which the Marquis took in hand to avenge on behalf of his countrymen. Washington disapproved the

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challenge, so did the Count D'Estaing; and the Englishman very sensibly refused to allow himself to be called personally to account for acts performed in the discharge of a public and delegated duty. But no one has ever thought the worse of Lafayette for the exhibition of his "sensibility and generosity."

In former days religious disputes were a prolific source of duels. In the eleventh century, two knights, clad in complete armor, fought on horseback to determine the proper form of public worship. The great founder of the Company of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, fought a duel with a Moor whom he had vainly attempted to convert by argument. And in England and Scotland, during the Reformation, points of doctrine were not unfrequently arbitrated by rival ministers with sword and arquebuse. We must be cautious about condemning these doughty priests before we have dismantled our forts, and sold off the national armory.

But for the private duel—growing out of some fancied affront to personal honor, based on no more solid ground than the mere ostentatious proffer of life for life, and naturally tending to homicide—it appears impossible to frame any decent excuse. Ireland is the country, and some sixty or seventy years ago the period, at which this class of duels have flourished the most luxuriantly. It was then that Lord Norbury began life with "fifty pounds and a pair of hair triggers;" that no lawyer could pretend to eminence at the bar, or aspire to the bench, till he had killed or winged his man; that Judge Fletcher charged a jury on the trial of a duelist who had killed his man, "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you. Where two persons fight a duel, and one of them falls, the law says it is murder, and I tell you by law it is murder; but, at the same time, a fairer duel I never heard of in the whole course of my life."

Curran was a noted duelist. His first fight was with an officer against whom he had been professionally employed, and of whom he had spoken freely. The officer fired, and missed; Curran threw down his pistol. "It was not necessary for me to fire at him," said he, contemptuously, "he died soon after, of the report of his own pistol."

Another antagonist of his was a barrister named Egan, a man of immense size and bulk. Curran was small and thin. When the parties were placed on the ground, Egan complained of the advantage the disparity in their sizes gave to Curran. "I might as well fire at a razor's edge as at him," said Egan, "and he may hit me as easily as a turf-stack." Curran was ready with a retort: "I tell you what, Mr. Egan, I want to take no advantage of you; let my size be chalked out upon your body, and I will agree that all shots outside of the mark shall go for nothing."

Sir Jonah Barrington, the historian of these Irish duels, figured in one or two of the most ludicrous. His first meeting was with a known fire-eater named Daly, who challenged him by mistake. Young Barrington placed the matter in the hands of a friend—a fire-eater likewise—and avowed that he was wholly unconscious of having offended Mr. Daly. His friend, Mr. Crosby, would not hear of any explanation; it was his first challenge, and he must fight. So they went to the field. When they arrived there, Daly's friend stepped forward and begged to apologize for having given them so much trouble; his principal, he said, had mistaken the man. But Crosby, appealing to the printed code of dueling, produced the rule which states that "no apology can be received after the parties meet, without a fire," and insisted on the duel proceeding.

The men were placed, greatly against Mr. Daly's will, and a shot was fired. Barrington wounded Daly.

Another duel of Barrington's was fought with a man named M'Nally. Barrington's ball struck the buckle of one of M'Nally's braces (called gallows in Dublin) and knocked him over, though without hurting him. "Mac, my boy, cried his second, "you're the first man I ever knew that was saved by the gallows." This M'Nally is pleasantly sketched by the author of "Curran and his Contemporaries." "His distress at one time was truly pitiable at being unable to induce any body to fight him. Henry Grady, who wounded every body with whom he fought, refused that honor to M'Nally, and every one followed the inhuman example. The poor man could get no one to shoot him, and was the picture of misery. In vain he fumed, fretted, and affronted. All seemed determined on being guiltless of his blood. Never was an Irish gentleman so unfortunate. At length Sir Jonah Barrington, out of Christian charity, accepted his cartel, and shot him into fashion."

There is no reason to suppose there is any exaggeration in the picture. Dueling was a thoroughly recognized institution. When Flood shot Agar through the heart in a duel, for asking him what had become of a lost case of pistols, the jury found the sagacious verdict that the deceased "had come to his death by a pistol-bullet." In 1777 the gentlemen of Ireland appointed delegates to a Convention which was to meet at Clonmel, to frame a Code of Dueling. The result of their labors was the "Thirty-six commandments," which Sir Jonah Barrington has handed down to posterity. They are bloody enough, as most Irishmen were good shots in those days. One runs:

"When the lie direct is the first offense, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms, exchange two shots previous to an apology, or three shots followed up by an explanation, or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other."

As to blows, the commandments say that "as a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances among gentlemen, no verbal apology can be received for any such insult. The alternatives are, therefore—the offender handing a cane to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon;

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firing on till one or both is disabled; or exchanging three shots, and then asking pardon without the proffer of the cane."

Another rule declares that "no dumb-shooting or firing in the air is admissible in any case. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offense, and the challenged ought, if he gave offense, to have made apology before he came on the ground; therefore children's play must be dishonorable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited."

Some of the "commandments" are deliciously cool.

"Seconds to be of equal rank with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may choose, or chance, to become a principal, and equality is indispensable."

"Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged is to leave the place before morning, *for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.*"

"Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves, and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business *for that day.*"

Lever the novelist, who has made good use of the Irish propensity for hair-triggers, lays down the rule that a man must fight his tailor if he calls him out; which is apparently at variance with the Clonmel commandments. His dictum has not been invariably acknowledged by Irish duelists. When Benjamin Disraeli challenged Morgan O'Connell, in consequence of that famous speech of his father's, in which he declared that Disraeli must be the lineal descendant and heir-at-law of the impenitent thief on the cross, the Irishman declined the combat, and coolly sent the challenge to the newspapers. Nor was he the less considered on that account.

A recent industrious chronicler of duels, Mr. Sabine, has divided this country into dueling States and non-dueling States. The distinction is only relative, as duels are by no means unknown in any Northern State. There are indeed few cities in the Union where a young man, unmarried, and moving in society, could refuse a challenge from a respectable antagonist without some courage. Still it is unquestionable that Northerners are not so fond of the duel as their Southern brethren. Mr. Sabine accounts for the scant records of duels in New England by the punishment inflicted on the two first duelists of that section of country.

These were Edward Doty and Edward Leister, "serving-men" at Plymouth. They quarreled within a few months after their arrival in America, and settled the dispute, in a gentlemanly way, with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. When the old Pilgrim Fathers heard of their proceedings, they took long and anxious counsel, and finally decided to tie the combatants neck and heels together, and leave them twenty-four hours without food or drink. The punishment threw so much ridicule on the practice of dueling that it was extremely rare in New England throughout its colonial history, and is so still.

In the Southern States, it is believed, duels are by no means so frequent as they used to be. The lamentable cases of Mason and M'Carty, Graves and Cilley, and others fresh in every one's memory, undoubtedly operated to check the practice in the neighborhood of the Federal capital; and even in Louisiana and Mississippi we hear of fewer duels than formerly. The old murderous style of rencontre, with rifle and revolvers, or with pistols and knife in a dark room; the free-fight in a pit, with pleasant accompaniments of gouging and throttling; the bowie-knife duels, where the belligerents literally chopped each other into shreds, are quite out of date. It is very doubtful whether they ever were as common as has been supposed in foreign countries, and even here at the North. If the truth were known, many of these terrible encounters would probably be traced to their real source—the fertile brain of Mr. Items, of some wide-awake newspaper.

Not that our dueling records lack well authenticated cases of savage blood-thirstiness. In one well-known case a United States Senator resigned his commission for the special and sole purpose of fighting his cousin, and offered to agree to any terms, any weapons, any distance. The cousin proposed a barrel of powder apiece. To this the seconds would not agree. He then suggested muskets, at twelve paces. The duel was fought on these terms. The United States Senator was shot through the heart: his cousin lost his arm.

There is another case, also well established, though perhaps it never appeared in print, which exhibits still greater recklessness of life. Two students at a Southern university quarreled, and agreed to fight. Not having the thirty-six commandments before them, they resolved to fight at once, where they were, and with the weapons they had. One was armed with a pistol, the other with a bowie-knife. The latter calmly told his adversary to fire, and stood facing him at a few feet distance. The owner of the pistol remonstrated, begged his opponent to wait till fire-arms could be procured for both; but he would not listen to any proposal of the kind. Sternly and menacingly he bade his adversary fire. The latter, seeing the keen blade of the bowie-knife, raised his pistol, fired; the ball struck his opponent on the head, but by a miraculous accident glanced, merely tearing the scalp. Then the bowie-knife flashed—with one spring its owner was beside his enemy, and drove the fearful weapon deep into his skull. He was carried to the room of a medical professor; but he was quite dead. The bowie-knife had sunk so deeply into the bones of the head that the professor was forced to place his knee upon the body, and tug with his whole strength to draw it out.

Editors are naturally the persons most exposed to receive challenges. It falls to their lot to animadvert on the mischievous acts of public men; and as there are few matters respecting which there may not be two opposite opinions, well-intentioned persons may often

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deny to the journalist disinterested motives, and desire to hold him personally responsible for what they consider personal malice. In certain States of the Union, a non-fighting editor would be an impossibility. It was so formerly in France and England. Armand Carrel's death checked the practice in the former country; in England the strict vail of secrecy which shrouds the editorial staff of a leading paper has almost put an end to editorial duels. But when John Wilkes was the leading editor of London, he was never without an affair on hand; he was trying, he said, how far the liberty of the press went in England. His first duel arose out of a comical occurrence. When Lord Talbot was appointed High Steward of England, he took immense pains to train a horse he had to walk backward, in order that he might retire from the presence of the sovereign without turning his back. His lessons completed, when the day arrived for the coronation of George the Third, the High Steward made his appearance on his horse, caparisoned at all points. But alas! the moment Lord Talbot touched the animal with spur in order to enter the hall, the too docile beast turned his tail to the monarch, and backed down upon him, to the horror of his rider and the inextinguishable merriment of the courtiers. John Wilkes made much fun of the incident, for which Lord Talbot challenged him. They fought, and exchanged a couple of shots without injury.

Another famous editorial duel was that between Moore and Jeffrey. The former conceived himself aggrieved by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, of which Jeffrey was the editor, and, having failed to obtain the name of the author, challenged him. While the seconds were loading the pistols, and arranging matters, the two principals fell into conversation, and Moore chose that moment to tell Jeffrey a pleasant story about an Irish acquaintance who, being in a predicament similar to theirs, exclaimed that it was bad enough to take the medicine, without being forced to stand by and see it mixed. The seconds mixed the dose, in fact, so well, that there were no balls in the pistols, and Moore never spoke to his second afterward.

Mr. M'Michael, of Philadelphia, has lately had the manliness to make a stand on the question of personal editorial responsibility for newspaper strictures on public men. Called to account by a party whose conduct in a public matter he had had occasion to censure, he refused point blank either to fight or to apologize, alleging that a liability on editors to answer with the pistol for their course as journalists, would necessarily curtail the liberty of the press. A similar course was pursued, under circumstances familiar to all our readers, by Mr. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, one of the ablest and boldest journalists in America. The public have sustained these gentlemen. The law of libel is broad enough, and juries are commonly hard enough on newspapers to satisfy the vindictiveness of any victim of the editorial quill. And to a logical mind, the abstraction of so many hundred or thousand dollars from an editor's purse must be far more satisfactory satisfaction than the precarious recourse to a duel, in which, as we see down South, the editor can generally take care of himself.

It is instructive to note how utterly powerless legislation has been to repress dueling. When, in the youth of the chivalric institution, four thousand gentlemen in Paris were killed in less than ten years, the king resolved to put a stop to it. Old laws were revived—new ones made—but without effect. Under Louis XIII. the father of the famous Marshal Luxembourg, the Marquis de Bouteville, a Montmorenci by birth, and already distinguished as a duelist, presumed to fight, three against three, in the very Palais Royal, in spite of an express command from the king. He escaped unwounded, but the famous Bussy was killed. Louis had Bouteville arrested and executed, in the teeth of angry remonstrances from the whole body of the nobility. But the example was unheeded. Louis the Fourteenth established Courts of Honor to settle disputes between gentlemen, and issued ordinances yet more careful and more severe than those of his predecessors. But the fighting went on. The monarch called to his aid the men of letters of the day. Bossuet preached against the practice; Molière assailed it more effectually by making Monsieur Jourdain exclaim to his fencing-master: "Then, by learning from you, a man may, without any courage at all, be sure of killing his man and of not being killed himself." But the duelists laughed at the sally, and killed each other as before.

By the common law of England, to kill a man in a duel is murder, and the attempt a capital offense. Yet there never was a period, from the accession of the Stuarts till very modern times, when duels were uncommon in the British Isles. Not to allude to Ireland again, almost all the great statesmen of England have set the example of fighting—Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, Hastings, Shelburne, Townshend, Wyndham, York—indeed almost every prominent man has exchanged his shot or two in the course of his life. In Austria, Russia, and most of the German States, the laws against dueling have always been severe; but there is hardly a student who passes through college who does not wear a scar or two—memorials of a sword-fight in a crowded room.

The contrast between the law and the practice is tolerably striking here. Eighteen States have prohibited dueling by provisions embodied in their State Constitutions—among these are Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, California, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and Missouri. In all the others dueling is prohibited by statute; and in the District of Columbia by Act of Congress. Yet the record of American duels is tolerably full, and swelling still.

The reason was given by Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, in his speech in the Senate on

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the last bill for the suppression of this class of homicide. "The state of public opinion," said he, "is averse to the execution of the law applicable to dueling. The practice is, in fact, sustained by public opinion, and so long as it is so sustained it will prevail in spite of law." This is precisely what the English, French, and Germans say when questioned on the point. Of course, when it is attempted to analyze this public opinion, it vanishes. It is an aggregate, of which no single component part can be detected by the nicest scrutiny. When the last bill against dueling was put to the vote in the Senate, every member voted in favor of it but one, and he began his speech by stating his unqualified disapproval of the practice. All the prominent men who have fought in this country —Hamilton, Clay, Decatur, and others—have left their testimony against it. They bowed to prejudice—some, perhaps, to passion. Decatur goes to his death after stating the objections to dueling most forcibly; Voltaire trains for a duel, and makes his defeated duelist in the comedy cry:

"Oui, vous avez raison—
Je suis un sot, la chose est par trop claire,
Et votre épée a prouvé cette affaire."

So potent is the bump of combativeness in mankind. It has been said that the modern duel dates from the sixteenth century. But this only applies to its rules and conditions. The institution is antediluvian. The chances are, that the moment there were two men in the world they fought a duel. Cain was a duelist. Directly after the flood, the divine command that man's blood shall not be shed by man, implies multitudes of duels. Some have fancied the ancients fought no duels. This is a misconception. A Roman did not fight, certainly, about his lady's ribbon or a wry look; but the whole history of the ancient world, is it not bristling with man-fights and duels of the most savage description? Nay, is not all history the same—all private experience analogous? Boys fight duels in pinafores: girls fight single combats with their nails: Pat and Mickey settle their disputes in so many rounds with the fist. How are educated men to dispose of their share of the universal propensity? Can Senator Douglas and Senator Sumner fight with their fists? Would Mr. Marcy be justified in scratching the face of Mr. Seward? And let us not, when so many of us are celebrating the battles of Buena Vista or New Orleans—when Pelissier and Gortschakoff are slaying their tens of thousands —when Congress is voting money for forts and cannon—let us not be too hasty in concluding that intellect has succeeded in subjugating our animal instincts. Combativeness is not, by any means, on the decline in the human skull; nor, perhaps, is it quite desirable it should. Its child—the duel—no doubt does mischief. But to the mother bump we owe more than half our energy, our moral vigor, our manliness—a valuable protuberance it is, in truth, with all its inconveniences, and one which it were a sorry business for America we should chance to lose.

THE TERRIBLE TREE.

I WAS studying, smoking, and generally ruining my constitution in the little college town of N——, one fierce winter, when a settled apathy took possession of me. I lost my interest in every thing. Frequently, to rouse my dormant energies, I walked down to the beach, and plunged in the icy surge. But it availed nothing. Books, cigars, all were ineffectual. Life looked a dreary waste. The cold, objectless fields, covered with snow, seemed to me to image forth the future. Like most very young men, I had exhausted sensation. As I sat by my little table one evening in January, I ran over in my mind the possible stimulants I could use to lash my dormant sensibilities into life. I could not take to drinking, because, like Dick Swiveller, I had taken to that before. I could not take opium; that made me deadly sick, and, subsequently, sleepy. Was there any mental stimulant, such as love, hate, remorse, that I had not tried? No. I hated every body. I had been in love with all the "college widows," and several beside. "Man pleasured me not; no, nor woman either." Remorse! I had disobeyed my father, and grieved my mother. I felt, I suppose, suitable remorse for these things, but they were peccadillos, and did not answer.

Remorse!—the word pleased me. Should I stick a knife into the fat sides of my landlady? Would her innocent blood crying to Heaven, and her last gasp, calling me "murderer!" make my pulse beat quicker? No; she was old, cheating, asthmatic. She would have had no innocent blood to cry with. She could not have cried "murderer!" audibly, on account of the asthma, and I think she would have welcomed death as an agreeable exchange from a life spent in taking boarders. Where was the victim whom I could offer up to my dying sensations? What Iphigenia knelt before the dull gleam of my languid knife? Where— Tap, tap, tap! as if a ghostly finger touched my window-pane.

I started! yes, I actually started. The ocean in January had greeted my numbed frame as if it had been a warm vapor-bath. Thoughts of murder, of poison, of love, of fame, had crept through my veins as languidly as a thought of paying an old debt. What these things had not done, a *tap* did.

I looked out—nothing there. The cold moon looked down on the cold earth; the cold snow surrounded the cold white houses; the leafless trees outlined themselves on the cold sky; the cold charity student, shivering in his thin coat, went by, making coldness visible.

Tap, tap, tap!

For the first time I saw—would that I had never seen it again—I saw the tree! An old, lightning-struck, dead sycamore, with two branches left, and a charred top with one hole burned in it by the lightning. There it stood, a horrible cyclop, tossing its two skeleton arms in the air, and looked at me with its one eye. One arm leaned over toward my window, and a skeleton forefinger tapped on the glass.

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I knew what it was. A demon lived in that tree, and wanted to make my acquaintance. I nodded to the tree. I should be happy to make the gentleman's acquaintance. A gust of wind surged through and through the tree, and a horrible "Ha! ha!" died away in the air.

I had seen the tree before, of course. There it had stood a year before my chamber window, but I had never seen it as I saw it to-night. Formerly to me it was a burned, dead tree. Now it was a familiar, companionable demon. I determined to get something out of that tree.

Just as I had admitted the tree to my confidence, the door-bell rang. Loud, importunate to be let in, the ringer spake through the quivering wire, and I was convinced it was a newcomer. No one who had been quenched in the atmosphere of that house could ring in that way. Presently I heard trunks brought in, then strange voices, then goings up stairs. I looked out at the tree. He waved a gaunt finger at me, as much as to say, "Go down, and find out."

Charming! I felt curiosity—always a sign of vitality. I encouraged it by waiting. I said to myself, "We will find out to-morrow, my good fellow; keep quiet"—all the while slyly meaning to ask Susan, the chambermaid, whom I heard, with no fairy footfalls, ascending and descending the stairs.

Susan had a great contempt for me. Whether several years of residence in a boarding-house had given Susan a disgust for her species, or whether she was actually a misanthrope; or whether, again, I, of the whole human race, had failed to impress the mind of Susan with my superior claims to respect, certain it was that Susan had not that amenity of manner or activity of service where I was concerned, which would have been expected from our relative positions. If my pitchers were ever full of water, my boots ever at the door when they should have been, I have only to say it was the exception, and not the rule. Susan's manner, too, of answering a question was abrupt, and not particularly respectful. So I was not surprised, on opening my door and addressing a timid interrogatory to Susan, to the effect that I should like to know who had arrived, that she should answer somewhat in this wise:

"Go away, Mr. Sidney, don't be a-botherin' me, who is tired and distracted to death now."

However, Susan was a woman, and could not resist the pleasure of telling a piece of news.

"There is a gentleman, and a lady, and a sick one, and lots of trunks; and the sick one has fainted away, and they is a-bringin' her to."

I shut my door and looked out at the tree. He nodded and winked his one eye at me, and tossed his branches in wild delight. We understood each other perfectly.

Iphigenia had arrived; I saw it at a glance. This fainting person was evidently a sick girl, who had been brought to this house by her parents. She would recover slowly. I would fascinate her, break her heart, and, if she did not then die, I would kill her! Yes! in the dead of night, I would ascend to the third floor front, wake her from her childlike sleep, and then calmly, coolly, like Mr. Forrest on the stage, I would plunge my knife into her pure bosom, and walk away, "wrapping my mantle round me," and "keep my dreadful secret to eat out my heart."

I made my preparations with fiendish coolness. I looked long and steadily in the depths of the looking-glass, making my countenance as interesting as the case would permit. I pulled out of a drawer a blue cravat, which in a moment of previous despair I had rejected, but which became me much. I spent an hour or so over my hair, and curled my lip until it was quite lame. These preparations over, I had nothing before me but the mundane necessity of going to bed. As common life, with its perpetual grind of buttons, and boots, and shaving, came back to me, I relapsed again into apathy, and began to tire even of the idea of killing the girl. The tree kept me up, however, and tapped, and nodded, and winked in a most uncommon manner.

She was not at breakfast, no, nor at dinner. I heard, too, to my disgust, that she was married—a Mrs. Brown! How the tree gibbered and pointed its skinny fingers at me! Evening came, and alone in my room I tried not to see the tree; but let me look where I would, so firmly was it daguerreotyped on my mind that I could but see it, and ever and anon came the tap—tap, as if to remind me I was not alone.

Mrs. Brown was traveling with her nurse and physician. Who or where was Mr. Brown did not appear. One day I stopped the nurse in the hall and inquired for her mistress. She told me she was better, and would come down in a day or two. As for the physician, he was a very silent, disagreeable fellow, with gray hair and a young face, a contradictory sort of expression, and a pair of eyes which never met yours.

As a proof that I got better of my apathy about this time, I will mention that, in passing through the halls, I heard the nurse ask Susan who that young man was who spoke to her. Susan replied:

"Oh, a miserable kind of a dyspepsia feller—he don't know nothing."

As a psychological fact, and proof that I had come to have some feeling, I was very glad to observe that this remark aroused in me a considerable degree of wrath.

That evening I saw Mrs. Brown! As I came home at twilight I went up to my room, but before entering it I sprang back as if from an electric shock; for coming out of it was a woman—the strangest woman! A small, pale, gaunt woman, with black eyes and great hollows round them, dressed in black, with a white halo round her throat, she seemed all black and white—a stormy sky with a moon shining in it.

"Excuse me, Sir; I have mistaken your door for mine," said a voice which froze the marrow in my bones.

A low, dreadful voice, as if coming from the

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tombs. I scarcely remember what followed. I knew she fascinated me. I knew I loved her. She was like the tree; I could not escape her. She had but to ask me a question, and I turned to listen to her. She held me spell-bound. How strange, how wonderful was her talk! She spoke of dreams, of omens, of that wonderful power of the Indian jugglers who could compel dreams. She believed in trances. Common life did not appear to touch her. Some sirocco seemed to have blown over her, and withered all her blooms. So strikingly did she make this impression on me, that I once involuntarily asked her, "Were you ever struck by lightning?"

She did not show any surprise at the question, but immediately answered.

"Yes, and completely scathed."

She was dreadfully ill. Sometimes she was brought down and put in a carriage by her nurse, almost like a child. Sometimes moans of agony reached me from her room. Once I accidentally touched her hand—it burned me. Yet now and then she talked with almost superhuman energy, grappling with great social problems, and thinking and working like a strong man.

I loved her! No one knew it but the tree, and he only pointed a skinny arm at me in derision. "Dying!" he seemed to moan—"Dying!" echoed the wind, that went sobbing through his branches.

One night, when the wave of life seemed to surge more strongly in her breast, and she had a flash of strength, I told her I loved her. I took one of those burning, attenuated hands, and said, "Live for me—I love you!"

She looked at me with unutterable pity. "Poor boy, you had better never have been born!"

I did not attempt to answer her. As soon would I have answered the ocean, had it thrown me like a weed on the rocks.

Still I sat by her side—still I strove to move her easy chair to the most sheltered corner—still I marked with growing anguish the fading light of her face. One evening as I was so occupied, my landlady burst into the room, and uttered, "Murder! murder!" and sank into her chair, crying and sobbing.

"Who is it?" we both said.

"Mr. Montague Lewis has been found murdered in his bed. No one went to his room till an hour ago, when his servant got alarmed, opened his door, and found him dead—stabbed! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Was he quite dead?" said Mrs. Brown, in her calm, sepulchral voice.

"Quite. Oh, what a family! and Mr. Clifford not here; and whatever became of his wife, I should like to know? There is something wrong somewhere," and with this profound reflection our fat and asthmatic informant left us.

These gentlemen—the murdered man and his brother—belonged to an old family in N——. They were the Redgauntlets of the neighborhood. Handsome, aristocratic-looking men, they were reserved to an uncommon degree; and shunning every one, were shunned in their turn. Dreadful stories of the bad passions of the race lingered about in the neighborhood. Hard, cold men, with compressed lips, they walked occasionally through the streets, or were seen in the library, bowing distantly to an acquaintance, and frequently disappearing from the town for a year or so, going no one knew whither.

Clifford Lewis, the younger brother, was not at home when the murder took place. A poor old housekeeper was alone in the house. She said she had heard a noise in the night, had risen, and looked over the stairs.

"I saw a man," she said, "going out of my master's room; I called to him, and he answered me in my master's voice, saying, 'It is I, Rebecca, do not fear; go to your room again.' I thought then it was a smaller person than my master, but then I knew his voice so well, and so I went to bed. In the morning he did not come down; but that often happened, and he always told me not to wake him, he was such a poor sleeper. I waited till night, and then—Oh that Mr. Clifford would come!"

In a few days Mr. Clifford came. The community was shaken with fear. All that money and the law could do to ferret out the murderer was tried ineffectually.

Mr. Clifford Lewis, contrary to his wont, went much to public places, stimulating officials to do their duty, and showing capacity and zeal. He was a strikingly handsome man, and had one of the most beautiful voices I had ever heard. He impressed me so much that I came home determined to describe him to Mrs. Brown.

I began describing him. She listened in silence, with her long dark lashes resting on her wan, pale cheeks.

I was dwelling on the concentrated energy of his manner, and the contrast in the soft, mellow tones of his voice.

"I should think such men would be irresistible to women," I said; "strength in repose."

"And so they are," said Mrs. Brown. "But have you ever thought what that manner indicates? Do you know what becomes of the poor victim who is grasped by that iron hand in a velvet glove? I will tell you. She shrinks, she trembles, she crouches in submission; but she escapes—and turning, she stings her tyrant, as a playful, tortured, vexed serpent turns and stings!"

How this woman's voice thrilled me through! What terrible quality had it that made my blood freeze in my brain!

"They sting! they sting!" she reiterated.

Night came again. The tree told me a horrible secret that night. It whispered a word that kept sleep from my eyes. In the dead of night I heard a foot on the stairs—I heard a door shut above my head. These sounds confirmed my worst imaginings. The tree beckoned me out into the stormy night—it threw one

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arm wildly up in the air, and pointed to *her* window.

The demon beckoned me up. I climbed up the jagged trunk of the old tree, reached one of the long arm-like branches, and crept along its frail and swaying support. A dull light shining in the room showed me *that woman*—her pale hands bloody, her person disguised in men's clothes, and her eyes gleaming with superhuman lustre and fiendish triumph.

Morning came, and with it crowds of agitated, pale men, and women shrieking with terror, and news of another murder.

Yes, Clifford Lewis, with his handsome, cruel face, lay murdered in his bed.

In another hour from the discovery I was arrested as his murderer.

The proof was this: a man's track was discovered leading past the old tree, from the house in which he lived to mine, and near one of the tracks, and clinging to the torn bark of the tree, was my handkerchief.

I only asked one favor of the crowd of angry men who seized upon me as if I were a wild beast, and that was that I might write a note.

They assented; but when they saw it was addressed to the poor dying woman up stairs, they all said "No."

"The man is mad," said one; "we will not allow the poor invalid to be alarmed by his ravings."

But the gray-haired young physician offered to take it for me.

I wrote to her these words: "Be firm—the dead sycamore and I alone know: we are both incapable of speaking."

I sat on the stone floor of the prison, awaiting the morning. I knew that I loved a monster, but I loved still. No thought of betraying her came to my mind. All other thoughts—home, friends, good name—were drowned in this all-conquering sea. I recalled my morbid sensations before I saw her; I compared that night's reflections with my present state of feeling. Was I not a murderer at heart? Was it not just that I should be punished for the sin I had conceived but not committed?

Morning came, and with it my release. Mrs. Brown had confessed the crime, and was dying. She wished to see me. She was lying on a sofa, and by her side a grave old man held her pulse in one hand, and his watch in the other. She opened her eyes, and held out a feeble hand to me.

"Poor, generous fool, did you think I would let you die?" she said. "No; I have killed all I wished to kill. I kept silence till my poor tools, my so-called nurse and physician, could escape. I needed them, and used them; but they are innocent, except of knowing me, and they are gone. How long have I?" she asked of the physician.

"Not an hour," he answered, solemnly.

"More than enough. I am the wife of Clifford Lewis. He won me by that soft voice which you admired; he crushed me with that iron hand which you saw. I was high-strung, impetuous, passionate. I loved him — God knows how much!—but I defied him. I did not want to be ruled. In this evil hour his brother Montague came to live with us. He treated me kindly, and I trusted him. I told him I was unhappy—fatal, weak confession! He was a mean creature. He loved me—he asked me to fly with him. I refused. I told him I hated him. He went away, but left a poisoned arrow. He told his brother that I had confessed that I loved him, and he fled to save our happiness.

"How artistically he planned his revenge! When my husband found that my pride outstood his cruelty, he struck deeper. We had a child" —here the dying woman struggled fearfully with death, and with that agony which is fiercer— "a beautiful blue-eyed boy, with all that is good imaged in his face, and not yet blighted by his inheritance of evil. He came at night, when he slept in my arms. I hope he is dead—I have never seen him since.

"I could not die; but there was one thing left for me to do—I could kill! I would cleanse the race of these two plague-spots. No other woman should suffer as I had done."

I had a dim consciousness that the room was full of people, that this woman lay dying on a sofa. I could not collect my senses. I dropped on my knees by her side, and strove to say a prayer for her soul—her guilty soul. I heard a cry of agony, a convulsed breathing, and I remember no more.

A dark room, the same grave old gentleman, the too familiar face of Susan with a bowl of gruel in her hand. This picture succeeded the last.

I tried in vain to reconcile the two.

"There, seems to me he looks sensibler," said Susan.

The doctor (so I imagined) started up: "Yes, here is a change for the better. My dear young friend, how do you feel?"

I answered with the ghost of a voice, that I did not know.

"A very bad typhus—a very complicated, important case. You are alive, my young friend, through the blessing of God and successful medical treatment."

"And the tree, is that typhus? and Mrs. Brown, is she typhus? and murder, and all that, merely typhus?"

"Malignant typhoid, my dear young friend. Great irritation of the brain, preceded almost always by low spirits, strange fancies, delirium, and too often death! But you are alive, and, my friend—"

"Mrs. Brown wishes to know how the gentleman is," said a voice at the door.

"Decidedly better," said the doctor. "Poor woman, I wish she had better advice!"

It turned out that I had met Mrs. Brown at my chamber door, with the fever circulating in

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my veins, and had fallen down unconscious. The subsequent events had existed but in my fevered brain. I had transmuted two very respectable, snuffy old bachelors into my murdered men, and Mrs. Brown proved to be a very nice, though rather elderly and plain invalid lady, for whom I have the highest respect.

The tree—it was the merest old wreck you ever saw. No respectable demon accustomed to a warm climate would have thought for a moment of taking up his abode in it, particularly his winter-quarters.

"But doctor," said I, after I got well enough to go down stairs, "I don't like the looks of Mrs. Brown's physician, after all."

"I know the reason, my dear young friend; our instincts are very apt to be right," said the doctor, who was a two-and-twenty-grains-of-calomel man. "You do well to distrust his countenance; avoid him—he is a *Homeopathist!*"

The shadow of the calomel and of the doctor's awful authority was over me still, so I did not argue the matter, but took his explanation meekly, and with a show of credulity.

THE DRAGON-FANG POSSESSED BY THE CONJUROR PIOU-LU.

CHAPTER OF THE MIRACULOUS DRAGON-FANG.

"COME, men and women, and little people of Tching-tou, come and listen. The small and ignoble person who annoys you by his presence is the miserable conjuror known as Piou-Lu. Every thing that can possibly be desired he can give you. Charms to heal dissensions in your noble and illustrious families. Spells by which beautiful little people without style may become learned Bachelors, and reign high in the palaces of literary composition. Supernatural red pills, with which you can cure your elegant and renowned diseases. Wonderful incantations, by which the assassins of any members of your shining and virtuous families can be discovered and made to yield compensation, or be brought under the just eye of the Brother of the Sun. What is it that you want? This mean little conjuror, who now addresses you, can supply all your charming and refreshing desires; for he is known every where as Piou-Lu, the possessor of the ever-renowned and miraculous Dragon-Fang!"

There was a little dry laugh, and a murmur among the crowd of idlers that surrounded the stage erected by Piou-Lu in front of the Hotel of the Thirty-two Virtues. Fifth-class Mandarins looked at fourth-class Mandarins and smiled, as much as to say, "we who are educated men know what to think of this fellow." But the fourth-class Mandarins looked haughtily at the fifth class, as if they had no business to smile at their superiors. The crowd, however, composed as it was principally of small traders, barbers, porcelain-tinkers, and country people, gazed with open mouths upon the conjuror, who, clad in a radiant garment of many colors, strutted proudly up and down upon his temporary stage.

"What is a Dragon-Fang, ingenious and well-educated conjuror?" at last inquired Wei-chang-tze, a solemn-looking Mandarin of the third class, who was adorned with a sapphire button, and a one-eyed peacock's feather. "What is a Dragon-Fang?"

"Is it possible," asked Piou-Lu, "that the wise and illustrious son of virtue, the Mandarin Wei-chang-tze, does not know what a Dragon-Fang is?" and the conjuror pricked up his ears at the Mandarin, as a hare at a barking dog.

"Of course, of course," said the Mandarin Wei-chang-tze, looking rather ashamed of his having betrayed such ignorance, "one does not pass his examinations for nothing. I merely wished that you should explain to those ignorant people here what a Dragon-Fang was; that was why I asked."

"I thought that the Soul of Wisdom must have known," said Piou-Lu, triumphantly, looking as if he believed firmly in the knowledge of Wei-chang-tze. "The noble commands of Wei-chang-tze shall be obeyed. You all know," said he, looking round upon the people, "that there are three great and powerful Dragons inhabiting the universe. Lung, or the Dragon of the Sky; Li, or the Dragon of the Sea; and Kiau, or the Dragon of the Marshes. All these Dragons are wise, strong, and terrible. They are wondrously formed, and can take any shape that pleases them. Well, good people, a great many moons ago, in the season of spiked grain, I was following the profession of a barber in the mean and unmentionable town of Siho, when one morning as I was sitting in my shop waiting for customers, I heard a great noise of tam-tams, and a princely palanquin stopped before my door. I hastened, of course, to observe the honorable Rites toward this new-comer, but before I could reach the street, a Mandarin, splendidly attired, descended from the palanquin. The ball on his cap was of a stone and color that I had never seen before, and three feathers of some unknown bird hung down behind his head-dress. He held his hand to his jaw, and walked into my house with a lordly step. I was greatly confused, for I knew not what rank he was of, and felt puzzled how to address him. He put an end to my embarrassment.

"'I am in the house of Piou-Lu, the barber,' he said, in a haughty voice that sounded like the roll of a copper drum amidst the hills.

"'That disgraceful and ill-conditioned person stands before you,' I replied, bowing as low as I could.

"'It is well,' said he, seating himself in my operating-chair, while two of his attendants fanned him. 'Piou-Lu, I have the toothache!'

"'Does your lordship,' said I, 'wish that I should remove your noble and illustrious pain?'

"'You must draw my tooth,' said he. 'Woe to you if you draw the wrong one!'

"'It is too much honor,' I replied, 'but I

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will make my abominable and ill-conducted instruments entice your lordship's beautiful tooth out of your high-born jaw with much rapidity.'

"So I got my big pincers, and my opium-bottle, and opened the strange Mandarin's mouth. Ah! it was then that my low-born and despicable heart descended into my bowels. I should have dropped my pincers from sheer fright if they had not caught by their hooked ends in my wide sleeve. The Mandarin's mouth was all on fire inside. As he breathed, the flames rolled up and down his throat, like the flames that gather on the Yellow Grass Plains in the season of Much Heat. His palate glowed like red-hot copper, and his tongue was like a brass stew-pan that had been on the salt-fire for thirty days. But it was his teeth that affrighted me most. They were a serpent's teeth. They were long and curved inward, and seemed to be made of transparent crystal, in the centre of which small tongues of orange-colored fire leaped up and down out of some cavity in the gums.

"'Well, dilatory barber,' said the Mandarin, in a horrible tone, while I stood pale and trembling before him, 'why don't you draw my tooth? Hasten, or I will have you sliced lengthwise and fried in the sun.'

"'Oh! my lord,' said I, terrified at this threat, 'I fear that my vicious and unendurable pincers are not sufficiently strong.'

"'Slave!' answered he, in a voice of thunder, 'if you do not fulfill my desires, you will not see another moonrise.'

"I saw that I would be killed any way, so I might as well make the attempt. I made a dart with my pincers at the first tooth that came, closed them firmly on the crystal fang, and began to pull with all my strength. The Mandarin bellowed like an ox of Thibet. The flames rolled from his throat in such volumes that I thought they would singe my eyebrows. His two attendants, and his four palanquin-bearers came in and put their arms round my waist to help me to pull, and there we tugged for three or four minutes, until at last I heard a report as loud as nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine fire-crackers. The attendants, the palanquin-bearers, and myself all fell flat on the floor, and the crystal fang glittered between the jaws of the pincers.

"The Mandarin was smiling pleasantly as I got up from the floor. 'Piou-Lu,' said he, 'you had a narrow escape. You have removed my toothache, but had you failed, you would have perished miserably; for I am the Dragon Lung, who rules the sky and the heavenly bodies, and I am as powerful as I am wise. Take as a reward the Dragon-Fang which you drew from my jaw. You will find it a magical charm with which you can work miracles. Honor your parents, observe the Rites, and live in peace.'

"So saying, he breathed a whole cloud of fire and smoke from his throat that filled my poor and despicable mansion. The light dazzled and the smoke suffocated me, and when I recovered my sight and breath the Dragon Lung, the attendants, the palanquin, and the four bearers had all departed, how and whither I knew not. Thus was it, elegant and refined people of Tching-tou, that this small and evil-minded person who stands before you became possessed of the wonderful Dragon-Fang with which he can work miracles."

This story, delivered as it was with much graceful and dramatic gesticulation, and a volubility that seemed almost supernatural, had its effect upon the crowd, and a poor little tailor, named Hang-pou, who was known to be always in debt, was heard to say that he wished he had the Dragon-Fang, wherewith to work miracles with his creditors. But the Mandarins, blue, crystal, and gilt, smiled contemptuously, and said to themselves, "We who are learned men know how to esteem these things."

The Mandarin Wei-chang-tze, however, seemed to be of an inquiring disposition, and evinced a desire to continue his investigations.

"Supremely visited conjuror," said he to Piou-Lu, "your story is, indeed, wonderful. To have been visited by the Dragon Lung must have been truly refreshing and enchanting. Though not in the least doubting your marvelous relation, I am sure this virtuous assemblage would like to see some proof of the miraculous power of your Dragon-Fang."

The crowd gave an immediate assent to this sentiment by pressing closer to the platform on which Piou-Lu strutted, and exclaiming with one voice, "The lofty Mandarin says wisely. We would like to behold."

Piou-Lu did not seem in the slightest degree disconcerted. His narrow black eyes glistened like the dark edges of the seeds of the watermelon, and he looked haughtily around him.

"Is there any one of you who would like to have a miracle performed, and of what nature?" he asked, with a triumphant wave of his arms.

"I would like to see my debts paid," murmured the little tailor, Hang-pou.

"Oh, Hang-pou!" replied the conjuror, "this unworthy personage is not going to pay your debts. Go home and sit in your shop, and drink no more rice-wine, and your debts will be paid; for Labor is the Dragon-Fang that works miracles for idle tailors!"

There was a laugh through the crowd at this sally, because Hang-pou was well known to be fond of intoxicating drinks, and spent more of his time in the street than on his shop-board.

"Would any of you like to be changed into a camel?" continued Piou-Lu—"say the word, and there shall not be a finer beast in all Thibet!"

No one, however, seemed to be particularly anxious to experience this transformation. Perhaps it was because it was warm weather, and camels bear heavy burdens.

"I will change the whole honorable assemblage into turkey-buzzards if it only agrees," continued the conjuror; "or I will make the Lake Tung come up into the town in the shape

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of a water-melon, and then burst and overflow every thing."

"But we would all be drowned!" exclaimed Hang-pou, who was cowardly as well as intemperate.

"That's true," said Piou-Lu, "but then you need not fear your creditors," and he gave such a dart of his long arm at the poor little tailor, that the wretched man thought he was going to claw him up and change him into some frightful animal.

"Well, since this illustrious assembly will not have turkey-buzzards or camels, this weak-minded, ill-shapen personage must work a miracle on himself," said Piou-Lu, descending off of his platform into the street, and bringing with him a little three-legged stool made of bamboo-rods.

The crowd retreated as he approached, and even the solemn Wei-chang-tze seemed rather afraid of this miraculous conjuror. Piou-Lu placed the bamboo-stool firmly on the ground, and then mounted upon it.

"Elegant and symmetrical bamboo-stool," he said, lifting his arms, and exhibiting something in his hand that seemed like a piece of polished jade-stone—"elegant and symmetrical bamboo-stool, the justly-despised conjuror, named Piou-Lu, entreats that you will immediately grow tall, in the name of the Dragon Lung!"

Truly the stool began to grow in the presence of the astonished crowd. The three legs of bamboo lengthened and lengthened with great rapidity, bearing Piou-Lu high up into the air. As he ascended he bowed gracefully to the open-mouthed assembly.

"It is delightful!" he cried; "the air up here is so fresh! I smell the tea-winds from Fuh-kien. I can see the spot where the heavens and the earth cease to run parallel. I hear the gongs of Pekin, and listen to the lowing of the herds in Thibet. Who would not have an elegant bamboo-stool that knew how to grow?"

By this time Piou-Lu had risen to an enormous height. The legs of the slender tripod on which he was mounted seemed like silk-worms' threads, so thin were they compared with their length. The crowd began to tremble for Piou-Lu.

"Will he never stop?" said a Mandarin with a gilt ball, named Lin.

"Oh, yes!" shouted Piou-Lu from the dizzy height of his bamboo-stool. "Oh, yes! this ugly little person will immediately stop. Elegant stool, the poor conjuror entreats you to stop growing; but he also begs that you will afford some satisfaction to this beautifying assemblage down below who have honored you with their inspection."

The bamboo-stool, with the utmost complaisance, ceased to lengthen out its attenuated limbs, but on the moment experienced another change as terrifying to the crowd. The three legs began to approach each other rapidly, and before the eye could very well follow their motions, had blended mysteriously and inexplicably into one, the stool still retaining a miraculous equilibrium. Immediately this single stem began to thicken most marvelously, and instead of the dark shining skin of a bamboo-stick, it seemed gradually to be incased in overlapping rings of a rough bark. Meanwhile a faint rustling noise continued overhead, and when the crowd, attracted by the sound, looked up, instead of the flat disk of cane-work on which Piou-Lu had so wondrously ascended, they beheld a cabbage-shaped mass of green, which shot forth every moment long pointed satiny leaves of the tenderest green, and the most graceful shape imaginable. But where was Piou-Lu? Some fancied that in the yellow crown that topped the cabbage-shaped bud of this strange tree they could see the tip of his cap, and distinguish his black roguish eyes, but that may have been all fancy; and they were quickly diverted from their search for the conjuror by a shower of red, pulpy fruits, that commenced to fall with great rapidity from the miraculous tree. Of course there was a scramble, in which the Mandarins themselves did not disdain to join; and the crimson fruits—the like of which no one in Tching-tou had ever seen before—proved delightfully sweet and palatable to the taste.

"That's right! that's right! perfectly bred and very polite people," cried a shrill voice while they were all scrambling for the crimson fruits; "pick fruit while it is fresh, and tea while it is tender. For the sun wilts, and the chills toughen, and the bluest plum blooms only for a day."

Every body looked up, and lo! there was Piou-Lu as large as life strutting upon the stage, waving a large green fan in his hand. While the crowd was yet considering this wonderful reappearance of the conjuror, there was heard a very great outcry at the end of the street, and a tall thin man in a coarse blue gown came running up at full speed.

"Where are my plums, sons of thieves?" he cried, almost breathless with haste. "Alas! alas! I am completely ruined. My wife will perish miserably for want of food, and my sons will inherit nothing but empty baskets at my death! Where are my plums?"

"Who is it that dares to address the virtuous and well-disposed people of Tching-tou after this fashion?" demanded the Mandarin Lin, in a haughty voice, as he confronted the new-comer. The poor man seeing the gilt ball, became immediately very humble, and bowed several times to the Mandarin.

"Oh, my lord!" said he, "I am an incapable and undeserving plum-seller, named Liho. I was just now sitting at my stall in a neighboring street selling five cash worth of plums to a customer, when suddenly all the plums rose out of my baskets as if they had the wings of hawks, and flew through the air over the tops of the houses in this direction. Thinking myself the sport of demons, I ran after them, hoping to catch them, and— Ah! there are my plums," he cried, suddenly interrupting himself, and making a dart at some of the crimson fruits

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that the tailor Hang held in his hand intending to carry them home to his wife.

"These your plums!" screamed Hang, defending his treasure vigorously. "Mole that you are, did you ever see scarlet plums?"

"This man is stricken by Heaven," said Piou-Lu, gravely. "He is a fool who hides his plums and then thinks that they fly away. Let some one shake his gown."

A porcelain-cobbler who stood near the fruiterer, immediately seized the long blue robe and gave it a lusty pull, when, to the wonder of every body, thousands of the most beautiful plums fell out, as from a tree shaken by the winds of autumn. At this moment a great gust of wind arose in the street, and a pillar of dust mounted up to the very top of the strange tree, that still stood waving its long satiny leaves languidly above the house-tops. For an instant every one was blinded, and when the dust had subsided so as to permit the people to use their eyes again, the wonderful tree had completely vanished, and all that could be seen was a little bamboo-stool flying along the road, where it was blown by the storm. The poor fruiterer, Liho, stood aghast looking at the plums, in which he stood knee deep.

The Mandarin, addressing him, said sternly, "Let us hear no more such folly from Liho, otherwise he will get twenty strokes of the stick."

"Gather your plums, Liho," said Piou-Lu kindly, "and think this one of your fortunate days; for he who runs after his loses with open mouth does not always overtake them."

And as the conjuror descended from his platform it did not escape the sharp eyes of the little tailor Hang, that Piou-Lu exchanged a mysterious signal with the Mandarin Wei-chang-tze.

THE CHAPTER OF THE SHADOW OF THE DUCK.

It was close on nightfall when Piou-Lu stopped before Wei-chang-tze's house. The lanterns were already lit, and the porter dozed in a bamboo-chair so soundly, that Piou-Lu entered the porch and passed the screen without awaking him. The inner room was dimly lighted by some horn lanterns elegantly painted with hunting-scenes; but despite the obscurity, the conjuror could discover Wei-chang-tze seated at the farther end of the apartment on an inclined couch covered with blue and yellow satin. Along the corridor that led to the women's apartments the shadows lay thick; but Piou-Lu fancied he could hear the pattering of little feet upon the matted floor, and the twinkling of curious eyes illuminating the solemn darkness. Yet, after all, he may have been mistaken, for the corridor opened on a garden wealthy in the rarest flowers, and he may have conceived the silver dripping of the fountain to be the pattering of dainty feet, and have mistaken the moonlight shining on the moist leaves of the lotus for the sparkles of women's eyes.

"Has Piou-Lu arrived in my dwelling?" asked Wei-chang-tze from the dim corner in which he lay.

"That ignoble and wrath-deserving personage bows his head before you," answered Piou-Lu, advancing and saluting the Mandarin in accordance with the laws of the Book of Rites.

"I hope that you performed your journey hither in great safety and peace of mind," said Wei-chang-tze, gracefully motioning to the conjuror to seat himself on a small blue sofa that stood at a little distance.

"When so mean an individual as Piou-Lu is honored by the request of the noble Wei-chang-tze, good fortune must attend him. How could it be otherwise?" replied Piou-Lu, seating himself, not on the small blue sofa, but on the satin one which was partly occupied by the Mandarin himself.

"Piou-Lu did not send in his card, as the Rites direct," said Wei-chang-tze, looking rather disgusted by this impertinent freedom on the part of the conjuror.

"The elegant porter that adorns the noble porch of Wei-chang-tze was fast asleep," answered Piou-Lu, "and Piou-Lu knew that the great Mandarin expected him with impatience."

"Yes," said Wei-chang-tze; "I am oppressed by a thousand demons. Devils sleep in my hair, and my ears are overflowing with evil spirit. I can not rest at night, and feel no pleasure in the day; therefore was it that I wished to see you, in hopes that you would, by amusing the demon that inhabits my stomach, induce him to depart."

"I will endeavor to delight the respectable demon who lodges in your stomach with my unworthy conjurations," replied Piou-Lu. But first I must go into the garden to gather flowers."

"Go," said Wei-chang-tze. "The moon shines, and you will see there very many rare and beautiful plants that are beloved by my daughter Wu."

"The moonlight itself can not shine brighter on the lilies than the glances of your lordship's daughter," said the conjuror, bowing and proceeding to the garden.

Ah! what a garden it was that Piou-Lu now entered! The walls that surrounded it were lofty, and built of a rosy stone brought from the mountains of Mantchouria. This wall, on whose inner face flowery designs and triumphal processions were sculptured at regular intervals, sustained the long and richly laden shoots of the white magnolia, which spread its large snowy chalices in myriads over the surface. Tamarisks and palms sprang up in various parts of the grounds like dark columns supporting the silvery sky; while the tender and mournful willow drooped its delicate limbs over numberless fish-ponds, whose waters seemed to repose peacefully in the bosom of the emerald turf. The air was distracted with innumerable perfumes, each more beautiful than the other. The blue convolvulus; the crimson ipomea; the prodigal azaleas; the spotted tiger-lilies; the timid and half-hidden jasmine, all poured forth, during the day and night, streams of perfume from the inexhaustible fountains of their chalices. The

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heavy odors of the tube-rose floated languidly through the leaves, as a richly-plumaged bird would float through summer-air, borne down by his own splendor. The blue lotus slept on the smooth waves of the fish-ponds in sublime repose. There seemed an odor of enchantment through the entire place. The flowers whispered their secrets in the perfumed silence; the inmost heart of every blossom was unclosed at that mystic hour; all the magic and mystery of plants floated abroad, and the garden seemed filled with the breath of a thousand spells. But amidst the lilies and lotuses, amidst the scented roses and the drooping convolvuli, there moved a flower fairer than all.

"I am here," whispered a low voice, and a dusky figure came gliding toward Piou-Lu, as he stood by the fountain.

"Ah!" said the conjuror, in a tender voice, far different from the shrill tones in which he addressed the crowd opposite the Hotel of the Thirty-two Virtues. "The garden is now complete. Wu, the Rose of Completed Beauty, has blossomed on the night."

"Let Piou-Lu shelter her under his mantle from the cold winds of evening, and bear her company for a little while, for she has grown up under a lonely wall," said Wu, laying her little hand gently on the conjuror's arm, and nestling up to his side as a bird nestles into the fallen leaves warmed by the sun.

"She can lie there but a little while," answered Piou-Lu, folding the Mandarin's daughter in a passionate embrace, "for Wei-chang-tze awaits the coming of Piou-Lu impatiently, in order to have a conjuration with a devil that inhabits his stomach."

"Alas!" said Wu, sadly, "why do you not seek some other and more distinguished employment than that of a conjuror? Why do you not seek distinction in the Palace of Literary Composition and obtain a style. Then we need not meet in secret, and you might without fear demand my hand from my father."

Piou-Lu smiled almost scornfully. He seemed to gain an inch in stature, and looked around him with an air of command.

"The marble from which the statue is to be carved must lie in the quarry until the workman finds it," he answered, "and the hour of my destiny has not yet arrived."

"Well, we must wait, I suppose," said Wu, with a sigh; "meantime, Piou-Lu, I love you."

"The hour will come sooner than you think," said Piou-Lu, returning her caress; "and now go, for the Mandarin waits."

Wu glided away through the gloom to her own apartment, while the conjuror passed rapidly through the garden and gathered the blossoms of certain flowers as he went. He seemed to linger with a strange delight over the buds bathed in the moonlight and the dew; their perfume ascended into his nostrils like incense, and he breathed it with a voluptuous pleasure.

"Now let the demon tremble in the noble stomach of Wei-chang-tze," said Piou-Lu, as he re-entered the hall of reception laden with flowers. "This ill-favored personage will make such conjurations as shall delight the soul of the elegant and well-born Mandarin, and cause his illustrious persecutor to fly terrified."

Piou-Lu then stripped off the petals from many of the flowers, and gathered them in a heap on the floor. The mass of leaves was indeed variegated. The red of the quamoclit, the blue of the convolvulus, the tender pink of the camelia, the waxen white of the magnolia, were all mingled together like the thousand hues in the Scarfs of Felicity. Having built this confused mass of petals in the shape of a pyramid, Piou-Lu unwound a scarf from his waist and flung it over the heap. He then drew the piece of jade-stone from his pocket, and said:

"This personage of outrageous presence desires that what will be, may be shown to the lofty Mandarin, Wei-chang-tze."

As he pronounced these words, he twitched the scarf away with a rapid jerk, and lo! the flower-leaves were gone, and in their place stood a beautiful mandarin duck, in whose gorgeous plumage one might trace the brilliant hues of the flowers. Piou-Lu now approached the duck, caught it up with one hand, while with the other he drew a sharp knife from his girdle and severed the bird's head from its body at a single stroke. To the great astonishment of Wei-chang-tze the body and dismembered head of the bird vanished the moment the knife had passed through the neck; but at the same instant a duck, resembling it in every respect, escaped from the conjuror's hands and flew across the room. When I say that this duck resembled the other in every respect, I mean only in shape, size, and colors. For the rest, it was no bodily duck. It was impalpable and transparent, and even when it flew, it made no noise with its wings.

"This is indeed wonderful!" said Wei-chang-tze—"let the marvelous conjuror explain."

"The duck formed out of flowers was a duck pure in body and in spirit, most lofty Mandarin," said Piou-Lu, "and when it died under the knife, I ordered its soul to pass into its shadow, which can never be killed. Hence the shadow of the duck has all the colors, as well as the intelligence of the real duck that gave it birth."

"And to what end has the very wise Piou-Lu created this beautiful duck-shadow?" asked the Mandarin.

"The cultivated Wei-chang-tze shall immediately behold," answered the conjuror, drawing from his wide sleeve a piece of rock-salt, and flinging it to the farther end of the room. He had hardly done this when a terrific sound, between a bark and a howl, issued from the dim corner into which he had cast the rock-salt, and immediately a large gray wolf issued wonderfully from out of the twilight, and rushed with savage fangs upon the shadow of the beautiful duck.

"Why, it is a wolf from the forests of Mant-

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chouria!" exclaimed Wei-chang-tze, rather alarmed at this frightful apparition. "This is no shadow, but a living and blood-thirsty beast."

"Let my lord observe and have no fear," said Piou-Lu, tranquilly.

The wolf seemed rather confounded when, on making a snap at the beautiful duck, his sharp fangs met no resistance, while the bird flew with wonderful venom straight at his fiery eyes. He growled, and snapped, and tore with his claws at the agile shadow that fluttered around and over him, but all to no purpose. As well might the hound leap at the reflection of the deer in the pool where he drinks. The shadow of the beautiful duck seemed all the while to possess some strange, deadly influence over the savage wolf. His growls grew fainter and fainter, and his red and flaming eyes seemed to drop blood. His limbs quivered all over, and the rough hairs of his coat stood on end with terror and pain—the shadow of the beautiful duck never ceasing all the time to fly straight at his eyes.

"The wolf is dying!" exclaimed Wei-chang-tze.

"He will die—die like a dog," said Piou-Lu, in a tone of savage triumph.

And presently, as he predicted, the wolf gave two or three faint howls, turned himself round in a circle as if making a bed to sleep on, and then lay down and died. The shadow of the beautiful duck seemed now to be radiant with glory. It shook its bright wings, that were lovely and transparent as a rainbow, and mounting on the dead body of the wolf, sat in majesty upon this grim and shaggy throne.

"And what means this strange exhibition, learned and wise conjuror," asked Wei-chang-tze with a sorely troubled air.

"I will tell you," said Piou-Lu, suddenly dropping his respectful and ceremonious language, and lifting his hand with an air of supreme power. "The mandarin duck, elegant, faithful, and courageous, is an emblem of the dynasty of Ming, that true Chinese race that ruled so splendidly in this land before the invaders usurped the throne. The cowardly and savage wolf is a symbol of the Mantchou Tartar robbers who slew our liberties, shaved our heads, and enchained our people. The time has now arrived when the duck has recovered its splendor and its courage, and is going to kill the wolf; for the wolf can not bite it, as it works like a shadow in the twilight and mystery of secret association. This you know, Wei-chang-tze, as well as I."

"I have indeed heard of a rebel Chinese named Tién-té, who has raised a flame in our peaceful land, and who, proclaiming himself a lineal descendant of the dynasty of Ming, seeks to dethrone our wise and Heavenly Sovereign Hién-foung."

"Lie not to me, Wei-chang-tze, for I know your inmost thoughts. Chinese as you are, I know that you hate the Tartar in your heart, but you are afraid to say so for fear of losing your head."

The Mandarin was so stupified at this audacious address that he could not reply, while the conjuror continued:

"I come to make you an offer. Join the forces of the Heaven-descended Emperor Tién-té Join with him in expelling this tyrannical Tartar race from the Central Kingdom, and driving them back again to their cold hills and barren deserts. Fly with me to the Imperial Camp, and bring with you your daughter Wu, the Golden Heart of the Lily, and I promise you the command of one-third of the Imperial Forces, and the Presidency of the College of Ceremonies."

"And who are you, who dare to ask of Wei-chang-tze to bestow on you his nobly-born daughter?" said Wei-chang-tze, starting in a rage from his couch.

"I!" replied Piou-Lu, shaking his conjuror's gown from his shoulders and displaying a splendid garment of yellow satin, on the breast of which was emblazoned the Imperial Dragon, "I am your Emperor, Tién-té!"

"Ha!" screamed a shrill voice behind him at this moment, "here he is. The elegant and noble rebel, for whose head our worthy Emperor has offered a reward of ten thousand silver tales. Here he is. Catch! beautiful and noble Mandarins, catch him! and I will pay my creditors with the head-money."

"Piou-Lu turned, and beheld the little tailor Hang-pou, at whose back were a whole file of soldiers, and a number of Mandarins. Wei-chang-tze shuddered, for in this compromise of his character he knew that his death was written if he fell into the Imperial hands.

THE CHAPTER OF "ALL IS OVER."

"Stately and temperate tailor," said Piou-Lu, calmly, "why do you wish to arrest me?"

"Ho! because I will get a reward, and I want to pay my debts," said Hang-pou, grinning spitefully.

"A reward for me! the miserable and marrowless conjuror, Piou-Lu. Oh! elegant cutter of summer-gowns, your well-educated brains are not at home!"

"Oh! we know you well enough, mighty conjuror. You are none other than the contumacious rebel Tién-té, who dares to claim the throne held by the wise and merciful Hién-Foung, and we will bear you to the court of Pekin in chains, so that you may wither in the light of his terrible eyes."

"You think you will get a reward of ten thousand silver tales for my head," said Piou-Lu.

"Certainly," replied the little tailor, rubbing his hands with glee—"certainly. His Unmatched and Isolated Majesty has promised it, and the Brother of the Sun never lies."

"Listen, inventive closer of symmetrical seams! listen, and I will tell you what will become of your ten thousand silver tales. There is a long avenue leading to the Imperial treas-

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ury, and at every second step is an open hand. When the ten thousand tales are poured out, the first hand grasps a half, the second hand an eighth of the remaining half, the third hand grasps a fourth of the rest, and when the money-bags get down a little lower, all the hands grasp together; so that when the bags reach the little tailor Hang-pou, who stands stamping his feet very far down indeed, they are entirely empty; for Tartar robbers surround the throne, and a Tartar usurper sits upon it, and the great Chinese nation toils in its rice-fields to gild their palaces, and fill their seraglios, and for all they give get neither justice nor mercy. But I, Tién-té, the Heavenly Emperor of this Central Land will ordain it otherwise, and hurl the false Dragon from his throne; for it is written in the Book of Prognostics, a copy of which was brought to me on the wings of a yellow serpent, that the dynasty of Han shall rule once more, and the Tartar wolves perish miserably out of the Land of Flowers."

"This is treason against the Light of the Universe, our most gracious Emperor," said the Mandarin Lin. "You shall have seventy times seven pounds of cold iron put upon your neck for these blasphemies, and I will promise you that many bamboo splinters shall be driven up under your rebellious nails."

"Let our ears be no longer filled with these atrocious utterances!" cried Hang-pou. "Oh, brave and splendid Mandarins! order your terrifying tigers to arrest this depraved rebel, in order that we may hasten with him to Pekin."

"Before you throw the chains of sorrow around my neck, O tailor of celestial inspirations!" said Piou-Lu, with calm mockery—"before the terrible weight of your just hand falls upon me, I pray you, if you would oblige me, to look at that duck." So saying, Piou-Lu pointed to where the shadow of the duck was sitting on the body of the wolf.

"Oh, what a beautiful duck!" cried Hang-pou, with glistening eyes, and clapping his hands; "let us try and catch him!"

"It is indeed a majestic duck," said Mandarin Lin, gravely stroking his mustache. "I am favorable to his capture."

"You will wait until we catch the duck, illustrious rebel!" said Hang-pou to Piou-Lu, very innocently, never taking his eyes off of the duck, to which they seemed to be glued by some singular spell of attraction.

"I will talk with the Mandarin Wei-chang-tze while you put your noble manœuvres into motion," answered Piou-Lu.

"Now let us steal upon the duck," said Hang-pou. "Handsomely-formed duck, we entreat of you to remain as quiet as possible, in order that we may grasp you in our hands."

Then, as if actuated by a single impulse, the entire crowd, with the exception of Wei-chang-tze and Piou-Lu, moved toward the duck. The Mandarins stepped on tip-toe, with bent bodies, and little black eyes glistening with eagerness; Hang-pou crawled on his belly like a serpent; and the soldiers, casting aside their bows and shields, crept, with their hands upon their sides, toward the beautiful bird. The duck remained perfectly quiet, its variegated wings shining like painted talc, and its neck lustrous as the court robe of a first-class Mandarin. The crowd scarcely breathed, so intense was their eagerness to capture the duck; and they moved slowly forward, gradually surrounding it.

Hang-pou was the first to make a clutch at the bird, but he was very much astonished to find his hand closing on empty air, while the duck remained seated on the wolf, as still as a picture.

"Miserable tailor!" cried Mandarin Lin, "your hand is a sieve, with meshes wide enough to strain elephants. How can you catch the beautiful duck? Behold me!" and Mandarin Lin made a rapid and well-calculated dive at the duck. To the wonderment of every one except Piou-Lu and Wei-chang-tze, the duck seemed to ooze through his fingers, and escaping, flew away to the other end of the room.

"If my hand is a sieve," said Hang-pou, "it is evident that the noble Mandarin's hand is not a wall of beaten copper, for it lets ducks fly through with wonderful ease."

"It is a depraved and abominable duck, of criminal parentage," said Mandarin Lin, in a terrible rage; "and I vow, by the whiskers of the Dragon, that I will catch it and burn it on a spit."

"Oh, yes!" cried the entire crowd—Mandarins, soldiers, and the little tailor—all now attracted to the chase of the duck by a power that they could no longer resist. "Oh, yes! we will most assuredly capture this little duck, and, depriving him of his feathers, punish him on a spit that is exceedingly hot."

So the chase commenced. Here and there, from one corner to the other, up the walls, on the altar of the household gods—in short, in every possible portion of the large room, did the Mandarins, the little tailor, and the soldiers pursue the shadow of the beautiful duck. Never was seen such a duck. It seemed to be in twenty places at a time. One moment Mandarin Lin would throw himself bodily on the bird, in hopes of crushing it, and would call out triumphantly that now indeed he had the duck; but the words would be hardly out of his mouth when a loud shout from the rest of the party would disabuse his mind, and turning, he would behold the duck marching proudly down the centre of the floor. Another time a soldier would declare that he had the duck in his breeches pocket, but while his neighbors were carefully probing that recess, the duck would be seen calmly emerging from his right-hand sleeve. One time Hang-pou sat down suddenly on the mouth of a large china jar, and resolutely refused to stir, declaring that he had seen the duck enter the jar, and that he was determined to sit upon the mouth until the demon of a duck was starved to death. But even while uttering his heroic determination, his mouth was seen to open very

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wide, and, to the astonishment of all, the duck flew out. In an instant the whole crowd was after him again; Mandarin Hy-le tumbled over Mandarin Ching-tze, and Mandarin Lin nearly drove his head through Hang-pou's stomach. The unhappy wretches began now to perspire and grow faint with fatigue, but the longer the chase went on the hotter it grew. There was no rest for any of them. From corner to corner, from side to side—now in one direction, now in another—no matter whither the duck flew, they were compelled to follow. Their faces streamed, and their legs seemed ready to sink under them. Their eyeballs were ready to start out of their heads, and they had the air of government couriers who had traveled five hundred *li* in eleven days. They were nearly dead.

"Those men will surely perish, illustrious claimant of the throne," said Wei-chang-tze, gazing with astonishment at this mad chase.

"Let them perish!" said the conjuror; "so will perish all the enemies of the Celestial sovereign Tién-té. Wei-chang-tze, once more, do you accept my offer? If you remain here, you will be sent to Pekin in chains; if you come with me, I will gird your waist with the scarf of Perpetual Delight. We want wise men like you to guide our armies, and—"

"And the illustrious Tién-té loves the Mandarin's daughter," said Wei-chang-tze, roguishly finishing the sentence. "Light of the Universe and Son of Heaven, Wei-chang-tze is your slave!"

Piou-Lu—for I still call him by his conjuror's name—gave a low whistle, and, obedient to the summons, Wu's delicate shape came gliding from the corridor toward her lover, with the dainty step of a young fawn going to the fountain.

"Wu," said Piou-Lu, "the marble is carved, and the hour is come."

"My father, then, has consented?" said Wu, looking timidly at her father.

"When the Emperor of the Central Land condescends to woo, what father dare refuse?" said Wei-chang-tze.

"Emperor!" said Wu, opening her black eyes with wonder. "My Piou-Lu an Emperor!"

"I am indeed the Son of the Dragon," said Piou-Lu, folding her to his breast, "and you shall sit upon a throne of ivory and gold."

"And I thought you were only a conjuror!" murmured Wu, hiding her head in his yellow gown.

"But how are we to leave this place?" asked Wei-chang-tze, looking alarmed. "The guard will seize us if they get knowledge of your presence."

"We shall be at my castle in the mountains of Tse-Hing, near the Kouéï-Lin, in less than a minute," answered Piou-Lu; "for to the possessor of the Dragon-Fang all things are possible."

Even as he spoke the ground began to slide from under their feet with wonderful rapidity, leaving them motionless and upright. Houses, walls, gardens, fields, all passed by them with the swiftness of a dream, until, in a few seconds, they found themselves in the mountain-castle of Tién-té, where they were welcomed with a splendid hospitality. Wu became the favorite wife of the adventurous Emperor, and Wei-chang-tze one of his most famous generals.

The day after these events some Tartar soldiers entered Wei-chang-tze's house to search for the Mandarin, when, in the reception-hall, they were confounded at finding a number of men lying dead upon the floor, while in the midst sat a beautiful duck, that immediately on their entrance flew out through a window, and was seen no more. The dead men were soon recognized, and it was the opinion of the people of Tching-tou that Wei-chang-tze had poisoned all the soldiers and Mandarins, and then fled. The tailor, Hang-pou, being among the corpses, was found to have given his creditors the slip forever.

Victory still sits on the banner of Tién-té, and he will, without doubt, by the time that the tea is again fit to gather, sit upon the ancient throne of his ancestors.

Every thing is now gracefully concluded.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IX.—LITTLE MOTHER.

THE morning light was in no hurry to climb the prison wall and look in at the snuggery windows; and when it did come, it would have been more welcome if it had come alone, instead of bringing a rush of rain with it. But the equinoctial gales were blowing out at sea, and the impartial southwest wind, in its flight, would not neglect even the narrow Marshalsea. While it roared through the steeple of Saint George's Church, and twirled all the cowls in the neighborhood, it made a swoop to beat the Southwark smoke into the jail; and, plunging down the chimneys of the few early collegians who were yet lighting their fires, half suffocated them.

Arthur Clennam would have been little disposed to linger in bed, though his bed had been in a more private situation, and less affected by the raking out of yesterday's fire, the kindling of to-day's under the collegiate boiler, the fill-

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ing of that Spartan vessel at the pump, the sweeping and sawdusting of the common room, and other such preparations. Heartily glad to see the morning, though little rested by the night, he turned out as soon as he could distinguish objects about him, and paced the yard for two heavy hours before the gate was opened.

The walls were so near to one another, and the wild clouds hurried over them so fast, that it gave him a sensation like the beginning of sea-sickness to look up at the gusty sky. The rain, carried aslant by flaws of wind, blackened that side of the central building which he had visited last night, but left a narrow dry trough under the lee of the wall, where he walked up and down among waifs of straw and dust and paper, the waste droppings of the pump, and the stray leaves of yesterday's greens. It was as haggard a view of life as a man need look upon.

Nor was it relieved by any glimpse of the little creature who had brought him there. Perhaps she glided out of her doorway and in at that where her father lived, while his face was turned from both; but he saw nothing of her. It was too early for her brother; to have seen him once, was to have seen enough of him to know that he would be sluggish to leave whatever frouzy bed he occupied at night; so, as Arthur Clennam walked up and down, waiting for the gate to open, he cast about in his mind for future rather than for present means of pursuing his discoveries.

At last the lodge-gate turned, and the turnkey, standing on the step, taking an early comb at his hair, was ready to let him out. With a joyful sense of release he passed through the lodge, and found himself again in the little outer court-yard where he had spoken to the brother last night.

There was a string of people already straggling in, whom it was not difficult to identify as the nondescript messengers, go-betweens, and errand-bearers of the place. Some of them had been lounging in the rain until the gate should open; others, who had timed their arrival with greater nicety, were coming up now, and passing in with damp whity-brown paper bags from the grocers, loaves of bread, lumps of butter, eggs, milk, and the like. The shabbiness of these attendants upon shabbiness, the poverty of these insolvent waiters upon insolvency, was a sight to see. Such threadbare coats and trowsers, such fusty gowns and shawls, such squashed hats and bonnets, such boots and shoes, such umbrellas and walking-sticks, never were seen in Rag Fair. All of them wore the cast-off clothes of other men and women; were made up of patches and pieces of other people's individuality, and had no sartorial existence of their own proper. Their walk was the walk of a race apart. They had a peculiar way of doggedly slinking round the corner, as if they were eternally going to the pawnbrokers. When they coughed, they coughed like people accustomed to be forgotten on door-steps and in draughty passages, waiting for answers to letters in faded ink, which gave the recipients of those manuscripts great mental disturbance and no satisfaction. As they eyed the stranger in passing, they eyed him with borrowing eyes—hungry, sharp, speculative as to his softness if they were accredited to him, and the likelihood of his standing something handsome. Mendicity on commission stooped in their high shoulders, shambled in their unsteady legs, buttoned and pinned and darned and dragged their clothes, frayed their button-holes, leaked out of their figures in dirty little ends of tape, and issued from their mouths in alcoholic breathings.

As these people passed him standing still in the court-yard, and one of them turned back to inquire if he could assist him with his services, it came into Arthur Clennam's mind that he would speak to Dorrit again before he went away. She would have recovered her first surprise, and might feel easier with him. He asked this member of the fraternity (who had two red herrings in his hand, and a loaf and a blacking-brush under his arm) where was the nearest place to get a cup of coffee at. The nondescript replied in encouraging terms, and brought him to a coffee-shop in the street within a stone's throw.

"Do you know Miss Dorrit?" asked the new client.

The nondescript knew two Miss Dorrits; one who was born inside—That was the one! That was the one? The nondescript had known her many years. In regard of the other Miss Dorrit, the nondescript lodged in the same house with herself and uncle.

This changed the client's half-formed design of remaining at the coffee-shop until the nondescript should bring him word that Dorrit had issued forth into the street. He intrusted the nondescript with a confidential message to her, importing that the visitor who had waited on her father last night, begged the favor of a few words with her at her uncle's lodging; he obtained from the same source full directions to the house, which was very near; dismissed the nondescript gratified with half-a-crown; and having hastily refreshed himself at the coffee-shop, repaired with all speed to the clarionet-player's dwelling.

There were so many lodgers in this house, that the door-post seemed to be as full of bell-handles as a cathedral organ is of stops. Doubtful which might be the clarionet-stop, he was considering the point, when a shuttlecock flew out of the parlor-window, and alighted on his hat. He then observed that in the parlor-window was a blind with the inscription, MR. CRIPPLES'S ACADEMY; also in another line, EVENING TUITION; and behind the blind was a little white-faced boy, with a slice of bread and butter and a battledore. The window being accessible from the footway, he looked in over the blind, returned the shuttlecock, and put his question.

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"Dorrit?" said the little white-faced boy (Master Cripples in fact). "*Mr.* Dorrit? Third bell and one knock."

The pupils of Mr. Cripples appeared to have been making a copy-book of the street door, it was so extensively scribbled over in pencil. The frequency of the inscriptions, "Old Dorrit," and "Dirty Dick," in combination, suggested intentions of personality on the part of Mr. Cripples's pupils. There was ample time to make these observations before the door was opened by the poor old man himself.

"Ha!" said he, very slowly remembering Arthur, "you were shut in last night?"

"Yes, Mr. Dorrit. I hope to meet your niece here presently."

"Oh!" said he, pondering. "Out of my brother's way? True. Would you come up stairs and wait for her?"

"Thank you."

Turning himself, as slowly as he turned in his mind whatever he heard or said, he led the way up the narrow stairs. The house was very close, and had an unwholesome smell. The little staircase windows looked in at the back windows of other houses as unwholesome as itself, with poles and lines thrust out of them, on which unsightly linen hung: as if the inhabitants were angling for clothes, and had had some wretched bites not worth attending to. In the back garret—a sickly room, with a turn-up bedstead in it, so hastily and recently turned up that the blankets were boiling over, as it were, and keeping the lid open—a half-finished breakfast of coffee and toast, for two persons, was jumbled down any how on a rickety table.

There was no one there. The old man, mumbling to himself, after some consideration, that Fanny had run away, went to the next room to fetch her back. The visitor, observing that she held the door on the inside, and that when the uncle tried to open it, there was a sharp adjuration of "Don't, stupid!" and an appearance of loose stocking and flannel, concluded that the young lady was in an undress. The uncle, without appearing to come to any conclusion, shuffled in again, sat down in his chair, and began warming his hands at the fire. Not that it was cold, or that he had any waking idea whether it was or not.

"What did you think of my brother, Sir?" he asked, when he, by-and-by, discovered what he was doing, left off, reached over to the chimney-piece, and took his clarionet-case down.

"I was glad," said Arthur, very much at a loss, for his thoughts were on the brother before him, "to find him so well and cheerful."

"Ha!" muttered the old man, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!"

Arthur wondered what he could possibly want with the clarionet-case. He did not want it at all. He discovered, in due time, that it was not the little paper of snuff (which was also on the chimney-piece), put it back again, took down the snuff instead, and solaced himself with a pinch. He was as feeble, spare, and slow in his pinches as in every thing else, but a certain little trickling of enjoyment of them played in the poor worn nerves about the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"Amy, Mr. Clennam. What do you think of her?"

"I am much impressed, Mr. Dorrit, by all that I have seen of her and thought of her."

"My brother would have been quite lost without Amy," he returned. "We should all have been lost without Amy. She is a very good girl, Amy. She does her duty."

Arthur fancied that he heard in these praises a certain tone of custom which he had heard from the father last night, with an inward protest and feeling of antagonism. It was not that they stinted her praises, or were insensible to what she did for them; but that they were lazily habituated to her, as they were to all the rest of their condition. He fancied that although they had before them, every day, the means of comparison between her and one another and themselves, they regarded her as being in her necessary place; as holding a position toward them all which belonged to her, like her name or her age. He fancied that they viewed her, not as having arisen away from the prison atmosphere, but as appertaining to it; as being vaguely what they had a right to expect, and nothing more.

Her uncle resumed his breakfast, and was munching toast sopped in coffee, oblivious of his guest, when the third bell rang. That was Amy, he said, and went down to let her in; leaving the visitor with as vivid a picture on his mind of his begrimed hands, dirt-worn face, and decayed figure, as if he were still drooping in his chair.

She came up after him, in the usual plain dress, and with the usual timid manner. Her lips were a little parted, as if her heart beat faster than usual.

"Mr. Clennam, Amy," said her uncle, "has been expecting you some time."

"I took the liberty of sending you a message."

"I received the message, Sir."

"Are you going to my mother's this morning? I think not, for it is past your usual hour."

"Not to-day, Sir. I am not wanted to-day."

"Will you allow me to walk a little way in whatever direction you may be going? I can then speak to you as we walk, both without detaining you here, and without intruding longer here myself."

She looked embarrassed, but said, if he pleased. He made a pretense of having mislaid his walking-stick, to give her time to set the bedstead right, to answer her sister's impatient knock at the wall, and to say a word softly to her uncle. Then he found it, and they went down stairs; she first, he following, the uncle standing at the stair-head, and probably forgetting them before they had reached the ground-floor.

Mr. Cripples's pupils, who were by this time

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coming to school, desisted from their morning recreation of cuffing one another with bags and books, to stare with all the eyes they had at a stranger who had been to see Dirty Dick. They bore the trying spectacle in silence, until the mysterious visitor was at a safe distance; when they burst into pebbles and yells, and likewise into reviling dances, and in all respects buried the pipe of peace with so many savage ceremonies, that if Mr. Cripples had been the chief of the Cripplewayboo tribe, with his war-paint on, they could scarcely have done greater justice to their education.

In the midst of this homage, Mr. Arthur Clennam offered his arm to Little Dorrit, and Little Dorrit took it. "Will you go by the Iron Bridge," said he, "where there is an escape from the noise of the street?" Little Dorrit answered, if he pleased, and presently ventured to hope that he would "not mind" Mr. Cripples's boys, for she had herself received her education, such as it was, in Mr. Cripples's evening academy. He returned, with the best will in the world, that Mr. Cripples's boys were forgiven out of the bottom of his soul. Thus did Cripples unconsciously become a master of the ceremonies between them, and bring them more naturally together than Beau Nash might have done if they had lived in his golden days, and he had alighted from his coach and six for the purpose.

The morning remained squally, and the streets were miserably muddy, but no rain fell as they walked toward the Iron Bridge. The little creature seemed so young in his eyes, that there were moments when he found himself thinking of her, if not speaking to her, as if she were a child. Perhaps he seemed as old in her eyes as she seemed young in his.

"I am sorry to hear you were so inconvenienced last night, Sir, as to be locked in. It was very unfortunate."

It was nothing, he returned. He had had a very good bed.

"Oh yes!" she said, quickly; "she believed there were excellent beds at the coffee-house." He noticed that the coffee-house was quite a majestic hotel to her, and that she treasured its reputation.

"I believe it is very expensive," said Little Dorrit, "but my father has told me that quite beautiful dinners may be got there. And wine," she added, timidly.

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh no! Only into the kitchen, to fetch hot-water."

To think of growing up with a kind of awe upon one as to the luxuries of that superb establishment, the Marshalsea hotel!

"I asked you last night," said Clennam, "how you had become acquainted with my mother. Did you ever hear her name before she sent for you?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you think your father ever did?"

"No, Sir."

He met her eyes raised to his with so much wonder in them (she was scared when that encounter took place, and shrunk away again), that he felt it necessary to say:

"I have a reason for asking, which I can not very well explain; but you must, on no account, suppose it to be of a nature to cause you the least alarm or anxiety. Quite the reverse. And you think that at no time of your father's life was my name of Clennam ever familiar to him?"

"No, Sir."

He felt, from the tone in which she spoke, that she was glancing up at him with those parted lips; therefore he looked before him, rather than make her heart beat quicker still by embarrassing her afresh.

Thus they emerged upon the Iron Bridge, which was as quiet after the roaring streets as though it had been open country. The wind blew roughly, the wet squalls came rattling past them, skimming the pools on the road and pavement, and raining them down into the river. The clouds raced on furiously in the lead-colored sky, the smoke and mist raced after them, the dark tide ran fierce and strong in the same direction. Little Dorrit seemed the least, the quietest, and weakest of Heaven's creatures.

"Let me put you in a coach," said Arthur Clennam, very nearly adding, "my poor child!"

She hurriedly declined, saying that wet or dry made little difference to her; she was used to go about in all weathers. He knew it to be so, and was touched with more pity; thinking of the slight figure at his side, making its nightly way through the damp, dark, boisterous streets, to such a place of rest.

"You spoke so feelingly to me last night, Sir, and I found afterward that you had been so generous to my father, that I could not resist your message, if it was only to thank you; especially as I wished very much to say to you—" She hesitated and trembled, and tears rose in her eyes, but did not fall.

"To say to me—?"

"That I hope you will not misunderstand my father. Don't judge him, Sir, as you would judge others outside the gates. He has been there so long! I never saw him outside, but I can understand that he must have grown different in some things since."

"My thoughts will never be unjust or harsh toward him, believe me."

"Not," she said, with a prouder air, as the misgiving evidently crept upon her that she might seem to be abandoning him, "not that he has any thing to be ashamed of for himself, or that I have any thing to be ashamed of for him. He only requires to be understood. I only ask for him that his life may be fairly remembered. All that he said was quite true. It all happened just as he related it. He is very much respected. Every body who comes in, is glad to know him. He is more courted than any one else. He is far more thought of than the Marshal is."

If ever pride were innocent, it was innocent in

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Little Dorrit when she grew boastful of her father.

"It is often said that his manners are a true gentleman's, and quite a study. I see none like them in that place, but he is admitted to be superior to all the rest. This is quite as much why they make him presents, as because they know him to be needy. He is not to be blamed for being in need, poor love! Who could be in prison a quarter of a century, and be prosperous!"

What affection in her words, what compassion in her repressed tears, what a great soul of fidelity within her, how true the light that shed false brightness round him!

"If I have found it best to conceal where my home is, it is not because I am ashamed of him. God forbid! Nor am I so much ashamed of the place itself as might be supposed. People are not bad because they come there. I have known numbers of good, persevering, honest people, come there through misfortune. They are almost all kind-hearted to one another. And it would be ungrateful indeed in me, to forget that I have had many quiet, comfortable hours there; that I had an excellent friend there when I was quite a baby, who was very fond of me; that I have been taught there, and have worked there, and have slept soundly there. I think it would be almost cowardly and cruel not to have some little attachment for it, after all this."

She had relieved the faithful fullness of her heart, and modestly said, raising her eyes appealingly to her new friend's, "I did not mean to say so much, nor have I ever but once spoken about this before. But it seems to set it more right than it was last night. I said I wished you had not followed me, Sir. I don't wish it so much now, unless you should think—indeed I don't wish it at all, unless I should have spoken so confusedly, that—that you can scarcely understand me, which I am afraid may be the case."

He told her with perfect truth that it was not the case; and putting himself between her and the sharp wind and rain, sheltered her as well as he could.

"I feel permitted now," he said, "to ask you a little more concerning your father. Has he many creditors?"

"Oh! a great number.

"I mean detaining creditors, who keep him where he is?"

"Oh yes! a great number."

"Can you tell me—I can get the information, no doubt, elsewhere, if you can not—who is the most influential of them?"

Dorrit said, after considering a little, that she used to hear long ago of Mr. Tite Barnacle as a man of great power. He was a commissioner, or a board, or a trustee, "or something." He lived in Grosvenor Square, she thought, or very near it. He was under Government—high in the Circumlocution Office. She appeared to have acquired, in her infancy, some awful impression of the might of this formidable Mr. Tite Barnacle of Grosvenor Square, or very near it, and the Circumlocution Office, which quite crushed her when she mentioned him.

"It can do no harm," thought Arthur, if I see this Mr. Tite Barnacle."

The thought did not present itself so quietly but that her quickness intercepted it. "Ah!" said Dorrit, shaking her head with the mild despair of a lifetime. "Many people used to think once of getting my poor father out, but you don't know how hopeless it is."

She forgot to be shy at the moment, in honestly warning him away from the sunken wreck he had a dream of raising; and looked at him with eyes which assuredly, in association with her patient face, her fragile figure, her spare dress, and the wind and rain, did not turn him from his purpose of helping her.

"Even if it could be done," said she—"and it never can be done now—where could father live, or how could he live? I have often thought that if such a change could come, it might be any thing but a service to him now. People might not think so well of him outside as they do there. He might not be so gently dealt with outside, as he is there. He might not be so fit himself for the life outside, as he is for that."

Here for the first time she could not restrain her tears from falling; and the little thin hands he had watched when they were so busy, trembled as they clasped each other.

"It would be a new distress to him even to know that I earn a little money, and that Fanny earns a little money. He is so anxious about us, you see, feeling helplessly shut up there. Such a good, good father!"

He let the little burst of feeling go by before he spoke. It was soon gone. She was not accustomed to think of herself, or to trouble any one with her emotions. He had but glanced away at the piles of city roofs and chimneys among which the smoke was rolling heavily, and at the wilderness of masts on the river, and the wilderness of steeples on the shore, indistinctly mixed together in the stormy haze, when she was again as quiet as if she had been plying her needle in his mother's room.

"You would be glad to have your brother set at liberty?"

"Oh very, very glad, Sir!"

"Well, we will hope for him at least. You told me last night of a friend you had?"

His name was Plornish, Dorrit said.

And where did Plornish live? Plornish lived in Bleeding Heart Yard. He was "only a plasterer," Dorrit said, as a caution to him not to form high social expectations of Plornish. He lived at the last House in Bleeding Heart Yard, and his name was over a little gateway.

Arthur took down the address and gave her his. He had now done all he sought to do for the present, except that he wished to leave her with a reliance upon him, and to have something like a promise from her that she would cherish it.

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LITTLE MOTHER.

"There is one friend!" he said, putting up his pocket-book. "As I take you back—you are going back?"

"Oh yes! going straight home."

"As I take you back"—the word home jarred upon him—"let me ask you to persuade yourself that you have another friend. I make no professions, and say no more."

"You are truly kind to me, Sir. I am sure I need no more."

They walked back through the miserable muddy streets, and among the poor, mean shops, and were jostled by the crowds of dirty hucksters usual to a poor neighborhood. There was nothing, by the short way, that was pleasant to any of the five senses. Yet it was not a common passage through common rain, and mire, and noise, to Clennam, having this little, slender, careful creature on his arm. How young she seemed to him, or how old he to her; or what a secret either to the other, in that beginning of the destined interweaving of their stories, matters not here. He thought of her having been born and bred among these scenes, and shrinking through them now, familiar yet misplaced; he thought of her long acquaintance with the squalid needs of life, and of her innocence; of her old solicitude for others, and her few years and her childish aspect.

They were come into the High Street, where the prison stood, when a voice cried, "Little Mother, Little Mother!" Dorrit stopping and looking back, an excited figure of a strange kind bounced against them (still crying "Little Mother"), fell down, and scattered the contents of a large basket, filled with potatoes, in the mud.

"Oh, Maggy," said Dorrit, "what a clumsy child you are!"

Maggy was not hurt, but picked herself up immediately, and then began to pick up the potatoes, in which both Dorrit and Arthur Clennam helped. Maggy picked up very few potatoes, and a great quantity of mud; but they were all recovered, and deposited in the basket. Maggy then smeared her muddy face with her shawl, and presenting it to Mr. Clennam as a

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type of purity, enabled him to see what she was like.

She was about eight-and-twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Her large eyes were limpid and almost colorless; they seemed to be very little affected by light, and to stand unnaturally still. There was also that attentive listening expression in her face, which is seen in the faces of the blind; but she was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile; a good-humored smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there. A great white cap, with a quantity of opaque frilling that was always flapping about, apologized for Maggy's baldness; and made it so very difficult for her old black bonnet to retain its place upon her head, that it held on round her neck like a gipsy's baby. A commission of haberdashers could alone have reported what the rest of her poor dress was made of; but it had a strong general resemblance to sea-weed, with here and there a gigantic tea-leaf. Her shawl looked particularly like a tea-leaf, after long infusion.

Arther Clennam looked at Dorrit, with the expression of one saying, "May I ask who this is?" Dorrit, whose hand this Maggy, still calling her Little Mother, had begun to fondle, answered in words. (They were under a gateway into which the majority of the potatoes had rolled.)

"This is Maggy, Sir."

"Maggy, Sir," echoed the personage presented. "Little Mother!"

"She is the grand-daughter—" said Dorrit.

"Grand-daughter," echoed Maggy.

"Of my old nurse, who has been dead a long time. Maggy, how old are you?"

"Ten, Mother," said Maggy.

"You can't think how good she is, Sir," said Dorrit, with infinite tenderness.

"Good *she* is," echoed Maggy, transferring the pronoun in a most expressive way from herself, to her Little Mother.

"Or how clever," said Dorrit. "She goes on errands as well as any one." Maggy laughed. "And is as trustworthy as the Bank of England." Maggy laughed. "She earns her own living entirely. Entirely, Sir," said Dorrit, in a lower and triumphant tone. "Really does!"

"What is her history," asked Clennam.

"Think of that, Maggy," said Dorrit, taking her two large hands and clapping them together. "A gentleman from thousands of miles away, wanting to know your history!"

"*My* history?" cried Maggy. "Little Mother."

"She means me," said Dorrit, rather confused; "she is very much attached to me. Her old grandmother was not so kind to her as she should have been; was she, Maggy?"

Maggy shook her head, made a drinking vessel of her clenched left hand, drank out of it, and said "Gin." Then beat an imaginary child, and said "Broom-handles and pokers."

"When Maggy was ten years old," said Dorrit, watching her face while she spoke, "she had a bad fever, Sir, and she has never grown any older ever since."

"Ten years old," said Maggy, nodding her head. "But what a nice hospital! So comfortable, wasn't it? Oh so nice it was. Such a Ev'nly place!"

"She had never been at peace before, Sir," said Dorrit, turning toward Arthur for an instant, and speaking low, "and she always runs off upon that."

"Such beds there is there!" cried Maggy. "Such lemonades! Such oranges! Such d'licious broth and wine! Such chicking! Oh, AINT it a delightful place to go and stop at!"

"So Maggy stopped there as long as she could," said Dorrit, in her former tone of telling a child's story; the tone designed for Maggy's ear, "and at last, when she could stop there no longer, she came out. Then, because she was never to be more than ten years old, however long she lived—"

"However long she lived," echoed Maggy.

"And because she was very weak; indeed was so weak that when she began to laugh she couldn't stop herself—which was a great pity—"

(Maggy mighty grave of a sudden.)

"Her grandmother did not know what to do with her, and for some years was very unkind to her indeed. At length, in course of time, Maggy began to take pains to improve herself, and to be very attentive and very industrious; and by degrees was allowed to come in and out as often as she liked, and got enough to do to support herself, and does support herself. And that," said Dorrit, clapping the two great hands together again, "is Maggy's history, as Maggy knows!"

Ah! But Arthur would have known what was wanting to its completeness, though he had never heard the words Little Mother; though he had never seen the fondling of the small spare hand; though he had had no sight for the tears now standing in the colorless eyes; though he had had no hearing for the sob that checked the clumsy laugh. The dirty gateway with the wind and rain whistling through it, and the basket of muddy potatoes waiting to be spilt again or taken up, never seemed the common hole it really was, when he looked back to it by these lights. Never, never!

They were very near the end of their walk, and they now came out of the gateway to finish it. Nothing would serve Maggy but that they must stop at a grocer's window, short of their destination, for her to show her learning. She could read after a sort; and picked out the fat figures in the tickets of prices, for the most part correctly. She also stumbled, with a large balance of success against her failures, through various philanthropic recommendations to Try our Mixture, Try our Family Black, Try our Orange-flavored Pekoe, challenging competition at the head of Flowery Teas; and various cautions to

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the public against spurious establishments and adulterated articles. When he saw how pleasure brought a rosy tint into Dorrit's face when Maggy made a hit, he felt that he could have stood there making a library of the grocer's window until the rain and wind were tired.

The court-yard received them at last, and there he said good-by to Little Dorrit. Little as she had always looked, she looked less than ever when he saw her going into the Marshalsea lodge passage, the little mother attended by her big child.

The cage door opened, and when the small bird, reared in captivity, had tamely fluttered in, he saw it shut again; and then he came away.

CHAPTER X.—CONTAINING THE WHOLE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

THE Circumlocution Office was (as every body knows without being told) the most important Department under government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie, and in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right and to undo the plainest wrong, without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office. If another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half an hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the parliament until there had been half a score of boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family-vault-full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlocution Office.

This glorious establishment had been early in the field, when the one sublime principle involving the difficult art of governing a country was first distinctly revealed to statesmen. It had been foremost to study that bright revelation, and to carry its shining influence through the whole of the official proceedings. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Through this delicate perception, through the tact with which it invariably seized it, and through the genius with which it always acted on it, the Circumlocution Office had risen to overtop all the public departments; and the public condition had risen to be—what it was.

It is true that How not to do it was the great study and object of all public departments and professional politicians all round the Circumlocution Office. It is true that every new premier and every new government, coming in because they had upheld a certain thing as necessary to be done, were no sooner come in than they applied their utmost faculties to discovering, How not to do it. It is true that from the moment when a general election was over, every returned man who had been raving on hustings because it hadn't been done, and who had been asking the friends of the honorable gentleman in the opposite interest on pain of impeachment to tell him why it hadn't been done, and who had been asserting that it must be done, and who had been pledging himself that it should be done, began to devise, How it was not to be done. It is true that the debates of both Houses of Parliament the whole session through, uniformly tended to the protracted deliberation, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech at the opening of such session virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have a considerable stroke of work to do, and you will please to retire to your respective chambers, and discuss, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech, at the close of such session, virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have through several laborious months been considering with great loyalty and patriotism, How not to do it, and you have found out; and with the blessing of Providence upon the harvest (natural, not political), I now dismiss you. All this is true, but the Circumlocution Office went beyond it.

Because the Circumlocution Office went on mechanically, every day, keeping this wonderful, all-sufficient wheel of statesmanship, How not to do it, in motion. Because the Circumlocution Office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to be by any surprising accident in remote danger of doing it, with a minute, and a memorandum, and a letter of instructions, that extinguished him. It was this spirit of national efficiency in the Circumlocution Office that had gradually led to its having something to do with every thing. Mechanicians, natural philosophers, soldiers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists, people with grievances, people who wanted to prevent grievances, people who wanted to redress grievances, jobbing people, jobbed people, people who couldn't get rewarded for merit, and people who couldn't get punished for demerit, were all indiscriminately tucked up under the foolscap paper of the Circumlocution Office.

Numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office. Unfortunates with wrongs, or with projects for the general welfare (and they had better have had wrongs at first, than have taken that bitter English recipe for certainly getting them), who in slow lapse of time and agony had passed safely through other public departments; who, according to rule, had been bullied in this, overreached by that, and evaded by the other, got referred at last to the Circumlocution Office, and never reappeared in the light of day. Boards sat upon them, secretaries minuted upon them, commissioners gabbled about them, clerks registered, entered, checked, and ticked them off, and they melted away. In short, all the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office, except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion.

Sometimes, angry spirits attacked the Circumlocution Office. Sometimes, parliamentary

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questions were asked about it, and even parliamentary motions made or threatened about it, by demagogues so low and ignorant as to hold that the real recipe of government was, How to do it. Then would the noble lord, or right honorable gentleman, in whose department it was to defend the Circumlocution Office, put an orange in his pocket, and make a regular field-day of the occasion. Then would he come down to that House with a slap upon the table, and meet the honorable gentleman foot to foot. Then would he be there to tell that honorable gentleman that the Circumlocution Office not only was blameless in this matter, but was commendable in this matter, was extollable to the skies in this matter. Then would he be there to tell that honorable gentleman, that although the Circumlocution Office was invariably right and wholly right, it never was so right as in this matter. Then would he be there to tell that honorable gentleman that it would have been more to his honor, more to his credit, more to his good taste, more to his good sense, more to half the dictionary of commonplaces, if he had left the Circumlocution Office alone, and never approached this matter. Then would he keep one eye upon a coach or crammer from the Circumlocution Office sitting below the bar, and smash the honorable gentleman with the Circumlocution Office account of this matter. And although one of two things always happened; namely, either that the Circumlocution Office had nothing to say and said it, or that it had something to say of which the noble lord, or right honorable gentleman, blundered one half and forgot the other; the Circumlocution Office was always voted immaculate by an accommodating majority.

Such a nursery of statesmen had the department become in virtue of a long career of this nature, that several solemn lords had attained the reputation of being quite unearthly prodigies of business, solely from having practiced, How not to do it, at the head of the Circumlocution Office. As to the minor priests and acolytes of that temple, the result of all this was that they stood divided into two classes, and, down to the junior messenger, either believed in the Circumlocution Office as a heaven-born institution, that had an absolute right to do whatever it liked, or took refuge in total infidelity, and considered it a flagrant nuisance.

The Barnacle family had for some time helped to administer the Circumlocution Office. The Tite Barnacle Branch, indeed, considered themselves in a general way as having vested rights in that direction, and took it ill if any other family had much to say to it. The Barnacles were a very high family, and a very large family. They were dispersed all over the public offices, and held all sorts of public places. Either the nation was under a load of obligation to the Barnacles, or the Barnacles were under a load of obligation to the nation. It was not quite unanimously settled which; the Barnacles having their opinion, the nation theirs.

The Mr. Tite Barnacle who, at the period now in question, usually coached or crammed the statesman at the head of the Circumlocution Office, when that noble or right honorable individual sat a little uneasily in his saddle by reason of some vagabond making a tilt at him in a newspaper, was more flush of blood than money. As a Barnacle he had his place, which was a snug thing enough; and as a Barnacle he had, of course, put in his son, Barnacle Junior, in the office. But he had intermarried with a branch of the Stiltstalkings, who were also better endowed in a sanguineous point of view than with real or personal property, and of this marriage there had been issue, Barnacle Junior, and three young ladies. What with the patrician requirements of Barnacle Junior, the three young ladies, Mrs. Tite Barnacle née Stiltstalking, and himself, Mr. Tite Barnacle found the intervals between quarter day and quarter day rather longer than he could have desired—a circumstance which he always attributed to the country's parsimony.

For Mr. Tite Barnacle Mr. Arthur Clennam made his fifth inquiry one day at the Circumlocution Office, having on previous occasions awaited that gentleman successively in a hall, a glass-case, a waiting-room, and a fire-proof passage, where the department seemed to keep its wind. On this occasion Mr. Barnacle was not engaged, as he had been before, with the noble prodigy at the head of the department, but was absent. Barnacle Junior, however, was announced as a lesser star, yet visible above the office horizon.

With Barnacle Junior he signified his desire to confer, and found that young gentleman singeing the calves of his legs at the parental fire, and supporting his spine against the mantle-shelf. It was a comfortable room, handsomely furnished in the higher official manner, and presenting stately suggestions of the absent Barnacle in the thick carpet, the leather-covered desk to sit at, the leather-covered desk to stand at, the formidable easy-chair and hearth-rug, the interposed screen, the torn-up papers, the dispatch-boxes, with little labels sticking out of them like medicine bottles or dead game, the pervading smell of leather and mahogany, and a general bamboozling air of How not to do it.

The present Barnacle, holding Mr. Clennam's card in his hand, had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half fledged like a young bird, and a compassionate observer might have urged that if he had not singed the calves of his legs, he would have died of cold. He had a superior eye-glass dangling round his neck, but, unfortunately, had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much.

"Oh, I say. Look here! My father's not in the way, and won't be in the way to-day," said

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Barnacle Junior. "Is this any thing that I can do?"

(Click! Eye-glass down. Barnacle Junior quite frightened, and feeling all round himself, but not able to find it.)

"You are very good," said Arthur Clennam. "I wish, however, to see Mr. Barnacle."

"But, I say. Look here! You haven't got any appointment, you know," said Barnacle Junior.

(By this time he had found the eye-glass, and put it up again.)

"No," said Arthur Clennam. "That is what I wish to have."

"But, I say. Look here! Is this public business?" asked Barnacle Junior.

(Click! Eye-glass down again. Barnacle Junior in that state of search after it that Mr. Clennam felt it useless to reply at present.)

"Is it," said Barnacle Junior, taking heed of his visitor's brown face, "any thing about—Tonnage—or that sort of thing?"

(Pausing for a reply, he opened his right eye with his hand, and stuck his glass in it in that inflammatory manner that his eye began watering dreadfully.)

"No," said Arthur, "it is nothing about tonnage."

"Then look here. Is it private business?"

"I really am not sure. It relates to a Mr. Dorrit."

"Look here, I tell you what! You had better call at our house, if you are going that way. Twenty-four Mews Street, Grosvenor Square. My father's got a slight touch of the gout, and is kept at home by it."

(The misguided young Barnacle evidently going blind on his eye-glass side, but ashamed to make any further alteration in his painful arrangements.)

"Thank you. I will call there now. Good-morning." Young Barnacle seemed discomfited at this, as not having at all expected him to go.

"You are quite sure," said Barnacle Junior, calling after him when he got to the door, unwilling wholly to relinquish the bright business idea he had conceived, "that it's nothing about Tonnage?"

"Quite sure."

With which assurance, and rather wondering what might have taken place if it *had* been any thing about tonnage, Mr. Clennam withdrew to pursue his inquiries.

Mews Street, Grosvenor Square, was not absolutely Grosvenor Square itself, but it was very near it. It was a hideous little street of dead wall, stables, and dunghills, with lofts over coach-houses inhabited by coachmen's families, who had a passion for drying clothes, and decorating their window-sills with miniature turnpike-gates. The principal chimney-sweep of that fashionable quarter lived at the blind end of Mew Street; and the same corner contained an establishment much frequented about early morning and twilight, for the purchase of wine-bottles and kitchen-stuff. Punch's shows used to lean against the dead wall in Mew Street, while their proprietors were dining elsewhere; and the dogs of the neighborhood made appointments to meet in the same locality. Yet there were two or three small airless houses at the entrance end of Mew Street, which went at enormous rents on account of their being abject hangers-on to a fashionable situation; and whenever one of these fearful little coops was to be let (which seldom happened, for they were in great request), the house agent advertised it as a gentlemanly residence in the most aristocratic part of town, inhabited solely by the élite of the beau monde.

If a gentlemanly residence coming strictly within this narrow margin, had not been essential to the blood of the Barnacles, this particular branch would have had a pretty wide selection among let us say ten thousand houses, offering fifty times the accommodation for a third of the money. As it was, Mr. Barnacle, finding his gentlemanly residence extremely inconvenient and extremely dear, always laid it, as a public servant, at the door of the country, and adduced it as another instance of the Country's parsimony.

Arthur Clennam came to a squeezed house, with a ramschackle bowed front, little dingy windows, and a little dark area like a damp waistcoat-pocket, which he found to be number twenty-four, Mews Street, Grosvenor Square. To the sense of smell, the house was like a sort of bottle filled with a strong distillation of mews; and when the footman opened the door, he seemed to take the stopper out.

The footman was to the Grosvenor Square footmen what the house was to the Grosvenor Square houses. Admirable in his way, his way was a back and a by-way. His gorgeousness was not unmixed with dirt; and both in complexion and consistency, he had suffered from the closeness of his pantry. A sallow flabbiness was upon him, when he took the stopper out, and presented the bottle to Mr. Clennam's nose.

"Be so good as to give that card to Mr. Tite Barnacle, and to say that I have just now seen the younger Mr. Barnacle, who recommended me to call here."

The footman (who had as many large buttons with the Barnacle crest upon them, on the flaps of his pockets, as if he were the family strong box, and carried the plate and jewels about with him buttoned up) pondered over the card a little; then said, "Walk in." It required some judgment to do it without butting the inner hall-door open, and in the consequent mental confusion and physical darkness slipping down the kitchen stairs. The visitor, however, brought himself up safely on the door-mat.

Still the footman said "Walk in," so the visitor followed him. At the inner hall-door, another bottle seemed to be presented and another stopper taken out. This second phial appeared to be filled with concentrated provisions, and extract of Sink from the pantry. After a skirmish in the narrow passage, occasioned by the

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footman's opening the door of the dismal dining-room with confidence, finding some one there with consternation, and backing on the visitor with disorder, the visitor was shut up, pending his announcement, in a close back parlor. There he had an opportunity of refreshing himself with both the bottles at once, looking out at a low blinding back wall three feet off, and speculating on the number of Barnacle families within the bills of mortality who lived in such hutches of their own free flunkey choice.

Mr. Barnacle would see him. Would he walk up stairs? He would, and he did; and in the drawing-room, with his leg on a rest, he found Mr. Barnacle himself, the express image and presentment of How not to do it.

Mr. Barnacle dated from a better time, when the country was not so parsimonious, and the Circumlocution Office was not so badgered. He wound and wound folds of white cravat round his neck, as he wound and wound folds of tape and paper round the neck of the country. His wristbands and collar were oppressive, his voice and manner were oppressive. He had a large watch-chain and bunch of seals, a coat buttoned up to inconvenience, a waistcoat buttoned up to inconvenience, an unwrinkled pair of trowsers, a stiff pair of boots. He was altogether splendid, massive, overpowering, and impracticable. He seemed to have been sitting for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence all the days of his life.

"Mr. Clennam?" said Mr. Barnacle. "Be seated."

Mr. Clennam became seated.

"You have called on me, I believe," said Mr. Barnacle, "at the Circumlocution—" giving it the air of a word of about five and twenty syllables, "Office."

"I have taken that liberty."

Mr. Barnacle solemnly bent his head as who should say "I do not deny that it is a liberty; proceed to take another liberty, and let me know your business."

"Allow me to observe that I have been for some years in China, am quite a stranger at home, and have no personal motive or interest in the inquiry I am about to make."

Mr. Barnacle tapped his fingers on the table, and, as if he were now sitting for his portrait to a new and strange artist, appeared to say to his visitor, "If you will be good enough to take me with my present lofty expression, I shall feel obliged."

"I have found a debtor in the Marshalsea prison of the name of Dorrit, who has been there many years. I wish to investigate his confused affairs, so far as to ascertain whether it may not be possible, after this lapse of time, to ameliorate his unhappy condition. The name of Mr. Tite Barnacle has been mentioned to me as representing some highly influential interest among his creditors. Am I correctly informed?"

It being one of the principles of the Circumlocution Office never, on any account whatever, to give a straightforward answer, Mr. Barnacle said, "Possibly."

"On behalf of the Crown, may I ask, or as a private individual?"

"The Circumlocution Department, Sir," Mr. Barnacle replied, "may have possibly recommended—possibly—I can not say—that some public claim against the insolvent estate of a firm or copartnership to which this person may have belonged, should be enforced. The question may have been, in the course of official business, referred to the Circumlocution Department for its consideration. The department may have either originated, or confirmed, a Minute making that recommendation."

"I assume this to be the case, then."

"The Circumlocution Department," said Mr. Barnacle, "is not responsible for any gentleman's assumptions."

"May I inquire how I can obtain official information as to the real state of the case?"

"It is competent," said Mr. Barnacle, "to any member of the—Public," mentioning that obscure body with reluctance, as his natural enemy, "to memorialize the Circumlocution Department. Such formalities as are required to be observed in so doing, may be known on application to the proper branch of that department."

"Which is the proper branch?"

"I must refer you," returned Mr. Barnacle, ringing the bell, "to the department itself for a formal answer to that inquiry."

"Excuse my mentioning—"

"The department is accessible to the—Public"—Mr. Barnacle was always checked a little by that word of impertinent signification—"if the—Public approaches it according to the official forms; if the—Public does not approach it according to the official forms, the—Public has itself to blame."

Mr. Barnacle made him a severe bow, as a wounded man of family, a wounded man of place, and a wounded man of a gentlemanly residence, all rolled into one; and he made Mr. Barnacle a bow, and was shut out into Mews Street by the flabby footman.

Having got to this pass, he resolved, as an exercise in perseverance, to betake himself again to the Circumlocution Office, and try what satisfaction he got there. So he went back to the Circumlocution Office, and once more sent up his card to Barnacle Junior by a messenger who took it very ill indeed that he should come back again, and who was eating mashed potatoes and gravy behind a partition by the hall fire.

He was re-admitted to the presence of Barnacle Junior, and found that young gentleman singeing his knees now, and gaping his weary way on to four o'clock.

"I say. Look here! You stick to us in a devil of a manner," said Barnacle Junior, looking over his shoulder.

"I want to know—"

"Look here! Upon my soul you mustn't come

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into the place saying you want to know, you know," remonstrated Barnacle Junior, turning about and putting up the eye-glass.

"I want to know," said Arthur Clennam, who had made up his mind to persistence in one short form of words, "the precise nature of the claim of the Crown against a prisoner for debt named Dorrit."

"I say. Look here! You really are going it at a great pace, you know. Egod you haven't got an appointment," said Barnacle Junior, as if the thing were growing serious.

"I want to know," said Arthur. And repeated his case.

Barnacle Junior stared at him untill his eye-glass fell out, and then put it in again and stared at him until it fell out again. "You have no right to come this sort of move," he then observed with the greatest weakness. "Look here! What do you mean? You told me you didn't know whether it was public business or not."

"I have now ascertained that it is public business," returned the suitor, "and I want to know" —and again repeated his monotonous inquiry.

Its effect upon young Barnacle was to make him repeat in a defenseless way, "Look here! Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know!" The effect of that upon Arthur Clennam was to make him repeat his inquiry in exactly the same words and tone as before. The effect of that upon young Barnacle was to make him a wonderful spectacle of failure and helplessness.

"Well, I tell you what. Look here! You had better try the Secretarial Department," he said at last, sidling to the bell and ringing it. "Jenkinson," to the mashed potatoes messenger, "Mr. Wobbler!"

Arthur Clennam, who now felt that he had devoted himself to the storming of the Circumlocution Office, and must go through with it, accompanied the messenger to another floor of the building, where that functionary pointed out Mr. Wobbler's room. He entered that apartment, and found two gentlemen sitting face to face at a large and easy desk, one of whom was polishing a gun-barrel on his pocket-handkerchief, while the other was spreading marmalade on bread with a paper-knife.

"Mr. Wobbler?" inquired the suitor.

Both gentlemen glanced at him, and seemed surprised at this assurance.

"So he went," said the gentleman with the gun-barrel, who was an extremely deliberate speaker, "down to his cousin's place, and took the Dog with him by rail. Inestimable Dog. Flew at the porter fellow when he was put into the dog-box, and flew at the guard when he was taken out. He got half-a-dozen fellows into a Barn, and a good supply of Rats, and timed the Dog. Finding the Dog able to do it immensely, made the match, and heavily backed the Dog. When the match came off, some devil of a fellow was bought over, Sir, Dog was made drunk, Dog's master was cleaned out."

"Mr. Wobbler?" inquired the suitor.

The gentleman who was spreading the marmalade returned, without looking up from that occupation, "What did he call the Dog?"

"Called him Lovely," said the other gentleman. "Said the Dog was the perfect picture of the old aunt from whom he has expectations. Found him particularly like her when hocussed."

"Mr. Wobbler?" said the suitor.

Both gentlemen laughed for some time. The gentleman with the gun-barrel, considering it on inspection in a satisfactory state, referred it to the other; receiving confirmation of his views, he fitted it into its place in the case before him, and took out the stock and polished that, softly whistling.

"Mr. Wobbler?" said the suitor.

"What's the matter?" then said Mr. Wobbler, with his mouth full.

"I want to know—" and Arthur Clennam again mechanically set forth what he wanted to know.

"Can't inform you," observed Mr. Wobbler, apparently to his lunch. "Never heard of it. Nothing at all to do with it. Better try Mr. Clive, second door on the left in the next passage."

"Perhaps he will give me the same answer."

"Very likely. Don't know any thing about it," said Mr. Wobbler.

The suitor turned away and had left the room, when the gentleman with the gun called out, "Mister! Hallo!"

He looked in again.

"Shut the door after you. You're letting in a devil of a draught here!"

A few steps brought him to the second door on the left in the next passage. In that room he found three gentlemen; number one doing nothing particular, number two doing nothing particular, number three doing nothing particular. They seemed, however, to be more directly concerned than the others had been in the effective execution of the great principle of the office, as there was an awful inner apartment with a double door, in which the Circumlocution Sages appeared to be assembled in council, and out of which there was an imposing coming of papers, and into which there was an imposing going of papers, almost constantly; wherein another gentleman, number four, was the active instrument.

"I want to know," said Arthur Clennam— and again stated his case in the same barrel-organ way. As number one referred him to number two, and as number two referred him to number three, he had occasion to state it three times before they all referred him to number four, to whom he stated it again.

Number four was a vivacious, well-looking, well-dressed, agreeable young fellow—he was a Barnacle, but on the more sprightly side of the family—and he said, in an easy way, "Oh! you had better not bother yourself about it, I think."

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"Not bother myself about it?"

"No! I recommend you not to bother yourself about it."

This was such a new point of view that Arthur Clennam found himself at a loss how to receive it.

"You can if you like. I can give you plenty of forms to fill up. Lots of 'em here. You can have a dozen, if you like. But you'll never go on with it," said number four.

"Would it be such hopeless work? Excuse me; I am a stranger in England."

"*I* don't say it would be hopeless," returned number four, with a frank smile. "I don't express an opinion about that; I only express an opinion about you. *I* don't think you'd go on with it. However, of course, you can do as you like. I suppose there was a failure in the performance of a contract, or something of that kind, was there?"

"I really don't know."

"Well! That you can find out. Then you'll find out what Department the contract was in, and then you'll find out all about it there."

"I beg your pardon. How shall I find out?"

"Why, you'll—you'll ask till they tell you. Then you'll memorialize that Department (according to regular forms which you'll find out) for leave to memorialize this Department. If you get it (which you may, after a time), that memorial must be entered in that Department, sent to be registered in this Department, sent back to be signed by that Department, sent back to be countersigned by this Department, and then it will begin to be regularly before that Department. You'll find out when the business passes through each of these stages, by asking at both Departments till they tell you."

"But surely this is not the way to do the business," Arthur Clennam could not help saying.

This airy young Barnacle was quite entertained by his simplicity in supposing for a moment that it was. This light in hand young Barnacle knew perfectly that it was not. This touch and go young Barnacle had "got up" the Department in a private secretaryship that he might be ready for any little bit of fat that came to hand; and he fully understood the Department to be a politico diplomatico hocus pocus piece of machinery, for the assistance of the nobs in keeping off the snobs. This dashing young Barnacle, in a word, was likely to become a statesman, and to make a figure.

"When the business is regularly before that Department, whatever it is," pursued this bright young Barnacle, "then you can watch it from time to time through that Department. When it comes regularly before this Department, then you must watch it from time to time through this Department. We shall have to refer it right and left; and when we refer it any where, then you'll have to look it up. When it comes back to us at any time, then you had better look *us* up. When it sticks any where, you'll have to try to give it a jog. When you write to another Department about it, and then to this Department about it, and don't hear any thing satisfactory about it, why then you had better—keep on writing."

Arthur Clennam looked very doubtful indeed. "But I am obliged to you, at any rate," said he, "for your politeness."

"Not at all," replied this engaging young Barnacle. "Try the thing, and see how you like it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time, if you don't like it. You had better take a lot of forms away with you. Give him a lot of forms!" With which instruction to number two, this sparkling young Barnacle took a fresh handful of papers from numbers one and three, and carried them into the sanctuary, to offer to the presiding Idols of the Circumlocution Office.

Arthur Clennam put his forms in his pocket gloomily enough, and went his way down the long stone passage and the long stone staircase. He had come to the swing doors leading into the street, and was waiting, not overpatiently, for two people who were between him and them to pass out and let him follow, when the voice of one of them struck familiarly on his ear. He looked at the speaker and recognized Mr. Meagles. Mr. Meagles was very red in the face—redder than travel could have made him—and collaring a short man who was with him, said, "Come out, you rascal, come out!"

It was such an unexpected hearing, and it was also such an unexpected sight to see Mr. Meagles burst the swing-doors open, and emerge into the street with the short man, who was of an unoffending appearance, that Clennam stood still for the moment exchanging looks of surprise with the porter. He followed, however, quickly; and saw Mr. Meagles going down the street with his enemy at his side. He soon came up with his old traveling companion, and touched him on the back. The choleric face which Mr. Meagles turned upon him smoothed when he saw who it was, and he put out his friendly hand.

"How are you?" said Mr. Meagles. "How d'ye *do*? I have only just come over from abroad. I am glad to see you."

"And I am rejoiced to see you."

"Thank'ee. Thank'ee!"

"Mrs. Meagles and your daughter—?"

"Are as well as possible," said Mr. Meagles. "I only wish you had come upon me in a more prepossessing condition as to coolness."

Though it was any thing but a hot day, Mr. Meagles was in a heated state that attracted the attention of the passers-by, more particularly as he leaned his back against a railing, took off his hat and cravat, and heartily rubbed his steaming head and face, and his reddened ears and neck, without the least regard for public opinion.

"Whew!" said Mr. Meagles, dressing again. "That's comfortable. Now I am cooler."

"You have been ruffled, Mr. Meagles. What is the matter?"

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"Wait a bit, and I'll tell you. Have you leisure for a turn in the Park?"

"As much as you please."

"Come along, then. Ah! you may well look at him." He happened to have turned his eyes toward the offender whom Mr. Meagles had so angrily collared. "He's something to look at, that fellow is."

He was not much to look at, either in point of size or in point of dress, being merely a short, square, practical-looking man, whose hair had turned gray, and in whose face and forehead there were deep lines of cogitation, which looked as though they were carved in hard wood. He was dressed in decent black, a little rusty, and had the appearance of a sagacious master in some handicraft. He had a spectacle-case in his hand, which he turned over and over while he was thus in question with a certain free use of the thumb that is never seen but in a hand accustomed to tools.

"You keep with us," said Mr. Meagles, in a threatening kind of way, "and I'll introduce you presently. Now, then!"

Clennam wondered within himself, as they took the nearest way to the Park, what this unknown (who complied in the gentlest manner) could have been doing. His appearance did not at all justify the suspicion that he had been detected in designs on Mr. Meagles's pocket-handkerchief, nor had he any appearance of being quarrelsome or violent. He was a quiet, plain, steady man; made no attempt to escape, and seemed a little depressed, but neither ashamed nor repentant. If he were a criminal offender, he must surely be an incorrigible hypocrite; and if he were no offender, why should Mr. Meagles have collared him in the Circumlocution Office? He perceived that the man was not a difficulty in his own mind alone, but in Mr. Meagles's too; for such conversation as they had together on the short way to the Park was by no means well sustained, and Mr. Meagles's eye always wandered back to the man, even when he spoke of something very different.

At length, they being among the trees, Mr. Meagles stopped short, and said:

"Mr. Clennam, will you do me the favor to look at this man? His name is Doyce—Daniel Doyce. You wouldn't suppose this man to be a notorious rascal, would you?"

"I certainly should not." It was really a disconcerting question, with the man there.

"No. You would not. I know you would not. You wouldn't suppose him to be a public offender, would you?"

"No."

"No. But he is. He is a public offender. What has he been guilty of? Murder, manslaughter, arson, forgery, swindling, house-breaking, highway robbery, larceny, conspiracy, fraud? Which should you say now?"

"I should say," returned Arthur Clennam, observing a faint smile in Daniel Doyce's face, "not one of them."

"You are right," said Mr. Meagles. "But he has been ingenious, and he has been trying to turn his ingenuity to his country's service. That makes him a public offender directly, Sir."

Arthur looked at the man himself, who only shook his head.

"This Doyce," said Mr. Meagles, "is a smith and engineer. He is not in a large way, but he is well known as a very ingenious man. A dozen years ago he perfects an invention (involving a very curious secret process) of great importance to his country and his fellow-creatures. I won't say how much money it cost him, or how many years of his life he had been about it, but he brought it to perfection a dozen years ago. Wasn't it a dozen?" said Mr. Meagles, addressing Doyce. "He is the most exasperating man in the world; he never complains!"

"Yes. Rather better than twelve years ago."

"Rather better?" said Mr. Meagles; "you mean rather worse. Well, Mr. Clennam. He addresses himself to the Government. The moment he addresses himself to the Government, he becomes a public offender! Sir," said Mr. Meagles, in danger of making himself excessively hot again, "he ceases to be an innocent citizen, and becomes a culprit. He is treated, from that instant, as a man who has done some infernal action. He is a man to be shirked, put off, brow-beaten, sneered at, handed over by this highly-connected young or old gentleman to that highly-connected young or old gentleman, and dodged back again; he is a man with no rights in his own time, or his own property; a mere outlaw, whom it is justifiable to get rid of anyhow; a man to be worn out by all possible means."

It was not so difficult to believe, after the morning's experience, as Mr. Meagles supposed.

"Don't stand there, Doyce, turning your spectacle-case over and over," cried Mr. Meagles, "but tell Mr. Clennam what you confessed to me."

"I undoubtedly was made to feel," said the inventor, "as if I had committed an offense. In dancing attendance at the various offices, I was always treated, more or less, as if it was a very bad offense. I have frequently found it necessary to reflect, for my own self-support, that I really had not done any thing to bring myself into the Newgate Calendar, but only wanted to effect a great saving and a great improvement."

"There!" said Mr. Meagles. "Judge whether I exaggerate! Now you'll be able to believe me when I tell you the rest of the case.

With this prelude, Mr. Meagles went through the narrative; the established narrative, which has become tiresome; the matter-of-course narrative, which we all know by heart. How, after interminable attendance and correspondence, after infinite impertinences, ignorances, and insults, my lords made a Minute, number three thousand four hundred and seventy-two, allowing the culprit to make certain trials of his invention at his own expense. How the trials

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were made in the presence of a board of six, of whom two ancient members were too blind to see it, two other ancient members were too deaf to hear it, one other ancient member was too lame to get near it, and the final ancient member was too pig-headed to look at it. How there were more years; more impertinences, ignorances, and insults. How my lords then made a Minute, number five thousand one hundred and three, whereby they resigned the business to the Circumlocution Office. How the Circumlocution Office, in course of time, took up the business as if it were a bran new thing of yesterday, which had never been heard of before; muddled the business, addled the business, tossed the business in a wet blanket. How the impertinences, ignorances, and insults went through the multiplication table. How there was a reference of the invention to three Barnacles and a Stiltstalking, who knew nothing about it; into whose heads nothing could be hammered about it; who got bored about it, and reported physical impos-



MAKING OFF.

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sibilities about it. How the Circumlocution Office, in a Minute, number eight thousand seven hundred and forty, "saw no reason to reverse the decision at which my lords had arrived." How the Circumlocution Office, being reminded that my lords had arrived at no decision, shelved the business. How there had been a final interview with the head of the Circumlocution Office that very morning, and how the Brazen Head had spoken, and had been, upon the whole, and under all the circumstances, and looking at it from the various points of view, of opinion that one of two courses was to be pursued in respect of the business: that was to say, either to leave it alone for evermore, or to begin it all over again.

"Upon which," said Mr. Meagles, "as a practical man, I then and there, in that presence, took Doyce by the collar, and told him it was plain to me that he was an infamous rascal, and treasonable disturber of the government peace, and took him away. I brought him out at the office door by the collar, that the very porter might know I was a practical man who appreciated the official estimate of such characters; and here we are!"

If that airy young Barnacle had been there, he would have frankly told them perhaps that the Circumlocution Office had achieved its functions. That what the Barnacles had to do, was to stick on to the national ship as long as they could. That to trim the ship, lighten the ship, clean the ship, would be to knock them off; that they could but be knocked off once; and that if the ship went down with them yet sticking to it, that was the ship's look out, and not theirs.

"There!" said Mr. Meagles, "now you know all about Doyce. Except, which I own does not improve my state of mind, that even now you don't hear him complain."

"You must have great patience," said Arthur Clennam, looking at him with some wonder. "great forbearance."

"No," he returned, "I don't know that I have more than another man."

"By the Lord, you have more than I have, though!" cried Mr. Meagles.

Doyce smiled, as he said to Clennam, "You see, my experience of these things does not begin with myself. It has been in my way to know a little about them, from time to time. Mine is not a particular case. I am not worse used than a hundred others, who have put themselves in the same position—than all the others, I was going to say."

"I don't know that I should find that a consolation, if it were my case; but I am very glad that you do."

"Understand me! I don't say," he replied, in his steady, planning way, and looking into the distance before him as if his gray eye were measuring it, "that it's recompense for a man's toil and hope; but it's a certain sort of relief to know that I might have counted on this."

He spoke in that quiet, deliberate manner, and in that undertone, which is often observable in mechanics who consider and adjust with great nicety. It belonged to him like his suppleness of thumb, or his peculiar way of tilting up his hat at the back every now and then, as if he were contemplating some half-finished work of his hand, and thinking about it.

"Disappointed!" he went on, as he walked between them under the trees. "Yes. No doubt I am disappointed. Hurt? Yes. No doubt I am hurt. That's only natural. But what I mean, when I say that people who put themselves in the same position, are mostly used in the same way—"

"In England," said Mr. Meagles.

"Oh! of course I mean in England. When they take their inventions into foreign countries that's quite different. And that's the reason why so many go there."

Mr. Meagles very hot indeed again.

"What I mean is, that however this comes to be the regular way of our government, it is its regular way. Have you ever heard of any projector or inventor who failed to find it all but inaccessible, and whom it did not discourage and ill-treat?"

"I can not say that I ever have."

"Have you ever known it to be beforehand in the adoption of any useful thing? Ever known it to set an example of any useful kind?"

"I am a good deal older than my friend here," said Mr. Meagles, "and I'll answer that. Never."

"But we all three have known, I expect," said the inventor, "a pretty many cases of its fixed determination to be miles upon miles, and years upon years, behind the rest of us; and of its being found out persisting in the use of things long superseded, even after the better things were well known and generally taken up?"

They all agreed upon that.

"Well then," said Doyce with a sigh, "as I know what such a metal will do at such a temperature, and such a body under such a pressure, so I may know (if I will only consider), how these great lords and gentlemen will certainly deal with such a matter as mine. I have no right to be surprised, with a head upon my shoulders, and memory in it, that I fall into the ranks with all who came before me. I ought to have let it alone. I have had warning enough, I am sure."

With that he put up his spectacle-case, and said to Arthur, "If I don't complain, Mr. Clennam, I can feel gratitude; and I assure you that I feel it toward our mutual friend. Many's the day, and many's the way, in which he has backed me."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mr. Meagles.

Arthur could not but glance at Daniel Doyce in the ensuing silence. Though it was evidently in the grain of his character, and of his respect for his own case, that he should abstain from idle murmuring, it was evident that he had grown the older, the sterner, and the poorer

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for his long endeavor. He could not but think what a blessed thing it would have been for this man, if he had taken a lesson from the gentlemen who were so kind as to take the nation's affairs in charge, and had learnt, How not to do it.

Mr. Meagles was hot and despondent for about five minutes, and then began to cool and clear up.

"Come, come!" said he. "We shall not make this the better by being grim. Where do you think of going, Dan?"

"I shall go back to the factory," said Dan.

"Why, then, we'll all go back to the factory, or walk in that direction," returned Meagles, cheerfully. "Mr. Clennam won't be deterred by its being in Bleeding Heart Yard."

"Bleeding Heart Yard?" said Clennam. "I want to go there."

"So much the better," cried Mr. Meagles. "Come along!"

As they went along, certainly one of the party, and probably more than one, thought that Bleeding Heart Yard was no inappropriate destination for a man who had been in official correspondence with my lords and the Barnacles —and perhaps had a misgiving also that Britannia herself might come to look for lodgings in Bleeding Heart Yard, some ugly day or other, if she overdid the Circumlocution Office.

CHAPTER XI.—LET LOOSE.

A LATE, dull autumn night was closing in upon the River Saone. The stream, like a sullied looking-glass in a gloomy place, reflected the clouds heavily; and the low banks leaned over here and there, as if they were half curious, and half afraid, to see their darkening pictures in the water. The flat expanse of country about Chalons lay a long heavy streak, occasionally made a little ragged by a row of poplar trees, against the wrathful sunset. On the banks of the River Saone it was wet, depressing, solitary; and the night deepened fast.

One man, slowly moving on toward Chalons, was the only visible figure in the landscape. Cain might have looked as lonely and avoided. With an old sheepskin knapsack at his back, and a rough, unbarked stick cut out of some wood in his hand; miry, footsore, his shoes and gaiters trodden out, his hair and beard untrimmed; the cloak he carried over his shoulder, and the clothes he wore, soddened with wet; limping along in pain and difficulty; he looked as if the clouds were hurrying from him, as if the wail of the wind and the shuddering of the grass were directed against him, as if the low mysterious plashing of the water murmured at him, as if the fitful autumn night were disturbed by him.

He glanced here, and he glanced there, sullenly, but shrinkingly; and sometimes stopped and turned about, and looked all round him. Then he limped on again, toiling and muttering:

"To the devil with this plain that has no end! To the devil with these stones that cut like knives! To the devil with this dismal darkness, wrapping itself about one with a chill! I hate you!"

And he would have visited his hatred upon it all with the scowl he threw about him, if he could. He trudged a little further; and looking into the distance before him, stopped again.

"I, hungry, thirsty, weary. You, imbeciles, where the lights are yonder, eating and drinking, and warming yourselves at fires! I wish I had the sacking of your town, I would repay you, my children!"

But the teeth he set at the town, and the hand he shook at the town, brought the town no nearer; and the man was yet hungrier, and thirstier, and wearier, when his feet were on its jagged pavement, and he stood looking about him.

There was the hotel with its gateway, and its savory smell of cooking; there was the café, with its bright windows, and its rattling of dominoes; there was the dyer's, with its strips of red cloth on the door-posts; there was the silversmith's, with its ear-rings, and its offerings for altars; there was the tobacco-dealer's, with its lively group of soldier customers coming out pipe in mouth; there were the bad odors of the town, and the rain and refuse in the kennels, and the faint lamps slung across the road, and the huge Diligence, and its mountain of luggage, and its six gray horses with their tails tied up, getting under weigh at the coach-office. But no small cabaret for a straitened traveler being within sight, he had to seek one round the dark corner, where the cabbage leaves lay thickest, trodden about the public cistern at which women had not yet left off drawing water. There, in the back street he found one, the Break of Day. The curtained windows clouded the Break of Day, but it seemed light and warm, and it announced in legible inscriptions, with appropriate pictorial embellishment of billiard cue and ball, that at the Break of Day one could play billiards; that there one could find meat, drink, and lodging, whether one came on horseback, or came on foot; and that it kept good wines, liqueurs, and brandy. The man turned the handle of the Break of Day door, and limped in.

He touched his discolored slouched hat, as he came in at the door, to a few men who occupied the room. Two were playing dominoes at one of the little tables; three or four were seated round the stove, conversing as they smoked; the billiard-table in the centre was left alone for the time; the landlady of the Day Break sat behind her little counter among her cloudy bottles of sirups, baskets of cakes, and leaden drainage for glasses, working at her needle.

Making his way to an empty little table, in a corner of the room behind the stove, he put down his knapsack and his cloak upon the

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ground. As he raised his head from stooping to do so, he found the landlady beside him.

"One can lodge here to-night, Madame?"

"Perfectly!" said the landlady, in a high, sing-song, cheery voice.

"Good. One can dine—sup—what you please to call it?"

"Ah, perfectly!" cried the landlady as before.

"Dispatch then, Madame, if you please. Something to eat, as quickly as you can; and some wine at once. I am exhausted."

"It is very bad weather, Monsieur," said the landlady.

"Cursed weather."

"And a very long road."

"A cursed road."

His hoarse voice failed him, and he rested his head upon his hands until a bottle of wine was brought from the counter. Having filled and emptied his little tumbler twice, and having broken off an end from the great loaf that was set before him with his cloth and napkin, soup-plate, salt, pepper, and oil, he rested his back against the corner of the wall, made a couch of the bench on which he sat, and began to chew crust until such time as his repast should be ready.

There had been that momentary interruption of the talk about the stove, and that temporary inattention to and distraction from one another, which is usually inseparable in such a company from the arrival of a stranger. It had passed over by this time; and the men had done glancing at him, and were talking again.

"That's the true reason," said one of them, bringing a story he had been telling to a close, "that's the true reason why they said that the devil was let loose." The speaker was the tall Swiss belonging to the church, and he brought something of the authority of the church into the discussion—especially as the devil was in question.

The landlady, having given her directions for the new guest's entertainment to her husband, who acted as cook to the Break of Day, had resumed her needlework behind her counter. She was a smart, neat, bright little woman, with a good deal of cap and a good deal of stocking, and she struck into the conversation with several laughing nods of her head, but without looking up from her work.

"Ah Heaven, then!" said she. "When the boat came up from Lyons, and brought the news that the devil was actually let loose at Marseilles, some fly-catchers swallowed it. But I? No, not I."

"Madame, you are always right," returned the tall Swiss. Doubtless you were enraged against that man, Madame?"

"Ah, yes, then!" cried the landlady, raising her eyes from her work, opening them very wide, and tossing her head on one side. "Naturally, yes."

"He was a bad subject."

"He was a wicked wretch," said the landlady, "and well merited what he had the good fortune to escape. So much the worse."

"Stay, Madame! Let us see," returned the Swiss, argumentatively turning his cigar between his lips. "It may have been his unfortunate destiny. He may have been the child of circumstances. It is always possible that he had, and has good in him if one did but know how to find it out. Philosophical philanthropy teaches—"

The rest of the little knot about the stove murmured an objection to the introduction of that theatening expression. Even the two players at dominoes glanced up from their game, as if to protest against philosophical philanthropy being brought by name into the Break of Day.

"Hold there, you and your philanthropy!" cried the smiling landlady, nodding her head more than ever. "Listen then. I am a woman, I, I know nothing of philosophical philanthropy. But I know what I have seen, and what I have looked in the face, in this world here, where I find myself. And I tell you this, my friend, that there are people (men and women both, unfortunately) who have no good in them—none. That there are people whom it is necessary to detest without compromise. That there are people who must be dealt with as enemies of the human race. That there are people who have no human heart, and who must be crushed like savage beasts and cleared out of the way. They are but few, I hope; but I have seen (in this world here where I find myself, and even at the little Break of Day) that there are such people. And I do not doubt that this man—whatever they call him, I forget his name—is one of them."

The landlady's lively speech was received with greater favor at the Break of Day than it would have elicited from certain amiable whitewashers of the class she so unreasonably objected to, nearer Great Britain.

"My faith! if your philosophical philanthropy," said the landlady, putting down her work, and rising to take the stranger's soup from her husband, who appeared with it at a side door, "puts any body at the mercy of such people by holding terms with them at all, in words or deeds, or both, take it away from the Break of Day, for it isn't worth a sou."

As she placed the soup before the guest, who changed his attitude to a sitting one, he looked her full in the face, and his mustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his mustache.

"Well!" said the previous speaker, "let us come back to our subject. Leaving all that aside, gentlemen, it was because the man was acquitted on his trial that people said at Marseilles that the devil was let loose. That was how the phrase began to circulate, and what it meant; nothing more."

"How do they call him?" said the landlady. "Biraud, is it not?"

"Rigaud, Madame," returned the tall Swiss.

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"Rigaud! To be sure!"

The traveler's soup was succeeded by a dish of meat, and that by a dish of vegetables. He ate all that was placed before him, emptied his bottle of wine, called for a glass of rum, and smoked his cigarette with his cup of coffee. As he became refreshed, he became overbearing, and patronized the company at the Day Break in certain small talk, at which he assisted, as if his condition were far above his appearance.

The company might have had other engagements, or they might have felt their inferiority, but in any case they dispersed by degrees, and not being replaced by other company, left their new patron in possession of the Break of Day. The landlord was clinking about in his kitchen; the landlady was quiet at her work; and the refreshed traveler set smoking by the stove, warming his ragged feet.

"Pardon me, Madame; that Biraud—"

"Rigaud, Monsieur."

"Rigaud. Pardon me again—has contracted your displeasure, how?"

The landlady, who had been at one moment thinking within herself that this was a handsome man, at another moment that this was an ill-looking man, observed the nose coming down and the mustache going up, and strongly inclined to the latter decision. Rigaud was a criminal, she said, who had killed his wife.

"Ay, ay! Death of my life, that's a criminal indeed. But how do you know it?"

"All the world knows it."

"Ha! And yet he escaped justice?"

"Monsieur, the law could not prove it against him to its satisfaction. So the law says. Nevertheless, all the world knows he did it. The people knew it so well, that they tried to tear him to pieces."

"Being all in perfect accord with their own wives?" said the guest. "Haha!"

The landlady of the Break of Day looked at him again, and felt almost confirmed in her last decision. He had a fine hand though, and he turned it with a great show. She began once more to think that he was not ill-looking after all.

"Did you mention, Madame—or was it mentioned among the gentlemen—what became of him?"

The landlady shook her head; it being the first conversational stage at which her vivacious earnestness had ceased to nod it, keeping time to what she said. It had been mentioned at the Day Break, she remarked, on the authority of the journals, that he had been kept in prison for his own safety. However that might be, he had escaped his deserts; so much the worse.

The guest sat looking at her as he smoked out his final cigarette, and as she sat with her head bent over her work, with an expression that might have resolved her doubts, and brought her to a lasting conclusion on the subject of his good or bad looks if she had seen it. When she did look up, the expression was not there. The hand was smoothing his shaggy mustache.

"May one ask to be shown to bed, Madame?"

Very willingly, Monsieur. Hola, my husband! My husband would conduct him up stairs. There was one traveler there, asleep, who had gone to bed very early indeed, being overpowered by fatigue; but it was a large chamber with two beds in it, and space enough for twenty. This the landlady of the Break of Day chirpingly explained, calling between whiles, Hola, my husband! out at the side door.

My husband answered at length, "It is I, my wife!" and presenting himself in his cook's cap, lighted the traveler up a steep and narrow staircase; the traveler carrying his own cloak and knapsack, and bidding the landlady good-night with a complimentary reference to the pleasure of seeing her again to-morrow. It was a large room, with a rough splintery floor, unplastered rafters overhead, and two bedsteads on opposite sides. Here my husband put down the candle he carried, and with a sidelong look at his guest stooping over his knapsack, gruffly gave him the instruction, "The bed to the right!" and left him to his repose. The landlord, whether he was a good or a bad physiognomist, had fully made up his mind that the guest was an ill-looking fellow.

The guest looked contemptuously at the clean coarse bedding prepared for him, and, sitting down on a rush chair at the bedside, drew his money out of his pocket, and told it over in his hand. "One must eat," he muttered to himself, "but by Heaven I must eat at the cost of some other man to-morrow!"

As he sat pondering, and mechanically weighing his money in his palm, the deep breathing of the traveler in the other bed fell so regularly upon his hearing that it attracted his eyes in that direction. The man was covered up warm, and had drawn the white curtain at his head, so that he could be only heard, not seen. But the deep regular breathing, still going on while the other was taking off his warm shoes and gaiters, and still continuing when he had laid aside his coat and cravat, became at length a strong provocative to curiosity, and incentive to get a glimpse of the sleeper's face.

The waking traveler, therefore, stole a little nearer, and yet a little nearer, and a little nearer, to the sleeping traveler's bed, until he stood close beside it. Even then he could not see his face, for he had drawn the sheet over it. The regular breathing still continuing, he put his smooth white hand (such a treacherous hand it looked, as it went creeping from him!) to the sheet, and gently lifted it away.

"Death of my soul!" he whispered, falling back, "here's Cavalletto!"

The little Italian, previously influenced in his sleep perhaps by the stealthy presence at his bedside, stopped in his regular breathing, and with a long, deep respiration, opened his eyes. At first they were not awake, though open. He

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lay for some seconds looking placidly at his old prison companion, and then, all at once, with a cry of surprise and alarm, sprang out of bed.

"Hush! What's the matter! Keep quiet! It's I. You know me?" cried the other, in a suppressed voice.

But John Baptist, widely staring, muttering a number of imprecations and ejaculations, tremblingly backing into a corner, slipping on his trowsers, and tying his coat by the two sleeves round his neck, manifested an unmistakable desire to escape by the door rather than renew the acquaintance. Seeing this, his old prison comrade fell back upon the door, and set his shoulders against it.

"Cavalletto! Wake, boy! Rub your eyes and look at me. Not the name you used to call me—don't use that—Lagnier, say Lagnier!"

John Baptist, staring at him with eyes opened to their utmost width, made a number of those national, backhanded shakes of the right forefinger in the air, as if he were resolved on negativing beforehand every thing that the other could possibly advance during the whole term of his life.

"Cavalletto! Give me your hand. You know Lagnier the gentleman. Touch the hand of a gentleman!"

Submitting himself to the old tone of condescending authority, John Baptist, not at all steady on his legs as yet, advanced and put his hand in his patron's. Monsieur Lagnier laughed; and having given it a squeeze, tossed it up and let it go.

"Then you were—" faltered John Baptist.

"Not shaved? No. See here!" cried Lagnier, giving his head a twirl, "as tight on as your own."

John Baptist, with a slight shiver, looked all round the room as if to recall where he was. His patron took that opportunity of turning the key in the door, and then sat down upon his bed.

"Look!" he said, holding up his shoes and gaiters. "That's a poor trim for a gentleman, you'll say. No matter, you shall see how soon I'll mend it. Come and sit down. Take your old place!"

John Baptist, looking any thing but reassured, sat down on the floor at the bedside, keeping his eyes upon his patron all the time.

"That's well!" cried Lagnier. "Now we might be in the old infernal hole again, hey? How long have you been out?"

"Two days after you, my master."

"How do you come here?"

"I was cautioned not to stay there, and so I left the town at once, and since then I have changed about. I have been doing odds and ends at Avignon, at Pont Esprit, at Lyons; upon the Rhone, upon the Saone." As he spoke, he rapidly mapped the places out with his sunburnt hand on the floor.

"And where are you going?"

"Going, my master?"

"Ay!"

John Baptist seemed to desire to evade the question without knowing how. "By Bacchus!" he said at last, as if he were forced to the admission, "I have sometimes had a thought of going to Paris, and perhaps to England."

"Cavalletto. This is in confidence. I also am going to Paris, and perhaps to England. We'll go together."

The little man nodded his head, and showed his teeth; and yet seemed not quite convinced that it was a surpassingly desirable arrangement.

"We'll go together," repeated Lagnier. "You shall see how soon I will force myself to be recognized as a gentleman, and you shall profit by it. Is it agreed? Are we one?"

"Oh, surely, surely!" said the little man.

"Then you shall hear before I sleep—and in six words, for I want sleep—how I appear before you, I, Lagnier. Remember that. Not the other."

"Altro, altro! Not Ri—" Before John Baptist could finish the name, his comrade had got his hand under his chin and fiercely shut up his mouth.

"Death! what are you doing? Do you want me to be trampled upon and stoned? Do *you* want to be trampled upon and stoned? You would be. You don't imagine that they would set upon me, and let my prison chum go? Don't think it!"

There was an expression in his face as he released his grip of his friend's jaw, from which his friend inferred that if the course of events really came to any stoning and trampling, Monsieur Lagnier would so distinguish him with his notice as to insure his having his full share of it. He remembered what a cosmopolitan gentleman Monsieur Lagnier was, and how few weak distinctions he made.

"I am a man," said Monsieur Lagnier, "whom society has deeply wronged since you last saw me. You know that I am sensitive and brave, and that it is my character to govern. How has society respected those qualities in me? I have been shrieked at through the streets. I have been guarded through the streets against men, and especially women, running at me armed with any weapons they could lay their hands on. I have lain in prison for security, with the place of my confinement kept a secret, lest I should be torn out of it and felled by a hundred blows. I have been carted out of Marseilles in the dead of night, and carried leagues away from it packed in straw. It has not been safe for me to go near my house; and, with a beggar's pittance in my pocket, I have walked through vile mud and weather ever since, until my feet are crippled—look at them! Such are the humiliations that society has inflicted upon me, possessing the qualities I have mentioned, and which you know me to possess. But society shall pay for it."

All this he said in his companion's ear, and with his hand before his lips.

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"Even here," he went on in the same way, "even in this mean drinking-shop, society pursues me. Madame defames me, and her guests defame me. I, too, a gentleman with manners and accomplishments to strike them dead! But the wrongs society has heaped upon me are treasured in this breast."

To all of which John Baptist, listening attentively to the suppressed, hoarse voice, said from time to time, "Surely, surely!" tossing his head and shutting his eyes, as if there were the clearest case against society that perfect candor could make out.

"Put my shoes there," continued Lagnier. "Hang my cloak to dry there by the door. Take my hat." He obeyed each instruction, as it was given. "And this is the bed to which society consigns me, is it? Ha! *Very* well!"

As he stretched out his length upon it, with a ragged handkerchief bound round his wicked head, and only his wicked head showing above the bed-clothes, John Baptist was rather strongly reminded of what had so very nearly happened to prevent the mustache from any more going up as it did, and the nose from any more coming down as it did.

"Shaken out of destiny's dice-box again into your company, eh? By Heaven! So much the better for you. You'll profit by it. I shall need a long rest. Let me sleep in the morning."

John Baptist replied that he should sleep as long as he would, and wishing him a happy night, put out the candle. One might have supposed that the next proceeding of the Italian would have been to undress; but he did exactly the reverse, and dressed himself from head to foot, saving his shoes. When he had so done, he lay down upon his bed with some of its coverings over him, and his coat still tied round his neck, to get through the night.

When he started up, the Godfather Break of Day was peeping at its namesake. He rose, took his shoes in his hand, turned the key in the door with great caution, and crept down stairs. Nothing was astir there but the smell of coffee, wine, tobacco, and sirups; and Madame's little counter looked ghastly enough. But he had paid Madame his little note at it over night, and wanted to see nobody—wanted nothing but to get on his shoes and his knapsack, open the door, and run away.

He prospered in his object. No movement or voice was heard when he opened the door; no wicked head tied up in a ragged handkerchief looked out of the upper window. When the sun had raised his full disc above the flat line of the horizon, and was striking fire out of the long muddy vista of paved road with its weary avenue of little trees, a black speck moved along the road and splashed among the flaming pools of rain-water, which black speck was John Baptist Cavalletto running away from his patron.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

WE are at last enabled to announce that the House of Representatives at Washington, after a struggle for upward of two months, has succeeded in choosing its Speaker. On the 2d of February the plurality rule was adopted, and under it Mr. Banks was elected. The final vote stood thus: for N. P. Banks, Republican, of Massachusetts, 103; and for William Aiken, Democrat, of South Carolina, 100, with a scattering of 11 votes.——In the Senate, on the 24th of January, a Message was received from the President, calling the attention of Congress to the disturbed state of affairs in Kansas, and recommending the adoption of such measures as the exigency of the case required. The Message supports the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and says, that while Nebraska was successfully organized, the organization of Kansas was long delayed, and was attended by serious difficulties and embarrassments, partly from local mal-administration, and partly from the unjustifiable interference of the inhabitants of some States with views foreign to the interests and rights of the Territory. The President says of Governor Reeder, that instead of giving constant vigilance to his duties, he allowed his attention to be turned from his official obligations by other objects, thereby himself setting an example of violation of law and duty which rendered his removal necessary. The President regards the first Legislative Assembly of Kansas, whatever may have been the informalities of its election, as, for all practical purposes, a lawful body; and in this connection he reviews Governor Reeder's conduct in relation to the removal of the seat of Government, and his refusal to sign the bills that were passed. Relative to the recent Convention, which formed a Free State Constitution, the President says it was a party, and not the people, who acted thus contrary to the principles of public law and practice under the Constitution of the United States, and the rule of right and common sense. The Message regards the movement in opposition to the authorities of Kansas as revolutionary in its character, and, if it should reach the point of organized resistance, as a treasonable insurrection, which it would be the duty of the Federal Government to suppress. Though the threatening disturbances of December last have been quieted without the effusion of blood, the President says there is reason to apprehend renewed disorders unless decided measures are forthwith taken to prevent them. He concludes by saying, that when the inhabitants of Kansas shall desire a State Government, and be of sufficient numbers for the formation of a State, that the proper course will be for a Convention of Delegates to prepare a Constitution. The President, therefore, recommends the enactment of a law to that effect, in order that the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State may be conducted in a lawful and proper manner; and, further, that a special appropriation be made to defray any expenses that may become requisite in the execution of the laws or the maintenance of public order in the Territory.——In a letter, published in the New York papers, Governor Reeder has replied to this

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Message of the President. He says that the President "has misrepresented the position and objects of the people of Kansas," and promises "to vindicate them and himself when he shall enjoy a seat in the House of Representatives."——The New York Legislature met on the 1st of January. The Senate elected its officers the same day, but the efforts of the House to choose its Speaker were, under the majority rule, fruitless. On the 16th of January, a resolution to elect a Speaker by a plurality of votes was adopted, and Orville Robinson, Soft-Shell Democrat, with the support of the Republican members, was chosen. Mr. Henry A. Prendergast, the Republican candidate, had previously withdrawn his claims. Simultaneously with the election of a Speaker, Governor Clark sent in his Message to the Senate. It is chiefly devoted to local subjects; admits that the Prohibitory Liquor Law, passed at the last session of the Legislature, is, in some of its details, imperfect, but maintains the constitutionality of the principle involved; recommends a further extension of the school system; and sympathizes, toward its conclusion, with the position taken by the Free-soil men of Kansas.——The Maine State Legislature met on the 2d of January and elected Judge Wells, old-line Democrat, Governor. Lot M. Merrill, Democrat, was chosen President of the Senate, and Josiah Little Speaker of the House. In his address, the new Governor opposes the Liquor Law, the Alien and Naturalization Laws, and the Personal Liberty Act of Massachusetts.——In the Massachusetts Legislature, which also commenced its session on the 2d of January, E. C. Baker, American, was chosen President of the Senate, and Dr. Charles A. Phelps, American, Speaker of the House. Governor Gardner's Message was delivered the following day. He recommends twenty-one years' residence of foreign-born citizens, and ability to read and write, before they are allowed to vote. He also recommends the repeal of the Personal Liberty Act passed by the last Legislature, suggests a reduction in the number of members of the popular branch of the Legislature, and denounces the prevailing practice of "lobbying."——The New Jersey Legislature met on the 8th of January—the Senate organizing by the election of Colonel Alexander, Democrat, President, and the House by the election of Mr. Demarest, Democrat, Speaker. In his Message the Governor, after reviewing State affairs, takes up the Slavery question, and expresses himself in favor of allowing the people interested, whether in States or Territories, to decide this matter for themselves. He also indorses the position taken by the President upon the Central American question.——The Pennsylvania Legislature was duly organized on the 1st of January—William M. Pratt and Richardson L. Wright being respectively elected Speakers of the Senate and House of Representatives. Governor Pollock's Message is almost exclusively devoted to local subjects. It makes satisfactory allusion to the financial condition of the State, and notices a considerable decrease in the public debt during the past year. On National affairs, he refers to his former Message, and re-affirms the sentiments therein expressed.——The Maryland Legislature met on the 2d, and organized on the 3d of January. The House elected Mr. Traverse, American, Speaker, and Mr. Garther, President of the last Senate, was called to the chair of the Senate. The Governor, in his Message, advises the establishment of a competent Public School system for the State; opposes the reduction of taxes, but recommends the abolition of the Stamp Tax. He opposes secret political associations, and indorses the Nebraska Bill.——On the 7th of January, the Ohio Legislature was organized by the election of N. H. Van Voorhies, Speaker of the House. Governor Medill, in his Message, urges reform in the administration of local offices, and congratulates the State on its prosperous condition. He opposes tests of birth or religion.——In Wisconsin, the House of Representatives elected William Hall, Democrat, Speaker. The Governorship of Wisconsin is contested—Messrs. Bashford and Barstow being both claimants of the office—and the case is before the Supreme Court. The Message was consequently delivered by ex-Governor Barstow. It approves the Prohibitory Liquor Law.——The Minnesota Legislature was organized by the election of John R. Brisbon, Democrat, presiding officer of the Council, and Charles Goodhue, also Democrat, Speaker of the House.——The Territorial Legislature of Nebraska met on the 20th of December, and organized the same day. The Message recommends that Congress be asked for an appropriation to construct a Penitentiary, and at least one jail in each judicial district, and also that its attention be called to a geological survey of the Territory, and to the necessity of appropriating 160 acres of land to all residents now there, and who will, after January 1, 1856, settle there for two years.——From *Kansas* we learn that a Free-State Convention was held at Lawrence, on the 22d of December, to nominate candidates for State affairs under the Constitution. The delegates present numbered eighty. C. Robinson, formerly of Massachusetts, was nominated for Governor, and W. Y. Roberts, formerly of Pennsylvania, for Lieutenant-Governor. An opposition Free-State ticket was subsequently started, and great efforts were made to prevent a split in the party. A Proclamation had been issued by the Executive Committee for the election of State officers, and Members of the General Assembly, on the 15th of January. The result is not yet officially known, but it is believed that the regular Free-State ticket is elected.——From *California* we have no news of special importance to record. Accounts from the mines continue to be of a most encouraging nature. Oregon dates are to the 20th of December. The Indian outbreak in that Territory was still unsuppressed. A desperate battle, which lasted during the 7th and 8th of December, was fought, near Walla-Walla River, between a party of volunteers, under Colonel Kelly, and a large body of Indians. The volunteers lost eight men, and of the Indians fifty at least are supposed to have been killed, including the chief of the Walla-Wallas.

MEXICO.

This Republic is still represented to be in the most disturbed and unsettled condition, and the succession of Comonfort to the Presidency has not tended to restore tranquillity. A press-law has been enacted, in consequence of which many journals have been obliged to suspend publication. The existing government is not regarded with more popular favor than the preceding one. Fresh insurrections are frequently taking place. Degollado in Guanajuato, and Uraga in the Sierra Gordo, are engaged in armed opposition to Comonfort's administration, and Vidaurri is reported to be strengthening himself for some future movement. Haro y

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Tamariz had conspired to overthrow the government and establish an empire, but he was arrested before his plans could be put into execution. He subsequently, however, escaped, and was joined by a strong army, with which, at latest dates, he was besieging Puebla.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From *Nicaragua* we learn that General Jerez, the Minister of Relations, had resigned his office. Other ministers (Señors Selva and Ferrer) are also reported to have resigned, in consequence of differences in the cabinet. It was alleged by the official paper, published at Granada, that the ministers in question were in favor of an immediate invasion of Honduras, for the restoration of General Cabanas to power in that State, in opposition to the views of the Executive, and hence their resignation. It was rumored that the governments of Honduras and Costa Rica were both making preparations to attack Walker. The General continued to receive large reinforcements of Americans from California and the Atlantic States.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we learn that affairs were still much unsettled, the Southern Indians continuing troublesome and dangerous. At Montevideo a revolution broke out on the 25th of November, and for four or five days that city was the scene of a fratricidal war. On the 28th the city was declared by the Governor to be in a state of siege. On the 29th order was restored, and the Revolutionists embarked for Buenos Ayres, in conformity with the wishes of the diplomatic agents resident in Montevideo, who interposed to prevent the further shedding of blood. This was considered a triumph for the Flores party. The citizens of foreign States maintained a strict neutrality.——From *Rio de Janeiro* it is reported that the cholera has disappeared. Several persons of high standing have been imprisoned by order of the Brazilian government for being connected with an attempt to land slaves on the coast. It is alleged that an alliance has been formed between Brazil and the Confederated Provinces against the government of Paraguay. It is said that the Brazilian envoy has stipulated to give the President $2,500,000 to equip a contingent of 3000 men, to act in concert with an imperial land and naval force; and that there is a reserved stipulation, by which the Empire engages to guarantee the integrity of the Argentine territory.——From *Chili* we learn than an extra session of Congress had been convoked by the President, and that the special measures to be submitted for its consideration were "certain additions to the estimates for indispensable expenditures; the consideration of the new civil code; the treaty with the Argentine Republic, and the consular treaties with New Granada and Ecuador." Gold deposits, it was reported, had been discovered near Valparaiso, and reports were rife of discoveries of silver veins in Huasco.——Advices from *Peru* have for some time indicated the breaking out of another revolution. In Lima many arrests had been made of persons supposed to be hostile to the existing government.——The news from other South American States presents no feature of importance.

EUROPE.

A grand council of war assembled in Paris on the 11th of January to collect and consider all possible information in relation to the war. The Emperor presided, and among the members present were the Prince Jerome Napoleon, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Napoleon, Sir Edmund Lyons, Admiral Dundas, Generals La Marmora, Canrobert, and Bosquet, and Admiral Hamelin. The council, as officially announced, is not commissioned to arrange the plan of the approaching campaign, but "to enlighten the Allied Governments as to the various military combinations which can be adopted, to foresee all eventualities, and to determine their exigencies."——The French troops lately returned from the Crimea have been publicly received in Paris by the Emperor. His Majesty said on the occasion—"I have recalled you, though the war be not terminated, because it is only just to relieve in their turn the regiments that have suffered most. Each will thus be able to take his share in glory, and the country, which maintains 600,000 soldiers, has an interest in maintaining in France a numerous and experienced army, ready to march wheresoever necessity may require. Preserve, then, carefully the habits of war, and fortify yourselves in the experience you have already acquired."——A subject of great excitement in Paris has been the appearance of a pamphlet under the title of *Necessité d'un Congrès pour pacifier l'Europe, par un Homme d'état*, urging an assemblage of Representatives of all the European States to deliberate upon the great issues now pending. It was at first supposed that the pamphlet was written by Napoleon himself, but as it was violently attacked by the English, and subsequently by the French press, such an idea was soon dissipated. The pamphlet was believed by many to be of Russian origin.——The rumor is once more current that the Emperor Napoleon will assume the command of an army in the spring.——The French official organ has announced that the United States Government has arranged one of the claims raised by the capture of certain French merchant vessels by the customs of San Francisco in 1849 and 1850.——The treaty between Sweden and the Allies has at length been published. By it the King of Sweden engages not to cede to Russia, by exchange or otherwise, any portion of the territory belonging to the crowns of Sweden and Norway, or the right of any pasturage or fishing-ground; and in case Russia should make a demand for such exchange, cession, or right, the King of Sweden engages to communicate her proposition to France and England, who, on their part, bind themselves to provide Sweden with sufficient naval and military forces to resist the claims or aggressions of Russia. It is reported that a secret clause is appended to this treaty, providing for Sweden taking the field against Russia. The war preparations going on in the former kingdom would seem to strengthen such a supposition.——The Danish Government, in a circular addressed to the various European States, persists in maintaining Denmark's neutrality, and refuses to admit that she is bound in any way by the treaty lately concluded between Sweden and the Western Powers. The Government had also issued invitations for a new conference on the Sound Dues, but subsequent advices state that the proposed conference had been indefinitely postponed.——An imperial ukase has been issued, authorizing a new Russian loan for fifty millions of silver roubles. The Czar has also issued a decree conferring on peasants the right to possess landed property in Poland. Personal serfdom is to be replaced by annual payment. Three years are allowed for the execution of the decree. The Grand Council of War at St. Petersburg has closed its session. It has principally been engaged in con-

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sidering questions relating to the fortification of the strategic points of the empire. Recent orders for the removal of Russian troops from the Crimea to reinforce the corps of General Mouravieff and join the Grand Army of the Centre, have given rise to the supposition that it is the intention of the Czar to abandon the Crimea rather than dispute its possession during another campaign.

THE EASTERN WAR.

While the rival armies of Russia and the Allies are inactive during the winter months, an attempt has again been made to reopen negotiations. Austria, with the consent of England and France, has submitted certain peace propositions, said to be an *ultimatum*, which was dispatched from Vienna to St. Petersburg in charge of Count Esterhazy. These propositions, five in number, are in substance: 1. Complete abolition of the Russian Protectorate over the Principalities; those Provinces to receive an organization suited to their own condition, respecting which their population would be consulted; such constitution to emanate from the initiative of the Sultan, with the cognizance of the Powers. A rectification of the Russian frontier with European Turkey, following the line of mountains from Chotym to Lake Sasik, completely removing the boundary backward from the Danube. 2. Surrender of the Danube mouth to a Syndicate representing the European governments. 3. Neutralization of the Black Sea, by closing it against all armed ships, opening it to all merchant ships; naval arsenals being neither constructed nor maintained. A naval police to be maintained by Russia and Turkey under a separate convention, but with the cognizance of the Powers. 4. New securities and guarantees for the religious and political rights of the Christian subjects of the Porte, to be granted by the Sultan on deliberation with Austria, France, and Great Britain. Russia to be invited, after the peace, to join in these deliberations. 5. Right reserved to the belligerent Powers to bring forward particular conditions beyond the four guarantees. To these propositions Russia was required within a specified time to answer, categorically, yes or no. The envoy reached St. Petersburg on the 26th of December. It was alleged that his reception by the Czar was most discouraging; and all prospects of peace had been thus dispelled from the public mind, when an official announcement in the London papers that "Russia accepted the Allied propositions as a basis of negotiations," suddenly revived expectations of the success of Count Esterhazy's mission. Beyond the bare announcement of the willingness of the Czar to reopen negotiations, nothing was known at the time we close this Record.

CHINA.

From Hong Kong we learn that a difficulty had occurred in that port between the local authorities and the American Consul. The master of an American ship, it seems, was arrested on board his own vessel for an assault on the carpenter, and fined $75. Payment was refused through the advice of the American Consul, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction over an affair that had taken place on board an American ship. The police then proceeded to arrest the defendant, but he took refuge on board the United States ship of war *Powhattan*, whose captain considered the action of the court illegal, and consequently refused to deliver him up. A correspondence thereupon ensued between the Governor of Hong Kong and the Captain of the *Powhattan*, in relation to the question of jurisdiction at issue, and the former determined to lay the whole matter before his Government, and await its decision in the premises. There is no political news of importance from China.——From Manilla we learn that the American ship *Waverley*, with Chinese laborers, had put into that port to bury her captain. While there, a revolt took place on board, and the mate, it is alleged, shot two or three Coolies, drove the rest below, and then went ashore to bury the captain. Upon his return the hatches were opened, and it was found that out of 450 men, 251 had died from suffocation. The mate and crew had been arrested by the Spanish authorities.

Literary Notices.

The History of England, by THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. (Harper and Brothers.) No work of the season has been received with warmer acclamations than those which, both in England and in this country, have welcomed the appearance of the new volumes of the most brilliant modern historian. The fame of Macaulay is established upon a substantial foundation. The great work of his life will prove one of the noblest literary monuments of the age. With whatever faults of purpose or of execution it may be charged, its rare and admirable qualities will give it a pre-eminent place among the historical treasures of future generations, as well as among the most remarkable productions of the present age. Macaulay is deficient in the love of philosophical unity. He never ventures upon the pregnant generalizations which embody the results of a large experience in rigid scientific formulas. He prefers the detail of political events to the analysis of first principles. His imagination is easily seduced by the picturesque aspect which is often revealed beneath the darkest features of history. He delights in comments, rather plausible than profound, on the course of affairs—he has a passion for striking contrasts and impressive situations—his zeal for elucidation often leads him into prolixity. Nor are we to expect in Macaulay the calm and judicial impartiality which is so singularly characteristic of Prescott, and which, though forming the basis of excellence in historical composition, is, in fact, so rarely found in the most renowned historians of ancient or modern times. Macaulay makes no pretension to sage indifference of opinion. He always writes as a partisan, often as a special pleader. Not that he conceals or distorts facts—not that he willfully suppresses important points of evidence—not that he indulges in deliberate or cold-blooded sophistry—but he shows a marvelous ingenuity in placing the lights and shades of his narrative in a manner to give the most attractive coloring to his views, often requiring a sturdy resistance on the part of the reader not to surrender his convictions to the enticing eloquence of the advocate.

But, on the other hand, what historian has gathered up such ample stores of information—or ar-

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ranged them in such lucid and agreeable forms—or given perpetual life to his pages by such a series of animated sketches—or more fully sounded the polluted depths of political intrigue—or spread over his narrative such vivid glimpses of the springs of popular action, which form the heart of modern history? With such qualities as a writer, Macaulay must always be not only one of the most fascinating, but one of the most instructive of historians. In the most fervent glow of his composition he furnishes the reader with sufficient light to correct the errors into which he might be betrayed by the vehement partisanship of the author. Making allowance in the present volumes for the spirit of unqualified eulogy in which the character and the administration of William III. are portrayed, it is impossible to gain a more lively or more complete conception of the troubled and transitional epoch of his reign, than is presented in their bold and highly-colored descriptions.

But instead of exhausting our limited space in general criticisms on this great work, let us select a specific topic which may serve to illustrate both the defects and the merits to which we have alluded. Perhaps Mr. Macaulay's account of the massacre of the Scotch Highlanders at Glencoe may answer our purpose as well as any other. It is certainly a consummate specimen of historical narrative. The details are arranged with admirable skill, and no art of composition is spared to enhance the effect of the description. The ingenious subtlety with which Mr. Macaulay attempts to palliate the agency of William in the transaction shows his power as an advocate, but it fails to relieve the character of the King of the most conspicuous blot in the history of his reign.

The chiefs of the wild Celtic tribes among the mountain ranges of Scotland had been distinguished for their fidelity to the dethroned monarch. Nothing could chill their loyal attachment to the dynasty of the Stuarts. But they were sorely burdened by poverty. Their scanty resources were inadequate to the struggle in which they were engaged. Early in the year 1691 they had announced their need of succor from France. In answer to their request, James had furnished them with a small supply of meal, brandy, and tobacco, telling them at the same time that he could do no more. He was unable to spare them even so much as six hundred pounds, which sum would have been an important addition to their funds. With his consent, therefore, they were ready to make peace with the new government. Meantime it was decided by the English cabinet to apply twelve or fifteen thousand pounds to the pacification of the Highlands. This was an ample amount, and to an inhabitant of Appin or Lochaber must have seemed almost fabulous. The distribution of this money was intrusted to Breadalbane, one of the princes of the mountains, belonging to the house of Campbell. He was a man utterly destitute of moral principle, combining the opposite vices of two different states of society—the barbarian pride and ferocity which he had learned in his castle among the hills, and the taint of corruption and treachery which he had contracted in the Council-chamber at Edinburgh. Inviting the Jacobite chiefs to a conference at his residence, he made but slow progress in the treaty. Every chief claimed more than his share of the English treasure. Breadalbane was suspected of a purpose to cheat both the clans and the King. Among the chiefs most obstinate in his resistance to the government was Mac Ian of Glencoe, who dwelt in the mouth of a ravine near the southern shore of Lochleven. Two or three small hamlets in the neighborhood were inhabited by his tribe, making a population of not over two hundred souls. The locality was marked by dreariness and gloom. Even on the finest days of summer the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a dark and sullen stream, between huge precipices of frowning rock. Streaks of snow are often seen near the summits, unmelted even by the sun of July. It was natural that the clan which inhabited this rugged desert should be engaged in deeds of violence and rapine. The Highlanders generally regarded robbery as no less honorable than the cultivation of the soil, and of all the Highlanders the Macdonalds of Glencoe were led by their peculiar position to engage most largely in the pursuit. Their mountain fastnesses afforded them a secure retreat; and thus far they had escaped the penal retribution which had been attempted against them by successive governments. They, moreover, maintained a hereditary feud with the tribe of Campbell, and hence, when the chief of Glencoe made his appearance at the congress in Glenorchy he met with a cold reception. Breadalbane demanded reparation for the property which had been stolen by Mac Ian's followers. Mac Ian was glad to escape from reproach and menace, and return in safety to his own glen. Wounded pride, no less than interest, prompted him to reject the overtures of the government. His example had great weight with his confederates. His venerable age and majestic aspect added influence to his words. He declined making the concessions which were demanded by the authorities as the condition of pardon until it was too late. He thus placed himself in the power of his enemies. The news was received with malignant joy by Breadalbane, Argyle, and the Master of Stair, who at that time were the ruling spirits in the administration of Scotland. They formed a plan for the total extirpation of the refractory race. This was executed with all the horrors which military cruelty could add to private treachery. Availing themselves of the hospitality of the doomed chieftains, which was freely accorded to ties of ancient relationship, the emissaries of Stair completed their bloody task by general assassination. In one cabin, which had furnished lodgings to the leader of the band, ten of the Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered in cold blood. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs and begged hard for life, but begged in vain. In another rude dwelling the head of the family was sitting with eight of his followers around the fire, when a volley of musketry laid all but one of them dead on the floor. The old chief Mac Ian was shot through the head while ordering refreshments to the murderers who, under the guise of friendship, had sought admission into his cabin. Two of his attendants were slain at the same moment. Still, by a series of blunders on the part of those to whom the execution of the infamous plan had been intrusted, about three-fourths of the clan of Mac Ian escaped the fate of their chief. Alarmed by the peal of musketry, the half-naked Highlanders fled from fifty cottages to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian contrived to escape from the massacre. The eldest son, who became the patriarch of the tribe by the death of his father, had scarcely left his dwelling when it

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was surrounded by twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets. Upon the arrival of a reinforcement of troops, upon the morning after the tragedy, they found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay in their blood on the dunghills before the doors. The deserted hamlets were set on fire; the flocks and herds were driven away by the troops, and the fugitives left to incredible sufferings. Old men, women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; many were fain to crawl into the nooks and holes of the mountains, where they were picked to the bone by the birds of prey that hovered over those grim solitudes. The number of those who perished by cold and weariness and want, was probably not less than of those who were slain by the assassins. After the departure of the troops, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, and gathering the scorched remains of their kindred from the smoking ruins, performed over them some rude and melancholy rites of sepulture. A Highland tradition relates, that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and made the desert echo with his mournful wail over the desolate homes of his murdered brethren.

Mr. Macaulay makes a strenuous effort to clear the skirts of his hero from the blood of this dark episode in Scottish history. It was necessary that William should give his consent to the destruction of the rebel tribes. This, according to his eulogist, was obtained by the duplicity of the Master of Stair. Mac Ian, it must be understood, had actually made the required concessions, but at too late a day to entitle him to the benefit of the royal amnesty. The evidence of this had been concealed from the King. He had probably never heard the Glencoe men spoken of except as banditti. He knew that they had failed of submission by the prescribed day, but not that they had subsequently yielded. This, however, furnishes no excuse for his consent to their wholesale destruction. Under any circumstances, the transaction involved too grave interests to be decided on partial representations. But, following the authority of Burnet, Mr. Macaulay supposes that William might have signed the order for the depopulation of Glencoe without being aware of its import. It is even suggested that he had not read the order at all, as his mind was too full of schemes involving the fate of Europe to feel any interest in an obscure tribe of remote mountaineers. But this argument commends the policy of the monarch at the expense of his justice. Nor does it possess even a moderate degree of plausibility. It is inconsistent with the previous statements of the historian in regard to the political importance of the Highland clans. He expressly declares that they had caused much anxiety to the government. The civil war continued to smoulder in their rude retreats after its flame had elsewhere subsided. Several plans had been proposed for their pacification. The subject had been long and earnestly discussed. The question was surrounded with difficulties, and had exercised the wisdom of eminent statesmen. It is impossible that William, with his comprehensive sagacity, his circumspect and wary habits of mind, and his attention to the least significant political details, should have preserved such an indifference in regard to the state of the Highlands as is claimed for him by his advocate. He might have signed the order without actually reading it, but it is not easy to believe that he did so before he was fully cognizant of its import.

But, allowing that he did read the order to which he affixed his name, Mr. Macaulay does not hesitate to exonerate him from blame. He argues that the command to extirpate the tribe should not be construed in its literal sense, but is susceptible of a perfectly innocent interpretation. William probably understood by it nothing more than a direction to break up the gang of freebooters, which in fact composed the clans of Glencoe—to occupy their place of residence by military force, and, if resistance were attempted, to put it down by a strong hand. Severe punishment was to be inflicted on those who were proved to have been guilty of great crimes; those who were more used to handle the sword than the plow were to be sent to the army in the Low Country; others were to be transported to the American Plantations; while those who remained in their native glens should give hostages for their good behavior. But the document, of which Mr. Macaulay quotes the essential portion, can not be made to bear such a construction except by the utmost license of special pleading. Its terms are fearfully precise and explicit. Such an array of exceptions and conditions as are set forth by Mr. Macaulay, are entirely foreign to its scope and bearing. They can not be reconciled either with its letter or its spirit. It plainly declares that, for the vindication of public justice, it is proper to extirpate the tribe of Glencoe. The process of extirpation is a definite one. In this order it meant the complete destruction of the tribe. It was so understood by the statesmen who framed it. It was so understood by the military officers who executed it. It was so understood by the King, whose signature gave it validity. It must be so understood by every one who reads it, unless, like Mr. Macaulay, he has a case to make out with which that construction would be at war.

Mr. Macaulay adds, in favor of the interpretation which he gives to the order, that a similar plan had previously been the subject of much discussion in the political circles of Edinburgh, and that William would have been entitled to credit if he had thus extirpated not only the tribe of Mac Ian, but every other clan of Highland marauders. But if the Edinburgh plan was the one submitted to the King, why was it not so stated in express words? On such a subject ambiguity itself would have been a crime. Can any one believe that William was deluded by the terms of the order, and gave it the royal signature as a measure which blended justice with humanity? The views of the Master of Stair were no secret at court. They were openly declared and vehemently maintained. The extirpation at which he aimed for the freebooters of Glencoe was the butchery of "the whole damnable race." He cherished this purpose as an act of conscience. He had no perception of its great wickedness. He disguised his cruelty under the names of duty and justice, and very probably the disguise imposed upon himself. With such convictions, could he have desired to conceal his project from the King—to blind him to its true character—to gain his consent to an order by "paltering with him in a double sense," when he believed that the order embodied a wise and necessary policy? The Master of Stair had intimate access to the royal ear. The treatment of the Glencoe rebels was the subject of private conference. The King must have been fully informed

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as to the views of Stair. It is incredible that any argument should have been spared by the latter to impress his convictions on William's mind. Besides, the King was too crafty a diplomatist himself, not to detect any symptom of management or subterfuge on the part of the courtier. We must conclude, then, that they coincided in opinion before the signature of the order. William knew what he was about when he affixed his name to the instrument, and intended to issue the command for the "extirpation" of the Highlanders, without softening the obvious force of the term by any ingenious quibbles. Such a course of reasoning was foreign to the habits of the times. It required a special pleader of the present day to set it forth in the imposing colors of rhetoric. The "guilt and infamy," therefore, which belong to the execution of the royal order, are inevitably attached, in some degree, to him by whom it was issued.

This view of the case is confirmed by the subsequent conduct of William toward the Master of Stair. Three years after the massacre, a special commission was instituted to make inquiry into the circumstances of the transaction, which had now awakened a general indignation in the public mind. This commission reported that the slaughter of Glencoe was a barbarous murder, of which the letters of the Master of Stair were the sole warrant and cause. The Scottish Parliament virtually accepted the report of the commission, but instead of demanding the trial of Stair as a murderer, left him to be dealt with by the King in a manner to vindicate the honor of the government. William could not entertain any doubt of his guilt, after examining the documents which were presented during the inquiry; but he could not persuade himself to visit the instrument by which his own orders had been executed with plenary retribution. He merely deprived the Master of Stair of the office which he held in the administration of Scotland. Such a gross act of injustice is too much even for the partiality of the historian. Macaulay himself is obliged to abate his accustomed panegyric, and pronounce the course of the King as "a great fault, a fault amounting to a crime." In our view, it was not only a fault growing out of an excess of leniency, but a proof that William was fully cognizant of the plan of extirpation, and was aroused to a consciousness of its guilt by the indignant voice of the world.

But though differing from Mr. Macaulay on this topic, as well as on various others which he discusses with characteristic eloquence and force, we can not withhold our tribute of admiration from the vast amount of historical knowledge which he has embodied in these volumes. We can nowhere find such a mass of exact and well-digested information concerning the state of England during the few years immediately subsequent to the Revolution of 1688. The period was marked by a political corruption and profligacy of the deepest dye, but it was prolific of salient characters and significant events. Under the vigorous pen of Mr. Macaulay these all assume fresh vitality and profound interest. They are made no less familiar to the reader than the prominent characters of the present day. The portraiture of Marlborough alone, as drawn in numerous passages of exquisite composition, affords a subject of fruitful and instructive contemplation, although it may well be doubted whether the historian has not heightened the dark shades in the career of the greatest British general by too freely using the colors of political animosity. The edition before us is issued in a neat and convenient style, and retains the complete and valuable index of the original London copy. With this essential aid to consultation the labor of the reader is greatly facilitated in his comprehension of the work as a whole.

D. Appleton and Co. have published a new *Elementary Treatise on Logic*, by Professor D. W. Wilson, of Geneva College, comprising an analytic view of the principles of the science, a lucid exposition of logical methods, and a collection of practical examples for criticism. Professor Wilson attaches a higher importance to the study of logic than is usually accorded to it in modern systems of education. With Cousin he regards logic as the "mathematics of thought," comprehending an analysis of the formulas which we use in thinking, and of the methods which guarantee a successful application of these formulas. He judiciously avoids the wide range which has been given to the purposes of the science by many writers on the subject, and limits the comprehension of the term, like Archbishop Whately, to the laws of reasoning, or, in other words, to the science of deductive thinking. This limitation gives substantial unity to the volume, and places it in the rank of specific scientific treatises. The author, though evidently familiar with the writings of his predecessors in the same field, makes no attempt to reproduce their processes, but presents the subject in an original point of view. He aims less at popular elucidation than at scientific rigor. A volume which so bristles with technicalities will scarcely attract general attention, but it can not fail to prove an efficient aid to the student in the mastery of a difficult branch of education.

A new edition of Professor Henry's translation of Cousin's *Elements of Psychology* is issued by Ivison and Phinney, revised according to the author's last corrections, and with additional notes by the translator. The American public is largely indebted to Professor Henry for his labors in introducing the higher European philosophy to the attention of intelligent scholars in this country. No more admirable embodiment of the conclusions reached by the most profound thinkers of the age is contained in English literature than the present translation of Cousin's vigorous polemic against the materialism of Locke.

The History of Hernando Cortez, by John S. C. Abbott, gives a familiar account of the wild and romantic adventures of the conqueror of Mexico. The author follows the current of popular tradition on the subject, without attempting a critical examination of authorities, and embodies the well-known incidents in the career of the Spaniah commander in a graceful and pleasing narrative. He has evidently had the young in view in the composition of his work, but it is well adapted to interest readers of all ages by its lively descriptions and flowing diction. (Harper and Brothers.)

Among the recent publications of Harper and Brothers are a new edition of *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, with several additional chapters; three numbers of *Harper's Story Books*, comprising *Ancient History*, *English History*, and *American History*; and a new volume of the *Picture Books*, in which Mr. Jacob Abbott shows his characteristic ingenuity in imparting pleasant instruction to the youngest class of learners.

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It is proper to state that the article on the Japan Expedition in the present Number was not intended to precede the publication of the Government work. The latter, however, having been delayed unexpectedly, it was found impossible to arrange the appearance of the article in the succession that etiquette seemed to require. It may be stated that Commodore Perry is not in any manner responsible for the opinions of the article, nor, in fact, was he cognizant of its intended appearance.

The enormous sale of Macaulay's History of England appears to have thrown all other recent publications in London entirely in the shade. The first edition of the commencing volumes was 5000, and the first edition of the volumes now placed before the public is stated to be not less than 35,000. This is principally for England. In this country the circulation will be much more extensive. The work has been reprinted in New York, by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, from early sheets, for which they paid £300 to the author; and "we happen to know" (as Tom Hill would say) that they sold as many as 73,000 volumes, in the first ten days, of their three distinct editions. The sum paid by the London publishers to the author for the volumes now published is said to be £16,000.

Among the forthcoming works are the Rev. Alexander Dyce's "Journal of Conversations with Rogers the Poet;" a new volume of "Tales and Irish Sketches," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; "The Lump of Gold," a poem, by Charles Mackay, editor of the *Illustrated London News;* "Memorials of the Present Century, Social, Literary, and Political," by Mrs. Gore, the novelist; and the "Kaffir Journal" of Sir George Cathcart, formerly Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, who ended the Kaffir war, and fell, last year, before Sebastopol. A report that Mr. Layard had a new work on Assyrian Antiquities nearly ready, has been contradicted on authority.

Although the existing periodicals in England have confessedly declined, of late years, from their high and "palmy state," we find several new ones in the field at the commencement of 1856. These are *The Monthly Review of Literature, Science, Art; The Idler*, which promises to be "cheap, not as dust is cheap, but as flowers are," and numbers among its principal contributors the leading dramatic critics and writers of London; *The Train*, which appears to rely on its low price as much as its clever articles; and the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, to be supported by the rising talent of the rival universities. The copyright of the *Dublin University Magazine* has been purchased by a London house, but the work will continue to be published in Dublin, and its distinctive Irish character will be preserved.

George Sand, whose new comedy, "L'Irrésolu," has been accepted (on a majority of one) by the conducting committee of the Theatre Français, is about publishing an extensive work, of an original character, in conjunction with M. Paulin Limayrac. The first part, in two volumes, to be called "Les Amants Célèbres," will be devoted to Adam and Eve, and succeeding volumes will treat of celebrated lovers of fancy and fact, tradition and history, ancient and modern times. The thirteenth volume of M. Thiers's "Consulate and Empire" is in the press. Some hitherto unpublished fragments of Montaigne, containing that brilliant essayist's opinion of Cæsar and his Commentaries, have been printed in Paris—but only one hundred copies struck off. M. Nestor Roqueplan, ex-Director of the Grand Opera at Paris, has just published a chatty book of gossiping recollections called "Les Coulisses de l'Opera." Victor Cousin has resumed his Sketches of Celebrated French Women during the 17th Century.

Death has again been busy with men of letters. Adam Mickiewitz, the Polish poet, has died at Constantinople. Michael Vörösmorsy, whose "Szórat," or "Appeal," has been called the Hungarian Marseillaise, and was long sung at festive and patriotic gatherings in Hungary, and Josiah Conder, author of a poem entitled "The Star of the East," and editor of the *Eclectic Review* from 1814 to 1837, have also been called away. To this list is to be added the name of Samuel Rogers, the Nestor of British authors.

Born on the 30th July, 1763, Samuel Rogers (who died on December 18, 1855) had entered his ninety-third year. Born to large wealth, he succeeded his father, a banker in London, and though his name remained as head of the firm (which continues to stand high in the monetary world), did not apply himself to business. At an early age, as was the fashion of the time, he went to foreign countries to obtain a knowledge of art, languages, and manners. In 1786, being then twenty-three years old, he produced his "Ode to Superstition," treating Cadell, who published it, in a very bankerly mode, by sending him the manuscript and a check for £500 to defray the cost of bringing it before the public. Six years later appeared his "Pleasures of Memory"—followed, in 1795, by an epilogue spoken by Mrs. Siddons on her benefit, and, in 1798, by his "Epistle to a Friend." By this time, he had made acquaintance with Mr. Fox, leader of the Whigs, and henceforth his politics were liberal. Twenty years passed before Mr. Rogers again produced a poem. "The Vision of Columbus," though more spirited than any of his former writings, was too fragmental, and neither "Jacqueline" nor "Human Life" raised his reputation. The first part of "Italy," which appeared some years later, excited little interest. The conclusion, not published until after Byron's death, contained allusions to the meeting of the two poets in Italy, well-written and well-timed. In 1830–34, Rogers issued all of his poems, corrected and perhaps enfeebled by excess of revision, with illustrations by Turner, Stothard, and others. On this he expended £10,000, but the sale of the volumes more than repaid the outlay. For the last thirty years Rogers had not published any thing. He has left a very curious Diary, parts of which he was fond of reading to his visitors. It is full of anecdotes of his contemporaries, and will probably be published. Mr. Rogers was never married. His life was passed in London; and in his house in St. James's Place (looking into the Park), the leading wits, literati, and politicians of his time were in the habit of meeting. He was fond of Americans, and almost invariably had one or two at his table when he extended his breakfast hospitality on Tuesdays. His house, though small, was a sort of cabinet of art and *vertu*. Three of his best paintings (by Titian, Gorgione, and Guido) he bequeathed to the National Gallery of England. He retained most of his intellectual faculties to the last. In conversation he was brilliant and sarcastic. The man who delighted in *saying* bitter things was fond also of *doing* kind deeds.

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Editor's Table.

DOMESTIC SOCIETY IN OUR COUNTRY.—The numerous articles which were called forth in the newspapers and magazines of the United States by the exposure of the Free-Love Association of New York City, were calculated to arrest the attention of every thoughtful man. The moral of these sharp and severe criticisms was proof enough that such abominable principles, in league with the most iniquitous passions, could find no favor with our people. Men wrote and spoke as if this tyranny of lust were the most odious tyranny that could threaten them, and they wisely thought that the presence of such an evil, even in an incipient form, was calculated to alarm all who looked on the domestic constitution as the security of all virtue and the foundation of all excellence. It was easy to see that there was no professional parade of editorial pens on this subject. The deep and earnest feeling, that can not be mistaken—that pharisaical sanctimoniousness can not counterfeit—was every where apparent. It was not a conventional homage to an accepted and honored institution, because it is the fashion to speak reverently of Marriage, but a truthful conviction, that uttered its profound hostility to a cheat, a lie, a social infamy of the meanest, lowest, blackest sort. Whatever shortcomings may be charged on the American Press, it came up, in this instance, to the standard of duty. It showed itself a watchful guardian of the great interests of society, and fairly won the hearty tribute of all good and true men. The lesson should not be forgotten. Vice may hope for some success so long as it can keep its ancient friendship with secrecy and darkness. In this way, the race of certain beasts of prey, fitted to ravage and destroy, has been perpetuated. The instinct of night has preserved them from extirpation, and they have never failed to value that to which they have owed so much. The advocates of a bestial immorality ought, at least, to be beasts enough to know the difference between sunshine and midnight.

There is, we repeat, a most instructive moral in the history of this exposure. It has aroused men to recall some old-fashioned ideas that the mad spirit of innovation was bent on exterminating. They have taken a new look at these ancient and hereditary sentiments, and fervently thanked God that they had been trained to prize them as the elements of all domestic sanctity. While it has demonstrated that no institution, however venerable by age or hallowed by usage, can escape the assaults of a false philosophy and a heathenish morality, it has also proved that some grand truths have found a home in the shelter of our intuitions, and that no sophistry and no temptations are sufficiently strong to drive them from this safe retreat. It is well for men to have their thoughts turned in this direction. Home is the great power that rules the civilized man, and as it is Marriage that makes home all that it is, it can scarcely be possible for us to attach too much importance to its position in the economy of nature and Providence. One of the most fortunate things in our condition as a free, self-governed people, is the prominence that is given to this beautiful sentiment of home. The same circumstances that lay such an emphasis on the possession of liberty, exalt the charms of home, and stimulate men to seek its calm and elevating pleasures. More than this, they put a home within his reach. A country like ours encourages the domestic affections; for here industry is sure of its rewards; toil can easily find a place to rest its weary limbs, and the tranquil enjoyments of the fireside are open to all who desire to experience them. The influence of this fact is beyond calculation. It is the main secret of our prosperity. It has done more to expand the territory, develop the resources, and enrich the wealth of our nation than any thing else. Not only may the humblest citizen secure his own home, but, if he has ordinary tact and enterprise, he may create a home that will satisfy his highest ambition. It may become an abode of comfort, and, perchance, of luxury, where Literature, Taste, Art, and Elegance may minister to his finer tastes and adorn the hours that cheer his fireside. Political economy computes not the productive power of this sentiment in its statistical tables, and yet all its skill and science can not accomplish for Government what this single impulse is doing in the annals of everyday life. Every home becomes not only an argument for the protection of Government, but it contributes its proportion to the general wealth of the land. It has the germ of the factory, the store, the exchange. It originates the laws of trade and commerce, and multiplies its simple ideas in all the myriad shapes of this busy world. The facility, therefore, with which a home may here be obtained is one of the most favorable circumstances of our condition. It constitutes a marked feature of our civilization, and places man, both in his individual character and social relations, on the best possible foundation for true and thorough progress. The most of men never recur to philosophical reasons as the warrant for their principles or the support of their actions. Nor is this necessary, for their own native instincts anticipate the deductions of logic, and render them practically wise in the genuine interests of human life. And yet philosophy, as it examines the domestic laws of our nature, and traces their connection with the order of Providence in this new world of Western Life, can not fail to be struck with the special significance that is here stamped on the economy of the household, and the striking part it is destined to act in the magnificent future of American Freedom.

If the sentiment of home, as a sentiment of the Anglo-American heart, is the main-spring of our industry and enterprise, it is equally the strong conservative power of the country. It binds us to our institutions. It establishes a partnership between every man who has a home, or hopes to have one, and the Government. It teaches him to be a friend to law and authority. Magnify as we may all other conservative agencies, it is the strength and sanctity of this home-feeling that impart force to their operation. Patriotism would be a feeble passion; wealth would lose much of its value as a means of promoting the stability of institutions: and brotherhood would vanish as a sickly dream. but for its vital presence. The lowliest cottage that stands in a hidden valley contains an unrecognized statesmanship that is working, in holy union with a heavenly law, to perpetuate the birth-

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right of liberty. Its humble toil, its daily intercourse of love, its morning and evening prayers, are steadily and surely creating a moral grandeur that is far mightier than physical defenses, and far more assimilative than political doctrines. It is not, therefore, what home is simply in itself as a domestic economy, but home as a national strength, that we are to study its laws and estimate its relations. Our firm conviction is, that this sentiment ought to occupy a higher position here than in any other country, and that it is the plan of Providence for it to produce more important results in the career of man, than under any other circumstances by which it is surrounded. In brief, be it said, that the legitimate action of our institutions is to place the family in the foreground of human interests, and to intensify its agency to the utmost scope of its capacity for social and philanthropic influence. Nowhere in the world ought there to be such homes as in the United States, because nowhere is there such an opportunity, on so broad and munificent a scale, to collect the elements of domestic power and distribute them through all the channels of personal and relative activity.

The men and the women of our country are ordinarily left free in the choice of their connections for life. No one can doubt that a larger proportion of persons marry in the United States, under the simple impulse of affection, than in any other community. There are comparatively few temptations to marriage for the sake of position and influence. Families may have a certain sort of prestige, and among themselves the pride of hereditary renown may be valued, but outside of their own circle it commands no homage. It does not weigh an atom in the popular scale. The nearest relative of Hancock, Adams, Jackson, borrows nothing from his ancestry. Had George Washington left a line of descendants, they would have derived no advantage from the splendor of his name. Our leading families have made no mark either in our social or political history, nor do they to-day enjoy, as such, any degree of special consideration. Hence marriage connections for the purpose of gaining distinction or perpetuating celebrity are so rare as to attract no attention. If the natural affinities of taste and affection are disturbed, it is certainly not the effect of our social organization. Men and women may sometimes be base enough to marry from secondary and selfish motives, but this is not the fault of society. The prevailing rule is a domestic union, founded on attachment. Common sense and ardent feelings usually determine the choice of companionship. Not even does imagination lend more than a subdued lustre to the hours of courtship and the bridal scene. Romance has but a slight charm for us. Our real life finds it almost impossible to domesticate those excitements of the fancy that give to marriage an air of chivalric achievement; and our novels, where they undertake to appeal to such sentiments, have instantly to fly to a foreign imagery and a pre-democratic period. Both race and country combine with us to render marriage an act of affection; and where such is the fact, human nature is strong enough to do without fictitious impulses. A man or a woman who is heartily in love is far in advance of dainty poets and picturesque novelists. There is something much more tender and winning than romance—a life beyond the imagination—a new world barred to all save the captives of this luxurious joy. It is a divine prelude to the most glorious of human experiences, that is too self-satisfying for the mimic pantomime of fiction. And hence our good old Saxon blood takes marriage with God's message in it, and we come to our fireside to find the awaiting beatitudes of peace and happiness. A practical people like ourselves are naturally impelled to contemplate marriage in this light, and we instinctively seek its blessings as a compensation for the "wear and tear" of outward life. The mere fact that we are a practical people, tends to preserve us, on the one hand, from imaginative sentimentality, and on the other, from those grosser amusements which the idleness and brutality of less vigorous races have always indulged. There is an intimate connection between the pursuits of a country and its domestic habits, and it will be seen by every one examining this subject, that a nation of enterprising industry, in which mind and muscle are taxed to their utmost limit, is compelled to depend on the calm and renovating power of home-life. But for this great restorative, the working force of our people would be soon exhausted. It is the fireside, with its soothing tranquillity; the family table and its glad companionship; the evening hours and their genial inspiration, that once, at least, in twenty-four hours renew the souls of men and gird their loins afresh for the struggle of business. If, therefore, we take only a commercial view of the value of home, it will appear that the foundations of domestic life are deeply laid in the relations of business as well as in the organic structure of human nature; and consequently that the more active and industrious a community may be, the more essential is home to the development and direction of its enterprise. Apart, then, from the native instinct of domestic life which a Christian civilization cultivates, the mighty interests of trade and commerce contribute to enhance and discipline its operations. Home is intensified into an urgent want. The farmer as a farmer, the merchant as a merchant, no less than the man as a man, needs its supporting strength. It is indispensable to all genuine vitality of nerve and limb; and hence, stimulated both by his nature and circumstances to seek a home as the true complement of himself, he will find it the best earthly instrument of Providence to call out his energies, train his virtues, secure his happiness, and prolong his existence. Now it would be arrogance to claim that these are American ideas of domestic life. But no one can deny that these ideas ought to have, and must have a prominence, a force, a meaning here that are not common elsewhere. The reason is obvious. Social liberty, as the necessary parallelism of political liberty, is universal. It is a liberty from false restrictions. It is a liberty that circumstances may modify but can not destroy. Any man who has a heart can have a home. The rewards of industry are sufficiently ample to enable him to gratify his taste and affections in the choice of a wife. Whatever position is attainable by toil and worth is open to his ambition. There is an abundance around him, out of which he can carve the goodly fortunes of home. The most magnificent residences of the city are an advertisement of what his enterprise may accomplish, and the eloquent lessons of their architecture tell him what his own unaided hands may rear. Every thing that surrounds him teaches the humblest working-man that he can reach the front rank of society and enjoy the cordial recognition of his fellows. There is a social dignity for his wife and

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children more noble than blood, and more valuable than caste; and industry, economy, intelligence, and virtue can secure its honors and privileges. All of us know that this exuberance of opportunity is frequently perverted. But its uses are much greater than its abuses. Its tremendous agency in encouraging, vivifying, and enlarging the domestic sentiment of the country is beyond appreciation, and its service to the wealth, purity, and growth of our community is far more extensive than its injury. One thing it has effected, viz.: *it has grafted the mighty energy of American life on the domestic sentiment, and made our countrymen more ambitious to have social distinction than any other position.* This is not an unmixed good, but nevertheless it is a good. Men must have something to live for in this world as well as in the world to come; there must be prizes for the senses, the intellect, the heart, no less than for the faith and hope of our higher nature; and it is better, vastly better, that our restless activity, our eager thrift, our boundless enterprise should spring out of a social impulse and covet a social gratification, than expend themselves, as they otherwise would, in military passions and political contests. Talk as we may, this very earnestness to advance our personal interests—this daily strife that goads such a multitude of men to elevate their domestic condition—*is the safety-valve of Anglo-American life.* It is this engrossing excitement that keeps down our fighting, bull-dog propensities. It is this that tempers our party-rage, and mollifies our sectional animosities. It is this that inspires us, in part, to value education and the other arts of a well-bred manhood. And, therefore, we trace the hand of God in this extraordinary development of the domestic sentiment of our country, and believe that He is using it, not only to illustrate the inherent beauty and utility of this sacred law in its connections with the household, but likewise to perpetuate and exalt the agency of Republican institutions.

Other causes are co-operating in the United States to encourage the growth and activity of the domestic sentiment. Within a few years past there has been less of a disposition to resort to the old, popular forms of amusement. The tendency of general taste and culture has been in the direction of such relaxations as the family could participate in and enjoy. The more exclusive and select kinds of entertainment, that appealed to fashionable pride, have declined, and diversions, music, and lectures for the many have multiplied in number as well as increased in importance. The patronage that supports this extensive system of instruction and pleasure is the patronage of the family. It is the great domestic heart of the country that now seeks these recreations, and hence they are operating so successfully to socialize the fireside by the addition of new sources of joy. Moreover, a modern home is often able to supply, through itself, the most interesting of these pleasures. How many homes in this land are now furnished with those means of tasteful gratification that formerly had to be sought in public! A comparatively small proportion of families may possess wealth and refinement sufficient to have statuary and paintings, but notwithstanding, a constant movement is discernible in this direction, and a considerable part of our people are learning to regard pianos, books, engravings, as a necessary outfit in a dwelling. American homes are daily becoming fuller representatives of art and beauty. The scope of home—its inward dominion—is expanding and private munificence is every where intrenching on ground that we used to think was the property of the public. A great work of art is hardly announced before the tidings follow that it has been sold to enrich a private gallery. Such examples of splendid opulence are necessarily rare, but they are tokens of a progressive mind in our country, that magnifies the attractions of home. And then, newspapers and literature, what a household power have they attained! What materials they contribute to the conversation of the table and the family fireside! It is scarcely possible for us to measure the extent of that change, which the modern press, in this particular, has introduced. The swift couriers that fly over sea and land; the telescopic eyes, that search all climes; the mighty steam-press issuing its daily bulletins of thought, word, and deed; the reported cloud, wind, tempest of the air; the reported events and movements of the world are not for merchants and statesmen alone. The eyes of the domestic groups that fill the city and the country await them. The young children discuss them, and the aged grandfather replenishes his stock of chat out of their ready resources. The whole world is thus brought to the hearth-stone, and home is converted into a receptacle for the intellect, trade, impulse, and advancement of the entire race. Such characteristics of American homes give a wonderful significancy to their position and influence. They forcibly illustrate the fact, that the educating agencies of our life are accumulating more and more within the circle of domestic power, and that from hence are to issue forth the master-thoughts and the master-passions which are to sway the destinies of our people.

Another point should be considered. Any estimate of the domestic prospects of a community must be radically defective that fails to take cognizance of the interest evinced in children. It is just here that the domestic sentiment of our country shows one of its most beautiful features. Nowhere on this earth is there such a general and generous sympathy cherished for children. And how numerous and diversified the forms which it assumes! A ministry for childhood fills the land. It is a ministry of Literature—thinking, creating, printing, diffusing thousands of special volumes for its hand and heart. It is a ministry of Charity—establishing Five Points' missions, and building hospitals for orphan loneliness. It is a ministry of Government—providing the means of gratuitous education, and inviting all to partake of its benefits. It is a ministry of Piety—turning from the toil of the week to the labors of the Sabbath, and sheltering these little lambs in the pastures of the Great Shepherd. There can not be a more touching expression of domestic heart than this, nor is there one more precious to Heaven. Wherever such scenes are unfolded, the prophetic benediction of Christ, as childhood lay in his arms and caught his smile, is fulfilled. But there is yet another aspect in which this deep interest in children may be contemplated. It acts quite as powerfully on the maturing and adult mind of the country as on its immediate objects. It is a living inspiration of domestic sentiments. For us, these institutions have a voice and an example. They keep fresh and buoyant the childhood of our own spirits. They strengthen our reverence for home; they bless our

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firesides, and lift their flames higher toward heaven. The bright images of home that flash out from the eyes of happy children imprint themselves on our hearts, and we return to the world with nobler impulses and for better deeds. There are about eight millions of children in our country under fifteen years of age; and if one brings this vast mass before him, and connects with it the stupendous moral and intellectual machinery acting on it, and considers also that, in its turn, it is affecting the spirit and sympathies of the community through the tenderest ties of our nature, what an aggregate of power presents itself to us! The care of children is the most exalted discipline of human life, and forming, as they do, the great focus in which the warm rays of wedded love meet and grow warmer, they raise affection to its holiest height on earth. Public opinion and public virtue need the same kind of training. They are half dead where the children make no element of public regard. We do not believe that a nation can ever have a mighty heart if it cherish no solicitude, and exercise no concern in behalf of the most momentous trust which God has laid on its responsibility. And hence we feel assured that, among the effective means which are educating the American people in the experience and practice of domestic sentiments, a prominent place is to be assigned to the relation that children sustain to the benevolence of the country.

But what were all this landscape of home without the charm of Woman, its central figure? The history of her creation contents itself with showing that she was made of man and for man. A deep sleep fell upon Adam, and he was awakened to find his help-mate, the Eve of prospective life. May not poetry see a symbol in that sleep? Whether so or not, a deep sleep long held the senses and the souls of men, until Christianity had prepared them to start from their carnal slumbers, and behold the restored ideal of the Christian woman. Thanks to Heaven the vision has been given us! The faded form of Paradise has not been returned, for then our hearts would sadden in the hopelessness of unattainable companionship; nor yet, indeed, has saintliness shrouded itself within her, and set her apart for distant admiration. Christianity has brought her back to the heart of man, and devoted her to the associations of his purest thoughts and best affections. Where Christianity is unknown, who sees her side by side with him, breathing the same atmosphere, sharing the same joys and chastened by the same sorrows, walking in the same redeeming path, and looking upward to the hastening heritage of the same beatitudes? Let any one compare woman as she appears in the brightest page of classical literature, with woman as she is honored and loved in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and he will easily see the vast difference between them. The world has but imperfectly learned the lesson that Christ taught on the character, office, and glory of the Christian woman. But still this may be truthfully and gladly said: the grand idea has been steadily coming forth into a more luminous position, and modern civilization has its thought and affection directed toward its advancing effulgence.

When we picture to ourselves the simple, beautiful, touching ideal of woman as Christianity announces it—the inspiring help-mate of a redeemed manhood—the queenly ornament of a kingly race—and then turn to what she is even in her best estate, in the realms of Christendom, the unrealized fulfillment is mournfully oppressive. The saddest feature of it is, that men know not the heart that God has given them for woman. They are but partially conscious of their capacity to love. Not even does imagination, so competent to evoke a well-defined world from the dim nebulous masses of the firmament, catch more than the outline. The shadows of earth have fallen on the fair orb, and it moves before us in eclipse. Apart from the testimony of Revelation, we have painful evidence of the fact, that our loss of Divine love has been followed by a diminution of power in those sensibilities to which the loveliness, purity, and worth of woman appeal. But yet, even now, if men cultivated the sentiment which draws them to the other sex, and nourished it with the thought and emotion which are needful for its growth, how soon would woman be appreciated in conformity with the Divine will! It is the heart that makes the clear, strong eye; and if that heart were but true to its Heavenly Father, it would not fail to recognize her beauty and excellence. She has a character, an office, a sphere all her own, and God has anointed her for a special work. Christianity has defined her place and sanctified her service. Judaism instituted the family, but Christianity perfected its idea by raising woman to her proper attitude. The progress of this Christian sentiment has been slow, and yet it is executing its task by subordinating the world to its authority.

If, however, the position of woman be considered relatively; if we take the general feeling of our public mind toward her, and measure it in connection with our realization of other moral and social facts as they stand related to Christianity, we think it must be obvious that we are not without reason for thankfulness and hope. Our conception of what she is, and our practical observance of the hallowed code of conduct that God has written for our obedience, are far below the just standard. Nevertheless, it may be affirmed that the expression of this sentiment in our civilization is emphatic. She is a great moral and social power in our country. No people defer more to her than ourselves. She gives law to our households, and even outside of that she reigns in many things supreme. No civilized man is so helpless and dependent in certain respects as an American gentleman; and the reason is obvious: our wives do our thinking in these matters, and we are perfectly content to follow their lead. A large part of our social system is under their control, and they legislate for our dress, etiquette, and manners without the fear of a veto. Take a number of our most thriving mechanical trades, and any workman will tell you that he succeeds by pleasing women. The same fact holds good with regard to most of our retail merchants. As for several of the learned professions, they are at the mercy of our women. A doctor's diploma is worthless until they sign it, and the popularity of the minister often hangs on their favor. It is, indeed, the subtlest, strongest, and most pervasive influence in our land, and, in a thousand shapes and forms, it moulds our judgments, directs our words, and determines our actions without our consciousness of its mighty presence.

Illustrations of this truth are abundant. Look for a moment at one of them. The recent unprecedented growth of readers in our country is one of the significant signs of the times. We are lit-

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erally becoming a nation of readers. The publishing houses of the United States are frequently unable to supply the demand for books. They cry out for something faster than steam, and swifter than expresses. Our readers are not confined to one class, distinguished by opulence and leisure, but they are found among all classes that enjoy any degree of easy circumstances. The diffusion of educational advantages has introduced a new condition of things, and converted the million into the patrons of literature. The special feature of this remarkable state of intellectual activity is *the prominence of our women*. They are the great customers at the book-stores, and of any popular work there are ten readers among the women for one among the men. We have often had an opportunity of verifying this fact, and hence the conviction in our mind that American women are the main agency in this increased use of books. Nor is this all. Viewed as a class, they are more cultivated than our sex, and they are impressing themselves more fully and successfully on the spirit of the age in all its better characteristics. The education of American women has not its external scope and exercise to the same extent that it should have, but there is this fortunate circumstance connected with it, viz., a cheap press and a substantial literature afford them means of enjoyment as well as of intellectual nutriment.

There is another noticeable fact bearing on the position of American women, and it is—the unusually large proportion of them in our middle classes who are refined and ennobled by the influence of personal piety. The extreme upper class, as it is indulgingly called, is not remarkable either for its benevolence or religion. Fashion has its sway over these persons; and wherever this is the case, fashion will be sure to do its work. A woman who has no religious principle, is compelled to tax her senses to the uttermost for pleasure, and within the range that virtue and propriety allow, she will be sure to make the outward world of show and sound minister to her gratification. Fine carpets, splendid upholstery, gaudy walls, and French mirrors, image her forth to shallow admirers in the completeness of her artificial character, while gay liveries and dashing turn-outs repeat her thoughts and aims to the staring crowds of the street. Down to their level she straightway falls—a creature of perfumery and paint—moral enough for the world's standard, but, for all spiritual significance, hardly worthy of a comparison with the cold statuary that tells a sculptor's dream. Such women, however, are rare. Fashion lives on exclusiveness, and as this is the most difficult of all attainments in our democratic land, the select circle of its devotees have to put up with a most meagre minority. The great mass of our women are in the middle classes, and the preponderating portion of them are true to womanly instincts in their genuine appreciation of goodness. Out of these classes has come a noble host of our best educators, philanthropists, and writers—quiet, unobtrusive, pure-hearted women, who could grapple with ignorance, destitution, and wretchedness, and yet be women. It is this sincere veneration for Christianity that constitutes one of the chief charms of American women; and if it were possible to analyze that prodigious influence which they are exerting, it would be seen that the religious sentiment is one of its main elements. How could it be otherwise? The time has past for woman to exercise her power over man by appealing to his imagination. She is no more a romantic creature. She has abandoned the company of fairies, and grown too wise to trust to the deceitful arts of magic. Christianity, acting through the structure of modern society, has uplifted the genuine sensibilities of human nature, and thereby dispelled the fictitious emotions which chivalry and poetry combined to produce. Womanhood now speaks to the heart of man, yearning for communion with the realities of beauty and excellence, and seeking substantial strength in its blessedness. And in harmony with this law, the religious sentiment must inspire woman, if she expect to be truly appreciated and devotedly loved. It is not woman that troubadors sung and knights worshiped, but the home-woman—the gentle, tender, morally impassioned woman of the Christian bridal and the Christian fireside, that men now admire and cherish. And toward this ideal American mind is moving. Deriving its original impulse from the Saxon heart, it has organized institutions, and established usages, forms, and manners that tend to maintain woman in this high position, and draw holy affections and generous services to her, as the "type and tabernacle of love."

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE take up our foreign chit-chat where we left it a month ago—snow on the roofs of the Paris houses, and witty dowagers (in view of the dog-tax) christening their puppies *Dix Francs*. So many have been the slaughtered dogs through the country districts, that in certain townships the authorities have been compelled to prescribe a form of burial for the brutes, that the air might escape the taint of their corruption.

The last month chronicled the names of many French dead, and we give a sombre turn to our first leaf now, by adding mention of the death of one of the most popular song-writers of France, M. Berat. He was a native and resident of Rouen, in Normandy, and his most popular *chanson* bears this refrain:

"J'irai revoir ma Normandie!"

A pretty thing it is, and has warmed many a Norman heart estray. They tell a story of a young physician and enthusiastic naturalist, who, years ago, in Chili, on the South American shores, wandered into the mountains, with only a Chilian boy for guide. Under the summer heats the boy grew fevered, and died. The naturalist was alone in the wilderness, with no knowledge of its paths or inhabitants. Fever and fatigue overcame him, and, after struggling manfully but vainly, he laid himself down under an oak to die. As the mists of a fevered and delirious sleep settled on him, and his last hopes faded, there came to his ear, like a breath of home, the refrain:

"J'irai revoir ma Normandie!"

The song and voice lightened his heart once more; he found strength to rise, to totter forward, to cry out. Friendly hands aided him; and he lived to come again to France, and to thank M. Frederic Berat for the song that saved him. The story will hang like a wreath of *immortelles* (which they sell for sixpence) on the head-stone of the songster.

There is another brave dash of sentiment in the story of a young corporal of the Imperial Guard, who lost an arm by a sword-cut before Sebastopol,

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and came home to be pensioned with a livelihood among the lazy veterans at the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

But the laziness was irksome to the hot-blooded corporal, so he wrote boldly to the Emperor, saying:

"SIRE—Though I have lost an arm, and my musket days are over, yet I could handle a sword in your Majesty's service: the country, too, would save my pension, and gain another soldier."

The Emperor sent for the corporal; dismissed him with the sword of a lieutenant, and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Are not these officers from the ranks of a value which our own administrators would do well to think of?

There is talk among literary *causeries* of a new work projected by Madame George Sand, and in which she will be assisted by Paulin Limayrac, the literary critic of the *Presse*, entitled "Celebrated Lovers." The galaxy is to open with a two-volume development of the loves of Adam and Eve; and subsequent studies are to give us Ninus and Semiramis, Pyramus and Thisbe, Joseph and the Wife of Potiphar. It is a piquant rumor.

Victor Hugo, meantime, is coming again upon the tongues and thought of people in a volume of verse, published simultaneously in Brussels and in Paris, but it will be a matter of disappointment to many that he has not sharpened his pen on any of the political whetstones of the day; his themes are those supplied by quiet meditation in his prison-isle of Jersey.

Berryer, too, another man of the times which are gone by, has startled very honest plaudits within a month past, by a display of his old forensic vigor in the courts of Paris. The journals give it only faint mention, however, as the echo of a voice which once made itself heard in the halls of legislation. A country must needs be prolific of genius when it can drive to the wall such minds as those of Hugo and Berryer (to say nothing of Guizot and Michelet), without feeling their loss.

Apropos of men of letters and of books, what shall we say of Dr. Véron and his romance of "Five Hundred Francs Revenue?"

The man himself is noticeable; noticeable for the great success with which he has turned only average abilities to the largest account. Dr. Véron prides himself on the title of *Bourgeois* of Paris; he is, indeed, a good type of the progressive, keen-witted, money-loving, self-indulgent *bourgeois*. He has turned all changes to account; has never entertained principles that would not yield to judicious persuasion, and never prosecuted philanthropic measures beyond remunerative limits.

Whether as critic, as opera-manager, or newspaper proprietor, he has conducted his schemes so shrewdly as to insure himself a wide reputation, abundant wealth, and hosts of flatterers. Even his enemies have never treated him with dangerous regard, and all their animosity has never risen above contempt.

When Louis Napoleon came from England, as member of the Constitutional Assembly, he took up his quarters at the *Hôtel du Rhin*, upon the Place Vendôme, and he summoned to his counsels, with that sagacity which for the last eight years has so uniformly befriended him, the prince of bourgeois editors—this Dr. Véron. This gentleman at that time, through his paper, the *Constitutionnel*, represented the moneyed interests of Paris, and was as good a republican, without doubt, as either M. Thiers or the best of the shopkeepers. From time to time he dined with the Prince Louis Napoleon, and may have proved the source of many valuable suggestions to the Prince while he was yet in the novitiate of his French career.

The Presidential election came on, and passed, Dr. Véron still dining from time to time with the Prince, and still representing, by his paper, the *Constitutionnel*, the *bourgeois* wealth of France. Finally came the second of December, and an Imperial scion grafted on the Republican stock. Dr. Véron was still a guest at the Napoleon table, and still the manager of the great newspaper of all good bourgeois.

But rumor says (or did say) that the Doctor, finding that the Prince had made so grand a stride by means of his suggestions, claimed a larger consideration and larger perquisites than suited the Imperial will. A sudden coolness ensued; the editor, presuming too much on his *prestige*, offered advice too freely, and urged it in his journal. But journals and editors had now a master in the Imperial Commission. The *Constitutionnel* was warned.

Doctor Véron, too sagacious to contend farther, opened negotiations for the sale of his journal—found a purchaser, and after a long suit with unwilling stockholders, secured an ample fortune as his own share of the spoils.

Thenceforward he devoted himself to all the indulgences of an epicure—in dinners, music, painting, and letters. Is there a sale of rare sketches at the hôtel in the Rue Drouot, one is quite sure to find Dr. Véron among the visitors, if not the purchasers. Is an old cabinet of quaint workmanship, or a unique collection of pottery on exhibition—the late editor of the *Constitutionnel* is a nice judge and a willing possessor of both.

His friends consult him regarding the merits of a new dancer at the Grand-Opera, or a new dish in the *cuisine* of the Provençal Restaurant, with equal confidence.

His Reminiscences of a Bourgeois, making up a glowing piece of egotistical entertainment; and his new book, which we cited on our first mention of his name, is a happy hit at the moneyed fever of the hour. It is a pleasant report of those observations which the Doctor has now ample leisure to make, upon the dealings at the Bourse, and the fevered life of the money-seekers of Paris. Its moral rises as near to soundness of principle as any thing in the character of the *Bourgeois;* it is this: Do not make haste to be rich.

We think that we dropped a mention some months ago, of the offer of certain premiums by the same Dr. Véron, for a poem, an essay on the letters and literary men of the nineteenth century, a dissertation upon the genius of Balzac, and a story. The first has been awarded by a committee of literary gentlemen (among whom figure several members of the Academy) to a poet previously unknown, and an employé in one of the public offices. The second has been declared in favor of a professor in the University of France; while none of the dissertations on Balzac have been found worthy; and the decision respecting the novelette is yet in abeyance.

THE Count Molé, of whose death we had occasion to speak a month since, has left a mass of valuable historic material in the shape of memoirs of his times: whether they will be made public under the present dynasty, or, indeed, for many years to

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come, is, however, very doubtful. Like those of Prince Talleyrand (which are still under the seal he himself imposed), they would compromise too many men of the epoch. Political history (in France) needs a succession of chroniclers. Men like Molé and Talleyrand lived too long for safe memoirs.

And while we have touched with our pen these literary waifs of gossip, why not complete our record by a mention of that little peace pamphlet, which (so far as popular discussion goes) has won all the honors of the day? It is not every book of six pages, even upon the engrossing subject of the war, which can serve as bait to a leader in the *Times;* yet the little appeal for a Peace Congress has not only won this notice, but has been the subject of commentary in every European journal of distinction. Even supposing (as was rumored for a time) that it was dictated by the Emperor himself, what a change in literary appreciation since those days when he wrote slow-selling books upon artillery and Socialism? Is his logic or style better now than then? Or do the five hundred thousand bayonets, which do his bidding, give the added weight and worth to his argumentation? Truth is always truth, to be sure; and common sense always common sense; but as the world runs, they count more in the mouth of a monarch than elsewhere.

We see it asserted in late papers that the pamphlet which attracted so much attention is due to the pen of a retired dramatic author, of little distinction, and scarcely known out of France. It is to be feared that a small name will blast a reputation which a great one had made; and all the more surely, since the chances of any Peace Congress seem to be fading fast in those warlike preparations which come to us from every corner of Europe.

At this moment, under our hand, lies a description of new war projectiles in course of manufacture in the foundries of Great Britain, which far exceed in magnitude any thing as yet known to military art; these are nothing less than bombs of three feet diameter, and weighing, without their charge, the enormous sum of twenty-five hundred pounds! One can easily imagine what the mortars must be for the discharge of such shot, and what the vessels, to give bed to such artillery!

We can not fail to observe, in this connection, that England is just now ripening all her energies for war, at a time when the opinion of the whole Continent of Europe seems tending toward peace. There is a rapidly-growing divergence of tone between the journals of France and of London. Is this not the beginning of the end of the alliance? If Great Britain continues obstinately to demand indemnities for the war, and France chivalrously ignores such a claim on Russia, will not a strong cementing bond of the alliance at once be severed?

Let us note here the opinions and the expressions of a French correspondent of one of the leading Continental journals—he is speaking of the anonymous pamphlet to which we just now alluded—"Notwithstanding the disavowals of the Parisian journals, and the divulgence of the real authorship by the *Morning Post*, the British public persists in regarding this proposition of a Peace Congress as the suggestion of the French Government; and every body is satisfied that such a congress, if it took place, would diminish still more the diplomatic influence of Great Britain.

"Better perhaps so for herself and for the world, when one considers the violence of her antipathies and the rashness of language which characterizes (even in these delicate times of negotiation) those journals which are supposed to represent the feelings of the nation.

"We have seen this people transfer its regard in a breath from Palmerston to Aberdeen, and from Aberdeen back to Palmerston—ignoring to-day its sympathies of yesterday.

"Is it not worth while to inquire, in view of such results of caprice and popular intrigue, if it be desirable for the good of Europe that England should maintain the diplomatic influence which she once possessed? Just now, Lord Palmerston and a fraction of the aristocracy, basing their zeal upon an over-excited national pride, demand a new campaign, that they may efface the memory of recent errors, and bolster up, as long as may be, their system of military aristocracy."

This surely is a falling away from the international compliments with which we were surfeited two years ago.

Indeed, although the world is advancing by degrees toward a kind of millennial brotherhood, where national characteristics will blend and lose themselves in a manner and in tastes common to all (at least, such is the theory of good peace prophets), we do sincerely believe that English and French tastes will be among the very last of coalitions. And with this thought strongly entertained, we have far less faith than most in the permanence and in the cementing forces of the present alliance.

England makes war either to ward off what she may count aggression upon her commercial rights, or to extend, either immediately or remotely, her mercantile interests. She regards commerce (and very justly in many respects) as the great Christianizer and civilizer of the world. But she persists in reckoning herself the appointed missionary, under whose hands these great issues of commercial success are to have development. France, on the other hand, sublimes her war-thought into some generous propagandism of political faith, or the execution of some chivalrous engagement toward that European society, of which she counts herself the accomplished mistress.

France will find a satisfying remuneration for the present war in the trophies from South Sebastopol which have been added to her galleries, and in the glory which has accrued to her armies; England, even could she boast such, would reckon them worthless in comparison with such substantial advantages as a moneyed immunity, or a new high road to India.

We jot these things down as so many shadows of the leaders in Continental journals.

We glance, in this connection, at that great gala-day of France, when the troops who stormed Sebastopol made their entrance into Paris, and defiled along the Boulevard. The banners and arches which had crowned the welcome of Victoria and of King Emmanuel were utterly eclipsed by the gorgeousness and heartiness of that display which greeted the armies of France. Never had the Emperor passed along his streets with so brilliant a retinue as attended him, when on that twenty-ninth of December he went to the Column of the Bastile to welcome, in a Roman way, his returning legions as they entered the gates of the imperial city.

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When war is loved for its glory, it is well to glorify its veterans. France will never lack soldiers, and brave ones, while she thus takes to her bosom, in the eye of the world and with festal honors, the shattered *débris* of her armies.

The National Guard stretched upon one side of the Boulevard, from the palace of the Tuileries to the Bastile; and on the other side were drawn up, in line, the garrison of Paris.

Within this pathway, and between the walls of houses decorated with every device of welcome, and alive with shouts of greeting, and with fluttering banners, and the waving kerchiefs of ladies, the veterans of the Sebastopol camp passed down to the Place Vendôme, where the Emperor took his second station, and where the Empress was looking down from her balcony in the Palace of Justice.

The papers give us touching little episodes of this festal passage of the troops. They tell us of the scars which many wore—of the arms in slings—of the limping gait—of the tattered coats, with blood-stains still on them; and of a white-haired general, whose bandaged head called every where for a special pæan in his honor. They tell us of mothers stealing along behind the line of hedging National Guard, with eyes fixed on some child not seen or heard of since the harshest days of the battle—all inattentive to the music, scarce minding her steps, following only her heart and her eye—not yet seen by him, and waiting the chance to rush through the lines and give a mother's embrace.

They tell us of others as eager—not yet seeing, but hoping to espy husband or son; now stepping slowly, with their eyes running swiftly over the ranks, and again, rushing madly toward some distant figure, in which they fancy a resemblance to the friend they seek.

Among the rest who won high tribute upon that day was the General Canrobert, now for the first time meeting the public eye. Rumor says that he would have declined any place in that day's procession, and occupied an humble position in the suite of the Emperor; but his Majesty's commands, given at the foot of the Bastile itself, were at once flattering and imperative: "General, go place yourself at the head of the army you have saved to France!"

The modesty and worth of Canrobert have endeared him to the heart of France, and he offers the singular, and perhaps unique example of a commander who has withdrawn from his position without winning a victory, and has yet conquered renown; a proof, if one were needed, that not the least of military virtues lies oftentimes in inaction.

In the midst of fêtes—for the Carnival is now on the march, and the Tuileries is lighted up with ball splendor—the great works of city improvement are steadily progressing. The Rivoli is now a street of cities. The tower of the Jacquerie has renewed the airy lightness which belonged to it in the centuries of its erection. They are now piercing the ground on the *place* which encircles it for a pair of bronze fountains. The workmen have commenced the demolition of the long line of houses which stretches hence from the Boulevard St. Martin, and in a six months' time at the least the eye can sweep through from the old fountain of the Chatelet, by the Seine, to the brilliant station of the Strasbourg railway. Another clean cut is in progress, from the gates of the Tuileries garden, opposite the Place des Pyramides, to the Boulevard des Italiens; and the narrow streets of St. Anne and Grammont will be transmuted into a brilliant Boulevard de l'Emperatrice.

Cheap, open-air kitchens have sprung up, under the government patronage, all over the city, where blouses may buy a pot of soup, or a dish of boiled meat and vegetables, for a sum which would seem small even to our country livers of the West. The old economic suggestion of horse-flesh is bruited once more, whereupon *Charivari* (the Paris *Punch*) gives us this pleasant transcript of recent experience:

"It will be remembered that not a very long time ago, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire discussed publicly, in the Academy of Sciences, the merits of horse-flesh as an article of food, and declared it equal, if not superior, to ox-beef.

"A few curious ones, on the merit of this declaration by a distinguished *savant*, have recently made a practical trial, and a couple of experimental dinners have been served—one at the government school of Alfort, and the other at the veterinary college of Toulouse.

"All meats except horse-flesh were excluded. This was served in soup, as a simple boiled dish, and in filet (roast).

"We are not informed if the saddle and bridle contributed to the soup.

"After dinner, the following series of resolutions was passed unanimously:

"'1. Resolved—That the horse soup is, upon the whole, superior to that made from beef.

"'2. Resolved—That the boiled dish (cut from the flank of a Flemish mare) was somewhat drier than similar pieces of ox meat, but possessed, on the other hand, a most exquisite flavor.

"'3. Resolved—That the filet (from a broken-winded roadster) was beyond all praise, and would compare favorably with woodcock or venison.'"

The same paper gives us the following letter from St. Lo:

"Monsieur—The epicures of our neighborhood assembled yesterday at the inn of the Golden Lion, for the purpose of making trial of a new dish; and the result of their experience is of so interesting a nature, that I can not forbear the pleasure of recording it, for the benefit of the public generally.

"The dish referred to was dog—roasted. You are aware, perhaps, that the Chinese have indulged in this luxury for many ages, but I am not aware of its previous introduction to the tables of Europe.

"To make the experiment as conclusive as possible, an animal was selected of very indifferent breed—old, blind, and one which the owner had turned into the high road as utterly valueless.

"The meat was considered excellent. I hardly know to what it could be compared. It was even better than a horse-filet. Its aroma was suggestive of pheasant, pine-apple, mustard, and turbot. Exclamations of admiration were unbounded. If an old dog proves so exquisite a morsel, I leave you to infer what might be hoped from a dish of fat, full-fed, well-bred pups!

"If you have a dog, my dear Sir, pray put him on the spit. It is the best thing you can do with him."

Madame Cruvelli, the eccentric and the favorite, has again become the subject of wide newspaper mention. She has abandoned the Opera for a husband. She is now La Baronne Vigier. Yet

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her entrance upon private life has not, unfortunately for her, stayed the tongues or the pens of the Paris *feuilletonistes*. There are hints dropped of a quarrel between the late star of song and the lady members of the Vigier family, thus early. The Cruvelli insists upon her right and her intention—when matrimony has grown tame—of returning to the stage, by way of occasional relief. The elegant dames Vigier are naturally horrified, and what may be the upshot another budget of Jules Lecomte can alone tell us.

The same gossip-monger to whom we are indebted for this, ventures a mention of the marriage (accomplished, or approaching) of one or two moneyed American girls with certain poor gentlemen of title who are hovering about the French court; and he impudently adds—"These pretty Republicans are crazy for titles!"

Will not some accomplished American penster, who knows their tastes better than we, undertake their defense? Or is it true that the longings of our American girls abroad are thoroughly titleward, and so, indefensible on any Republican grounds? Did not that most accomplished Democrat-ess, Margaret Fuller, come back from Italy a Countess? Are Republican ladies to be blamed if princes will leave their thrones to become their suitors?

HAVE we mentioned yet, in this fly-away gossip of ours, how Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt) has sung again to a crowded and an applauding house in London? Or how she was fêted by the venerable Swedish minister while in Paris, and purposely slighted and sneered at by all the Paris *feuilletonistes*, because, forsooth, she has never, and never will give them occasion to judge of her merit, by a hearing in their prostituted temples of music? But Paris can never forgive singer or actress a reputation which has not received the *imprimatur* of her critics.

EVEN as we write, the over-ocean journals give us new tidings of the pace which the war spirit is taking over the "old countries."

The coolness and the reflection which the cabinet of Petersburg is giving to the Austrian proposals of Esterhazy, is provoking to the last degree: provoking to the new Emperor of France, who had put on an unaffected air of conciliation, and was heartily satisfied (if Russia would admit his terms) with the glory which France had already won.

Had he not welcomed his returning legions with a Roman air? Had not all Paris, with its world-wide guests, seen the tattered banners and the tattered coats of his Imperial Guard pass through amidst shouts? Had not the name of Malakoff fallen under French embalmment? Had not his Gallic army given most grateful proof of their spirit and their power, in extending its protective arm over those British battalions—ill-clothed, ill-fed, and every way needy?

Had not that great country of Louis XIV., which had said "yes" to his appointment to his ten year' Presidency, and winked gratefully at his assumption of the Imperial purple—had not France asserted, with cannon, sword, and foresight, her position as first nation of Europe?

What did Napoleon need more? Could any thing more grateful come to his heart or his pride out of this war against the Czar?

Had he any highway to India to look after? Was he a trader, to consider what bills for bombs and battle were to be paid?

Not one bit of it: and only since the news has come back from Petersburg that the Czar makes little of his propositions, has the war-spirit wakened in him again.

Now, he says, he will lead an army: now he will make peace in the capital of the hostile state.

There is something grand in firmness and energy, wherever it comes from. Who does not admire the mephitic blaze which Milton has thrown around the Satan of his Paradise? The true *fire of action* will not let a man (least of all our quick-blooded American race) question the rule and the law, if only supreme energy manifests itself, and strikes to its issues with nerve and tact.

Has not Napoleon done this? Do not our sympathies therefore lie with him, rather than with the hesitating, commercial bantering which has marked British action in this great European action since the very commencement of the war? Is there any forbidding (or any wish to forbid) the voice from following with a plaudit where the heart runs with its instinctive likings?

We set down here, in the coolness of our Easy Chair chat, no judgments based upon fatiguing and night-long thought. We only dash at the currents of opinion as they drive past us and merge in the cumulative thought of the nation. We think we are right, too, in putting down national sympathies, just now, as joining heat with the fervor and energy of Napoleon.

We—the Easy Chair, with republican frame, republican lining, and republican stand-point—are, after all, quickened with that swift American pulse which loves deeds of daring and energy; we lament—tearfully and soberly, if you please—that France has not yet wrought itself up to that republican level whereon we profess to stand: we lament—with as many good sighs as you wish for—that Paris, with its great metropolitan heart, pumps all the life-blood into the political organization of France; and we lament, ten-fold more, that any one man should direct the machinery by which that life-blood is put in motion. But while it is thus, and Louis Napoleon sits there upon the Tuileries' throne as the representative of this imperial centralization, we applaud what is manly and earnest in him as sincerely and as heartily as if he were the chief of a wild American tribe collecting his energies for battle.

Heaven only knows what will be the end of this all! What follows in its train we see already. Those shattered arms and that mutilated face of the poor general whom we saw keeping his way in the procession of the returning army of the 29th December, tell us something. The poor famished ones of Kars (whose story is now before the world) tell us even more; and, with our thoughts resting on those miserable famine-stricken soldiers, who braved all the terrors of the enemy that they might dig up the carcasses of horses slaughtered weeks before in battle, what should we do but pray Heaven that the great war may cease, and that the other, which threatens between us and the "fatherland," may be quieted even before it wakes.

SHALL we spend a closing period upon that schoolboy play which keeps our Legislative House in uproar these six weeks gone?

Of what material is our Congress made, that it

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offers to the world, month after month, such display of littleness? If there ever was a time when our Republic should wear an air of dignity—the dignity of conscious strength and well-ordered growth—it surely should be in these times of trial to the old, and what we reckon the ill-formed nationalities of Europe.

Yet what spectacle do we offer! Petty strifes and miserable personalities have brought down our legislative assembly to the level of every honest man's pity! And that national voice—that people's voice, which we have reckoned on too fondly as the exponent of freedom and individual dignity (in these days of trial)—where is it?

Lost in idle votes for Mr. Banks, and Mr. Orr, and Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em!

Editor's Drawer.

MARS is the god of MARCH, but there is little of war that the Drawer ever brings. It may be that the reign of the god of war in this month explains the phenomena of so many storms that the almanacs with so much certainty and regularity predict; but however it is with the weather, we are concerned with the march of time, and the march of mind, leaving the march of armies to the men who manage them, and who are fond of the glory that is got by being shot through the neck and having your name spelled wrong in the newspaper. This reminds us of the "Dead March in Saul," and that reminds us of an incident which we do not believe, though we have the authority of the *Home Journal* for it, which ought not to tell such a story unless it were true. That journal, devoted in great part to the ladies, tells us that a lady playing on a pianoforte, on being called upon for a dead march, asked a celebrated professor of music what she should play? He replied, "Any march that you may play will be a dead one, for you are sure to murder it!"—a speech so rude, we venture to say, no man with music in his soul ever made. To march him out of the room, quick-step, would have been a very gentle punishment for such an offense.

And it was in immediate juxtaposition that the same paper describes the following *marches* in the "battle of life." "Courtship is the engagement or siege; the proposal is the assault; the engagement is the surrender; and marriage celebrates the victory." And what comes after matrimony? "Why," says this ungallant writer, "I am sure I don't know, unless the *Te Deum* (the *tedium*) that comes after most victories." One can not help feeling some compassion for the poor fellow whose experiences lead him to such records. Let us leave him "alone in his glory," and MARCH on to something better.

AND not much better will it be; for we take up a letter from a gentleman in Texas, who has been reading in the Drawer a statement concerning a "pleasant region" in that new and fast-rising State, where the snakes of all kinds, and the spiders whose bite is death, and a general assortment of poisonous reptiles too numerous to mention, are said to abound; and the writer now desires us to say, lest nervous and thin-skinned people should be deterred from coming to Texas, that he has actually *lived* two whole years in Texas, and traveled through it from its northern to its southern boundary; from Red River to the Gulf of Mexico; from the Trinity to the San Antonio, easterly and westerly, camping out much of the time; and notwithstanding all these favorable opportunities to make the acquaintance of all the snakes in Texas, he has seen but two centipedes and one tarantula, only one rattlesnake, and "nary one copper-head." It is very obvious, therefore—as this observing and extensively-traveled Texan has never come across the serpents, and so forth—that they can not be as numerous as our former correspondent supposed, and the readers of the Magazine may safely travel in those parts if they are so disposed.

THE extremest case of human weakness on record is that of the poet and wit Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was prevented from delivering a lecture on account of illness, and wrote to the Committee a letter of apology, in which he says, "I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty-dollar bill after my lecture, I should not have strength enough left to refuse it."

IN England they turn out to the left, and so

> "The laws of the Road are a paradox quite,
> For when you are traveling along,
> If you keep to the LEFT you're sure to be RIGHT,
> If you keep to the RIGHT you'll be WRONG!"

GOVERNOR SNYDER, the governor of the Keystone State, was sitting comfortably in his parlor at Selinsgrove, his rural abode, the cares of state sitting lightly on his breast, for he had just left his dinner-table and felt at peace with all the world, when a knock was heard at the front door, and Patrick O'Hannegan was ushered into the presence of the good-natured Governor.

"Guvner Snyder, I suppose," said Pat, with an attempt at an elegant bow.

"So I am called: pray be seated, and tell me what I can do for you to-day."

Pat cast a look around the room, rubbed his knees as he sat down on the edge of the chair, and after a few moments' hesitation he began on this wise:

"Wa'al, Guvner, it's about six years since I came till this country, and I've been a-livin' all that time up there on Lycomin' Creek, and I thought it was about time I was goin' home till the ould country, to see my poor ould mother, God bless her! before she dies, and all my ould friends there; and so I'm on my way, you see; and I thought, as I had heard people talkin' a great deal about Guvner Snyder, and what a great guvner he was, that I would call and pay my respects till him." Here Pat took a rest, and began again: "And so I'll be goin' to Philadelfy, and a good long step it is to go afoot, and then I'll go to New York, and go aboard a ship, and sail till ould Ireland, and [here he took a long look at the sideboard sparkling with its well-filled decanters] when I see my ould mother, and all my ould friends, I'll tell them how I called on the guvner of Pinsylvany, and how he was mighty polite, and give me a glass of brandy to drink his Honor's health."

The Governor took the hint, and filled a glass, which Pat emptied as soon, saying, "Your good health, Guvner, and long life till ye, and all your kith and kin!"

Down sat Pat again, and after answering a few kind inquiries of the Governor, he rose and spoke: "Wa'al, I 'spose I must be movin'. I'm goin' from here to Philadelfy, and it's a long step to go afoot,

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and from there I'll go till New York, and then I'll go aboard a ship to ould Ireland, and there I'll tell all my ould friends that here I called on the great guvner of Pinsylvany, and he give me two glasses of brandy to drink his Honor's health."

The Governor was caught, and poured out the second glass, which loosened the other end of Pat's tongue, and he went over the rigmarole again, ending with *three* glasses of brandy!

"Ah," said the Governor, "but you have not had *three* glasses!"

Pat was all cut up and cut down by this unexpected answer. He pushed his fingers through his hair, dropped his lower jaw, and looked like a deeply wounded "jintleman" as he was. A happy thought hit him, and brightening up he said, "But you would'nt have me tell my ould mother a lie, would you?"

The good Governor was melted for a moment, and the third glass passed from the sideboard into the longing bosom of the dry Irishman, who drank, and thus began:

"A thousand thanks, Guvner! the saints bless and the Virgin kape you, and give you long life and plenty of such brandy as this, your Honor! and now I'll be goin' to Philadelfy, and it's a long way there afoot, and then—"

The Governor could stand it no longer, but half-laughing, and half-mad at the impudence of Pat and his own readiness to be coaxed, he showed his guest to the door, and told him, as it was so far to Philadelfy, he had better be making tracks in that direction without any more delay.

It was very hard work to get the right answer out of the boy whom a traveler on horseback found at work in a field of miserable, yellow, sickly-looking corn that ought to be sent to the springs for its health.

"Your corn looks very yellow," said the traveler, as he stopped in his ride and talked to the boy over the fence.

"Yaas," said the boy; "it was the yaller kind we planted."

"And it's mighty small, too," the traveler continued.

"In course," said the boy, "cause we planted the small kind of corn."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I don't think you'll have over half a crop; do you?"

"Why, no, in course we shan't; cause for we planted this ere field at the halves."

"Good-by," said the traveler; "I think you'll do for seed."

But the boy would not let him off so. Calling him back after he had got on a few rods, the boy cried out:

"I say, stranger, I hope you pick up a deal of valuable information in the course of your travels."

The Temperance Reform does not date as far back as 1785, but a correspondent vouches for the correctness of the following report of a sermon preached in that year, in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts:

"*Text.* Isaiah v. 22: 'Woe unto them who are mighty to drink wine.'

"*Doctrine.* It is very hurtful to a man to drink strong drink to excess.

"*Proofs.* 1st. The text. 2d. Proverbs, xxiii. 29: 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry LONG at the wine.' And now I have proved that if a man drinks too much rum, his eyes will turn red and be painful; and he will babble and talk vain things; and he will have contentions, and wound himself or get wounded when there is no cause for it; and when the rum has done its work, and he becomes sober, he will be sad and sorrowful.

"*Improvement.* And now, my hearers, I meant this sermon for you; and you ought to hear it, and consider of it, and believe it, and not be mighty to drink wine and rum. For you will get up your teams, and you will go down to Boston, and you will stop at the taverns, and you will drink rum, and you will get drunk, and you will fall down, and you will roll over, and you will act more like beasts than like men. Though I must confess that it is good to take a drop now and then, and I must confess that if a man don't drink enough to feel it, he may as well drink none at all."

And a good deal better drink none at all is the doctrine of the present; but this sermon was preached seventy years ago. And, as the boy said, "Times ain't now as they used to was."

Did you ever observe the change that is gradually made in the style of our cravats as we grow in years? Up to the age of ten our necks are left at liberty. As far as eighteen the cravat is a matter of utility. From twenty to twenty-five it is an article of taste; at thirty it is an object of study; at forty it is a work of art. Having passed this age, our pretensions to elegance have become extinct; our cravat does as it likes; we take no heed of it; it gets flabby and humiliated; the shirt-collar rides rough-shod over it, or it becomes a kind of bag, in which we bury the chin, the mouth, and sometimes the end of the nose.

Small wits, who seek to make themselves merry at the expense of the clergy, are sometimes well-come up with, as in the case of the English merchant's traveling clerk in a rail-car with a clerical gentleman who had given him no occasion to be impertinent. But the conceited youngster thought to show his wit by asking:

"Does your reverence know the difference between a priest and an ass?"

"No, I do not," returned the priest.

"Why," said the young man, "one carries a cross on his breast, and the other a cross on his back?"

"And now," said the priest, "do you know the difference between a conceited young man and an ass?"

"No, I do not, I am sure," said the youth.

"Nor I either," said the priest, and the applause of the passengers sealed the retort and rebuke.

There are some districts of country in enlightened England, even at this day, where the light of knowledge has not become so bright as to render further increase impossible, as will be inferred from the following well-attested fact. A clergyman was preaching in a hamlet where the families were all weavers, working at home, and *by the piece*, for which they were paid by the employers in a neighboring town. The preacher took for his text those beautiful words from the sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," and explain-

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ed it to the great dissatisfaction and regret of the whole community, who up to that time had always supposed the blessing to have been pronounced upon people like themselves, who were *piece*-makers, and specially mentioned by the Lord! It was in vain that the good clergyman sought to show them how they might still enjoy the blessing; the charm of the passage was gone, now they knew it had no specific reference to men of their cloth.

LOVE'S ART GALLERY is very well drawn in the following lines by a new contributor:

'Tis a pleasant summer night,
And the moon is shining bright,
But the shutters are closed in;
Yet, within
Beams the magic Star of Love
On a youth and lady-love,
Who begin,

Though their hearts o'erflow with pleasure,
To converse, in sober measure,
Of a future happy day,
When, away
From their present place of meeting,
They may give each other greeting,
Every day!

They alternately make pictures,
And the paints they use are mixtures
Of love's blue with gold of youth;
And, in sooth,
Thus combining blue and yellow
On the canvas green and mellow,
Gloweth truth!

And, with Fancy's airy brushes,
Now they give the final touches
To the picture number one,
And 'tis done.
There's a bridegroom, bright and ready,
And he standeth near the lady
He has won!

They approach before the altar,
And their voices shall not falter,
As they promise to be true,
And to do
All they can to please each other;
While from parents, sister, brother,
Rise anew

Earnest prayers to God in heaven
That these bonds may not be riven,
E'en though the divider Death,
With his breath,
Blow the limbs of life apart;
For he can not crush the heart
That's beneath.

Making pictures! Pretty pictures!
Bright the colors in their mixtures;
Yet a sombre hue appears,
For our fears
Show us griefs that might befall us;
So to mix our water-colors
We use tears!

RICHARD RIKER, or, as he has come down to us, *Dicky Riker*, as Recorder of the City of New York, has recorded his own name among the names that the people will not willingly let die. The good things he said, and the better things he did, are among the legacies of the public; and every now and then the newspapers tell them over and over, as they are called up by the passing events of our own days. He is the father of an expression often used without reference to its paternity; but there are many still living who have heard him addressing many a prisoner in such words as these:

"Young man! I am sorry to see you here; I think I have seen you here before: I must send you up. The fact is, stealing is a vice which *is becoming altogether too common in this community*. I must send you up for six months."

At one time the Recorder himself was "up" at Blackwell's Island, on one of those junketing excursions in which the City Fathers often indulge even in these days of no liquor and reform. In the old times, when Dicky Riker reigned, they used to stay all night out there and have a "regular time of it," lingering two or three days, and taking the matter quietly. On one of these occasions the Recorder needed the services of a barber to put a smooth face on his Honor before he returned to the city, but unhappily there was no knight of the razor on the Island except the prisoner who did the shaving for his fellow-convicts. To him the Recorder was therefore obliged to submit himself, but with some misgivings. He took his seat, shut his eyes, and the white foam soon lay like snow on the hills and vales of the Recorder's face. The criminal barber now took his customer gently by the nose, and with the other hand raised the razor to commence operations. The Recorder opened his eyes, and, as they rested on the face of the Island barber, a flash of dim recognition for an instant lighted them up, and, in his blandest tones, he said:

"My friend, what unfortunate circumstance has brought you here?"

The barber scowled savagely, and, with a profane expression for a preface, he replied with great earnestness and spite,

"No unfortunate *circumstance* at all, Sir; *you* sent me here. A man stands no chance at all in your hands; but *you are in mine just now*."

And as he said this, with a quick movement he dipped the razor into a cup of boiling water that was standing on a stove at hand, and drew the hot back of it, with all his might, across the bare throat of the Recorder, as it lay temptingly before him.

"Murder! murder!" roared the judge, as he sprang from the chair, gathering up the towel close about his neck and sinking down again, in the full conviction that he was a dead man. His shout had raised the house; the prison officers and aldermen came rushing in to know what was the matter.

"Don't you see the blood," faintly gasped the dying Recorder, as he pressed the linen more closely to the gaping wound to stanch the crimson current! His friends loosened his grasp, removed the towel, and assured him there was some great mistake, for his neck was innocent of blood. Sensible at last that such was the case, the Recorder slowly let the towel fall, recovered his breath, drew his hand lightly across his throat to assure himself that it was all right, and then, while the rest indulged themselves in a hearty laugh, he solemnly said to the barber,

"Young man, you took me by surprise. I was not quite ready to be murdered; jests are good, but such jests as these should not become too common in the community."

THIS anecdote of our ancient Recorder reminds us of a revolutionary incident, not written in any of the books, but admirably illustrative of the spirit of those times when boys as well as men were heroes, and the spirit of patriotism burned like that of martyrdom in all hearts. The British army were in possession of the city of New York.

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Petty tyrannies were, of course, not unusual, and sometimes they became very capricious and intolerable. An officer entered a barber's shop, where only a boy was in attendance, and after a deal of blustering and swearing because the master was out, he drew his sword, laid it on the table with much flourish, and thus addressed the lad:

"Now, my boy, shave me, and, by the Lord Harry, if you draw one drop of blood on my face, with your blundering work, I will run that sword through your body: you hear, do you; and now take care how you work."

The lad proceeded deliberately with his business, and shaved the officer as well as he could, and fortunately without nicking the skin of the elegant Englishman, who surveyed himself in the glass, and again addressed the youngster:

"Now tell me how you dared to shave me at all, after I had threatened to kill you if you cut my face?"

"Because," said the boy, "I knew I had the advantage of you; for if I had been so unfortunate as to nick your chin, I would have cut your throat from ear to ear!"

The cold sweat broke out on the officer's brow at the thought of his own escape, and he marched out of the shop, wondering at the race of rebels with whom his country had to contend.

A CORRESPONDENT says that he has seen the first part of the following story in the *New York Observer*, and he thinks the latter part, though bordering on the profane, is worth preserving as showing the "Spirit of '76."

During the hard-fought battle of Bennington, two brothers fought side by side, protected by the trunk of a fallen tree. The oldest was a man of prayer, but the other was not. Baum's Indian allies were in ambush, picking off the Americans, when the elder brother got sight of one of them, and, taking a long aim, lifted up heart and voice in prayer, saying, "Lord have mercy on that Indian's soul!" and buried his bullet in the red-skin's brain. The other brother got a shot at another Indian at the same moment, and as his ball entered his head, he bit off the end of his cartridge to load again, and said, "*There's another Indian gone to hell!*"

FEW anecdotes of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun are floating in the public mind. He was not a man *of the people*, but his genius and his habits placed him above the masses, whom he nevertheless held with a fascination as hard to explain as to resist. The following has never been published, and though it is not one of humor, it is remarkably characteristic of Mr. Calhoun, and well deserves to be repeated:

"In the early days of his political career, Mr. Calhoun had a powerful rival and opponent in the Abbeville District. South Carolina was at this time in a state of high excitement, and party feeling raged fiercely in a struggle to overthrow an aristocratic feature of the constitution. The issue was upon topics that enlisted the interests and prejudices of parties, and they waged the contest with the energy of a civil war. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Yancy were on opposite sides, the leaders of hostile bands, and the idols of their respective hosts. There was, and is, for he still lives, a man named Marvin, one of the most violent of Mr. Yancy's party, warmly attached to him as a personal and political friend, and following him blindly as an infallible guide. He was a very eccentric man, and his peculiarities had perhaps led the people to call him 'Uncle Jacob,' by which name he was better known than that of Marvin. Bitter in his prejudices and strong in his attachments, he could see no right in an enemy, no wrong in a friend. On the other hand, Mr. Yancy was one of the most amiable and candid of men. The strength of his mind, combined with the tolerance of his feelings, raised him above the meanness of clinging to error when reason opposed it. In the discussion that ensued, Mr. Calhoun's arguments overpowered him, and he candidly confessed himself a convert to his great rival's opinions. Great was the rage of 'Uncle Jacob' when he heard that Yancy had struck his colors to Calhoun. He swore a big oath that he would *thrash* Calhoun if the story was true. He soon found that it was so, and started at once to put his threat into execution.

"He found Mr. Calhoun walking slowly and calmly back and forth, for exercise, on the piazza of the hotel where he was boarding. Mr. Calhoun had been informed of Marvin's intention, and as soon as he saw him coming, prepared himself for a triumph, not of force, but of manner and address. Marvin took his stand where Mr. Calhoun was to pass, and awaited the trying moment. Mr. Calhoun approached, spoke kindly, and passed on with his blandest smile. Again he passed, and again, each time repeating his soothing salutation, and expecting the man to commence his attack. But a strange fascination had seized upon 'Uncle Jacob.' The spell which genius throws over those who approach it, had unmanned him. At last he could stand it no longer, but bursting into tears, he grasped the proffered hand of Mr. Calhoun, told him frankly the errand on which he had come, and begged his pardon. Mr. Calhoun then began to press his arguments cautiously but forcibly, and in a few minutes Marvin was one of his converts, and a decided friend. From that day onward Mr. Calhoun had no more ardent follower than Marvin, and of all 'rabid nullifiers' Uncle Jacob was the rabidest, and to this day he believes there never was such a man in this world as that same John C. Calhoun whom he tried to whip, and who conquered him without raising a finger or saying a word."

The writer of this admirable incident adds, that if the ambition of Mr. Calhoun had not been chastened by exalted virtue, he would have possessed an influence over men dangerous to his country.

THE precocious lad who invented the following conundrum has had ice on his head for some days, and it is thought he will recover if kept quiet a week or so:

"Why is an elephant unlike a tree?

"Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does."

THOMAS JEFFERSON SOLE, an independent farmer, writes the following letter to the county newspaper. His complaints are reasonable, and we trust he will soon find a teacher to his taste:

"Mr. Editor—I have ben sendin' my dater Nancy to scool to a scoolmaster in this naborhood. Last Friday I went over to the scool just to see how Nancy was gettin' along, and I sees things I didn't like by no means. The scoolmaster was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation,

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and as I think improper. I set a while in the scoolhouse and heerd one clas say ther lesson. They was a-spellen, and I thot spelled quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shot! and determined she should leave that scool. I have heerd that gramer was an oncommon fine study, but I don't want eny more gramer about my house. The lesson that Nancy sed was nothing but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridicles luv talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she sed was:

I love!

"I looked rite at her hard for doin' so improper, but she went rite on and sed:

Thou lovest,
He loves,

and I reckon you never heerd such a riggermyrole in your life—love, love, love, and nothin' but love. She sed one time,

I did love.

"Ses I, 'who did you love?' Then the scholars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed, 'who did you love, Nancy? I want to know—who did you love?' The scoolmaster, Mr. M'Quillister, put in and sed he wood explane when Nancy finished the lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy went on with awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed:

I might, could, or would love.

"I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The scoolmaster tried to interfere, but I wouldent let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nockt him down and made him holler in short order. I taukt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him how he'd larn my dater gramer.

"I got the nabers together and we sent Mr. M'Quillister off in a hurry, and I reckon thar'l be no more gramer teechin' in thees parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your regeen that doant teech gramer, we wood be glad if you wood send him up. But in the footure we will be keerful how we employ men. Yung scoolmasters wont do, especially if they teeches gramer. It's a bad thing for morils. Yours till deth.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON SOLE."

IT is astonishing how far some men will allow their feelings of religious sectarianism to carry them. There was John Munson, or "old Munson," as he was known all the way from New York to Albany in those times when steamboats were rare, and railroads unheard of, who kept tavern at Poughkeepsie, on the "old Post road." John Munson was a rare old Churchman, a Church of England man, of the straightest, strictest sort, and it became a well understood fact, that he would always treat his Episcopal guests to the best his house afforded, and rather slight the "Dissenters," as he reckoned all other people.

It chanced one day that a stranger on horseback, who had heard of Munson's peculiarity, called at his house for lodging, and was riding a splendid horse, of which he was remarkably fond, and required to be well taken care of wherever he put up. The attentive landlord met the stranger with his beaming smile, who, as soon as he dismounted, began:

"Ah, landlord, I hear you are a sound Churchman, a true Episcopalian!"

"That I am," said Munson, "and I trust you are the same."

"Very near it," said the stranger. "The truth is, I am a Presbyterian myself, but my horse, the noble fellow, is a decided *Episcopalian*. You'll take good care of him, won't you?"

THAT was a very fair retort of a pretty girl, annoyed by the impertinences of a conceited beau at a wedding party:

"Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony?" he asked.

"No, Sir, how should I?"

"Why I was blessing my stars that I was not the bridegroom."

"And I have no doubt the bride was doing the same thing," said the girl, and left him to think it over again.

As a general thing we hate parodies, for the same reason that we hate a clam—it seems a miserable attempt to be an oyster; but the following, for a parody, is very fair:

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

A Parody on "The Old Arm-Chair."

"I love it, I love it, and what of that,
Who'll chide me for loving that old straw hat?
I've gazed on it oft with unspeakable pleasure;
I've preserved it long as a sacred treasure;
I've guarded it long with tender care;
'Twas the gift of a maiden so loved and fair—
Her fingers have woven each delicate plait,
And a sacred thing is that old straw hat.

"I love it, I love it, and who will say
That I should now cast that old hat away?
It hath circled my head where the sea-winds blow,
It hath shielded my hair from the mountain snow;
From noonday sun it hath sheltered my brow,
And think ye when *old* I'll desert it now?
In sunshine and storm, and in wintry weather,
That old hat and *I* have been friends together.

"I'll cling to it fondly yet many a day,
Till my eyes grow dim and my locks are gray;
And when Death's cold shaft to my bosom hath sped,
It shall moulder unseen in my earth-bound bed.
It tells me that life's parting sands run fast,
That earth's choicest gifts not long can last,
And I joy that a lesson so pure as that
May be gleaned from the fate of my old straw hat."

AN ear-witness of the following sends it to us from the shades of Harvard University:

In the Court of Common Pleas in Boston, Thomas Brown brought his action against James Turner, both of them being gentlemen of color, to recover some goods which Turner alleged in his defense he had bought of Brown by a regular bill of sale. It became necessary for Turner to prove the handwriting of Brown to said bill. A number of witnesses were called who failed to prove it. Mr. Morris, the counsel for defense, now called, with a triumphant air, for Mr. John Wright, a man as black as night, who took his place on the stand, and showing the whites of his eyes, and a pure set of ivory, waited for the questions.

Mr. Counselor Morris speaks: "Did you ever see Brown *write*? John Wright replies: "Oh yes-ur, nummer o' times."

Mr. Morris (highly elated). "Well, how does that look?" showing Brown's supposed signature.

Mr. Wright holds up both hands, and exclaims, "Oh, I knows nuffin' 'bout *dat*, Sur; I tho't you axes me, 'Did you ever see *Brown*, Wright?' Dat's my name; I seed Brown, but I neber seed Brown make his write; not at all; neber, Sur."

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Judge Hoar did his endeavors to preserve the gravity and dignity of the Court, but it was of no avail—the people would laugh, and nobody could stop them.

CHARLES LAMB, at work as a clerk in the "Old India House," is often pitied by those who think the drudgery of accounts must be very irksome to a man of his literary taste and genius; but he has his own quiet enjoyment over his daily labor, as a quarto volume of *Interest* Tables attests, with such remarks as these on the fly-leaf, in Lamb's round, clerkly hand:

"A book of much *interest*."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"A work in which the *interest* never flags."—*Quarterly Review.*

"We may say of this volume, that the *interest* increases from the beginning to the end."—*Monthly Review.*

NOT lately has a neater epigram than this, from the *Evening Post*, been found in the Drawer:

"As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a 'broth of a boy,'
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
'There's a relation of yours in that carriage.'
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
'Ah, yes, a relation—BY MARRIAGE!'"

THE Prosecuting Attorney had more than his match in Mr. Parks, when that witness took the stand, and the following examination took place:

PROS. ATTORNEY. "Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession?"

WITNESS. "He's been a professor ever since I knew him."

"Professor of what?"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks; what does he do?"

"Generally whatever he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows?"

"Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink."

"This kind of prevarication, Mr. Parks, will not do here. Now state what this defendant does to support himself?"

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp post."

To the Court. "May it please your Honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the Court."

JUDGE. "Mr. Parks, if you know any thing about it, state what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation, did you say?"

COUNSEL. "Yes, what is his occupation?"

"Well, if I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

Cross-examined. Mr. Parks, I understood you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking; does he drink hard?"

"No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks;" and Mr. Parks took his seat with the air of a man who had made a clean breast of it, and told all he knew of the subject in hand.

"MINE neighbor, Wilhelm, vot you tink of bolitics, hey?" asked Peter Von Slug, of his neighbor Von Sweitzel, the Twelfth Ward Blacksmith, one evening, as he seated himself beside him in a 'Bierhaus.'

"I t'inks much," said Sweitzel, giving his pipe a long whiff.

"Vell, vot you tinks?"

"I comes to der conclusion dat bolitics is one big fook"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a draught from his mug, "how do you make him dat?"

"Vel, mine frien', I tell you," replied Sweitzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, "I comes to dish place ten years last evening by der Dutch Almanac, mit mine blacksmit shop. I builds fine little house, I poots up mine bellers, I makes mine fire, I heats mine iron, I strikes mit mine hammer, I gets blenty of work in, and I makes mine monish."

"Dat is goot," remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be refilled.

"I say that I made much friends," continued Wilhelm, relighting his pipe. "Der beeples all say, Von Sweitzel bes a good man, he blows in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he mind his bus'ness. So dey spraken to me many times, and it makes me feel much goot here," slapping his breast.

'Yaw, yaw, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

"Vell, it goes along dat way tree year. Tree? Let me see, von year I make tree hoondred tollar, der next tree hoondred an' fifty—der next four hoondred and swonzy, and der next five hoondred tollar. Dat make five yeer. Vell, I bes here five yeer, when old Mike, der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me, and he say, 'Sweitzel, vot makes you vork so hard?' 'To make monish,' I dell him. 'I dells you how you makes him quicker as dat,' he say. I ask him how, an' den he tells me to go into bolitics, an' get big office. I laugh at him, ven he tells me that Shake, der lawyer—vat makes such burty speeches about Faderland—bes agoin' to run for Gongress, and dat Shake der lawyer dells him to dell me, if I would go among der beeples and dell them to vote mid him all der while, he would put me into von big office, where I makes twenty tousand tollars a year."

"Twenty tousand, mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yaw, twenty tousand. Well, by shinks, I shust stops der strikin', an' goes to mine friens, an' all der Yarmans vote for Shake, and Shake bes elected to der Gongress."

Here Mynheer Von Sweitzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, puffed his pipe as if in deep thought.

"Vell, mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume, "vat you do den, hey?"

"Vell, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchmans, for der office, an' he dells me I gets him der next year. I waits till after der next krout-making time, an' den I say again, 'Mike, ven vill Shake give me dat twenty tousand tollar office?' 'In two year, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der barty.' Vell, I stop a blowin' mit mine bellers agin, an' I blow two years for der party mit mine mout."

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"Two *year* mit your mout?" asked Pete, in astonishment.

"Yaw, two year. Den again I go to Mike, der swellhead watchmans, an' dell him der twenty tousand tollar about, an' he dells me in wun more year I gets him sure. I dinks he fools me, yet I blow for der barty anudder year, an' den, vat you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy, you gets him twenty tousand tollar."

"Gets him! Py shinks, Mike, der swellhead watchmans dells me I bes von big fool, an' dat I might go to der bad place, an' eat sour-krout."

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw. Sure as my name bes Von Sweitzel."

"After you do der blowing mit your mout for der party?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! vat you do den, mine neighbor?"

"I makes a fire in mine blacksmit shop, I blows my own bellers again, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mit mine own hammer. I say to mineself, 'Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, bolitics bes a humbug, and boliticians bes a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, *do yer own blowing and let boliticians do ders!*'"

Neighbor Pete thought he had come to a wise conclusion, and after wishing all sorts of bad luck to politicians, that class of men whose patriotism and integrity lie in their pocket, they ordered their mugs to be again refilled, and changed the topic of conversation.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

A FRIEND of mine was married to a scold,
To me he came, and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
"Alas! my friend," said I, "that's very bad."
"No, not so bad," said he; "for with her, true,
I had both house, and land, and money, too."
"That was well," said I.
"No, not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another;
I was cast, the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me fourscore of Yorkshire sheep;
All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For, when the sheep I got,
They every one died with the rot."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an open vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store."
"Why, then," said I, "that's better than before."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat and make the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burned my house to ashes."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For, what is best,
My scolding wife is gone among the rest."

"I *will* drown, and nobody *shall* help me!" exclaimed the man in the water; and though it was not a favorable moment to study English grammar, he would have expressed his own idea just opposite to the one conveyed in this exclamation; for he intended to say, "I shall drown, and nobody will help me!"

WE were rushing along the Highlands the other morning, in the Hudson River Railroad cars, surveying the cold, bleak, but superlatively grand scenery of that neighborhood, when our friend, who occupied a seat by our side, said, looking at the frozen river on which people were walking:

"Did you ever hear of a *wedding on the ice?*"

We replied that we had heard of weddings having taken place in very singular localities, such as in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, under the bank at Niagara Falls, and the like, but never on the ice of a river, to our recollection.

"Well," said our friend, "there *was* a wedding one night in the very middle of the Hudson, on the ice," and he proceeded to tell the story.

"A young man, the son of a wealthy resident of the western bank of the Hudson, became enamored of a young, beautiful, and wealthy girl on this side. His affection was fully reciprocated; but the father and family of the young lady opposed their union, and finally told the young lover that his suit would be in vain, and that consent to their marriage would never be obtained. He was even informed that thenceforth all intercourse between the lovers must thenceforth cease.

"But 'love is stronger than bolts or bars,' and they *did* meet, and that frequently, notwithstanding the most watchful surveillance. Many a time did the young man row quietly over the tranquil waters when the long shadows from the moon slept upon its bosom, and in

'The silent woody places,
Stand tranced in long embraces'

with his heart's idol. This was at last discovered, however, and a closer and more effective watch was the consequence. The young lady was sent to the metropolis for two months in the autumn, with the hope that she might forget her 'unfortunate attachment' in the gayety and everlasting bustle of society in town.

"But not so; absence only strengthened the sentiment of true passion in both hearts. Whether the two corresponded or not, I don't know.

"At last autumn passed away. The winds blew, and the snow descended; and during this time the lovers had communicated with each other and formed their plans.

"Did you notice that little church in the woods on the side-hill, opposite St. Anthony's Nose?"

"Yes; with a little shrine-like turret at the end."

"The same. There was a man preaching there at the time who fell in with the young people's plan at once, after having been made their confidant. They were more closely watched than ever; even the young man's family now began to protest against a match so obstinately contested.

"But their time was coming. They were waiting for the Hudson to freeze over! It was all arranged; the minister was in the secret—and being a young man and in love himself, he felt a sympathy with both parties.

"One bitter cold night the ice 'made' from shore to shore. Three cold nights succeeded; and presently boys appeared on the western shore with their little sleds.

"The time had come. Cold as it was, the rigor of the season had not cooled the ardor of the 'party of the first' or 'second part.' By appointment, and

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with much skillful manœuvring, and with the aid and connivance of the clergyman, they met on the ice, in the middle of the river, in the moonlight shadow of a great mountain, and there, standing amidst the grandeur and solemn winter-stillness of Nature, were made man and wife!"

"Is this really true?" we asked, "or is it a railroad traveler's story?"

"*True!*" said our friend, "is it *true?*" "Why there is not a man, woman, or child within ten miles of St. Anthony's Nose that couldn't tell you the story a good deal better than *I* have told it. But look there!—there is their residence at this moment!" pointing to a large and imposing mansion, of a picturesque architecture, surrounded by a grove of leafless trees, which in summer must hide the house entirely from view. "There they live—their families reconciled—with four little children around them, the pets and idols of the old people."

"How strangely events do shape themselves!" we said.

"That's a fact!" was the reply, and the story was ended.

A NEWSPAPER in one of the midland counties of Pennsylvania relates the following:

"A singular accident occurred on the Reading Railroad on Monday last. As the morning train was approaching Manayunk, the cylinder-head of the engine blew out, and with such tremendous violence, that, at the distance of forty yards, it struck a man who was walking between two others on the opposite track, carrying away the top of his head entirely, leaving his companion uninjured, but—considerably astonished."

"Considerably *astonished!*" We should *think* so.

A man—a friend—is walking by your side, along the public highway. You are talking as you jog along, when presently your friend has half of his head completely blown off by an explosion, and you are "*considerably astonished!*"

That is to say, the man was quite *surprised!* It seems to us that the use of this word, in this place, is almost as ridiculous as the Frenchman who said to an American friend, that he was "very much *dissatisfied*, having just heard of the death of his father!"

THERE are two kinds of witnesses that lawyers, as Mrs. Gamp says, "can't a-bear." The one is, the "*too* willing witness," and the other the "*un*willing witness." There was one of these latter—"Uncle Josh," by popular name—once on a time in the State of Georgia, of whom a friend, now deceased, gave the following ludicrous and amusing picture:

"One day, before our Justices' Court, it became necessary, to identify an individual, to ascertain whether, at a certain place, he turned to the right or the left, and it was unavoidable to swear the only person present in Court who was known to be acquainted with the circumstances. That person was 'Uncle Josh.'

"With much trepidation, and after considerable consultation with his client, 'Uncle Josh' was put upon the stand:

"'Well, Uncle Josh,' said the attorney for the plaintiff, 'the boys around here say that you can't tell the truth by accident; but I know you better—*don't* I, old fellow?'

"'Ye-e-s, Billy, you've known the old man too well to believe all the lies told on him. I've kissed the Good Book, my son, and I'll tell the truth as straight as a shingle. Don't you be skeert, Billy.'

"'Go on, then, Uncle Josh, and let us hear all about it.'

"'Well, you see there was a pretty sharp shower of old men at Joe White's "Entertainment," and we got talking about old times, and the like, and after we had taken a dram or two, maybe three, I started up the road; and as I walked pretty brisk, I see a man ahead of me, whom I first took for Bill Sikes; but when I looked ag'in, I allowed it was Bill Thompson; and so he kept up the road—'

"'Stop, Uncle Josh! Tell us, now—you *know* that road, don't you?'

"'Well, I *reckon* I do. I traveled it afore you was born. I've walked it, man and boy, these sixty years, and I've never been a squirrel's jump *from* it. There ain't a green shrub, or an old stump onto it that I don't know by heart.'

"'Very well; now go on with your story.'

"'Yes—wa'al: And so the man kept up the road, till he came to the forks; and when he come to *that*, he took the road to the right—'

"'Huzza! I *said* so!' exclaimed the enthusiastic attorney; 'I *said* "Uncle Josh" would tell the truth when it came to the push; the old man is the genuine thing after all. You see, gentlemen of the jury, as he turned to the right, it must have been Sikes.'

"During this outbreak of feeling 'Uncle Josh' had received a wink from the opposing counsel, and, without noticing the interruption, proceeded with his evidence:

"'Well, as I was saying, when he got there, he turned to the *left*—'

"'Hollo!—*stop* there, old man; none of your "tricks upon travelers!" You said, just this minute, that he took to *the right*.'

"'No, I *didnt*.'

"'Yes, you *did!*' exclaimed a score of voices.

"'Silence in the Court!' said the Justice, in authoritative tones.

"'Well, children,' said "Uncle Josh," 'don't *crowd* the old man; give him *time*. Memory ain't picked up like chips. So I *did* say the right; *your* right, as you stand to *me*, Billy, and *my* left as I stand to *you*. You know, my son, there are *two* rights—'

"'Which neither make one *wrong* nor one *left*, you old villain!' said the counsel. 'Now listen to me. The road that leads up from Joe White's tavern is straight until it comes to a fork. The right hand of the fork leads to Bill Sikes's house, and the left hand side to Bill Thompson's. Now, no more of your 'rights' and 'lefts,' but just tell me, did the man you saw go up *Sikes's* or *Thompson's* road? *That's* the question, "Uncle Josh."'

"'I—I—dis-remember.'

"'You "dis-remember!" you hoary-headed old scoundrel! Have'nt you "traveled that road all your life?" Have you ever "been as far as a squirrel's jump from it?" Don't you "know every green bush and every old stump '*onto*' it by heart?" and yet you can't tell which road the man took no longer ago than last week?'

"'No, Billy, my son,' replied "Uncle Josh," 'the old man is no chicken—he is gitting a leetle old now. I was born in the Revolution, and when the British—'

"'Sit down, you gray-haired alligator!' exclaimed the exasperated attorney; 'sit down!

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You have perjured yourself. From the word "Go," you have; you have equivocated from Dan to Beersheba; you have lied from Joe White's tavern to the forks of the road; and if the jury believe one word you have said, they are greater rascals than either you or the Justice there takes them to be!"

How many such witnesses as "Uncle Josh" have we not seen on the stand in the criminal and civil Courts of this city within the last two years!

HAVING occasion to call upon a friend and correspondent from the country the other day at the Astor House, we sent up our card; and as his room —in the crowded state, at the time, of the hotel— was "on the first floor from the roof," we stepped into one of the gentlemen's parlors adjoining the "office," and took a look at the papers while the servant was conveying our message. We had scarcely taken up a paper when a white-haired, benevolent-looking gentleman laid *his* down, and slapping his hand upon it in undisguised anger, and shoving his gold spectacles up on his forehead, said:

"What cruelty! Read that! If I was on the jury that tried that boy, I would sit till doomsday until a verdict was rendered that should consign him to the State prison."

He put his finger upon the paragraph, and pointed it out to his friend. And this was it:

"IN Cincinnati, on the 10th instant, one boy induced another to put his tongue against a fluted iron lamp-post, the thermometer at the time being far below zero. The tongue stuck fast, of course, and the poor boy suffered great agony. Several passers-by endeavored to release him, but in vain.

"Matters were in this situation for over five minutes, when a gentleman named Taylor went into the Telegraph House and brought some hot water and whisky, with which he bathed the tongue of the suffering boy, finally liberating about one-half, leaving the other sticking to the post, where it attached itself for the remainder of the day—a warning to youngsters how they recklessly lick cold iron in freezing weather. The luckless boy was taken to his home in extreme agony."

"'A warning to youngsters!'—'luckless boy!'" exclaimed the old gentleman; "why didn't the editor expose the little scoundrel who made that little boy put his tongue to that cold iron lamp-post? I speak feelingly on this subject, for I have good reason. One of the wealthiest merchants now in your city served *me* just such a trick once, when we were boys together. At his suggestion, one cold, biting winter morning, I 'ran out my tongue as far as I could' to 'lick an ax!' It took half an hour to liberate me, and even *then* half my tongue was gone. I have never forgiven him—I never *can!*"

DR. FRANKLIN himself can hardly be said to have enforced a lesson of frugality—"economy, with small gains"—more strikingly than is done in the following:

"*No*, Sir! he did *not* die of cholera at all! *He died of brokers, Sir*," said a man to another in the streets of Buffalo. "He projected an unwise improvement of a piece of real estate, made loans, covered himself with bonds and mortgages, and finally incurred '*a street-debt*' of two thousand dollars, which rapidly rolled up to eight thousand dollars, and crushed the life right out of him. He borrowed Canada money 'on call,' to be paid in current funds; got paper discounted, payable in seven days, in the city of New York; borrowed Ohio and Kentucky currency for one day, returnable in notes of Buffalo banks; 'shinned it' from street to street, and friend to friend, to keep the debt ahead of him. Why, Sir, I couldn't sit down to consult with him, or do any kind of business with him, with the least assurance that he would not jump up suddenly to go out and give another shove to that accursed debt. The memorandum-book of his obligations was always in his bosom; and, Sir, *it burned to the poor man's heart!*

"He was *owned* by brokers. He *worked* for them—*lived* for them—*died* for them. He did not die of cholera at all, Sir. He *died of a 'street-debt,'* upon which he had expended his strength every week, in throwing it ahead from one day to seven days!"

How many there are bustling about Wall Street in agony every day, who can testify to the truth of this only too graphic sketch!

QUITE a wholesome lesson, and not ineffective, is conveyed by a little piece of verse which we find in one of our country exchanges, entitled "*He had no Tongue in his Sled.*" Not a stone's-throw from our office may any day, during the "cold snap" in which this is written, be seen the difference between one who *has* and one who has *not* "a tongue in his sled," as he slides from Franklin Square down Frankfort Street:

"While taking a walk one day through the snow,
A boy with a sled came along;
But straight in the road his sled wouldn't go,
It 'wabbled,' and 'always went wrong.'
With urchins beside he could not keep pace,
He jerked it—then kicked it—and said,
'Confound the old thing! it's no use to chase,
Because I've no tongue to my sled!'

"Now many I see bestrewing the path
Of life, like this boy with his sled,
Who grumble and growl, and kick from mere wrath,
When, 'wabbling,' some pleasure has fled.
The fault is their own, I slyly suspect,
And to *this* conclusion I'm led:
I see, poor fellow! 'tis all your neglect
In not putting a tongue to your sled.

* * * * *

"When young men are courting of too many girls,
And flirting with all in their way;
First struck by bright eyes, then caught by fine curls,
Thus fruitlessly passing youth's day:
At last they propose, but find none willing
With Cupid's old foot-ball to wed:
Bachelors' graves they soon must be filling,
Because they'd no tongue in their sled.

"In fact, the whole world is one living mass
Of half-finished, 'wabbling' jobs;
With rubbing and jostling each as they pass,
Its head 'gainst its neighbor it bobs:
Twist and turn it, to suit your own taste,
For now, after all I have said,
I find that my time and labor I waste,
Because I've no tongue in *my* sled!'

AMONG the items of intelligence in the summary of a recent English journal, we find the annexed:

"The gallant Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had both his feet shot away at the Battle of Inkermann, has led to the altar Miss Louisa Gurney, daughter of Daniel Gurney, Esq., of Norwich, and sister of the late Hon. Mrs. W. Cooper. The engagement is an old one."

A true woman that—who saw in her mutilated

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betrothed more honor than all the gold medals which could have covered his unharmed person.

We are reminded by this of the brave Englishman who lost a leg and an arm in the battle on Lake Erie, in *our* war. On arriving in London, he wrote a letter to a beautiful young lady, who was affianced to him, saying that his misfortunes in war had not left him the same man he was when he last took leave of her; that he was mutilated in person, though as whole in heart as ever.

The noble girl replied that she was ready at any moment to consummate their nuptials; that as long as he had body enough left to contain his noble heart, her own was wholly and only his!

It amuses us not unfrequently, in looking over our exchanges, so see with what virulence our country contemporaries sometimes write, in relation to matters which, after all, the public have not the slightest interest in—not even readers in their own immediate circle. Here, for example, is a specimen, copied literally from a Western paper now before us. We "name no parties" and no locality, and only wish to enforce a lesson in the extract which we make, and a single word of comment which we desire to offer:

"*Truth* is a word unknown in the vocabulary of the 'D——.' The man whose midnight hours and whole family substance has been wasted at the gaming-table; whose life has been a living lie upon his professions; whose pen has been a willing instrument in the hands of lynx-eyed jealousy, to defame character and to decry virtue—*such* a man is a fit subject to sprawl on the floor at the feet of a liquor-fumed statesman!"

"Liquor-fumed s' .tesman," as Polonius says in Hamlet, "is good." But hear the gentle editor a little farther:

"We pronounce his paragraph in relation to the writer of *this* paragraph as every iota a falsehood. We cast the falsehood in his teeth, and brand it on his brow. Go, viper! back to your native haunts, there to feed and fatten on the foul creations of your own distempered brain! Go, howl your maudlin plaudits in the ears of your admiring master!" etc., etc.

Whew! and what, after all, was all this about? Why, some six lines, in the columns of a contemporary, in which our editor had been rather slightingly spoken of, and which, if *he* himself had not alluded to, or replied to it, would have been wholly forgotten in two or three days.

There is a *lesson* in this, and a valuable one. Let us hope it may be heeded.

"If the moon *is* made of green cheese," said a philosophical old lady once upon a time, in the town of Rye, on Long Island Sound, "then that settles the question about its being inhabited; 'cause every body knows that cheeses *is* inhabited!"

Good reasoning: but Lord Ross (whose famous telescope is one of the wonders of the world) don't seem to think so. He says, in a late communication to an English paper:

"Every object on the surface of the moon, of the height of one hundred feet, has been distinctly seen through my instrument; and I have no doubt that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects of sixty feet in height. On its surface are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. I have no doubt whatever, that this building, or such an one as we are now in, if it were upon the surface of the moon, would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours; no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presents no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained any thing like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.

"There is no *water* visible; not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying a town or a factory. All is desolate!"

"Hence," says Dr. Scoresby, "would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, '*Why* had this devastation been? Was it a *lost* world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Had it met the fate which Scripture foretold us was reserved our world?' All, *all* is mysterious conjecture."

Rufus Smalley—who he is, or where he lives, or where he writes from, is to us a mystery—sends us a curious *brochure*, entitled "*Travels through the Scriptures by Faith—in Verse.*" The measure is *very* unique, and the entire performance exceedingly funny. A "sample-parcel" is subjoined, which it is hoped will "satisfy the sentiment," and afford an example of the entire poem:

"By Faith when Moses was born he was a fair child,
Then Pharaoh's law must be beguiled
Then he was hid for three months
While his parents for him never hunts
As the place of hiding please him so well,
And of that place they never tell.
Then a curious tragedy was sought
A little ark for him was wrought.
That the little sailor might ride home,
Where Pharaoh's daughter often come.
She was the first that did him spy;
As to the shore he was very nigh.
When first upon him she did peep,
The little sailor lay fast asleep.
She catched him up and then run in
And thus her story did begin:
Saying, I found him in a little ark
Made of most curious work;
And now I have got him he is mine,
No other shall have him I design.
Then for a nurse I quickly sent,
A Hebrew woman to him went
That was the mother of the child,
Who Pharaoh's law had so well beguiled;
Here he was brought up in every thing
Fit for any office up to a king.
But when he came to riper years,
He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter
it appears.
Choosing rather to suffer affliction with God's people,
Than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.
As he was no Egyptian born
Nor to their Idols could return.
As Jews and Samaritans could never agree.
So it is he says with me.
As he walked out it was on a day
He saw two men striving away;
The one an Egyptian the other a Hebrew,
In avenging the former the latter he slew;
And as he walked out the next day
He saw two more striving away,
Those both Hebrews; he says why strive ye one w
another
Are ye not both Hebrew brothers—"

Talk of the measure of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" after this, and much more in the same vein! It is not the *Trochaic* metre; it is *Smalleyic* in the highest sense! and "it isn't any thing else!"

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Windology.



RAISING THE WIND.



A FAIR WIND.



A HEAD-WIND.



A SPANKING BREEZE.



A WHITE SQUALL.



AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.



A BLAST OF WIND-INSTRUMENTS.

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A MARCH WIND.



A HEAVY BLOW.



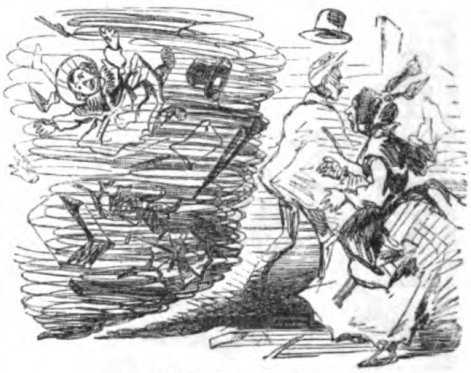
BLOWING GREAT GUNS.



SCUDDING UNDER BARE POLES.



LAYING-TO FOR A CHANGE OF WIND.



A WHIRLWIND.



A HURRICANE.



A CALM.

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Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Costume.

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THE MANTILLA of which Figures 1 and 2 present a front and back view, is appropriate both for the earlier and more advanced portion of the season. For the early months it may be fashioned of velvet and *moire antique;* for late spring and early summer of *poult de soie* or *glacé* silks, with borders, etc., of *moir*. The silks form the body of the garment; while the velvets, or (as in the illustration) the *moirs antiques* form the deep borders, the facings of the *Rood*, the under tabs, and the *revers*. Made of velvet, the favorite colors are black, purple, and maroon, with *moirs* to match. Of silk, any desirable color may be selected, either uniform or of pleasing contrast. The illustration represents one of *mode* color. The hood is gathered by *moire antique* ribbons passing back and forth through slits, and tied in a three-looped bow, the ends forming streamers. The bottom is either shawl-shaped or round; the former, as in the illustration, being preferable. The border and hood are trimmed with drops, which also ornament the *revers* and upper tabs. The front is surplice-shaped, with a *revers* scrolled to match the outline of the garment. The tabs are double, the upper ones being of the same tissue as the body of the Mantilla. A crochet fringe completes the ornaments.

The BONNET in Figure 1 is of Schamyl (vanilla color) velvet. A band of satin to match encircles the crown, and crossing at the top is curved down toward the corners. The fore part is trimmed with a wreath of evergreens. Marabouts ornament the sides. The inside trimmings are of lace, and small flame-colored blossoms.—The Bonnet in Figure 2 is of the new style of terry velvet, called "double imperial" velvet. The face trimming is composed of a profusion of blonde, wreathing over and entirely concealing the outline of the brim. The outside ornaments are canary colored clustering droops of buds, and *nœuds* of satin ribbon.—Bonnets are made with fronts reaching somewhat further forward; the cheeks still remaining small. The curtains are deep and boldly plaited. Black or white lace is a favorite trimming.

For the promenade, bodies are worn high, and sleeves are closed. Flounces are in favor, though the frequency of rich fabrics which do not admit of them, renders plain skirts equally admissible.

The HEAD-DRESS is composed of thread lace, bordered with guipure, arranged in lozenge-formed drops. The crown, of similar shape, forms a *Marie Stuart* front. It is trimmed with lillies of the valley, with a Marabout.

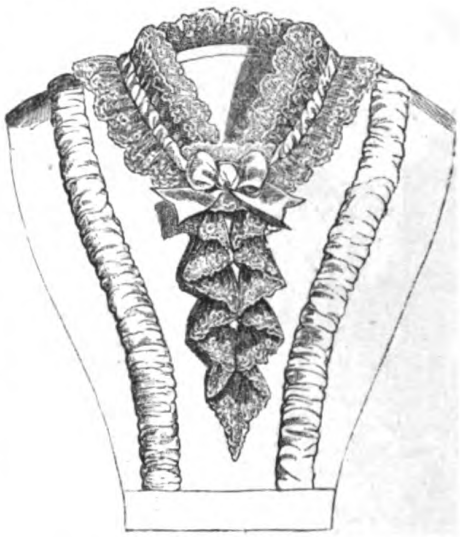


FIG. 4.—CHEMISETTE.

The CHEMISETTE and UNDER-SLEEVES are *en suite*. In both the *bouillonées*—alternately wide and narrow—are transparent. The ruffles are of Brussels point.

The INFANT'S CAP is of Valenciennes insertion, with Valenciennes ruffle, gathered very full A succession of loops of pink satin ribbon, with rosettes at the corners, enliven the uniformity of the lace. The strings are of pink gauze, with satin knots.



FIG. 3.—HEAD-DRESS



FIG 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIG. 6.—CAP.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXI.—APRIL, 1856.—Vol. XII.



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

PUTNAM'S TOMB.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

THERE is a region known in the early annals of Massachusetts Bay as Salem Village, and in modern gazetteers as Danvers. There still blooms, in every lovely May-time, the pear-tree planted by the hand of Endicott, the persecutor of Quakers and Churchmen; and there, according to the credulous Mather and the mummied legislation of the Puritan magistrates, was the centre of enchanted ground many long years ago, when a belief in

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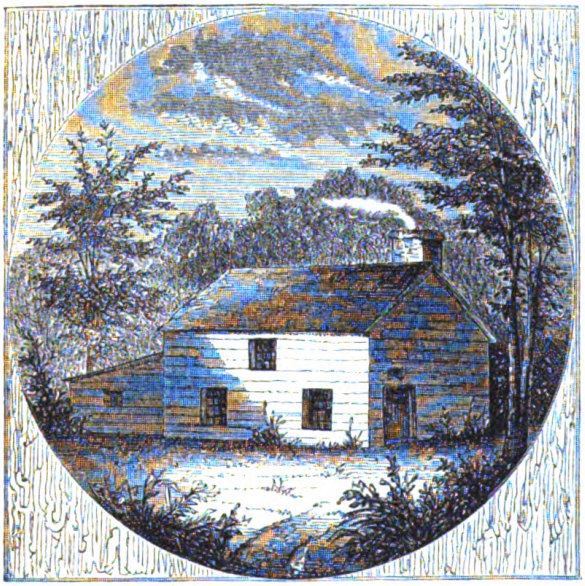
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witchcraft was a part of the social creed, and its denial a heresy not easily forgiven by the magnates of church and state in the New England capital. The pear-tree had then bloomed for half a century, and witches suddenly became as plentiful as its buds on All-Fools' Day. Weird sisters were not seen around seething caldrons, concocting deadly potions of

> "Eye of newt and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat and tooth of dog,
> Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
> For a charm of powerful trouble"—

yet the lynx-eye of superstition in authority beheld, in almost every household, "a woman with a familiar spirit," as palpable as was the dweller in the cave at Endor to the vision of the bad king of Israel. The enchantment was brief in operation, terrible in its results, and shameful to its promoters and dupes. When the spell was broken, all sought to forget the follies of *Salem witchcraft*.

Although angels of peace ministered to the disturbed in spirit, the charmers in Puritan households were not exorcised. Wherever there was a daughter blooming in young womanhood, there was witchery irresistible; and ever since, even to this day, all over New England, far beyond the charmed circumference of Salem Village—"the centre and first-born of all the towns in the colony"—such enchantresses have been, and are now, continually disturbing the frigid peace of bachelordom, and "afflicting" the weak Malthusians.



PUTNAM'S BIRTH-PLACE.*

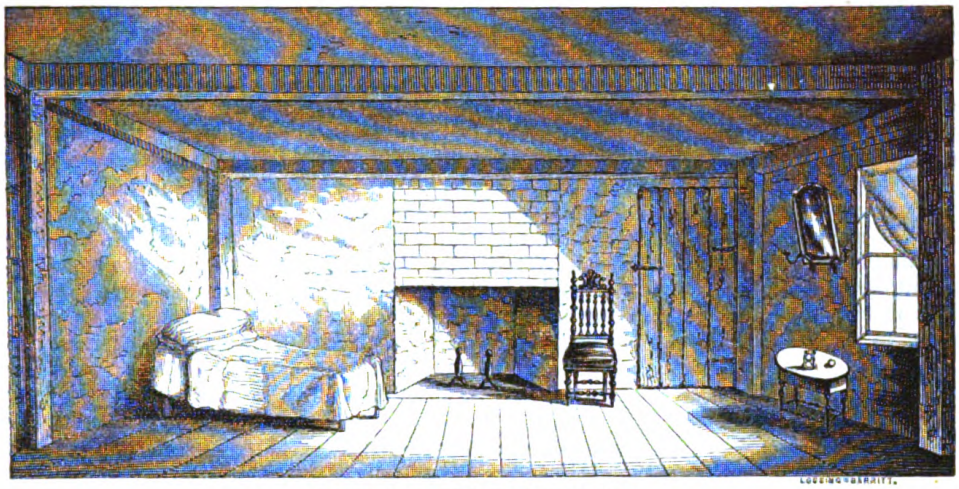
One of these, a sweet, round-faced, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked daughter of a Suffolk immigrant, bewitched the affections of an excellent son of an early settler in Salem. He had already built a modest house in the midst of his fertile acres, almost within sound of the warbling birds in the branches of the old pear-tree in Endicott's garden. Under that roof, for more than forty summers, he lived happily with his charmer; and as years rolled on, the ringing laugh of their merry children around the hearth-stone at Christmas-time, or in their gambols upon the lawn in flowery June, echoed the joy of those two loving hearts. One of that group of merry children became a devoted patriot and courageous hero in the conflicts of two wars, and won for himself a name as imperishable as the hills in whose presence his valor was vindicated by his deeds. That patriot and hero was ISRAEL PUTNAM.

In the large room of the modest dwelling of Captain Putnam, where low projecting beams and capacious fire-place—preserved until our day—attest its early origin, Israel Putnam was born, on the 7th of January, 1718. A stately, high-backed chair, a small table, a mirror, and one or two other pieces of furniture which graced the parlor at his birth, are preserved with care as family relics of much interest. They appreciate in value as the mould of antiquity deepens upon them.

From earliest boyhood Israel was remarkable for his personal courage, his resolute maintenance of his known rights, and as a lover of generous deeds. These traits of character developed with his physical growth. Like Nelson, he might have asked in sincerity—"Fear! What is fear? I never saw it." His frankness was as natural as it was free. He despised concealment, and hated dissimulation. His courage was often stronger than his discretion, and his intrepidity in military life sometimes appeared like recklessness. His self-esteem and sensitive spirit, regulated by a sound judgment and exalted ideas of right, always vindicated the true dignity of his character; and he would never allow himself to be insulted with impunity. On his first visit to Boston, while yet a small boy, he was jeered in the streets by a lad twice his age and size, because of the coarse quality and rustic fashion of his clothes. Israel's indignation was kindled in a moment. He challenged his persecutor to fight, and in the presence of a crowd of cheering spectators, the little chubby "pumpkin" from the fields whipped the big town boy to his heart's content. When on the verge of early manhood, he overheard a neighbor's son, a proud, rustic coxcomb, speak disparagingly of another neighbor's daughter. Young Putnam immediately demanded proof of the truth of his assertion. The offender, richer in this world's goods, but poorer in spirit than his questioner, haughtily replied, "It's none of your business." "It's any body's business to defend a good girl,"

* We are indebted to Mr. M. C. Oby, of Danversport, Massachusetts, for accurate pencil sketches of Putnam's birth-place, and the room in which he was born, from which our engravings have been made.

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ROOM IN WHICH PUTNAM WAS BORN.

quickly responded Putnam, as he walked close up to the defamer. "I *know* you have slandered Nelly P——. You think because she is a poor girl, and has no father, that you may say what you please about her. Twice you've done the same thing. Now own to Charley D——, here, that you've lied about Nelly, or I'll thrash you." The slanderer was, as usual, a poltroon, and quailed before these expressions of the chivalry of his earnest, rough-fisted neighbor. He acknowledged the libel, and avoided the inevitable chastisement.

Young Putnam's education was exceedingly limited, for his father was in moderate circumstances, and required his labor on his farm. There he worked faithfully, and acquired robust health and industrious habits—the richest legacies a young man can receive from a parent. Before he had reached lawful age he married a daughter of John Pope, of Salem, who bore him ten children, and then died, just as the storm-clouds of popular discontent were beginning to gather darkly in the political firmament, presaging that tempest in which her husband became so distinguished a few years later.

Soon after his marriage Putnam bought a tract of new land in Pomfret, Connecticut, about forty miles east of Hartford, and applied himself diligently to its improvement. For years he contended manfully with the rough soil, and the numerous wild beasts that ravaged his flocks and his poultry-yard, and conquered. Industry, perseverance, and skill were brought to bear with surprising effect upon his shaggy domain, until soon its rough features disappeared, prosperity and plenty sat in fond dalliance upon his threshold, and he was regarded as one of the most thrifty farmers in all that region.

Putnam's unflinching courage was forcibly illustrated by his dealing with a she-wolf, who, with her annual whelps, had committed great depredations in the neighborhood for a long time. In one night, in the spring of 1743, seventy of his fine sheep and goats were killed, and several others were maimed, by the depredator. Her young were generally soon destroyed by the hunters, but the old dam eluded their most earnest vigilance and skill. When too closely beset, she would fly to the deep forests westward of Pomfret, and return the following season with a new family of young ones. Finally, Putnam and several of his neighbors agreed to hunt the marauder to destruction, if possible. The toes of one of her feet had been bitten off by a trap, and her tracks were easily recognized in the snow. On one occasion, early in April, she was thus tracked to the borders of the Connecticut River, from whence she had retraced her steps toward Pomfret. The dogs, in full cry, chased her into a rocky cavern, about three miles from Putnam's house, and there the people collected and tried to drive her out by the use of ignited straw and sulphur. The dogs were sent in, and they came out howling, with bad wounds, and refused to return. Putnam tried to persuade his negro servant to go down and shoot her, but he would not venture. Irritated by the fellow's cowardice, and aroused by his impatience to destroy the pest of the neighborhood, Putnam cast off his coat, waistcoat, shoes, and stockings, tied a rope to one of his legs with which to signal danger and receive aid, if required, and lighting some birch-bark for a torch, he descended the smooth rocks into the black cavern, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his friends, who tried to dissuade him from the perilous effort. He soon discovered the eye-balls of the wolf glaring angrily in the light of his torch, and heard her gnashing teeth and menacing growl. He pulled the rope, when his alarmed friends drew him out with so much haste that his shirt was almost stripped from his back and his flesh was badly lacerated. After adjusting his clothing, he loaded his musket with buckshot, and with the weapon in one hand and his lighted torch in the other, he again descended. A growl and the crack of a musket were heard in quick succession, and again Putnam was drawn out. He

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descended a third time, took the dead wolf by the ears, and both were brought out together, to the great joy of all parties. The conqueror was accounted a model of courage; and when, in after years, he asked for volunteers to accompany him to the wars, his neighbors remembered his adventures with the she-wolf and cheerfully enlisted under his banner.

Mr. Putnam was called into the public service at the age of thirty-seven years. For a century the French and English colonies in America had been gradually expanding and increasing in importance. The English, more than a million in number at the period in question, occupied the Atlantic seaboard from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's—a thousand miles in extent—all eastward of the great ranges of the Alleghanies, and far northward toward the St. Lawrence. The French, not more than a hundred thousand strong, had made settlements along the St. Lawrence, the shores of the great lakes, on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and upon the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. They early founded Detroit, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and New Orleans. The English planted agricultural colonies; the French were chiefly engaged in traffic with the Indians. That trade and the operations of Jesuit missionaries, who



PUTNAM AND THE SHE-WOLF

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were usually the self-denying pioneers of commerce in its penetration of the wilderness, gave the French great influence over the tribes of a vast extent of country lying in the rear of the English settlements. The ancient quarrel between the two nations, originating far back in feudal ages, and kept alive by subsequent collisions, burned vigorously in the bosoms of the respective colonists in America, where it was continually fed by frequent hostilities on frontier ground. They had ever regarded each other with extreme jealousy, for the prize before them was supreme rule in the New World. The trading posts and missionary stations of the French in the far northwest, and in the bosom of a dark wilderness, several hundred miles distant from the most remote settlement on the English frontier, attracted very little attention until they formed a part of more extensive operations. But when, after the capture of Louisburg in 1745, the French adopted vigorous measures for opposing the extension of British power in America; when they built strong vessels at the foot of Lake Ontario—made treaties of friendship with the Delaware and Shawnee tribes—strengthed Fort Niagara, and erected a cordon of fortifications, more than sixty in number, between Montreal and New Orleans, the English were aroused to immediate and effective action in defense of the territorial claims given them in their ancient charters.

One of these claims was speedily brought to an issue, when a company of London merchants and Virginia land-speculators commenced erecting a fort at the forks of the Ohio, and the French drove them off. For a year and a half the dispute rested chiefly between the French and the Virginians, and during that time young Washington won his first military laurels. The other colonies gradually became implicated, and, early in 1755, General Braddock came over with British regulars to assist the Americans. At a conference between Braddock and several colonial governors, held at Alexandria, in Virginia, three separate expeditions against the French were planned. One was in the direction of the Ohio, to be led by General Braddock; a second against Niagara and Frontenac (now Kingston, Upper Canada), to be commanded by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts; and a third against Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, under General William Johnson, then an influential resident among the Mohawk Indians. Governor Shirley had already arranged a fourth expedition, under General Winslow, destined to drive the French from Nova Scotia and other parts of Acadia.

Johnson's chief officer was General Lyman, of Connecticut, who, as colonel of militia, had been very active in raising troops in that province. Early in the summer of 1755 he was promoted to brigadier; and in July he had collected about six thousand Provincial troops on the Upper Hudson, and commenced a fortification which was named Fort Edward. Among the earliest of his Connecticut recruits was Israel Putnam, to whom he gave the commission of Captain, with orders to raise a company. Putnam was very popular, and soon after receiving his commission and instructions he was on his way to join the gathering army at Fort Edward with a fine corps of respectable and hardy young men of his neighborhood. At the fort he first became acquainted with the famous partisan commander, Robert Rogers, whose corps of Rangers performed important services during the greater part of the French and Indian War, as the contest in question was called. With that partisan he was often associated in perilous enterprises and gallant achievements in the vicinity of Lakes George and Champlain; and there, with Stark, Pomeroy, Ward, Gage, and others, Putnam learned those useful military lessons which gave him high rank and executive skill when called to the field, twenty years later, in defense of the liberties of his country.

Putnam's company appears to have been employed as Rangers from the commencement. No service was better adapted to the daring activity, love of adventure, and masterly invention, skill and bravery in sudden and perilous movements, which always distinguished Putnam. The duties of the Rangers were ceaseless, arduous, and varied. They acted independently of the main army in reconnoitring the position and works of the enemy; guiding their friends; surprising detached parties of their foes; making prisoners by force or stratagem to obtain intelligence; destroying public property belonging to their opponents; cutting off convoys of provisions, arms, and clothing, and acting as scouts on all occasions. Caution, coolness, prudence, and bravery were the chief requisites. Although Rogers, in his Journal published after the war, rarely mentions Putnam, contemporary records show that they often acted in concert, though independent of each other, and that they were intimate friends during the period of their service.

One of the earliest enterprises in which Putnam and Rogers were engaged, was a reconnoissance of the enemy's fortifications at Crown Point, then known as Fort Frederick, and much inferior to the regular works constructed there by the English under Amherst in 1759. The French possessed unbounded influence over the Indian tribes on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and great numbers of these dusky warriors were in alliance with the Gallic forces. Their knowledge of the country in the deep forests in Northern New York was of great service to the French, and made the operations of the English more perilous, for there was danger of ambuscade on every side. Yet these perils were cheerfully braved by the partisans. They left Fort Edward on a sultry morning in August. At the southern point of West (now Bulwaggy) Bay, a short distance from Crown Point, they left their men concealed among some dwarf willows, and at the evening twilight the two leaders, a little distance apart, stole cautiously toward the fortress. They passed the night within a few rods of the ravelins, made all necessary observations

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at dawn, and were about to depart when Rogers was met by a stout French soldier. The latter seized the Ranger's fusee with one hand and attempted to stab him with the other, at the same time calling lustily to the guard for assistance. Putnam saw the peril of his companion, and springing forward he killed the Frenchman by a single blow with the butt-end of his gun. With the guard in full chase they both escaped to their men. All gained the neighboring hills, and through the forests, swarming with hostile Indians, they made their way to Fort Edward with the desired information without the loss of a man.

Early in December scouts brought information to Fort Edward that Dieskau, the French commander, was approaching from Lake Champlain with a large body of Canadians and Indians. Putnam and Rogers hung upon the flank and rear of the enemy, and watched their movements with great vigilance. The Indian allies heard of the cannons at Fort Edward, and refused to face such fearful weapons, so Dieskau turned to the right and hastened toward the head of Lake George, where Johnson was encamped with the main body of the army. Putnam informed Johnson of the movement, and that general immediately sent out a thousand Massachusetts troops under Colonel Williams, and two hundred Mohawk Indians under the famous chief Hendrick, to meet them. They fell into an ambuscade; Williams and Hendrick were killed, and their followers retreated to Johnson's camp in great confusion.

Flushed with victory, Dieskau pushed forward. Johnson had cast up a rude breast-work of logs and branches, and mounted two cannons upon it. These were unsuspected by the enemy, and they rushed forward with a shout to attack the Provincial camp. One discharge from the heavy guns made the Indians fly in terror; and the Connecticut forces under General Lyman approaching at that moment, the Canadians fled. Dieskau was wounded and made a prisoner, and Johnson was the victor. He erected Fort William Henry upon the site of his camp, garrisoned that and Fort Edward, disbanded the remainder of his troops, and returned home. Putnam went back to Pomfret, not, however, to remain content with such a brief military experience, but to prepare for another campaign in the following spring.

England made a formal declaration of war against France in May, 1756, and sent regular troops to America to assist the Provincials against the French. General Abercrombie, the lieutenant of Lord Loudon (the appointed generalissimo), became the commander-in-chief. Crown Point was again one of the places of contemplated attack, and in that service, under General Webb, who was in command at Fort Edward, Putnam was again a commissioned officer, and became the associate of Rogers in many daring exploits during the summer. On one occasion, while reconnoitring at midnight near Ticonderoga, with a single companion, Putnam came near losing his life or liberty. Deceived by the arrangement of the watch-fires of the enemy, they had crept cautiously into their very midst before perceiving their mistake and peril. The French sentinels fired upon them, and slightly wounded Durkee, Putnam's companion. They both fled in the darkness, followed by a shower of bullets fired at random, and escaped in safety to the neighboring ledges. There they lay down to rest, and Putnam generously offered his canteen to his wounded companion. A bullet had tapped the vessel, and the rum was all gone. They resumed their march toward Fort Edward at early dawn, when, on examining his blanket, the brave Captain found it perforated by fourteen bullets.

A little later in the season six hundred French and Indians plundered some provision wagons between Fort Edward and Lake George, and returned to their vessels at the present Whitehall. General Webb sent Putnam and Rogers, with one hundred men, to intercept the marauders. They went down Lake George to a certain point, crossed the country to Lake Champlain, and, at a narrow place, they fired deadly volleys upon the enemy as they passed in their bateaux and canoes laden with plunder. Many of them were killed, several bateaux were sunk, and the remainder of the fleet escaped to Ticonderoga. Three hundred men were immediately sent from the garrison there, up Lake George, to attack the Rangers on their return to their boats. A severe engagement ensued. The Rangers were victorious, and Putnam and Rogers returned to the British camp with the loss of only one man killed and two slightly wounded. The operations of the whole campaign of that year consisted of such fragmentary adventures, and were fruitless of gain to either party. Again the Pomfret soldier returned home, but on the opening of another spring he was among the earliest in the field, and honored with the commission of Major by the Legislature of Connecticut.

General Webb was again in command in Northern New York, at the opening of the campaign in 1757, with a force of about seven thousand men. These were quite sufficient, in the hands of a brave and skillful commander, to have swept the French from the lakes during the summer. But skill and bravery did not belong to the character of Webb. Putnam was among the most energetic and useful of the Provincial officers. Late in July he accompanied the General, as escort, from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, and then, with a few followers, he went down Lake George to watch the movements of the enemy at Ticonderoga. He soon returned with the intelligence that Montcalm, the French commander, was embarking at the foot of the lake with a large body of troops, and earnestly solicited Webb to concentrate his forces and proceed against him. The General was evidently alarmed; and instead of doing his duty as a brave man, according to the suggestions of his subaltern, he or-

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dered Putnam to keep the whole matter secret, and to escort him back to Fort Edward immediately. Colonel Monro, a brave English officer, was ordered to proceed with his regiment and take command of the garrison at Fort William Henry. Montcalm soon appeared before the fortress with seven thousand white men and two thousand Indians, while the garrison did not exceed three thousand in number. He demanded its instant surrender; but Monro, confident of the co-operation of his commander-in-chief, promptly refused acquiescence, defied the power of the invader, and sent an express to Fort Edward for aid. General Johnson had just arrived there with a large body of militia, and, after repeated solicitations, General Webb permitted him to march with them for the relief of Monro, accompanied by all of the Provincial troops and Putnam's Rangers. They had proceeded but a few miles toward the beleagured garrison when they were ordered back; and instead of sending relief to Colonel Monro, the recreant Webb dispatched a letter, in which he advised him to surrender. It was intercepted by Montcalm just as he was contemplating an abandonment of the siege and a precipitate retreat to Ticonderoga, because of a report of an Indian scout (who saw the approaching forces under Johnson), that the English were "as numerous as the stars in the sky and the leaves on the trees." He immediately sent the letter in to Monro, accompanied by a peremptory demand for a surrender. The brave Colonel saw no hope, and yielded. The generous Montcalm, pleased with his gallantry during a siege of six days, allowed him honorable terms, and promised a safe escort for the garrison to Fort Edward. That promise he could not fulfill. The Indians were determined to have blood and plunder, and they fell upon the prisoners with great fury. Many were slain, most of them were plundered, and the fugitives who escaped were pursued to within cannon-shot of Fort Edward. Montcalm burned the fort and all its appurtenances; and, with cannons and other munitions of war, he returned in triumph to Ticonderoga, closely watched by Putnam and his Rangers. When that brave officer visited the ruins of the fort the next day, his stout heart was deeply stirred, and he wept over the mutilated bodies of men, women, and children strewn among the smoking wreck. It was a sad and terrible commentary upon the cowardly or treacherous act of the commanding general.

At the close of August General Lyman succeeded General Webb in the command at Fort Edward. He immediately commenced strengthening the fortress and establishing outposts for winter duty, as no active operations were to be undertaken during the autumn. Putnam and Rogers, with their respective corps, were stationed upon an island in the Hudson, opposite Fort Edward, yet known as Rogers's Island. Parties were sent out daily, under an escort of British regulars, to cut timber at the head of a dense swamp; and there was the scene of one of Putnam's brave and generous exploits. One day, while a company, guarded by fifty regulars, were busy in the forest, they were attacked by quite a large body of Indians who lay concealed in the swamp. Many of the Provincials were killed and scalped, and the remainder fled to the fort under cover of the regulars. The latter were in great jeopardy, for the Indians were numerous. The commander sent to the fort for aid; but General Lyman, apprehending a serious assault, called in his outposts and closed the gates. The little band outside were now exposed to almost certain destruction. Putnam saw their peril, and at the head of his men he dashed into the fordable stream and pressed forward to the relief of his fellow-soldiers. General Lyman, feeling that the brave band were rushing to certain death, called to Putnam from the parapet of the fort, and peremptorily ordered him back to the island. Putnam uttered a hasty apology for intended disobedience, pushed forward, and joined the brave regulars, who were defending themselves with vigor. A moment longer and all would have been lost. At the suggestion of the Major the united forces rushed furiously into the swamp with shouts and huzzas. The terrified Indians fled in all directions, and soon the gates of the fort were opened to the redeemed escorts, while shouts of exultation greeted the ears of the noble liberator as he hastened back to his post on the island. General Lyman had too much good sense to allow him to arraign Putnam for his disobedience. While the rules of war would not permit him to publicly sanction insubordination, even under such extraordinary circumstances, the General, with that generous enthusiasm which noble and disinterested deeds always awakened in his heart, privately commended the daring Major for his act.

The results of the war, thus far, were humiliating to British pride. A weak and corrupt Ministry held the reins of power. The people clearly perceived it, and clamored for a change. The popular voice was potential. William Pitt, by far the ablest statesman England had yet produced, was called to the control of public affairs. Energy and good government marked every movement of his administration, especially in measures for prosecuting the war in America. Lord Loudon was recalled, and General Abercrombie was appointed to succeed him. Twelve thousand additional troops and a strong naval armament were allotted to the service in America. Pitt addressed a circular letter to the several colonies, asking them to raise and clothe twenty thousand men; and promised, in the name of Parliament, not only to furnish arms, tents, and provisions for them, but to reimburse the colonial treasuries all the money that should be expended in raising and clothing the levies. The response was immediate and ample. New England alone raised fifteen thousand men; and when Abercrombie took command of the army, in the spring of 1758, he

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PUTNAM SAVING FORT EDWARD.

found fifty thousand men at his disposal—a number greater than the whole male population of the French dominions in America at that time. In that single effort the Anglo-American colonists had a revelation of their confederated strength, which ever afterward made them bold in the assertion of their own rights.

In the mean while a large body of Provincial troops had remained in service during the winter at Fort Edward under the command of Colonel Haviland. Among these were Putnam and his Rangers, who were hutted on Rogers's Island near by. Early in the morning of a mild day in February one of the rows of barracks in the fort took fire. The flames had progressed extensively before discovered. The garrison were called to duty, but all efforts to subdue the fire were in vain. Putnam and several of his men crossed from the island on the ice just as the fire was approaching the end of the building contiguous to the magazine. The danger was imminent and frightful; for an explosion of the

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powder would destroy the fort, and many lives would be sacrificed. The water-gate was thrown open, and soldiers were ordered to bring filled buckets from the river. Putnam mounted to the roof, and, by means of a ladder, he was supplied with water. But the fire continued to rage with increasing fury. The gallant Major stood unflinching in the midst of enveloping flames, smoke, and cinders. Perceiving Putnam's danger, Colonel Haviland ordered him down. He begged permission to remain while there appeared a prospect of success. It was granted, and the brave Major leaped to the ground only when the half-consumed buildings were tottering to their fall.

A few feet from the blazing mass, as it fell with a crash, was the magazine, its exterior already charred by the heat. Unmindful of the amazing peril, Putnam placed himself between the conflagration and that tremendous sleeping power in the menaced building, which a spark might arouse to fearful activity, and under a shower of cinders he hurled bucketful after bucketful of water upon the kindling magazine with ultimate success. The commander, charmed by his boldness, kept every man to duty, saying, "If we must be blown up, we will go all together." At last the flames slackened, the magazine, fort, and garrison were saved, and the intrepid Putnam retired from the terrible conflict, amidst the huzzas of his companions-in-arms, to have his severe fire-wounds dressed. His mittens had been burned from his hands, and his legs, thighs, arms, and face, were dreadfully blistered. For a month he remained an invalid in the hospital, when he again took post on the island at the head of his troops.

The spring buds soon opened into leaves and blossoms, and the colonial armies began to gather, preparatory to the arrival of Abercrombie, who, with the young Lord Howe, led an army of seven thousand regulars, nine thousand Provincials, and a heavy train of artillery, against Ticonderoga, in July. Just before leaving Fort Edward the commanding general sent Putnam, with sixty of his picked men, to range in the vicinity of South Bay, near the head of Lake Champlain, at its narrowest part. There, upon a rocky ledge, they built a parapet of stone, masked it with pine-trees, and watched for several days and nights. At about ten o'clock one evening, while the moon was bathing every thing in its full light, a fleet of canoes, filled with French and Indians, approached. Putnam ordered perfect silence until he should give a signal by firing. Just as the enemy were in front of the Rangers, a soldier hit his musket against a stone. The people in the canoes were startled, and the little vessels huddled together as if in consultation. The moment was propitious for the Provincials, and Putnam and his men poured a deadly volley upon the frightened foe, entirely ignorant of the fact that they were provoking the ire of the famous French partisan, Molang, and five hundred Canadians and Indians.

Molang soon discovered, by the firing, that the Provincials were few, and landing a part of his force, attempted to surround them. Putnam was vigilant, perceived his danger, and retreated in time to escape the snare. Just at dawn, while on a rapid march, his party was fired upon by mistake by a Provincial scout, but with so little effect that Putnam declared to their leader that they all deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair a shot. The next day they met a reinforcement sent out from Fort Edward, and Putnam returned to his post upon Rogers's Island with the loss of only two men.

Abercrombie collected his army at the head of Lake George, and at the close of a calm Sabbath they went down that beautiful sheet of water in flat-boats, and landed at its northern extremity at dawn the next morning. The whole country from there to Ticonderoga was covered with a dense forest, and tangled morasses lay in the pathway of the English army. The wilderness was swarming with hostile Indians, watched by vigilant scouts, and within the ravelins of the fort to be attacked were four thousand troops under the skillful Montcalm. The English and Provincials pushed boldly forward, led by Lord Howe, who was accompanied by Major Putnam. Incompetent guides soon bewildered them, and they had just passed the Falls, where the village of Ticonderoga now stands, when a French picket, five hundred strong, fell upon the left of Abercrombie's force. "Putnam, what means that firing?" asked Lord Howe. "With your lordship's leave," he replied, "I will see." "And I will accompany you," said the nobleman. Putnam tried to dissuade him. "If I am killed, my lord," he said, "the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army." Howe replied, "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go. Lead on!" At the head of one hundred men Putnam darted forward, and they soon met the enemy's advance. A bloody encounter ensued, and Lord Howe was killed at the first fire. Putnam's party were finally successful, and the army pressed forward toward the fortress. They were met at the outworks with terrible opposition; and, after a sanguinary conflict of four hours, Abercrombie fell back to Lake George, with a loss of almost two thousand men dead or wounded. Putnam and his Rangers, who had performed gallant service in the expedition, returned to their camp on Rogers's Island at Fort Edward.

A few days after his return Major Putnam visited Fort Miller, a small work on the west side of the Hudson, nine miles below Fort Edward. He crossed over to the eastern shore in a bateau one pleasant afternoon, when he was surprised by a large number of Indians, who suddenly appeared, some on land rushing toward the bank, and others sweeping down the stream in their canoes. To stay and be sacri-

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PUTNAM'S ESCAPE DOWN THE RAPIDS.

ficed, to attempt to cross the river and be shot, or to go down the roaring rapids a few rods below him, were the alternatives placed before him. There was no time for deliberation. He chose the latter chance; and, to the great amazement of the savages, who dared not follow where a canoe had never yet ventured, his bateau shot down the foaming channels among the dangerous rocks, and he reached the smooth waters below in safety, and escaped. The Indians regarded him as a special favorite of the Great Spirit, and his name was ever afterward uttered by those pursuers with superstitious reverence.

After repulsing Abercrombie, Montcalm menaced the country in the direction of Albany with invasion. The troops at Fort Edward were vigilant; and early in August Putnam and Rogers took post at South Bay, with five hundred men, to watch the movements of the enemy. They separated into two divisions, which were stationed at distant points, until they were discovered by the French scouts, when they were reunited. It was soon perceived that Molang, with a large body of French and Indians, was stealthily traversing the forest to get in the rear of the Provincials. The latter instantly changed front, and retreated toward Fort Edward. On the margin of Clear River, a little distance from Fort Ann, they fell into an Indian ambuscade. Putnam's division was a little in advance of the others, and received the first and most deadly onslaught of the savages. The fight soon became general and scattered. Man to man, and hand to hand they fought, with terrible desperation, and instead of aggregative warfare the

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contest became a system of bloody duels. Putnam had laid several Indian warriors on the forest leaves, when, as he presented his fusee to the breast of a stalwart savage, it missed fire. The Indian instantly sprang forward, seized the Major, bound him tightly to a tree, and then resumed the conflict. Putnam's situation soon became extremely perilous, for, as the combatants changed ground, he was placed directly between the fire of the two parties. Many bullets struck the tree, several went through his garments, but his person remained unhurt. For an hour the fight raged furiously around him; and then a young savage amused himself by throwing his tomahawk into the tree to which Putnam was tied, sometimes within an inch of the prisoner's head.

The French and Indians were finally repulsed, and on their return toward Lake Champlain they took Major Putnam with them. He was continually exposed to insults and cruelties; and when his savage captors had separated from their French allies, they prepared to torture their prisoner to death in the depths of the solemn forest. They tied him to a tree, piled dried fagots around him, commenced their



PUTNAM RESCUED BY MOLANG.

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wild songs and dances, and kindled the fatal fire. Just then a thunder-peal burst over the forest, and a sudden shower extinguished the flames. For a moment the savages stood still in amazement. But soon the pyre again smoked and blazed. Hope died in the bosom of the hero as the fiery circle grew hotter; when suddenly a French officer dashed through the cordon of savages, hurled them right and left, scattered the blazing wood, and cutting the thongs which bound Putnam to the tree, saved him from a horrible death. That deliverer was Molang. A tender-hearted Indian had informed him of the orgies in the wilderness. Molang was a brave and generóus man, and admired the character of Putnam. He hastened to the rescue of a brave soldier, and severely rebuked the Indians for their cruelty. Under his protection the captive hero was sent to Ticondergo, where he was well treated by Montcalm, for a few days, and then escorted to Montreal. He was in a miserable plight on his arrival. He had neither coat, vest, nor stockings; his remaining garments were tattered, his hair was matted with blood and leaves, and his person was disfigured by scars and wounds. Colonel Peter Schuyler, then a prisoner, visited him immediately, relieved his most pressing necessities, and by his influence obtained Putnam's early exchange, and a permit to return to his family.

There is a bit of romance connected with Putnam's return from Canada. Three years before, a Mrs. Howe, who had lost two husbands by Indians' weapons, was carried into captivity with her seven children. An old French officer at St. John, on the Sorel, ransomed her. She was yet beautiful, and her liberator and his son were both intensely enamored of her. Her situation became one of great perplexity, and she was in continual danger of violence from the young man. At length Colonel Schuyler, released on a short parole, was at St. John. She had been taught to revere that gentleman for his goodness of heart, and she frankly laid before him all her griefs. He paid the Frenchman her ransom-money, became her protector, and she was an inmate of his house at Montreal on the arrival of Major Putnam. Her children had all been redeemed from the hands of the Indians, and she was anxious to return to New England. Putnam agreed to be her protector on the journey, and they departed in company. For some time she had been again annoyed by the importunities of the younger Frenchman, and now he became more impetuous than ever. He pursued her like her own shadow wherever she went. His passion was governed neither by reason or common courtesy, and Major Putnam was obliged to become her knight, and to threaten her persecutor with chastisement. The rash lover was not dismayed. He followed them to Lake Champlain, and when they had embarked, and pushed off from shore, the modern Leander plunged into the flood and swam after them. Putnam begged of him to desist, but in vain. The oarsmen were strong and expert, and the despairing lover was soon left far behind. Whether he perished or wisely returned, tradition has not informed us. The gallant Putnam was faithful to his charge until he left Mrs. Howe with her friends, and then he hastened to his own home in Connecticut.

Major Putnam was in the field at the opening of the campaign in 1759—a campaign which resulted in the capture of Quebec, and led to the final destruction of the French empire in America. Pitt had planned the campaign on a magnificent scale. Three powerful armies were to enter Canada by different routes. One, under Wolfe, was to ascend the St. Lawrence; another, under Amherst, was to sweep Lake Champlain, and then join Wolfe at Quebec; and another, under Prideaux, was to capture Fort Niagara, then go down the Lake and the St. Lawrence, seize Montreal, and join the grand army below. Putnam was with Amherst, and on his old scouting grounds he was a most valuable officer. He bore the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was often impatient of the cautious delay of Amherst in his progress toward Canada. Quebec was taken by the English, but with the loss of Wolfe; Niagara was also captured, with the loss of Prideaux; and Amherst did not reach the St. Lawrence at all. He captured the fortresses on Lake Champlain, which the French abandoned on his approach, and greatly strengthened Crown Point toward the close of the season. But the next year he penetrated Canada by the way of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and participated in the final subjugatiôn of the province.

The campaign of 1760 ended the war in America. Late in summer Amherst and his army went down the St. Lawrence in bateaux, and Putnam was the Commander-in-Chief's most reliable provincial officer. When the English approached Fort Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg), they found the passage of the river and the approach to the fortress disputed by two armed French vessels. With a thousand men in fifty bateaux, Putnam undertook to board and capture the vessels. His plan was to first disable them by fastening their rudders with wedges, and thus prevent their manœuvring so as to bring broadsides to bear upon the flotilla. Putnam, provided with beetle and wedges for the purpose, led the armament with a picked crew, but the fears of the French, excited by their approach, gave the English a bloodless victory. One of the vessels surrendered; the other was worked ashore, and the crew escaped to the fort. That fortress was soon afterward surrendered, and Amherst pushed forward toward Montreal, at the head of ten thousand disciplined troops and a thousand warriors of the six nations of Iroquois. He was joined on the day of his arrival by General Murray, with four thousand troops from Quebec, and the following day Colonel Haviland arrived from Crown Point with three thousand more. Montreal, and every other military post in Canada, was surrendered to

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MRS. HOWE PURSUED BY HER LOVER.

the English, and the Gallic power in America passed away forever.

Putnam returned to his farm after the surrender of Montreal, but he was soon called to the public service again. Great Britain declared war against Spain, and in the spring of 1762 a powerful armament, composed of regular and Provincial troops, proceeded to attack Havana. General Lyman raised a thousand troops in Connecticut, and Putnam was among the officers, bearing the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the chief command of the Provincials was given to Lyman, that of the Connecticut levies devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam. In a terrible storm, which drove some of the fleet upon the Cuban coast, in the siege that followed, and in the midst of the terrible mortality which decimated the besiegers, Colonel Putnam behaved with the greatest gallantry, and received the just plaudits of all. He was among the few Americans who escaped the fatal effects of Spanish weapons and the Cuban climate, and he returned home with a full harvest of well-earned honors.

Once more before the Seven Years' War was ended, Putnam led Connecticut troops against the dusky warriors of the wilderness. Pontiac, a sagacious Ottawa chief, who had been an early ally of the French, and then proudly wore a military coat presented to him by Montcalm, secretly confederated several of the Algonquin tribes in the spring of 1763, for the purpose of expelling the English from the country west of Niagara and the Alleghanies. After the fall of Montreal he had professed an attachment to the English, and as there seemed safety for settlers west of the mountains, emigration began to pour its living streams over those barriers.

Like Philip of Mount Hope, Pontiac saw, in the future, visions of the displacement, perhaps extinction of his race by the pale faces; and he determined to strike a blow for life and country. So adroitly were his plans matured, that the commanders of the western forts had no suspicions of his conspiracy until it was ripe, and the first blow had been struck in the pleasant month of June. Within a fortnight, all the English posts taken from the French west of Oswego

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fell into his hands except Niagara, Fort Pitt, and Detroit. Bouquet saved Pittsburg; Niagara was not attacked; and Detroit, after sustaining a siege of almost twelve months' duration, was relieved by Colonel Bradstreet, in May, 1764. It was in that expedition that Putnam, bearing a Colonel's commission, for the first time led the Provincials of Connecticut. There was very little opportunity for the display of military qualities, for, even before their arrival, Pontiac had become convinced of the hopelessness of his cause, and the great mass of the Indians were longing for peace.

And now, after nine years' military service, Colonel Putnam returned to the pursuits of peace, honored by all who knew him for his many excellent qualities as a brave soldier and good citizen. His countrymen loved and respected him for his wealth of generous emotions and manly vigor of thought and action, and that love and respect was shown by calling him to public duties. There was no camp to invite a display of his military experience, but civil station opened a new and useful field. He was chosen to fill the higher municipal offices of his neighborhood, and he was elected to a seat in the General Assembly of Connecticut. There, as in the camp and on the battle-field, he was remarkable for his boldness and sound judgment; and he was among the earliest opponents of those measures of the British Parliament which contained the germs of tyranny, and menaced the Anglo-American colonists with political slavery of a kind the most distasteful to a free-born man.

In the spring of 1765 the famous Stamp Act received the signature of the British King. It declared invalid all legal instruments of writing which did not bear the stamp of the imperial government in prescribed form, for which a specified sum was to be paid to certain officials, who were appointed by the crown its sole agents for their sale, and who were called *Stamp Distributors*. This was a *tax* levied upon the colonists without their consent. They resolved, simultaneously in all the colonies, not to pay it, and the *Stamp Distributors* who had accepted appointments were warned not to commence the hated traffic. Men gathered in every hamlet and village, city and sea-port, to encourage each other and to strengthen their league against the scheme to enslave them.

Colonel Putnam was among the most active abettors of the wide-spreading rebellion. He urged the people to unite and tell Mr. Ingersoll, an excellent man and native of the colony of Connecticut, that he must resign the office of *Stamp Distributor* which he had accepted, or suffer the penalty of an offender against universal public opinion. A great number of the people from the eastern counties of Connecticut, mounted on horseback, and furnished with provisions, soon marched toward Hartford to demand Ingersoll's resignation. An accident prevented Putnam's presence with them, or he would doubtless have been their leader. They met Ingersoll at Wethersfield, and informed him of their errand. After some hesitation he mounted a round table, read his resignation, and after shouting "*Liberty and Property!*" three times, at the request of the multitude, he dined with some of the principal men at a tavern. He was then escorted by about five hundred horsemen to Hartford, where the General Assembly was in session, and there again he read his resignation, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who properly regarded the event as a popular victory. The utmost good-nature prevailed on the road, and Ingersoll, who was witty and highly esteemed by all, contributed his share to the general mirthfulness which pervaded the cavalcade. He rode a handsome white horse, near the head of the troop, and on being asked what he thought of the fact of his being attended by such a retinue, he quickly replied, "I have now a clearer view than I ever before conceived of the passage in the Apocalypse which describes *Death on the pale horse and Hell following him.*"

Soon after this event Colonel Putnam, with two other gentlemen, was appointed by the people to confer with Governor Fitch on the subject of the stamped paper.

"What shall I do," asked the Governor, "if the stamped paper shall be sent to me by the King's authority?"

"Lock it up until we shall visit you again," replied Putnam.

"And what will you do then?"

"We shall expect you to give us the key of the room in which it is deposited; and if you think fit, in order to screen yourself from blame, you may forwarn us upon our peril not to enter the room."

"And what will you do afterward?"

"Send it safely back again."

"But if I should refuse admission?"

"In such a case your house will be leveled with the dust in five minutes."

This conversation was doubtless reported to ministers, and its lesson heeded, for no stamped paper was ever sent to Connecticut.

After that time Colonel Putnam visited Boston frequently, and on one occasion, when General Gage was civil and military governor of Massachusetts, he had a free and friendly conversation with that officer, Lord Percy, and others, concerning the aspect of public affairs in America, and was asked what part he intended to take in the event of the armed resistance of the people to government authority. He assured them that he would be found on the side of the people; and when they expressed surprise that one so well acquainted as he with the military strength and boundless resources of Great Britain should be willing to espouse a cause so certain of suffering utter discomfiture, he coolly told them that "if the united forces of Great Britain and the colonies required six years to conquer Canada, it would not be easy for British troops alone to subdue a country with which Canada bore no compari-

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son." Gage did not believe in such logic, and expressed the opinion that five thousand veteran troops might march from one end of the continent to the other unharmed. "So they might," Putnam replied, "if they behaved themselves properly and paid for what they wanted; but should they attempt it in a hostile manner, the American women would knock them on the head with their ladles." It was not long before that important question was definitely settled.

Putnam was active during 1774 in drilling the militia of his neighborhood, and in imbuing the minute-men around him with patriotic and martial sentiments. The unlearned and humble would come long distances, when the snows of winter had fallen, to hear the old hero read those glorious state papers put forth by the Continental Congress in the autumn of 1774; and they always departed with Putnam's injunction, "Be ready!" He was then residing at Brooklyn, directly south from Pomfret, on the extreme eastern borders of Connecticut.

The spring of 1775 was exceedingly mild, and long before the close of March daffodils peeped from the brown earth, and bluebirds were singing among the budding branches. Early in



PUTNAM STARTING FOR CAMBRIDGE.

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April the New England plowmen were turning the furrows; and on the memorable nineteenth Putnam was then preparing his fields for the oats and Indian corn. On that morning the first thunder-peal of the tempest of the Revolution, awakened at Lexington and Concord, rolled over New England, and before noon the next day it fell upon the ear of the veteran while he was plowing in his field. The intelligence was brought by a swift messenger, who hastened onward, from farm to farm, to spread the "Lexington alarm," and arouse the minute-men. The brave Colonel of the old war stopped not a moment to consider. Faithful to his own injunctions to others, he, too, was ready. He unyoked his cattle in the furrow, and said to the boy who had been driving them, "Run, run to the house for my coat!" He then hurried to his stable, saddled a fleet horse, and without stopping to change his clothes, he mounted the gelding and hastened toward Cambridge. He arrived there late at night, and the next morning he was present at a second council of war, at which General Artemas Ward presided, when a plan for a campaign was arranged. The minute-men were then flocking thither from all directions, and veterans who participated in the conquest of Canada, almost twenty years before, were there and eager for battle. General Ward was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Massachusetts troops, and those from the other colonies, by common consent, obeyed him as generalissimo of the gathering host.

The Connecticut Assembly were then in session, and the noble Trumbull, the only one of all the colonial governors who loved freedom better than honors and emoluments, and retained both, was in the executive chair. Putnam was immediately recalled to confer with the Legislature concerning military matters. All hopes were centred in his experience, bravery, and executive skill. Provision was made for troops for a campaign, and Putnam was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He could not wait for the gathering soldiers, but immediately returned to Cambridge with orders for the troops to follow. In a few days three thousand hardy sons of Connecticut were on their way to join his standard.

We have not space to recount the important events which hourly transpired in the vicinity of Boston from that time until the first great battle, almost two months afterward, known as that of Bunker Hill, occurred, in which Putnam bore a conspicuous part. It was a period of active preparation. Around the cage of the Boston peninsula, in which the British troops were imprisoned, the patriots commenced piling huge fortifications, under the guidance of Richard Gridley, an engineer of the old war; and every avenue for the enemy to reach the main was closely guarded. At the same time, strong reinforcements came from England and Ireland; and on the first of June there were ten thousand British troops in Boston, under such eminent officers as Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. Thus strengthened, General Gage determined to pass the bounds of his prison, and fortify the heights of Charlestown and Dorchester, preparatory to an invasion of the country with those "five thousand veterans" whom he expected to lead unmolested "from one end of the continent to the other." The fact was revealed to the vigilant Americans. The danger was imminent, and the Committee of Safety ordered Colonel Prescott to lead a thousand picked men over Charlestown Neck on the evening of the 16th of June, to cast up a redoubt on Bunker's Hill. At twilight that chosen band listened to an impressive prayer from the lips of President Langdon, of Harvard College, and at midnight they were busy with mattock and spade upon Breed's Hill, an eminence of Charlestown Heights, nearer to Boston than Bunker's Hill. At dawn the next morning the British in the city and on the shipping in the harbor were amazed and alarmed by the apparition of a formidable redoubt overlooking their vessels of war and confronting their chief battery on Copp's Hill. It seemed to be the work of magic. All was confusion in Boston. The drums beat to arms—soldiers hurried to their alarm-posts, and the Tories were filled with dreadful apprehensions of evil. Heavy iron balls were hurled against the offending redoubt, but without effect; and toward noon a large body of the choicest troops crossed the Charles River to drive the Americans from their great vantage-ground. A sanguinary battle ensued, and success was with the patriots until their ammunition failed. Then the British troops, no longer annoyed and decimated by deadly volleys of musketry, scaled the breast-works, and the Americans, overpowered by numbers and fighting with clubbed muskets, retreated toward Bunker's Hill, from whence Putnam had been sending forward reinforcements during the battle. Many of these had never heard the sound of a cannon before, and when they saw the patriots retreating from the redoubt and the enemy in close pursuit, a panic seized them, and they fell back in the greatest confusion. Putnam used every exertion to keep them firm and resist the pursuing Britons. He commanded, pleaded, and cursed and swore like a madman; and he was seen at every point in the van, with the Connecticut flag in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, trying to rally the scattered corps by shouting "Victory shall be ours! Make a stand here, we can stop them yet! In God's name, fire, and give them one shot more!" His efforts were powerless. Away they went, like sheep before worrying dogs, down the green slopes of Bunker's Hill and across Charlestown Neck, terribly smitten by an enfilading fire from the enemy's vessels. Putnam had done all that mortal could do, and was almost the last man of all that retreating host to leave Bunker's Hill. When the war was ended, and the old hero was borne upon crutches to the little rural church at Brooklyn, of which he was a member, he stood up in the

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PUTNAM ON BUNKER'S HILL.

congregation, and publicly confessing his foul profanity on that occasion, said, "It was almost enough to make an angel swear to see the cowards refuse to secure a victory so easily won." No doubt, upon those oaths, as in the case of Uncle Toby, the Recording Angel "dropt a tear and blotted them out forever."

Two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, the General Congress—in session at Philadelphia since the 10th of May preceding—adopting the motley corps then gathered around Boston as a Continental Army, appointed George Washington, of Virginia, commander-in-chief of all the forces "raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty." Two days after the battle, Congress appointed Israel Putnam one of four major-generals for that army, and that commission he held until his death. It was borne to Cambridge by the Commander-in-Chief, and presented to the brave veteran on the 3d of July. He had, in the mean while, indignantly refused a similar commission in the British army, which, with a large sum of money, General Howe had found opportunity to offer him through a subordinate officer. He accepted the one from the Grand Council of his country with joyous gratitude.

From that time until early in the following spring the Continental army, under Washington, closely besieged Boston. In all the movements of that siege General Putnam bore a conspicuous part. It went on slowly, because proper arms and ammunition were lacking. Sometimes they were animated with hope, and then again depressed with despondency. Home manufactures could not supply their needs, and

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to the numerous cruisers on our coasts the Americans looked for their chief supply of besieging arms and ammunition. On one occasion a British ordnance brig was captured and taken into Cape Ann. Washington sent four companies to receive her spoils and bear them to the camp. They consisted of two thousand muskets, one hundred thousand flints, thirty thousand round-shot, thirty tons of musket-shot, eleven mortar-beds, and a superb thirteen-inch brass mortar, weighing twenty-seven hundred pounds. A letter written by Colonel Moylan describes the joy of the camp on their arrival. He says: "Such universal joy ran through the whole camp, as if each grasped victory in his hand. To crown the glorious scene, there intervened one truly ludicrous, which was OLD PUT mounted on the large mortar, which was fixed in its bed for the occasion, with a bottle of rum in his hand, standing parson to christen, while godfather Mifflin* gave it the name of *Congress*. The huzzas on the occasion, I dare say, were heard through all the territories of our most gracious sovereign in this province."

At length, at the close of the year, Colonel Knox arrived at Cambridge with forty sled-loads of cannons, mortars, ammunition, and balls, the spoils of victory at Ticonderoga and Crown Point some months before. An assault was now determined upon, but powder was yet too scarce. February came, and with it mild weather. "The Bay is open," wrote Colonel Moylan from Roxbury. "Every thing thaws here, except Old Put. He is as hard as ever, crying out, 'Powder! powder! Ye gods give me powder!'" It was soon supplied. Bombardments became more frequent and severe. Dorchester Heights were strongly fortified during a single night, and the British, perceiving their imminent danger, evacuated the city on Sabbath morning, the 17th of March, 1776, and sailed for Halifax. The gates on Boston Neck were unbarred, and General Ward, with five thousand of the troops at Roxbury, entered in triumph to the tune of Yankee Doodle. General Putnam then assumed the command of the whole victorious force, and on Monday, in the name of the *Thirteen United Colonies*, he took possession of all the forts and other defenses which the retreating Britons had left.

It was not certainly known to the Americans whither the fugitive British army had gone. Might they not be on their way to take possession of and fortify the city of New York? Washington thought so. Already General Lee was on the watch near that city, and immediately after the evacuation of Boston the main body of the Continental army was put in motion in that direction. Late in April fortifications were commenced in the vicinity of New York and among the Hudson Highlands; while Lee hastened southward to watch the movements of Sir Henry Clinton, who had sailed toward the Carolinas with a large land force.

Spring passed away and midsummer arrived, when General Howe appeared off the harbor of New York with a strong army, accompanied by a considerable naval force under the command of his brother. Detachments of Americans were already stationed near Brooklyn, and had cast up redoubts on the height in its rear.

The British and the Hessian hirelings commenced landing upon Long Island, and Washington sent General Putnam to take general command of all the forces there, intended to beat back the invaders. A bloody battle ensued. The British were victorious, and almost two thousand Americans were lost. The remainder were sheltered behind the ramparts of Fort Putnam (since Fort Greene); and, early on the morning of the 30th of August, 1776, they all retreated safely to New York, across the East River, under the direction of Washington, to the great chagrin of the British commanders, who were not aware of the movement until the last boat-load was crossing the stream.

It soon became evident to Washington and his officers that they could not hold the city; and, toward the middle of September, the Continental army retreated to and fortified Harlem Heights. General Putnam commanded the last division that moved in that retreat, and the march was performed in the midst of many perils. Already a strong British force had landed at Kip's Bay, and were stretching a line of interception across the island. The greatest energy and coolness were needed to insure safety. Putnam was every where seen on the line of march, his horse covered with foam, and his own grizzly locks dripping with perspiration. They had several encounters on the way, and did not reach the lower lines on Harlem Heights until after dark, when all hope for their safety had faded. But for the coolness, energy, and skill of Putnam, all would have been lost.

In the subsequent march into Westchester County to confront the invading Britons there —the battle at White Plains—the flight of the "phantom of an army" of Americans across New Jersey after the fall of Forts Washington and Lee—and in the perilous crossing of the freezing Delaware early in December, Putnam was one of the most useful officers upon whom Washington implicitly relied. His presence always seemed electrical in its effects upon the soldiers; for he never asked a man to go where he himself was unwilling to lead—he never asked a man to suffer what he himself was unwilling to endure.

It was now a dark hour in the history of the War for Independence. Expiration of enlistments, desertion, sickness, and death had reduced the effective soldiers of the Continental army to a mere handful in numbers, and these stood shivering, half-naked, and half-starved on the banks of the narrow stream which formed the only formidable barrier between a well-fed, well-clad, numerous and victorious enemy and the seat of the central government of the revolted colonies at Philadelphia. Yet Washington was faithful and hopeful; and his faith and

* Washington's aid, and afterward a major-general.

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hope were strengthened by the promises of the folly of Cornwallis, his pursuer, who, sure of victory whenever he should choose to put forth his hand and take it, was regardless of the dangers of delay, and resolved to wait for the Delaware to become strongly bridged by ice, that he might march over, and without opposition enter the Federal City, and scatter the civil, as he appeared to have done the military power of the patriots, to the winds. Cornwallis was so confident that the rebellion was utterly crushed, that he left the pursuing army to drive Congress from Philadelphia at its leisure, while he returned to New York to embark for England. But he was kept here almost six years longer, and was then sent home a prisoner on parole.

The defense of Philadelphia was now the chief object of Washington's solicitude, and he sent General Putnam thither with a small detachment to construct temporary fortifications, and to awe the numerous Tories. He performed these duties with his usual zeal. In the mean while the pursuing army, despising the weakness of the Americans, were cantoned at several points in New Jersey, the strongest part being that occupied by some Hessians and British cavalry at Trenton. There Washington resolved to strike stealthily, and prepared to recross the Delaware for the purpose. He felt the need of Putnam's co-operation; yet there appeared as great a need for him to remain in Philadelphia and keep the Tories in check, who were prepared for an insurrection. He remained there, and Washington struck the blow successfully without him. It was followed by a remarkable retreat of the Americans a few days afterward, a severe battle at Princeton, and the formation of a strong winter encampment at Morristown, in the hill country of New Jersey. The British army concentrated at Brunswick and Amboy, and early in January Putnam left Philadelphia and took post at Princeton, within a few miles of Cornwallis's head-quarters. There he co-operated with Washington in a series of enterprises against the British Regulars and Tories, by which their power was completely broken in New Jersey, and the hopes of the patriots greatly strengthened. In the course of the winter and spring Putnam's detachment alone, took a thousand prisoners, chiefly armed Tories, and kept the Loyalists of West Jersey in awe.

Putnam's benevolent nature was nobly illustrated on his arrival at Princeton. There he found a wounded Scotch officer, left to die because he was thought incurable. Putnam ministered to his necessities, and the officer recovered. He was exceedingly grateful, and could hardly be made to believe that Putnam was not a Scotchman, for he thought it impossible for any but one of his own countrymen to be so generous.

It was believed, in the spring of 1777, that the British plan of operations was to invade the country watered by the Hudson and its tributaries, and the region along Lake Champlain, by two powerful armies, moving simultaneously, one north and the other south, so as to cut off all communication between New England and the other colonies. This was indeed the plan. Sir Henry Clinton was to go up the Hudson, and Sir John Burgoyne was to march from Canada, and the conquerors were to meet and take a Christmas dinner in Albany. To prevent this junction was a matter of vast importance to the patriots, and Washington chose General Putnam, above all others, to take chief command on the Hudson, and guard the passes of the Highlands. This choice evinced the great estimation in which the vigilance and executive skill of Putnam were held by the Commander-in-Chief.

General Putnam's head-quarters were near Peekskill, during the summer of 1777, and a part of his army was encamped about two miles from that town, upon a high hill overlooking the Canopus Valley and Continental Village. There a circumstance occurred which illustrates the character of Putnam as a stern military commander, and has given the name of "Gallows Hill" to that eminence. At that time the conduct of the Tories in Westchester County and its vicinity was specially annoying, and Putnam had become greatly irritated. Finally a young married man, connected with some of the most respectable families in that region, was caught in Putnam's camp, with enlisting papers signed by the royal governor, Tryon, and being known as a lieutenant in a Tory company. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned as a spy. His young wife pleaded for his life, and his friends sought the interference of Sir Henry Clinton. More urgently than in the case of Andrè three years afterward, did the stern rules of war require his life, and Putnam was not unwilling to make a warning example. Sir Henry sent a flag to the veteran on the morning fixed for the execution, claiming the spy as a British officer, and menacing the Republican with his severest wrath if he was not delivered up. The messenger carried back to Sir Henry the following laconic note:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, *7th August*, 1777.

"SIR—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly executed."

Spies were scarce in Putnam's camp after that.

Putnam watched there all summer long, and heard from time to time of the invasion of Burgoyne from the north, who, from June until September, was making his way slowly but victoriously from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson. Yet Sir Henry Clinton made no direct movement up the river to meet him. He made unsuccessful attempts to draw the whole force of the Americans from the Highlands by incursions into New Jersey, but so long as Putnam stood like a Cerberus at the gate to the upper coun-

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try, he did not choose to venture in that direction. At length the old hero became tired of inaction, and devised a plan for attacking the enemy at four points simultaneously, namely, Staten Island, Long Island, Paulus's Hook (Jersey City), and New York, by way of Harlem and Bloomingdale. He had promises of large numbers of troops from Connecticut, and expected much strength from the militia of New Jersey. When his plans were almost matured, toward the close of September, he received an urgent letter from Washington, summoning him to send twenty-five hundred men from the Highland camp to assist the army under the chief, then confronting the enemy near Philadelphia. The disastrous battle on the Brandywine had just occurred, and the Federal City was menaced. This summons was a severe blow to the pride and ambition of the veteran, yet he immediately complied, and was left with only fifteen hundred men to occupy the passes of the Highlands.

Burgoyne had now reached Saratoga in his victorious march toward Albany, where he was effectually checked in a severe battle on the 19th of September. He sent urgent dispatches to Clinton to hasten up the Hudson with a competent force to effect the intended junction, for no time must be lost. Clinton could no longer hesitate. But at the very entrance to the Highlands there were three considerable forts—Independence, Clinton, and Montgomery—well garrisoned; and the vigilant Putnam was keeping guard over the country around. There was also a strong boom and chain across the channel of the river at Fort Montgomery, and higher up, opposite West Point, was Fort Constitution. With these obstacles in his way Sir Henry Clinton did not expect to penetrate beyond the Highlands, but he resolved to attack these mountain fortresses, hoping thereby to relieve Burgoyne by calling away large detachments of Gates's army at Stillwater to assist the patriots on the lower Hudson. He sailed up the river on the 5th of October, landed a large body of troops at Verplanck Point, and feigned a disposition to march upon Peekskill and Fort Independence. Early the following morning, under cover of a dense fog, he sent a considerable force across to Stony Point, to hasten over the rough hills and attack the twin fortress, Clinton and Montgomery, on the west side of the river. His plans were successful. While Putnam was reconnoitring the enemy at Verplanck's Point, the Highland forts were surprised and captured. A messenger sent by the commander to Putnam for aid proved treacherous, and these fortifications were in possession of the enemy before the veteran had sure information of what was transpiring there.

The loss of these fortresses was a severe blow. Forts Independence and Constitution were abandoned, and Putnam and his little army were compelled to retire to Fishkill, north of the mountains, and leave the Hudson free for the passage of British ships. Clinton, however, did not venture. He sent a small detachment to depredate, and thus to alarm the country and draw troops from Saratoga for its defense. Kingston was burned, and other places menaced; but Burgoyne, in the mean while, had suffered another defeat, and was summoned to surrender. The marauding expedition hastened down the river. Putnam, strengthened by new recruits, re-crossed the mountains and took possession of Peekskill and the Highland passes, and Sir Henry Clinton, informed of the surrender of Burgoyne and his large army, made a speedy voyage back to New York. Five thousand troops were ordered from Gates's army to join Putnam, and the dark cloud of disappointment which, for twelve days, had brooded over his spirit suddenly disappeared. At the same moment another cloud overshadowed him. Intelligence of the death of his wife reached him at Fishkill. She was his second consort, and greatly beloved; yet he did not allow his private griefs to interfere with his public duties. He went to the house of Beverley Robinson, where her corpse lay, dropped tears of deep affection upon her coffin, placed her remains in the vault of the Robinson family, and then hastened back to camp.

Putnam now resolved to execute his plans against the enemy at New York; and he was encouraged by a letter from Washington, written before the Commander-in-Chief had heard of the return of Clinton to his head-quarters, in which he suggested the propriety of getting in the rear of that officer, and cutting off his retreat to the city. But as soon as Washington heard of the return of Clinton, he dispatched Colonel Hamilton to the Highland camp to direct Putnam to send forward to his aid, near Philadelphia, the brigade which he had received from the Northern army. Hamilton then went on to the camp of Gates, to direct him, likewise, to send to the chief a large portion of his force, now not needed in the northern department. Putnam did not wish, a second time, to be foiled in his own scheme of conquest, and, with the plea that he was unwilling to send his troops away from such an important post without explicit orders from the Commander-in-Chief, he did not comply. Hamilton wrote to him with some severity, of which Putnam complained to Washington. The latter sustained the course of his aid-de-camp, and then, for the first time, the old hero felt the implied censure of his chief. He was grieved, but, like a true soldier, he promptly sent forward the required troops, and with the remainder he marched down the Hudson to watch the movements of the enemy in Lower Westchester. Soon afterward he took post at New Rochelle, from which he sent out detachments against British and Tory posts on Long Island.

At the middle of December, 1777, Putnam went into winter-quarters with his little army, among the Highlands, while the troops under Washington encamped at Valley Forge. It was a season of intense suffering for both armies. At Valley Forge almost three thousand

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men were unfit for duty, "because they were barefoot and otherwise naked;" and of his troops Putnam wrote to Washington, in February, 1778: "Dubois's regiment is unfit to be ordered on duty, there being not one blanket in the regiment. Very few have either a shoe or a shirt, and most of them have neither stockings, breeches, nor overalls." At that time the snow lay two feet deep on the ground. Putnam cheerfully suffered with them; and his sympathy, like that of Washington at Valley Forge, fed and kept alive the patriotism of many whose sufferings made them careless even of liberty and life.

Early in January Putnam received instructions from Washington to make all efforts in his power to fortify the Highlands. All the old works having been demolished, new sites were chosen, and, at the suggestion of Governor George Clinton, the chief works were commenced at West Point. Their construction was begun, under the direction of Kosciuszko, on the point of the promontory where the monument to the memory of that Polish hero now stands; and the fortress was called Fort Clinton, in honor of the Governor of New York. On an eminence in the rear, five hundred feet above Fort Clinton, another strong work was erected, and named Fort Putnam, in honor of the commanding general. Its ruins now form a picturesque feature in the Highland scenery. Little was done there until the arrival of General M'Dougall in March, as the successor of General Putnam, for the latter was away in Connecticut on business. Other subordinate works were constructed during the spring; and in April the famous iron chain was stretched across the river at West Point.

At this period General Putnam was under a cloud. The loss of the Highland fortresses in the autumn was charged to his want of vigilance; and complaints against the old hero, arising often from small causes but magnified by strong prejudices, became so universal and clamorous that Washington was compelled, though reluctantly, to give the command in the Highlands to another. With that generous frankness which always marked him, the Commander-in-Chief said, in a letter to Putnam announcing that fact: "General M'Dougall is to take the command of the army in the Highlands. My reason for making this change is owing to the prejudices of the people, which, whether well or ill grounded, must be indulged; and I should think myself wanting in justice to the public, and candor toward you, were I to continue you in a command after I have been in almost direct terms informed that the people of New York will not render the necessary support and assistance while you remain at the head of that department." Congress, however, on investigating the causes of those disasters, attached no blame to any officer. Among the most serious charges made against Putnam by those who clamored for his removal, was that of too much lenity in his treatment of Tories—a charge highly honorable to his character as a man and a Christian.

The old soldier—now sixty years of age, and bearing many scars—cheerfully acquiesced in the action of his Commander-in-Chief, and returning to Connecticut, was very efficient all the spring in raising and hastening the march of new levies, by which Washington was enabled to follow and attack the British army in its flight from Philadelphia to New York, early in the summer of 1778. The famous battle of Monmouth occurred at the close of June; and soon after that event Putnam returned to the camp, and took command of the right wing of the army. During the remainder of the season very little active military service was performed at the North; and the veteran, with three brigades, composed chiefly of Connecticut and New Hampshire troops, went into winter-quarters at Reading, in Connecticut, for the purpose of covering the country from the British lines at New York eastward along the Sound, and to support the garrison at West Point. It was another season of suffering, and in January a mutinous spirit pervaded the Connecticut troops. They were badly fed and clothed, and worse paid, for their small pittance, when received, consisted of the rapidly-depreciating Continental bills. They brooded over their hard lot, and finally resolved to march to Hartford, and demand of the Assembly a redress of the grievance. The second brigade had assembled under arms for that purpose, when information of the movement reached Putnam at his head-quarters near Reading. He instantly galloped to the encampment, and in his earnest, uncouth manner, thus addressed them: "My brave lads, where are you going? Do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in? Is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives, or children? You have behaved like men, so far; all the world is full of your praise, and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds—but not if you spoil all at last. Don't you consider how much the country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not been better paid than yourselves? But we all expect better times, and that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another, then, and fight it out like brave soldiers! Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut men to run away from their officers!" If this speech did not display the polished eloquence of Demosthenes, who made the Athenians cry out with one voice, "Let us go and fight Philip!" it possessed the same spirit, and produced a similar result. When Putnam had concluded his short address, a loud cheer burst from the discontented regiments, and they returned to their quarters in good-humor, resolved to suffer and fight still longer in the cause of liberty.

During the same winter General Putnam performed a daring feat, which has ever been a popular theme for the story-teller, the poet, and

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PUTNAM'S ESCAPE AT HORSENECK.

the dramatist, and spice for the grave compound of the historian. He was at the house of a friend at Horseneck (now West Greenwich), toward the close of March, 1779, on a visit to that outpost, and while standing before a looking-glass early in the morning, shaving himself, he saw the reflection of a body of "red coats" marching up the road from the westward. He dropped his razor, buckled on his sword, and, half-shaven, mounted his horse, and hastened to prepare his handful of men to oppose the approaching enemy. They were almost fifteen hundred strong, British regulars and Hessians, who had marched from their lines near King's Bridge, under General Tryon, the previous evening, with the intention of surprising the troops, and destroying the salt-works at Horseneck landing. Putnam confronted them with his one hundred and fifty men, but after his first fire, perceiving their overwhelming numbers, he ordered a retreat. It became a rout, and each sought safety in his own way in the adjacent

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swamps. The General put spurs to his horse and sped toward Stamford, closely pursued by some British dragoons. He came to a steep declivity, on the brow of which the road turned northward, and passed in a broad sweep around the hill. Putnam perceived that his pursuers were gaining upon him, and with the daring of desperation he left the road, wheeled his horse while on full gallop down the rocky height, making a zigzag course to the bottom, near where some stone steps had been made for the accommodation of people who worshiped at the church on the height, gained the road, and escaped. The dragoons dared not follow his perilous track, but sent a volley of bullets after him without effect. Putnam soon collected a few militia at Stamford, followed Tryon on his retreat at evening, and captured about forty of his men and a large quantity of the plunder he was carrying away. The declivity down which the old soldier rushed and escaped is still known as *Putnam's Hill.*

In June, 1779, General Washington removed his head-quarters from Smith's Clove, back of Haverstraw, to New Windsor, and left General Putnam in command of the right wing of the army, consisting of the Maryland line. A little later Putnam took post with his troops at Buttermilk Falls, two miles below West Point, where he remained until autumn, when all the strong works in the vicinity were completed. After the army had departed for New Jersey, to go into winter-quarters at Morristown, he visited his family at Brooklyn. On his returning journey in December, while at the house of his friend, Colonel Wadsworth, in Hartford, he was disabled by a paralysis of his right side. He was unwilling to believe in the malignant character of the disease, and tried to throw it off by great exertions. It was in vain: the disease was permanent. His blood flowed sluggishly in veins threescore years in use, and his nerves had lost their wonted vigor. His military life was now ended, and with it his usual activity. He retired to the bosom of his family at Brooklyn, where, unlike many of his compatriots in the field, he possessed a competence for his comfort in the evening of life. His bodily infirmities disqualified him for public employment, but he was able to walk a little and ride much; and during the remainder of his days—protracted almost eleven years—he enjoyed social life in an eminent degree.

The memory of General Putnam's public services, genial character, and generous deeds, was sweet to those who had participated with him in the perils and privations of war, and at the close of the contest, just before the Continental army was disbanded in 1783, Washington wrote to the veteran from Newburgh, and said: "I can assure you that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this war, and from whose cheerful assistance and advice I have received much support and confidence in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, the name of Putnam is not forgotten, nor will be, but with that stroke of Time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled, for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties, and independence of our country.

"Your congratulations on the happy prospects of peace and independent security, with their attendant blessings to the United States, I receive with great satisfaction, and beg that you will accept a return of my congratulations to you on this auspicious event—an event in which, great as it is in itself and glorious as it will probably be in its consequences, you have a right to participate largely, from the distinguished part you have contributed toward its attainment."

Colonel Humphreys, his biographer—who was Putnam's aid during his command in the Highlands, and before, and knew him intimately in public life—loved him as a father, and took every suitable opportunity to testify his esteem for the noble veteran. Four months after the hero was "laid up in ordinary" at his home in Brooklyn, the gallant Colonel, in a poetic *Letter to a young Lady in Boston*, written at New Haven, and describing his journey thither from the Massachusetts capital, thus alludes to his brief sojourn with the General, while on his way:

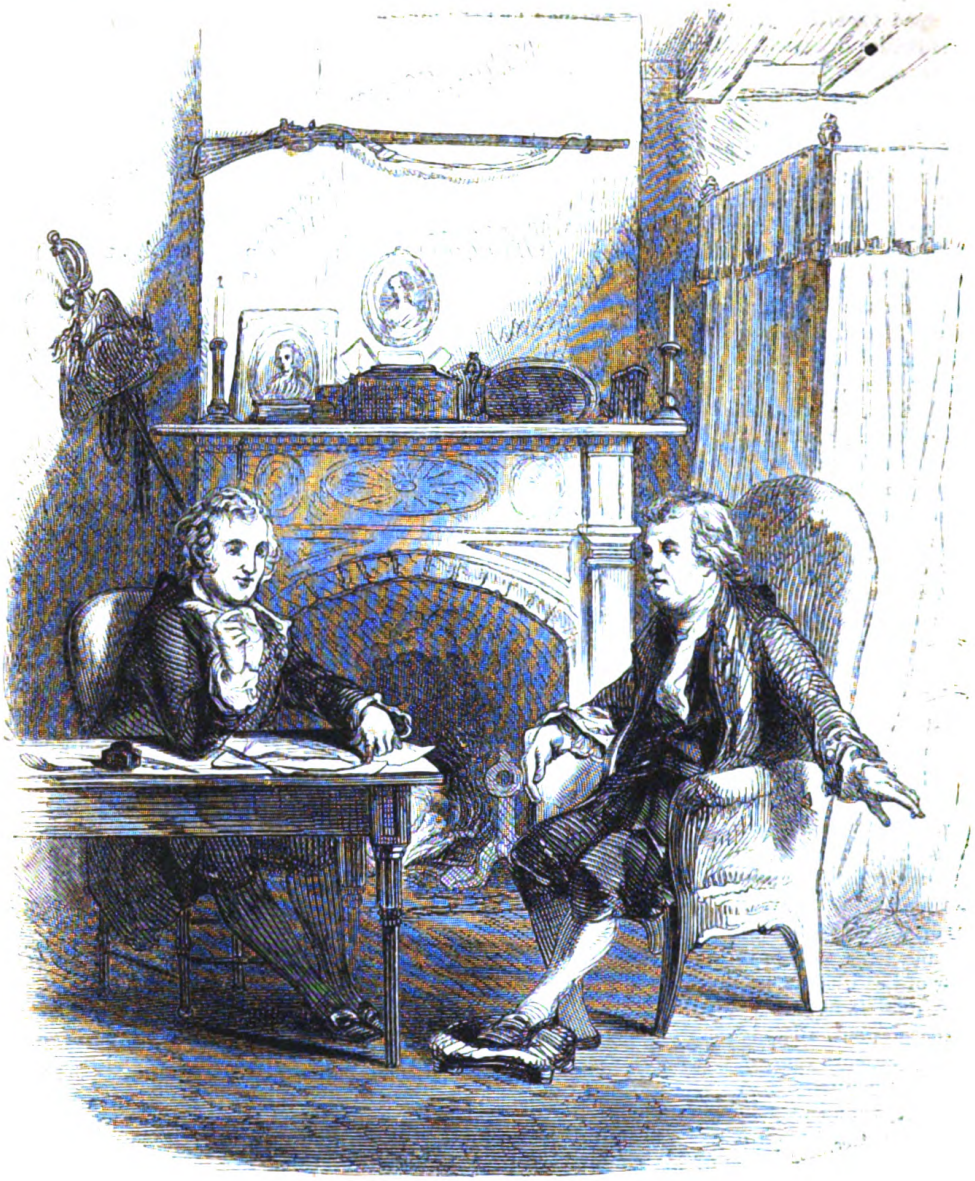
> "The sun, to our New World now present,
> Brought in the day benign and pleasant;
> The day, by milder fates attended,
> Our plagues at Gen'ral Putnam's ended.
> That chief, though ill, received our party
> With joy, and gave us welcome hearty;
> The good old man, of death not fearful,
> Retained his mind and temper cheerful;
> Retain'd (with palsy sorely smitten)
> His love of country, pique for Britain;
> He told of many a deed and skirmish,
> That basis for romance might furnish;
> The stories of his wars and woes,
> Which I shall write in humble prose,
> Should Heaven (that fondest schemes can mar)
> Protract my life beyond this war."

That promise was redeemed eight years afterward, and while the old hero was yet alive. In the autumn of 1787, Colonel Humphreys spent several weeks with General Putnam, and in his little parlor, sitting in his arm-chair, the veteran "fought his battles o'er again." Day after day he related to his friend the incidents of his eventful life, such as we have delineated in outline in this sketch; and that faithful friend committed them to paper as materials for a truthful narrative of the patriot's career. With those materials he went to Mount Vernon, in obedience to an invitation from Washington to spend several months with him; and in that now hallowed mansion he wrote, for the archives of the Connecticut State Society of the Cincinnati, his admirable *Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Putnam,*

——"in humble prose;"

"the first effort in biography," he said, "that had been made on this continent." He undertook the pleasing task because General Putnam

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PUTNAM AND COLONEL HUMPHREYS.

was "universally acknowledged to be as brave and as honest a man as ever America produced." He revered him as one who seemed "to have been formed on purpose for the age in which he lived. His native courage, unshaken integrity, and established reputation as a soldier, were necessary in the early stages of our opposition to the designs of Great Britain, and gave unbounded confidence to our troops in their first conflicts in the field of battle."

General Putnam lived two years after that *Essay* was written, in the enjoyment of comparative health, and great social and religious happiness. On the 27th of May, 1790, he was attacked by an acute inflammatory disease. He regarded it as fatal from the first, and calmly prepared for departure to the spiritual world. That departure took place two days afterward. His body was borne to the grave-yard south of the village by his loving fellow-citizens, and deposited in the earth with appropriate military honors and religious rites. Over it a neighbor and warm personal friend pronounced a touching eulogy; and to mark the spot an humble monument has been erected, covered with a marble slab, on which is engraven the following words, from the pen of his friend, President Dwight, of Yale College:

"This monument is erected to the memory of the Honorable Israel Putnam, Esq., Major-General in the Armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, in the State of Connecticut, on the 29th day of May, A.D. 1790.

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"Passenger, if thou art a Soldier, go not away till thou hast dropped a tear over the dust of a Hero, who, ever tenderly attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any one dared to follow. If thou art a Patriot, remember with gratitude how much thou and thy country owe to the disinterested and gallant exertions of the Patriot who sleeps beneath this marble. If thou art an honest, generous, and worthy man, render a sincere and cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, and who, with a slender education, with small advantages, and without powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem, and to offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and by the diligent services of a useful life."

General Putnam was of medium height, with an uncommon breadth of chest, an athlete in muscular energy, and weighed at the time of the Revolution about two hundred pounds. His hair was dark, his eyes light blue, his complexion florid, and his face broad and good-humored in expression.

MADEIRA, PORT, AND SHERRY.*

THEY who go down upon the waters in ships see the wonders of the Lord; but they who go down in schooners, it is also said, see—a place not to be mentioned to ears polite. Whomever unkind fate has driven upon the reckless waters in a vessel of ridiculous tonnage, let him be pitied, by all at least who have no stomach for the sea. The author of this book, commissioned to explore the countries that bear the vines whose products serve as caption to this article, undertook to reach Madeira in a schooner numbering less than 200 tons. An "old salt" would laugh at the fastidiousness, perhaps, that found this too small. But the author is not an old salt; nor, unless such can be made on dry land, probably ever will be. He entertains quite a different opinion of the sea from Cooper's Tom Coffin, who could not, indeed, see the use of land at all.

To be a week in the British Channel with nothing but storms for contemplation by day, or lullaby at night—with sickness that prevents you from eating, and weariness that indisposes you to sleep—with danger as an inseparable companion, and shipwreck as a probable termination, this is not so pleasant as *terra firma*, a wholesome appetite, and dinner *à la carte!*

But the author was not cast away in the British Channel, nor wrecked in the dreadful Bay of Biscay. In spite of storms, hurricanes, or calms, he arrived in Madeira in twenty days from Southampton. What more pleasant prospect to the eye than the first view of land to the sickened, nauseated, cadaverous passenger! Funchal rising from the sea, its castles and towers, and its sparkling houses, crowning the rocks and clinging to the mountains, gave new life to the tempest-vexed, half-starved voyagers. In England every thing had assumed the sere and yellow leaf; storms ushered in and closed the days. The trees had put off their foliage and the earth its festive dress. What a change greeted the new-comer! Winter had become glorious summer; the naked trees had put on luxuriant and varied foliage, and flowers of every kind enlivened and scented the air. Hills covered with the verdant vine, and gardens loaded with the ripening fruit, gladdened the eye, while the picturesque costume of the inhabitants, and their earnest welcome, delighted the mind; at the very moment, too, when to have landed upon an uninhabited barren island would have been counted a blessing.

The soil produces spontaneously the fruits of the tropics, the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, the guava, the citron, and olive, as well as many of the productions of colder latitudes. The fish of its deep waters, the game of its mountains, its herbage-fed and luscious beef, its inimitable turkeys and various web-footed birds, supply an abundant table. It is its wine, however, for which Madeira is world-famous—a wine redolent of great facts. For under its inspiration what epics, acted or written, have not been achieved! It has inspired the poet's brain, it has warmed the speaker's tongue, and has thawed the miser's heart. One glass of it makes the whole world kin; strangers, meeting at abrupt angles of life, never before encountering, have embraced and sworn eternal amity over its rosy goblets. It decorates prosperous days, and takes the sting from misfortune.



BRINGING WINE IN SKINS.

* Sketches and Adventures in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain. 12mo. Illustrated. Harpers.

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FUNCHAL, FROM THE BAY.

Sometimes when the carriers are bringing the juice to market, or rather to the storehouses, in their goat-skins, they grow fatigued beneath the burden, and place it on some fortuitous rock or auxiliary stump of tree. Here they pull out the stopper from the mouth of the *bota*, or skin, and stop it by another mouth, which is found to facilitate evaporation very much. Of course the lighter their burden the lighter their spirits; and sometimes by the time they arrive in Funchal the skin of the animal and the skin of the man seem to have changed functions. A safer way of getting it along is by oxen on sledges; no wheel carriages can be used in the island from its precipitous formation, and the other fact that the streets are paved with a flat smooth stone, necessary to prevent the roads from being broken up by the raging inundations that sometimes occur, one of which some years since carried houses and all their occupants into the unreturning sea. These inundations are terrible when unchecked, and their ravages sometimes obliterate the former pathways.

Over these smooth stones the smooth-worn sledges glide almost as easily as sleighs upon the snow-covered earth. The cattle, however, have none of the ambition of our 2 40's, but move along slowly, sedately, and with a consciousness of their priceless cargo.



HAULING WINE ON SLEDGES.

The language used by these *burroqueros*, or ox-drivers, to their four-legged companions is a dialect unwritten, but most expressive. The beasts evidently understand and obey it. But to an "outsider" it has a shrill, and almost unearthly sound. Indeed it has a fearful influence upon the animals themselves, for they start at it more than at the puncture of the goad.

Madeira is also renowned for its climate. Immortality, it is true, has not as yet been discovered there, notwithstanding the numerous experiments

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to attain it. Still, in no place, perhaps, in the world are so few natives affected with disease. They drop off like ripened fruit, but seldom go out of the world in the immature, and perhaps convulsive way of less favored countries. Nor is the sole commendation of the climate its inducing and cherishing hale old age. It has a generative as well as conservative power, and aids to bring people into the world as well as to keep them there. Children are daily seen following their mothers in broods, like chickens—hanging on to their skirts, falling round their feet, and scraping about generally, their different ages hardly more than the customary months apart. One lady of the writer's acquaintance made her husband three of these invaluable presents, one at a time, within twenty-nine months. What says the Psalmist? "Like as arrows in the hands of the giant, so are the young children. Happy is he that hath a quiver full of them." Of a verity the people of the island seem to be of opinion with the inspired writer, for they discharge these arrows continually. This fecundity is not confined to the native population, but reaches the temporary sojourners, of which the following is one of the many cases in point: When the English, during their intemperate contest with Napoleon, garrisoned Funchal, as ally of Portugal, they stationed two regiments here. The soldiers, many of them, brought childless wives with them, but all returned with the honors of paternity, though some of the wives had been barren for years. Scandal, it is true, affected to believe that these "*femmes du regiment*" changed more than climate; but it is credible otherwise.

The scenery of Madeira is got up in a style of surpassing eccentricity. Every rule of Aristotle is violated: there is no beginning, middle, or end. Mountains, precipices, chasms, gorges —all seemed to have been formed by Nature when suffering from the night-mare. The Arco do São Jorge is more regular in its proportions than most of the many designs of nature, but yet wants chiseling or rounding off. It is a magnificent view, nevertheless, and well deserves a limner. The mountains, too, of Madeira are not so hackneyed as those of Wales or Switzerland, for instance, while they are fully as impressive. If they boast no avalanches—those miracles in snow—they unvail a picturesque grandeur which you look for in vain upon the Swiss elevations, where the glacier covers every thing. Mont Blanc, it is true, is higher than any of the mountains of Madeira, Pico Ruivo, the highest, being but a little more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea; but so great an altitude seems a waste, and is, indeed, of little practical purpose. But the view from the summit of Pico Ruivo is probably more picturesque and imposing than from the Swiss monster-mountain. From that you see but an endless ocean of snow, varied by billows, perhaps, but still monotonous; while from the summit of Pico Ruivo you behold, within an appreciable circuit, ever-impressive ocean, and nearer, every combination of salient views; lofty and perpendicular cliffs, sometimes reaching thousands of feet in height, gulfs fearful to look down upon,



SÃO JORGE.

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precipices that threaten to topple over meet your eye every where around you, while the masterpieces of Madeira scenery, surpassed nowhere—the *Curral*, an enormous ravine overhung by startling peaks; the *Torriubas*, so called from their strange resemblance to castellated fortresses; and the *Peuha d'Aguia*, which—a solid rock—springs abruptly from the plain two thousand feet in height, you make out in clear distinctness. All these are in nature's Doric, before she would consent to subscribe to rules, and get up scenes to please milder sensibilities.

A system of compensations dominates the universe. Advantages and pleasures are contrasted with defects and inconveniences every where, and Madeira obeys the universal rule. Her wines and fruits are luscious, her climate delicious, her scenery unequaled, *but her women are by no means fascinating.* Nature here has reversed her poetical order, and tried her 'prentice hand on the sex. For the men, indeed, are handsome, tall, symmetrical, and well-favored; but the fair sex have little of attraction—that is, generally. In the upper classes, before the fatal *embonpoint* sets in, there is beauty of expression—eyes and hair are beautiful; but below, among the general crowd, want of personal attraction is truly melancholy.

It is the great reason, perhaps, why the writer tarried no longer than three months on the island. A human, and desirous of embracing all humanity in his experience, he could not remain longer without foregoing a better part of his mission.

Lisbon is a port opportune to Madeira, as much so at least as any on the Continent, and Madeira is an integral part of Portugal—two sufficient motives for a visit. The city, with its seven hills, reclines on the Tagus; one of the many illustrations of that wise ordinance of nature which has always caused rivers to flow past large places. The first interrogatory to a stranger, even before he is allowed to land, is, "How are you off for soap?" This is not hyperbole—it is simple truth; and the question arises not from any regard to your proper condition, but from an anxiety to prevent your use of that article unless purchased in Lisbon. You must either use no soap or that of Lisbon manufacture; for soap is a monopoly, and on it hangs a portion of every official's livelihood, from the king down to the tide-waiter. A piece no bigger than the pebble that overcame the dread son of Anak, yclept Goliath, hidden about your person or carelessly left in your trunk, might much embarrass your passage through the custom-house. The visitatorial police who board you have no keen scent for the article, and much might escape in consequence; but what they have a keen scent for, and seize remorselessly even when soap openly escapes, is *tobacco*, another monopoly, still more rigorously enforced. A violation of the revenue laws in this respect, when discovered, is punished with more severity than actual crime. Besides, the latter is pardonable by the king, while the former is beyond his clemency, the law leaving to the monopoly alone the punishment of transgression against its provisions.

Portugal is quickly "exploited." Its history is more picturesque than its actualities. Visit Cintra, that you may fill your mind with pleasant memories of perhaps the loveliest spot in creation; Batalha, if you would see the finest cathedral in Portugal, and one of the finest in the Peninsula; Mafra, where you will find palace, convent, and church in one strange building, on the top of which it is said ten thousand troops can be reviewed at once; Torres Vedras, where "the Duke" erected his celebrated lines, and held the French at bay till he taught his soldiers to whip them—and you have seen all of Portugal worth seeing, with the exception of Oporto, which, indeed, you need not visit, unless you want to select your own Port, and this wine has fallen into a great deal of disuse. Brummell is quoted as saying, "A gentleman never malts: he ports." However it may have been in those days when his fat friend, the Prince Regent, held his famous, or infamous, orgies at Carlton House, and your two-bottled men were in high repute, strong wines like Port are, at the present day, in small estimation even in England. Port has gone out with Toryism, and Claret and Conservativism come in. Whether the English character has degenerated in consequence of the adoption of new ideas in both respects, is a matter to be argued at another time.

The easiest way to Spain from Portugal is by steam from Lisbon, and this the author adopted, and reached Cadiz the day after leaving the former port. Though Portugal is not without its attractions, entering Spain directly from it is emerging from a dull, dreary, drizzling November day into sunlit May. Every thing seems so racy, so fresh, so hilarious; a novelty strikes you at every step; manners, dress, habits, the dignity of the men, the beauty of the girls, keep eye and mind at a continual tension. The guitar and the castanets, amorous ditties and twinkling feet, are heard and seen every where around you. The alameda, or public promenade, which surmounts the sea-girdled walls, is an entertainment far surpassing operatic or theatrical display. Here ladies in full dress, the national mantilla coquettishly floating over the darker hair, glide over the up-springing flowers beneath their tiny feet as "swift Camilla flies o'er the unbending corn." Ah! their gait is a poem or a melody; an inspiration, and not an art. This, gracing and illustrating the Moorish eye, the rounded form and swelling bust, and the smile, which, like Tasso's Armida's, to see and feel was to be lost, annihilates a man. Our senses reel, and we become suspended animations.

Cadiz, too, was built in the palmy days of Spain, when the rich-laden galleons from her transatlantic possessions poured into the country rivulets of gold; and her architecture reflects the pride of those imperial days. The cathedral, one of the most magnificent in Europe,

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was two centuries in building, and, by decree of the reigning monarchs, each import paid tribute to its completion and decoration. It is but fair to add, however, that its claims to superiority have been contested, and from an unsuspected quarter. Our worthy consul tells the story in this wise: "A supercargo of a vessel from some port in New England was accredited to me by some friend, and in taking him round to see the lions, I, of course, carried him to the cathedral. As a cicerone it became my province to point out some of its most striking beauties. The Down-easter gave a half assent to some of my observations, but seemed in no way to partake of my enthusiasm. Indeed, after I had got through, although he acknowledged it was 'some pumpkins,' he had seen, he said, a considerable greater sight. 'You mean, perhaps,' I replied, 'the cathedral at Seville?' No; he had never been at Seville. 'Nôtre Dame, or the Madeleine, at Paris?' He had never 'hearn tell' of either. 'St. Peter's,' I persevered, 'at Rome?' I was still at fault; so that I finally asked him, point-blank, what cathedral he *had* seen finer than this? 'Wa'al,' says he, 'as for cathedrals, and them kind of things, I guess we hain't got none in Ameriky. Our parson used to say they were Papistical, and had nothing to do with true religion. But I can tell *you* that the "meetin'-us" at Passamaquoddy, in the State of Maine, will take the shine out of your cathedral, and all the St. Peters and Magdalens in the world. It will *so*.'"

No one, indeed, can quit Cadiz without the wish to return. A lifetime would hardly "exploit" its pleasures. Long before profane history was composed, it was known, sought, or avoided for its piquant and somewhat licentious indulgences. It indeed tries one's virtue, as a smoky room one's eyes; both may be strengthened, as one is said to be, by the experiment, but no one weak in either respect would be advised by the author to undergo either ordeal.

Xeres is accessible, within two or three hours, from Cadiz, and this was in the author's programme. For it produces one of the three wines that illustrate the modern world. It is an old place, Xeres—one of the oldest in Spain—"so far doting in age," as old Fuller says of the pyramids, "as to have forgotten the names of its founders." Its wine contests with Maderia and Port the suffrages of the enlightened; barbarous countries knowing nothing of the humanizing properties of the grape, but indulging in strong drink and ignorance. While Maderia enriches the imagination, and Port strengthens the understanding, Sherry excites the fancy. It gives birth and brilliancy to the epigram, and polishes the keen edge of a sarcasm. Sound sermons can be predicated of Port—there is many an Iliad in Maderia—while sparkling thoughts and gay fancies gather round the Sherry, as bees upon the lips of Plato.

The vineyards and gardens are inclosed generally by hedges of the cactus, or prickly pear, and the aloe; the latter being inferior because it dies after having flowered, while the former, occasionally renewed with fresher plants, will endure almost forever. Fields are never inclosed. Soon as the corn or grain is gathered in, cattle and sheep run at large over every man's grounds—not a very favorable symptom of careful agriculture. Oxen are not yoked like ours by the neck, but by the head, the yoke being placed immediately behind the horns, and fastened to the foreheads. The Spaniards have heard their fathers say that so it was plowed in their days, and in the old times that were before them, and they object to change. Like old Mause Headrigg, they are opposed to all innovations in agriculture—to all "new-fangled machines for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of divine Providence by raising wind for one's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send." Indeed, the Spaniard has a marvelous reliance upon Providence: "*Si Dios quiere*—Just as God pleases," is their philosophy.

Rivers, useful every where, are almost the sole means of intercommunication in Spain. The highways are hardly traversable, not probably having been repaired since the times of the Romans. So, instead of taking the direct route to Seville by land from Xeres, the author made a detour, and at Bananza struck the Guadalquiver—"the Great River," as the Arabians called it—from never having seen the Mississippi, Missouri, or Amazon, the large-scaled rivers of the Western Continent. It is a muddy and an indolent stream, and its banks are low and spiritless. Still this same stream has borne the Phœnician, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Vandal, the Arab, and the Goth, each in triumphant array; and these shores have vibrated to the tread of the armed battalions of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of Tarik, and San Ferdinand—and it is something to follow in their wake.

Seville bursts upon the sight like fairy-land. Mosques and minarets, convents, cathedrals, and cloud-reaching spires strike the yet distant eye; while groves of orange-trees, clumps of palms, the olive, the acacia, and magnolia deck the shores of the river. You land under an enchantment, which continues till you leave.

Seville, "famous for women and oranges," can never be exhausted till our senses fade. The *tertulia*, the bull-fight, the *baile* or dance, the theatre, the walks, the architecture, Murillo, and the *muchachas*, are always fascinating and always novel. If the girls of Cadiz are pretty, those of Seville are entrancing. They are more *guapita* (lovelier), more *graciosa* (genteeler), have more air, grace in walking, and more *sangre azul*, or better descent. Look at Dolores as she kneels in church. She stoops to the marble pavement to her knees, and is bending her head in devotion. The earliest rays of the morning sun but faintly penetrate the deep-stained glass, and all objects appear in that *chiaro-oscuro* (subdued light) so favor-

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DOLORES.

able to beauty. Her eyes, inspired with an expression of mingled love and reverence, and her chiseled hands crossed upon her gently-budding breast, you could not fail to liken her to Murillo's inimitable personation of ideal grace and natural loveliness, the Madonna of the "Immaculate Conception." Who would not know her, and, knowing her, who could escape loving her?

She is not a creature of the mind, but a flesh and blood existence. Her story is that of many a girl of Seville and Spain—a refinement beyond her station, and a station above her means; she can never marry equally, nor live unmarried without degradation. The daughter of an artist who was too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and too indolent to work, and who deserted his family to seek a selfish existence elsewhere, she lives with her mother and an elder sister. By embroidery and other occupations for delicate tastes and hands, they seek to live; and, with the assistance of the sister's *amigo*, accomplish a stinted livelihood. Her father's desertion and sister's example, however, foretell too surely her probable destiny—a destiny unaccelerated, it is true, but yet undiverted by the episode of her acquaintance with the writer. That acquaintance took place on the introduction of her confessor, a friar of the order of St. Francis, and its *finale* runs thus: It is related of Scipio Africanus, that, when fighting the battles of Roman conquest in Spain, he took captive a beautiful native princess, whom, notwithstanding the report of her matchless charms, he dismissed unseen to her friends—thereby achieving a greater victory than his subsequent one at Zama.

The author, taking a stroll one evening some time after his arrival in Seville, met the Friar-Confessor. After the exchange of a few preliminary nothings, the Friar asked him when he had seen Dolores; to which he replied:

"Two or three days before; but that as he thought he perceived a change in her manner toward him, and was unconscious of the cause, he had concluded not to call again till he had seen his friend the Friar, and been informed as to the cause."

"Do you love Dolores?" the Friar inquires.

"With a love surpassing the love of woman—like Jonathan's for David," is the reply.

"Then why, my son, have you not given them to understand so much?"

"Reverend Father, if Dolores don't understand my sentiments toward her, I know no words to express them. Do you imagine the girl ever lived who could not divine, without the mediation of language, the nature of a man's feelings toward her? Depend upon it, they require no declaration of love to know our love."

"But you have not communicated with the mother, who has for a long time expected it. Your attentions have been marked and assiduous. You have appeared to all friends as her *querido*, and yet have said nothing to mother or daughter."

"What should I say, holy Father? I can not marry Dolores, and, God knows, I never supposed it was expected."

"Marry! who talks of marriage, my son? But you certainly could make some settlement upon her, and treat her as your wife so long as you remain in Spain; and this her mother is anxious for."

"And Dolores?"

"Dolores, my son, would be an obedient daughter."

The steamer was to start for Cadiz the next morning at five o'clock. The traveler returned to his hotel, packed his portmanteau, paid his bill, and next morning, soon after the earliest cock had first done salutation to the morn, was once more upon the Guadalquiver. Inasmuch as he resisted temptation—after having been exposed to it in its most dangerous form—he thinks himself superior to Scipio, who was afraid to trust himself with the presence of danger.

This is a common peril in Spain, and not always overcome.

But Catalina, the actress, stands out from the canvas in better defined lineaments than Dolores, though the latter may have been more beautiful. A girl of *bon mots*, piquant sallies, and, doubtless, warm heart; interesting from her foibles—for she was none of your faultless characters, who may make excellent saints but are intolerable companions. She was not so good as to have provoked attack, nor so bad as

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to have deserved it. You might not have respected her—nor, indeed, have loved her—but you would have been glad to know her, and taken good care not to offend her.

The gipsy dances needs must be interesting, there is so much life and so little conventionality in them; and the girls must have been interesting, if only that they were so savagely virtuous, in a country, too, where female chastity is hardly considered decorous. There is one vice, it seems, the man is free from—drunkenness; one virtue the girl possesses—chastity. He is a thief by profession, a cheat from inclination, and a murderer on provocation, but a drunkard never; while the girl will lie, steal, and perhaps poison—be perhaps worse than the man—but she will not fornicate. She will allure in every possible way—by gesture, by language, by every art of her dangerous eye—and will serve as procuress, but defends her own person with the ferocity of the tigress. Like the Old Guard, "she dies, but never surrenders."

The fandango, danced by the gipsy man and girl, arrives to the dignity of a fine art. It is a love-scene set to music and expressed in motion. The *danseur* accompanies his step with the castanets—in the hands of an Andalusian so joyous and melodious an instrument. He advances toward the girl, who retreats in a half-reluctant, half-inviting motion; he hastens in pursuit—she flies as if alarmed. His countenance and attitude express hope, her's simulate hesitation; his gestures indicate persuasion, her's rebuke presumption; his eye betrays desire, her's a soft languor that encourages. After countless feints on one side, successfully evaded on the other; approaches admirably planned, and retreats no less ably accomplished; promises, prayers, menaces, are passionately proffered, and playfully or scornfully repulsed; the girl, as if tired of even a victorious contest, consents to parley. The dancers approach each other, at first with hesitating steps, then with quickened motions, and at last with eager vehemence, music and gesture illustrating the different phases of their passion, till their breath commingles, their arms interlace, and their lips encounter—the crowning glory of their exploits!

The *Majo* is an institution in the Andalusias. He is a swell, and of the tallest kind. In gaudy attire, flash language, and striking peculiarities, he outswells the swells of any other country. A short jacket of broadcloth, with sleeves slashed with crimson velvet and pendant tassels of silver, to be thrown over the shoulders rather than worn; breeches of the same material, decorated with double rows of silver buttons from waist to knee; a *chalico*, or waistcoat, also of broadcloth, and resplendent with rows of silver rings; an embroidered shirt, with collar, *à la* Byron, falling over a neck-tie of stunning colors; a *faja*, or sash, of richest silk, and more variegated than Joseph's many-colored garment; *bottinos*, or spatterdashes, of the finest russet leather, open on the outside to show the gaudy hose of silk, with two whitest handkerchiefs dangling from each pocket of the jacket—such is the costume of the Majo; while his attitudes, his walk, and his speech are made up "to match." There is much *ponderacion* in



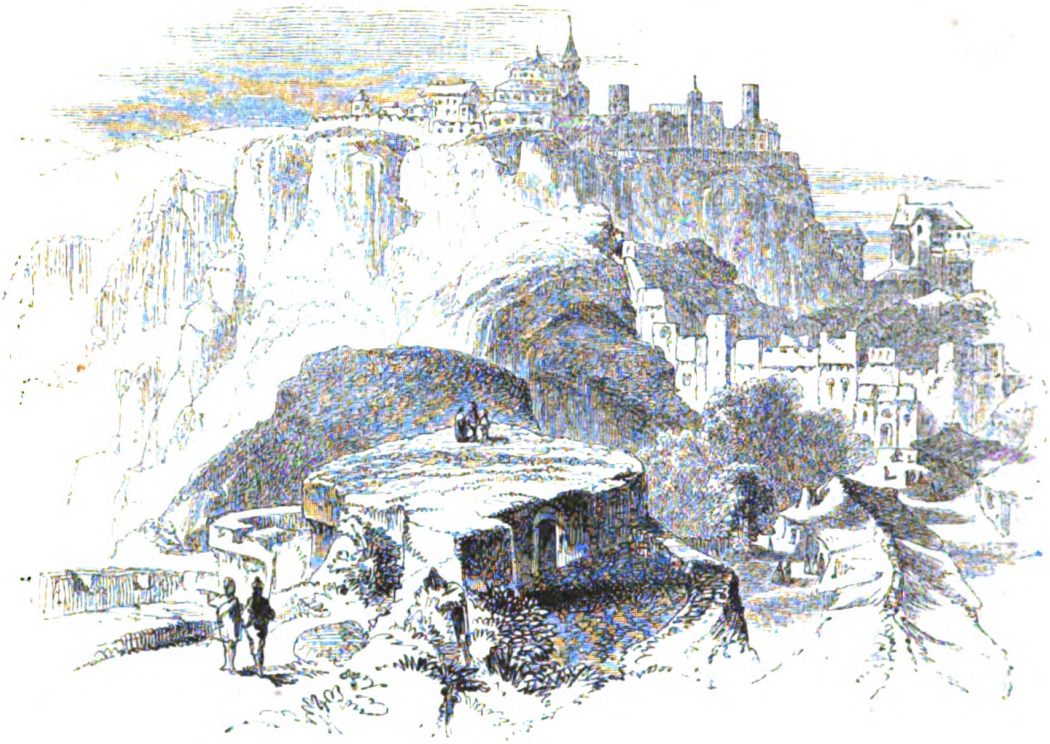
MAJO OF SEVILLE.

his language. His words have a sonorous articulation, and he talks like one having authority. He is the intimate of bull-fighters, the connoisseur in tauromachia, the oracle of the "*aficion*," the "fancy-man" of the *muchachas*, and the envy of the poor devils who can't ape his finery. A great braggart, and generally a great coward.

At La Luisiana, on the road to Cordova, the author had a night-adventure at a *posada*, not probably infrequent in Spain, though this may have had a different termination from such adventures generally. Rooms in hotels, whether in Spain or elsewhere, have such a general resemblance, on the outside at least, that one would be very likely, particularly in the dark, to make a wrong selection; but women can not be too careful from exposing themselves to the danger of such errors, especially where there are jealous husbands about.

Cordova is worth visiting from its mosque alone, unless perhaps also for the historical associations connected with it. Under the Ommeyan dynasty of the Arabs, it was the seat of science and taste, while the rest of Europe was still groping and plunging in darkness; and its famous mosque still attests the lively genius and vast wealth of that wonderful nation. Under the reconquering Spaniard it languished and fell to decay; and now, like most others of the cities of Spain, it is only interesting from the relics of the past.

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RONDA.

Retracing his steps to Seville, and thence to Cadiz, the author skirted the western coast of Spain to Gibraltar, which he describes with appropriate language. To Ronda, where his impulse tended, because there the crack bull-fights in all Spain take place, a guide was necessary, and, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, a robber was selected—not one, indeed, in the active discharge of the duties of his profession, but what may be called a retired bandit.



JOSÉ, THE RETIRED BANDIT.

He was a *picaro* of a fellow—as the Spaniards would describe a man of social qualities, combined with a necessary proportion of mischievous propensities—fond of jokes, addicted to pleasant scrapes, and unimbued with any thing ferocious. The slow, difficult, and even dangerous path to Ronda was enlivened with his frequent sallies and illustrative anecdotes.

Ronda is built on a rock, like an eagle's eyrie. It is girdled by the waters of the Guadiaro, and is only accessible by a narrow, precipitous path which the old Moorish castle completely enfilades. It was tossed off in one of Nature's freaks—so strange, chaotic, and mysterious is its form. A *tajo*, or chasm, six hundred feet in depth, surrounds three-fourths of the hill, and adds to its picturesque sublimity.

It is the great place for bull-fights and fairs, and the resort, during the latter spring, of all the picturesque characters in Spain—bull-fighters, contrabandistas, gipsies, and robbers. The *funcion* of bulls is performed here always with the greatest *éclat*. Cuchares, the lion-tauridor of present Spain, here displays, to the wonder of all the *aficion*, his wonderful skill, here achieves his greatest triumph, and obtains from the intelligent sympathies of his audience his best-prized honors. When he succeeds in his great undertaking of killing the bull with a sin-

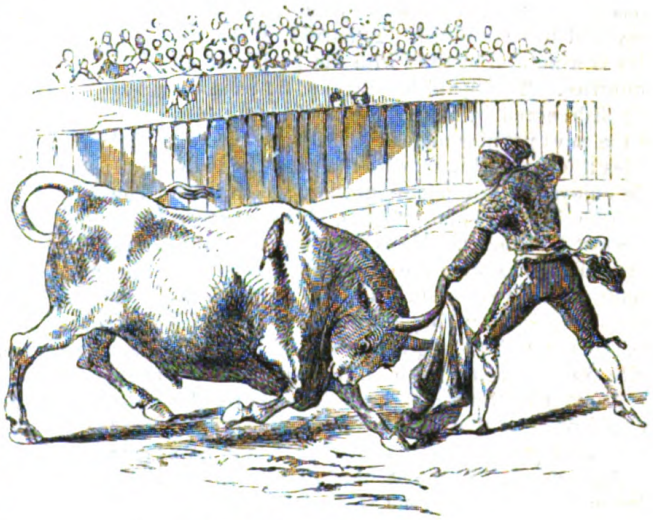
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THE ALHAMBRA.

gle thrust, the tumultuous applause of the audience is overwhelming. The animal rushes madly upon the banner of the matador, who, springing to one side, allows him full impetus against its yielding folds, confounding him with the apparent slightness of the opposed obstacle. This *ruse* he repeats a number of times, till the bull, becoming more and more exasperated, his previous wounds disgorging blood and life all the while, loses more and more the power to direct his blows. This game of life against life, where the chances seem so equally poised, excites the admiring crowd. Their passions hang on the crisis of the combatants. They rise upon the benches and in the galleries. The women repeat their Paternosters, the boldest *majo* holds his breath, and all eyes cleave to the glittering blade seen to protrude beyond the crimsoned banner. Cuchares holds this banner, pointed directly over the head of the animal, in his left hand, while with his right he points and directs the blade above. The bull now makes a fearful rush; the banner, as before, gives way; the animal's head passes beneath the arm of the matador, whose sword at the very moment pierces deep into his back, just where the vast neck mingles with the chine, and remains there transfixed to the very hilt. The whole amphitheatre gives one shout of applause, amidst waving of handkerchiefs and trampling of benches, and the clangor of trumpets swells the triumph of Cuchares.

But we hasten from Ronda, strangely beautiful as it is, to reach Granada—a name not to be pronounced without the revival of all the poetry of youthful imagination. For Florian, and Chateaubriand, and our own Irving have made its history familiar to us, and have given it all the vigor of personal associations. Po-



CUCHARES STRIKING THE BULL.

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etry and romance, and the no less faithful pencil, have made it ours, and in visiting it we but propose to confirm the hopes of childhood. The ALHAMBRA—whose beauties, though faded, no art of coloring can enhance, whose history, though well attested, no genius of the poet can render more dazzling—still unchanged, crowns the hill where Boabdil held his court, and checked or encouraged the brilliant warriors of Moslem chivalry. Centuries have but hallowed its beauties, softening its incongruities, and mellowing its fullness.



SMUGGLER.

In prohibiting indispensable articles of consumption, the law invites a large crowd of persons to violate its provisions by temptations too powerful to be resisted. A hatred of the excise is a natural instinct with the people of all countries. The Spanish smuggler, far from being dishonored by the profession he exercises, is the most popular man in his village. He divides the national heart with the tamer of bulls. He enjoys the brilliant reputation, which, with a nation of individual exploits, always rewards successful audacity. He is the hero of the theatre; he comes upon the stage in the *majo* costume, with his *retayo* in his hand, sings his famous *sinquidilla*, "*Yo que soy contrabandista yo ho*," to the universal gratification of his audience from Gibraltar to the Bidassoa.

Another institution is the beggar—as regular a profession as that of the contrabandista, and as equally palliated, if not justified, by the laws of the country. In the beggars' *fiesta*, or frolic, the author has given some idea of the graces as well as skill of this *metier*. The arts practiced to extort alms are only less deplorable than the destitution which gives them birth. If the mendicants do not enforce their entreaties with the display of a carabine, like Gil Blas, their importunities are nearly as effective. You give rather than endure their presence. There is a cabalistic phrase which, like the reading of the Riot Act, generally disperses the mob: When a beggar accosts you with the stereotyped phrases of the profession, reply to him, with determined suavity, "*Perdone usted por Dios, hermano*"—"For God's sake, excuse me, brother"—and this, nine times in ten, will put an end to their supplications and your torments; for the command of this shibboleth convinces them that you are impenetrable.

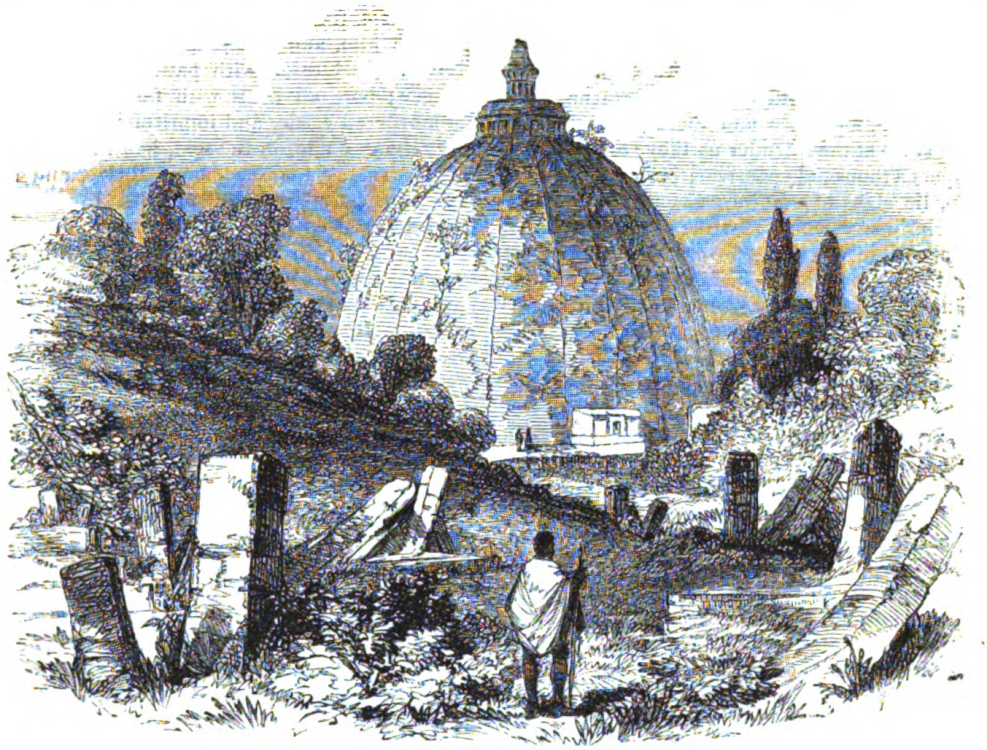


THE BEGGAR.

Some of them, in the dignity of their address and general appearance, are quite Homeric. The author had one sketched who might well resemble Belisarius asking an obolus. But mostly they are a miserable, repulsive, disgusting crowd.

The author would seem to have made a pleasant tour. His sojourn in Andalusia must have been agreeable. He was fond of the *corridas de toros* (bull-fights)—of the *baile*, or national dances—of the *olla podrida* (national dish)—of the alamedas, where the beautiful *muchachas* congregate—of the old architecture and glorious scenery—all novel, all racy, all inimitable. Nor, perhaps, could a person of leisure and means to spare do better than follow his whole route.

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RUINS AT POLLANARUA.

A HOME IN THE CINNAMON ISLE.

IT was about the time that Alexander the Great began the restoration of Babylon, in order to adapt it to become the capital of the world, that the city of Pollanarua was founded. The site chosen was lovely. One of the richest plains of the Island of Ceylon. In front of the principal gate a silvery lake, imbedded in a park of tamarinds, and other tropical trees, and dotted with the gorgeous blossoms of the pink lotus: carpet-like lawns here, covered with sagacious elephants; there, golden corn-fields, with rows of palm for fences, under whose shade sturdy buffaloes rested from the day's labor. In a few years it was a great city. Four miles stretched the main street, in a perfectly straight line, between royal palms. On either side were splendid dwellings, with gilded domes; temples to strange gods, with massive statues in front; groves of cocoa-nut, and stately arecas. In the centre of the city was reared the great Dagoba, the national monument. A pedestal two hundred and sixty feet high; above the pedestal two colossal steps, each twenty feet high by fifty wide, serving to support broad flights of stairs; above these, a dome of solid brick-work, covered with polished stucco varied by bas-reliefs; above the dome another pedestal, a cube of some thirty feet, wholly of stucco; on this a tall spire thickly gilt; and this last crowned with a golden umbrella. From this Dagoba radiated all the great streets in the city. On one of them stood the palace of the King of Pollanarua, a lofty building, with octagon towers at the corners; on another the rock temple, with the gigantic idols of Buddha staring pitilessly at the devotee as he entered. The whole swarmed with human beings. No censuses were there in those days in the Cinnamon Isle, and no man can say how many hundreds of thousands dwelt in Pollanarua, or in that far greater city of Ceylon, Anaradupoora, whose ruins cover two hundred and fifty-six square miles. But this we know; they were like the insects of the jungle, crowded, heaped, packed together—vastly relieved, in truth, when the Queen of the South set her armies in motion from her great city of Mahagam, or the Malabars took the field from the North, and fell upon Pollanarua, and slaughtered their tens of thousands.

Another stride through time, and about the period when Christian nations went to war with the Saracen for the Holy Sepulchre, some unknown enemy destroyed Pollanarua. Not the buildings themselves—the Dagoba was for the most part almost indestructible—but the people, men, women, and children. How it was done no one knows. Probably the enemy gained possession of the high lands above the city and cut off the supply of water; which would put an end to all agricultural operations, cause speedy famine, and soon enable the jungle to encroach upon the city, and breed devastating pestilences. Perhaps the cold steel and the flames had a large share in the work. Anyhow, Pollanarua was depopulated.

Now one common turf covers houses, and people, and streets, and sculptures. The Dagoba is there in massive ruin; but a banyan-tree has struck its roots through the brick-work,

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and cleft it in two; and the fragments are so overgrown with jungle-grass and lichens that they look like mere mounds of earth, which the traveler might pass without notice. Elsewhere, fragments of the old huge idols protrude from the jungle, and here and there a pair of dull eyes stare at the intruder as they stared at worshipers a thousand years ago; beside them, mayhap, lie slabs of granite graven with elaborate inscriptions which — like the dialect in which Eliot's Bible was written—are now a sealed letter to the most learned. Amidst the desolate ruins crouch the fiery leopard and the hungry bear: the jackal deserts them, for they do not contain a single bone he can pick.

The history of Pollanarua is that of the whole island. Our North American Indians are not fading more rapidly from the earth than the native Cingalese. The jungle is closing around them, and every year disease tightens its grip. One season, cholera or fever attacks a village of two hundred souls, and carries off half of them. The survivors are unable to keep the same quantity of land under cultivation as formerly; and in consequence, next season, the jungle has closed still further upon them, and the fatal epidemic returns with fresh violence. Reduced to a miserable few who can not even cultivate their rice-plots, the remaining tenants of the village wait passively for cholera to exterminate them, which it does in a couple of seasons at farthest, leaving nothing but a few towering cocoa-nut trees to show where a village once stood.

In olden time the science of irrigation was thoroughly understood by the Cingalese, and immense tracts of land were kept under cultivation by a system of tanks and canals. But in the old wars most of these were destroyed, and the people have not had the enterprise, nor the British colonial government the sagacity to restore them. The consequence is, that from being one of the greatest rice-growing countries in the world, Ceylon now imports rice from India; and the jungle-grass has overgrown the lands on which this staple was formerly grown. So utterly wretched is the soil, and so improvident have been its owners, that it is now becoming unprofitable even to plant coffee there, and the only articles of production which pay are cinnamon and cocoa-nuts—both of which luxuriate in a dry, sandy soil.

In the mountains tracts of land are found which, with plenty of manure, may be made to produce most of the necessaries of life. Some six or seven years ago, an Englishman, Mr. S. W. Baker, purchased a tract at a place called Newera Ellia, or Royal Plains, peopled it with English emigrants, and stocked it with cattle. He met with the usual mishaps of pioneers. One day a pair of his best Australian horses ran away, and smashed a carriage and themselves. Then a cow—a thorough-bred Durham shorthorn—died, on the way up to the settlement, from the heat. Then his groom, after investigating the quality of the native liquors, rode his best elephant to death. Finally, his settlers, of course, took the earliest opportunity of quarreling with him, and going to law. Happily for him he was blessed with patience and perseverance; bore all trials with fortitude, buried his murdered cattle, and imprisoned his refractory tenants; and, in the end, had the satisfaction of seeing his settlement thrive, and his farmers accumulate small fortunes by dint of large doses of economy and manure.

He would have borne the struggle with fortune less patiently had he been less of a sportsman. Ceylon, as every one knows, is the Paradise of Nimrods. South Africa beats it, indeed; but who has hunted its wildernesses save Mr. Gordon Cumming? The elephant, the bear, the wild boar, the leopard, the elk—besides countless other denizens of the forest, of less note—abound in the silent jungles of Ceylon; many and many a week did the lord of the manor of Newera Ellia spend in hunting them down. A hunter, he, in the grain. None of your amateur gunners, who run out of town for a day or two at a time to shoot woodcock, or even murder moose; but a methodical, business-like sportsman, regarding the craft as one of the highest vocations to which a man can be called—a man who knows of nothing that can give such a delightful feeling of calm excitement as wild sports—who buries a couple of favorite hounds side by side, and tearfully exclaims, "There are no truer dogs on the earth than the two that lie there together!"—who can not even talk of a hunt without bursting into a parenthetic "Yoicks! for-r-r-rard!"—who speaks of his double-barreled four-ounce No. 10 rifle with emotion and gratitude, and sits down mournfully, in a dearth of game, to shoot crocodiles for fear of being idle.

The elephant is, of course, the royal game of Ceylon. The Cingalese variety of the beast is inferior to that of Africa, as it is rarely a "tusker." Now and then an elephant is found with tusks; but, unlike all other races of elephants, the animals usually shot on the island have nothing but miserable little grubbers, projecting two or three inches from the jaw and pointing downward. Still they are fine hunting, and to come upon a herd of them browsing quietly on the tall rushy grass in one of the old deserted tanks—as happened to Mr. Baker and a friend of his—must have been tolerably exciting.

They spent half an hour behind the trees watching the beasts disport themselves in the cool water; then, sending a party of Cingalese round to the enemy's flank to shout and terrify him, the hunters and their men took up a position at the outlet of the tank. The Cingalese howl was followed instantly by a mighty roar of water caused by the rush of the herd, and at this moment the excitement was tremendous. The natives saw no fun in the sport, and scrambled up trees; Baker and his friend cocked their rifles with a grim smile. On came the elephants, dashing up the spray before them, when, to the horror of the hunters, just as they

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TANK SCENE AT EVENING.

were at twenty paces' distance, the frightened natives scrambled still higher in the trees, and gave the alarm by their noise. The leaders veered round in an instant. Baker and his friend, having no choice, leaped down among them, and bagged a couple each with the regulation shot behind the ear. The others took to the water, which was too deep to admit of a foot-race; but Baker, judging that they would again attempt to enter the jungle at some distance, followed them on the edge of the lake. His suspicion was verified; he had just time to ensconce himself behind a tree on the margin of the tank when the roar of the rushing water was heard. Again the stupid natives spoilt the sport by showing themselves, and the herd galloped off, dashing the spray before them. Thus detected, Baker threw off all disguise, and ran toward the herd as best he could through the water, shouting and screaming in order to induce the old bulls to charge; but his challenge was unheeded, and the elephants, with remarkable sagacity, scattered in all directions, and made for a piece of thick jungle a couple of hundred yards off. In despair, he knocked over the hindmost with a long shot; when, to his delight he heard one of the leading bulls trumpet shrilly, and rock his head from side to side with ears cocked. Baker knew that this meant fight, and redoubled his shouts.

The chase was terrific. Forty yards still divided the hunter and his prey, and blown as the former was, there was every chance that the herd would reach the jungle before him. His only hope was that the angry bull would turn on him. But, to his disgust, when the herd did win the race and reach the jungle, this fellow rushed in with the others.

The disappointment lasted but for a few seconds. After seeing the other elephants safe, he of the cocked ears came rushing out again in full charge. It was, as the grim hunter says, "very plucky, but foolish," for he straightway bagged him by the forehead shot.

Almost immediately afterward he heard a tremendous roaring behind him; and loading his rifles hastily, ran to the spot. Instead of the herd he had hoped to find, he saw a young elephant, four feet high, who, being fool-hardy, as became his years, charged the hunter directly. Baker—vastly to the disgust of the natives—laid aside his rifle, and as the young brute rushed at him, jumped on one side and caught him by the tail. Then followed a comical scene. The juvenile elephant ran away with Baker without feeling him: he called to the natives to bring ropes or cotton cloths to tie his legs, but they were too frightened to come. A couple of gun-bearers ran to his assistance, and took a twist in the brute's tail, but it was of no use; he ran away with all three of them like a steam-engine running off with an empty railroad-car. So Baker was obliged at last to send for a gun and settle him.

This business done, and his huntsman's blood being up, he turned to other game. Attacking a Cingalese for his cowardice, the fellow laughed in his face; whereupon Baker cut a stout

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stick. The native ran off at top speed, and the hunter gave chase. It was a long run, but, as the victor says, "I ran into him at last in heavy ground, and I dare say he recollects the day of the month."

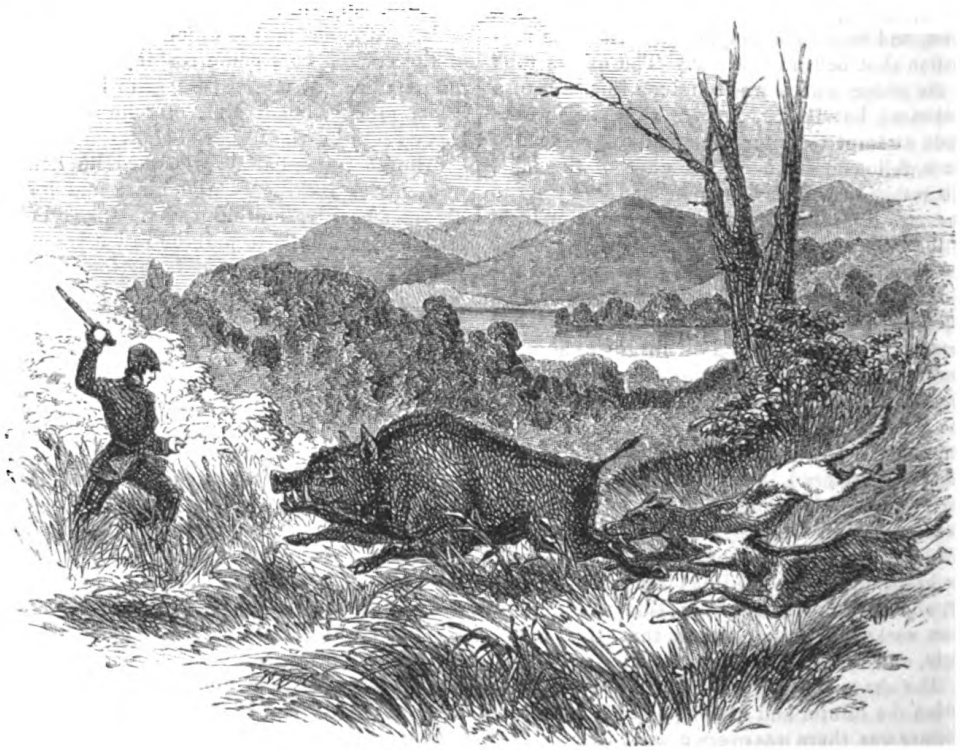
As a general rule Cingalese elephants are shot almost *à bout portant*. Eight or ten paces are the usual firing distance, and the brain is invariably the part aimed at. When Mr. Baker arrived in Ceylon, with his usual earnestness he went straight to the museum, and spent a week studying the anatomy of an elephant's skull. When his studies were over, he felt assured that, from whatever direction he fired, he would be able to hit the brain. It was well for him he could.

Walking through the jungle one day, he suddenly noticed a young tree, as thick as a man's thigh, shake violently over his head. Looking up he saw, just above him, the trunk of an elephant, who was engaged in barking the tree as high as he could reach with his trunk. There was no time to be lost; the next moment the elephant would perceive him. He raised the rifle, took the eccentric line for the brain, and fired upward through the jaw. The ball had to pass through bones and tough membranes for a distance of two feet; but the rifle was true, and "a hard hitter," and the animal fell stone dead, with the wad smoking in the wound.

It appears quite common to approach elephants as close as this without seeing them, so nearly does the color of their hide resemble that of the decaying and burnt jungle. Mr. Baker often took aim at an elephant which was within eight paces of him, when a friend who was at his elbow could not see him at all.

The wild boar is not bad sport, though not to be mentioned in the same month with the elephant. Of course, for such game one does not take gun or rifle. The long boar-spear, sharply and freshly pointed, is the consecrated weapon, and Mr. Baker admits that, for the encounter, it is the best possible. But it is no easy matter to carry a boar-spear over the rugged mountains in the highlands without blunting it against some awkward rock or other; and the hunter of Newera Ellia, accordingly, preferred the knife. "A boar," says he, sententiously, "which can beat off a good pack of dogs and a long knife, deserves, in my opinion, to escape." His own knife was a model. It was one foot long, exclusive of the handle, and the blade was two inches broad in the widest part; the whole knife weighed three pounds. The blade was shaped somewhat after the fashion of the Nepaulese creases, slightly concave in the middle; which peculiarity gave great force to a blow, and rendered it as formidable a weapon as any Western bowie-knife.

Strolling through the jungle one day with the hounds, he came upon the track of a boar. The dogs went off in full chorus; and presently was heard the rush of the boar through the jungle, followed by the bay of the pack. Plunging and tearing through the tangled grass, Baker reached the scene of action in time to see the boar in deadly conflict with half a dozen of the bravest dogs. His own knife was drawn ready. The moment the boar saw him, it shook off the dogs



CLOSE QUARTERS.

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THE ELK HUNT.

with a surprising effort and charged him. He sprang aside, and instinctively made a cut at the boar with the knife as it passed. To his amazement the brute fell dead on the spot; and on looking at the wound, it appeared so huge that the animal seemed half divided. The fact was, in the act of springing the boar had distended the muscles of his back to the utmost degree of tightness, and the heavy knife falling upon them at right angles, had severed not only the muscles but the spine, and entered the vitals. This distension of the muscles is the secret of the feats performed by the Asiatic swordsmen—such as cutting off a buffalo's head at a blow. The animal's head is tied down, and in endeavoring to raise it, it distends the muscles so "taut" that the least blow with a sharp edge will divide them.

The boar's flesh is poor eating. The Cingalese enjoy it; but Mr. Baker had too often seen the boars feasting on the putrid carcasses of dead elephants to like it. Better feeding, in every way, is to be had when a good fat elk has been run down. The elk is the royal game for horse and hound in Ceylon; and the Lord of Newera Ellia, as an old follower of the British hounds, liked nothing better than a day's race after a well-fed buck.

Even these sports are not devoid of danger in the hilly country of Ceylon. One fine morning in May, 1853, Mr. Baker was out with the pack and fell upon the fresh track of an elk. The dogs went off in full cry, and after half an hour's sharp run up hill and down dale, the hunter broke cover close to the elk, a magnificent fellow, thirteen hands high, with every nerve on the stretch, and nostril distended. Close to the spot where they were ran a precipitous mountain torrent, banked on either side by high rugged rocks. The buck slowly picked his way down the rock side, the pack following, and Baker himself, over ground which nothing would have induced him to travel in cold blood. A few yards below the spot where they were the torrent fell over a cliff with a roar like a mighty cataract. Heedless of the falls and the sound, the pack rushed on, baying, till the buck, having reached the bottom, and seeing that retreat was impossible, boldly leaped across. Poor fellow! he had miscalculated the distance. He lighted upon a shelving rock so steep that he could not retain his foothold, and slid slowly down into the water. Two of the best dogs, in spite of the hunter's efforts, dashed down after the elk, and in a moment all three were rolling over and over in the torrent, and drifting toward the fall. Baker was in agony; the couple were his favorite dogs. He hallooed, screamed, beckoned; but they could neither hear nor see him. He had given them up, when all at once they struck upon a ledge in the torrent, overgrown with lemon-grass, and scrambled ashore. Meanwhile the buck swam to a safe landing-place, breasting the fierce torrent nobly; and the rest of the pack, fired at the sight, likewise plunged into the water. One of them, a favorite bitch, went over the fall, and was never seen more; but the others, by dint of good luck and strength of limb, contrived to make their way across and land close on the elk's heels.

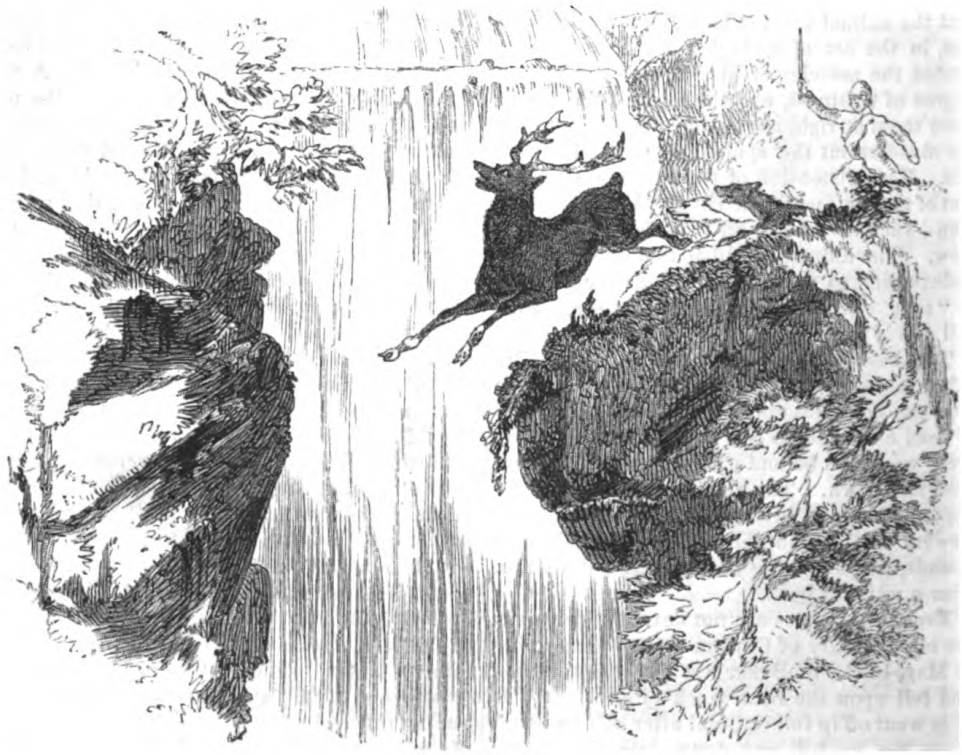
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Then the chase was renewed, the antlered king leading dogs and men a tremendous race through brush and briar. At length the dogs drove him again toward the torrent. He sprang down ledge after ledge, and at last arrived on a platform some twenty feet wide, which overhung the abyss below the fall. From hence there was no escape. It was impossible to reascend the precipice down which master elk had leaped, and the dogs were on his heels, driving him to the edge of the platform. On the very brink he stood — looking as proud and as brave as ever—when Mr. Baker reached the spot. Fearful lest the hounds should press on him and he should throw a few of them over, the hunter resolved to hamstring him, and cheered the dogs on. But the elk, looking boldly in his face, made one charge, scattered the hounds, then turning, looked over the ledge and leaped into the abyss. It was the work of a second—a crash—and the royal elk lay a mass of broken bones at the bottom.

Another buck committed suicide in precisely the same way shortly afterward. Only one dog was following him—that one a splendid hunter—both were going like rockets, and unconsciously nearing a chasm of great depth. To look at them, it seemed that their impetus must of necessity carry both of them over. Happily for the dog, he sprang at the buck close to the edge and struck his ear; the check saved him. The buck, on the contrary, went clean over, and spun round and round in his descent till the centrifugal motion drew out his legs and neck as straight as a line. An awful sight to see so large an animal rushing through the air with such fearful momentum!

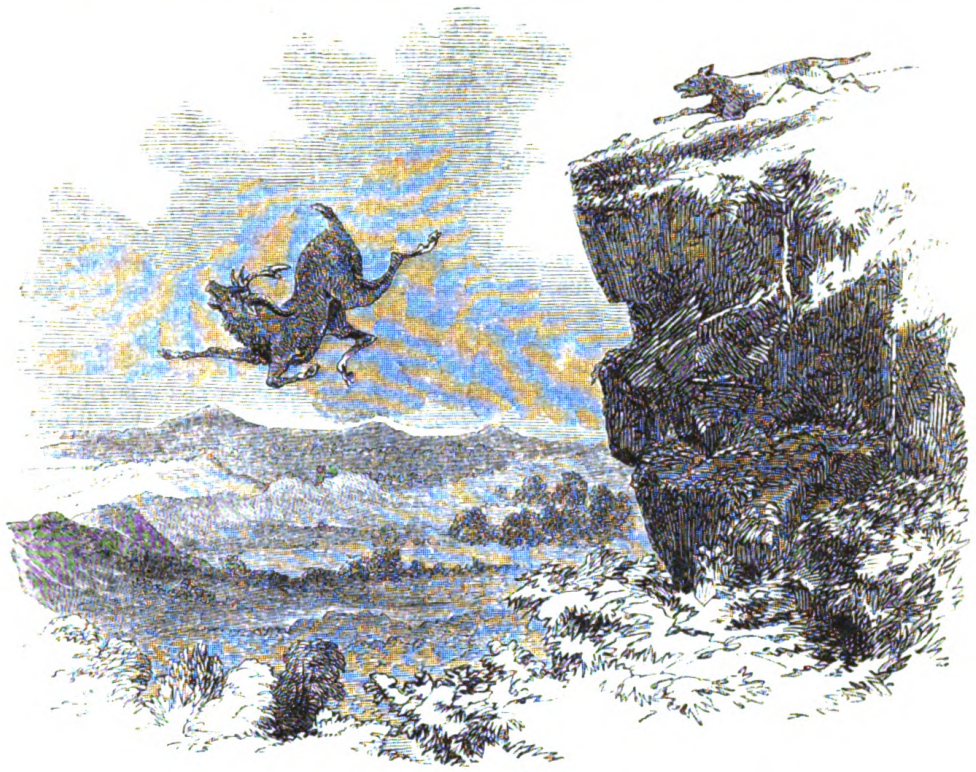
The dogs who figure in these hunts were Mr. Baker's grand allies, endowed, as he is persuaded, with reason almost human. His great "finder"—Bluebeard—was a fox-hound, whose understanding in his trade appears to have been equal to the average of man's. He could tell the date of a track by its appearance, and when once started on a cold scent, never lost it till the hunters had run into the game. More than once, when an elk had taken to the water and made off through the jungle, would old Bluebeard plunge in at the very spot where the game had left the shore, and swim across the stream, and up or down for great distances, until he came upon the exact point at which the elk had landed. There was no deceiving him. He was killed at last, poor fellow! while on the track of an elk. He had been leading the pack, and the other dogs and the hunters were following, when all at once Mr. Baker came up with Bluebeard, sitting up and looking faint. He was covered with blood, and five holes were cut in his throat by a leopard's claws. He choked and strained so violently that it was plain his windpipe was injured; but he had persevered in the chase till his breath failed him. His master had him slung in a blanket and carried homeward between two men; but he never reached his kennel, and lies buried in a decent grave.

These leopards are the most troublesome vermin on the island. They are cowardly, as many varieties of the feline tribe are; stalk their game, hiding themselves until the mo-



THE ELK'S LEAP.

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THE LAST PLUNGE.

ment comes for the spring. Then they fly through the air and fasten their teeth and claws in an animal's throat, while they throw their body on its back with such a wrench that the spine of the victim is generally broken. Such strength have they in their claws, that with a single blow they will rip open a bullock; and from their being constantly engaged in tearing putrid flesh, their scratch is generally venomous. The Ceylon bears—which adopt very similar tactics, and have been known to tear off a man's face like a mask with a single blow of their paws—are less troublesome than the leopards, from the reason that they are more savage, and keep at a greater distance from settlements.

The leopard will eat any thing. He is seen gorging the putrid flesh of slaughtered elephants, and has been known to tear open a grave to gnaw the human dead. But his especial luxury is a sheepfold or a cattle-pen. They will sometimes scratch a hole through a thatched shed in order to get at cows. Now and then, however, they pay the penalty of their daring, as when the calf is with the native Cingalese cow she is very pugnacious.

One dark, rainy night, as the blacksmith at Newera Ellia had locked his door and tucked the bed-clothes round himself and his wife, a leopard came sneaking round, and soon discovered, by the scent, a fine cow and calf within a shed. After examining the shed closely, to see if there was no aperture, and finding that it was tight and close, the vermin sprang upon the roof and began to tear away the thatch. But the sharpness of scent was not all on his side. As he sniffed the cow, she sniffed him; and while he was scratching the thatch, she was standing below, *en garde*, ready for a charge. In a moment down he came with a spring. The cow was ready for him. As he sprang she charged, and pinned him to the wall with her horns. A fight ensued of the most terrific nature. The blacksmith, aroused by the noise, hastened to load a pistol and proceed to the scene of action. When he reached the door, however, he bethought himself that caution was the better part of valor, and therefore discreetly looked through the keyhole. The growls of the leopard had ceased; but there was the cow, mad with fury, tossing a dark mass into the air, catching it on her horns as it fell, then pinning it to the wall with a savage charge as it lamely endeavored to crawl away. This was the beef-eater in reduced circumstances. Taking courage from the sight, the blacksmith opened the door and fired his pistol at the dying leopard. Startled by the sound, the cow, whose blood was up, dashed at the man, and he had actually some trouble in escaping the infuriated animal.

Leopards are often shot, and once Mr. Baker saw one run into by dogs, and finally polished off with a hunting-knife. But this is rare; and unless the pack is strong, woe to the dog that assails or ventures within reach of the spring of the powerful animal.

Altogether, Ceylon is a fine place for a sportsman. With all the excitement of the buffalo-

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hunts, and bear-hunts, and wolf-chases in the West, they must still fall short, in respect of thrilling sensations, of the jungle beat in Ceylon. The latter has its drawbacks, of course, which almost counterbalance the rattlesnakes and mosquitoes of some of our best hunting-grounds. There are the centipedes, small fellows about four inches long, which creep under people's clothes and sting like a wasp; not venomous, but very troublesome. On one of Mr. Baker's hunts, one of his friends was accompanied by an Irish corporal named Phinn, who was new to the country. Just after dinner, Phinn was sitting down to commence his own meal, when he sprang up, capered about the room like a madman, and, with both hands on the hinder-part of his inexpressibles, howled: "Och! help, Sir, help! I've some divil up my breeches! Oh! bad luck to him, he's bitin' me! Oh! oh! it's a sarpent that's stingin' me! Quick, Sir, or he'll be the death of me!" The frantic corporal's inexpressibles were lowered, regardless of decency, and a fine little centipede liberated from a rather tight situation.

Ticks—tiny creatures no bigger than a grain of sand—are almost as great a plague. Their bite is compared to a red-hot needle thrust into the flesh. They, too, seem to have a predilection for the friendly shelter of a trowser-leg; and so acute is the smart, that loyal Mr. Baker frankly confesses that if the royal family were present he couldn't help tearing off the garment the moment he felt the bite.

In the swamps and deserted tanks leeches are troublesome. Men guard against them with proper gaiters, but dogs sometimes suffer severely from their bite. One of Mr. Baker's best hounds was drinking at a pool, when a leech crept up its nostril. The dog tried to shake it out, but it clung fast. The hunter tried his best, with injections of salt and water and the other prescribed methods, but the leech kept his hold; and, being of that species which the wise man certifies will never cry Enough! it actually lived for two months in the poor dog's nose. It might have been there still, had it not one day, in the exuberance of its joy at the comfort of its lodgings, indiscreetly taken to wag its tail, when a dexterous finger and thumb extracted it.

Another troublesome insect is the white ant, which eats out the heart of the largest timber logs in an incredibly short space of time. The natives have a curious way of getting rid of them. When they discover an ant hole, they pour a little treacle near the spot. This attracts another species of ants, the black ants, between whom and their white brethren there has existed from time immemorial an almost human feud. The black ants will come and taste the treacle; but almost as soon they discover the hole of their white enemies. Instantly a detachment starts off, leaving the treacle and disappearing in the jungle. In the course of the day it returns, leading an army of black ants drawn out in a line many yards in length. The whole force enters the hole, and the work of extermination begins. The white ant is defenseless; in the course of an hour or so not one survives, and most of the black conquerors go home in triumph, each with a white ant in his mouth.

Happily for the hunters, snakes are neither numerous nor very venomous in Ceylon. Mr. Baker seldom saw any, except when he sat down to watch the gaunt adjutant—a species of crane—stalk through the marshes. With measured tread he steps among the rushes, plunging his huge bill into a hole, and bringing up an immense writhing snake; snap, snap, goes the bill, and half the snake is gone; snap, snap, again, and the other half is invisible; and grim Sir Adjutant stalks on as though nothing had happened.

Of all these vermin denizens of the jungle and the swamp the Cingalese fears none. He can even shoot an elephant, a leopard, or a bear, if he is not too close. But just before daybreak, when the devil-bird utters its long low note of pain on the tree-tops, and it swells and swells, and at last dies away upon the ear—then the Cingalese hides his head in his hands, and shudders in terror. For whoever sees the devil-bird must surely die. So implicit is the faith of the natives in this singular superstition, that when a British officer's servant—a Cingalese—happened one day to see one on a tree close to him, he went home and prepared calmly for death. He was so satisfied that he would die that he refused to eat, and in this way, sure enough, he soon put an end to his life. Fortunately for the Cingalese, the devil-bird is a species of owl which is seldom seen in the daytime.

There is a strange air of romance about the Cinnamon Isle, with its mighty ruins, and silent jungles, and rare hunting-grounds. Some day, perhaps, we may know it better. A day must come when a great trade will spring up on the southern coast of Asia and among the gorgeous islands of that wonderful Archipelago. Australia grows with prodigious strides. The Chinese oyster is slowly yielding to the knife. War is carrying its atonement—commerce—into the Persian Gulf, and up the Irawaddy. Even the volcanic isles are ripening to civilization, and liberal institutions are talked of for British India. Whenever these regions shall produce, and exchange in due proportion to their unparalleled natural advantages, Ceylon will become one of the great places of the earth. It must be the centre of their commercial world. Pointe des Galles was indicated long ago as the natural mart for Indian produce; the indication was unerring. In itself Ceylon lacks nothing but skilled labor. Newera Ellia proves its agricultural capacity; history the extent of its fertile plains. Gold is found there, too; and some Californians who have examined the beds of its streams quite concur with those archæologists who take it to have been the ancient Ophir. Does any one want a home in the Cinnamon Isle?

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THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

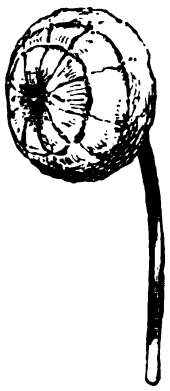
AMONG the curiosities of the floral kingdom none is more truly extraordinary than that which is termed the Resurrection Flower, a specimen of which has been recently brought to this country from the East by Dr. I. Deck. From Professor Torrey we learn, that although the flower is very rare indeed every where, and has been but seldom seen in this country, yet Bishop Wainright procured two while he was traveling in Egypt, and Dr. Torrey himself possesses a specimen. The history of the flower possessed by Dr. Deck he states as follows: More than eight years ago, while on a professional engagement in exploring some lost emerald and copper mines in Upper Egypt, he was of medical service to an Arab, who, in return, presented him a stem, on which were two seemingly dried up seed-vessels of some plant. He was assured that, many years previously, the treasure had been taken from an Egyptian mummy, a female high-priestess, and was esteemed a great rarity, as few had been obtained in the last century. The Doctor was farther informed that, if properly cared for, the flower would never decay. Of the truth of its being discovered on the breast of an Egyptian priestess there are many doubts, for the Arabs are proverbial for exaggeration; but that it will, comparatively speaking, never decay if properly cared for, seems to be confirmed by the extraordinary fact that, for more than eight years, it has accompanied Dr. Deck in all his wanderings, has been displayed and *expanded* to the gaze of the curious more than a thousand times without any diminution of its extraordinary properties, has been examined by some of the most eminent philosophers and travelers of this country and of Europe, and as yet no positive position has been assigned to it in the botanical kingdom. Baron Humboldt, to whom Dr. Deck presented the twin-flower, acknowledges that, in his extensive travels in all parts of the world, he had met with nothing like it in the vegetable kingdom, and nothing so truly wonderful.





Its origin, its location, and the plant bearing it, are entirely involved in mystery. The attractive Oriental tale of its being found embalmed is rejected, because no similar flower has been found by those who have had the most experience in unrolling the ancient dead, and also because there has never been discovered any thing bearing the remotest resemblance to it upon Egyptian sculptures. Those who are conversant with the wonderful features of the Egyptian religion and priestcraft, know how quickly every thing was seized upon and deified which could be made symbolical of their tenets, and were thus transmitted to posterity figured as hieroglyphics; and it is but natural to presume that this simple flower, with its brilliant halo, so typical of glory and resurrection, would have ranked high in their mythology.

On examining the flower in its unexpanded state, it resembles, both in shape and color, a dried poppy-head with the stem attached. Upon being immersed a moment or two in a glass of water, and set upright in the neck of a small vial, in a few moments the upper petals began to burst open, gradually, yet visibly to the eye; they continued to expand until, throwing themselves back in equidistant order, there was presented a beautifully radiated starry flower, somewhat resembling both the passion-flower and the sun-flower, and yet more splendid than either. The unfolding still continued until the petals *bent backward* over what might be termed the base of the flower, presenting, in bold relief, in its centre, its rosette of the most exquisite form and ornamentation, and thus assuming a new charm, entirely eclipsing what a moment before seemed its absolute perfection. The drawings were made at the moment when the flower presented the phases illustrated; but language and artistic skill can but feebly portray this extraordinary specimen of the floral kingdom. After remaining open for an hour or more, the moisture gradually dissipates itself, and the fibres of the flower contract as gradually as they expanded, and it reassumes its original appearance, ready to be unfolded again by the same simple process, the number of times seeming to be only limited by the will of the possessor.





Dr. Deck suggests that the flower is a native of the Holy Land, and is a type or variety of the long-lost Rose of Jericho, called also the "Rose of Sharon," and the "Star of Bethlehem," and highly venerated for its rarity and peculiar properties by the pilgrims and Crusaders, and eagerly sought after by them as a priceless emblem of their zeal and pilgrimage, and

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worn on their escutcheons in a similar manner as the scollop-shell and palm-branch. This idea is strengthened by the fact, that resemblances of the flower, both open and closed, are sculptured upon tombs of two of the Crusaders buried in the Temple Church of London, and also in the Cathedrals of Bayeux and Rouen in Normandy, where some of the most illustrious Crusaders are interred.

Its botanical position is difficult to assign, as it presents some peculiarities of the highest and lowest classes. The opinion most sanctioned is, that the flower is the pericarp or seed-vessel of the plant, that it grows in desert or sandy places, and falls, in due course of existence, from the parent stem. Retaining its seed in an arid soil and atmosphere, it is for months and years wafted about by the winds, but from lack of moisture keeping closed. Eventually it falls upon some damp spot, near some well or oasis, when it opens, deposits its seeds, and thus, by a most exquisite adaptation of means to an end, exhibited in this beautiful phenomenon of nature, the work of reproduction is commenced and concluded.

PAUPERTOWN:

BEING SOME NOTICE OF THE PLACE, AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED THERE.

NAMES of villages are sometimes conferred by Act of Assembly. Sometimes ambitious first settlers adapt their patronymics to the tract they take up. Other names come by accident, and bear no relation to the spot or its appearance. A descriptive title is sometimes affixed by wit or malice, and common consent indorses it—albeit some persons may protest. A title suggestive or appropriate is not unfrequently put on as a rider over and above the original designation, and such a name clings, like the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. The scene of our sketch was thus twice blessed; for while the Post-office Directory called the place Smithville, it was known in the vernacular as PAUPERTOWN.

You need not look for the town in Geography or Gazetteer. We do not intend to give the name of State or County; for, unfortunately, spots with the characteristics of Paupertown may be found in almost any State in the Union. Our readers may define the location as they please; and we fear most of them can trace its features in some spot which they have heretofore seen and may visit again.

The public buildings in Paupertown were—a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a country store, and a gymnasium. The latter name is one of our own application—the Paupertowners never heard it. The gymnasium had a high roof, high indeed as the ethereal vault, and its dome required no pillars. It was bounded on one side by stabling, and on the other by the tavern walls. The rear was a paling, to which, on election and other holidays, turkeys were tied by the legs, to be peppered with shot, by large boys and small, at a shilling a chance. The front opened upon a race-course; for such, in the opinion of Paupertown and vicinity, was the purpose of a fine level turnpike, on which were daily tried the speed of challenging nags. The area of the gymnasium was used for quoit pitching, penny tossing, and other enlightened amusements; and along by the tavern-side was a platform for ten-pins.

The sign-post of the tavern bore aloft a something which was supposed to represent Washington, but which would have served equally well for any other hero with a white wig or profusely powdered hair; or it might have been mistaken for a full-blown cauliflower. Paupertown was not remarkable, as will readily be surmised, for any great devotion to the fine arts. The bar-room of the tavern boasted one lithograph quail, looking east, and another quail, looking west. It possessed, in addition, a whole gallery of wild beasts done in red and black, the contribution of a traveling menagerie to its embellishment. For the rest, the tavern was like other country taverns, with a strong smell of something between bad vinegar and worse whisky, qualified with the heavy sweet of very brown sugar.

The blacksmith's shop was like other country smithies; the blacksmith, like other country smiths, a good "shoe-er," a hard drinker, and no mean judge of horse-flesh. With him the horse was principal, the rider an incident. He knew men by their horses, and designated them thus—"The fellow that drives the sorrel mare;" or "Him that put the old bay on Jim Stokes;" or "The bird that trots the two-forty."

The "country store" vended dry goods and groceries, but more groceries than dry goods, and more whisky than any thing else. As a matter of professional courtesy, the shopkeeper did not serve his customers by the glass, but referred thirsty souls who required immediate draughts to the neighboring tavern. He even drank there himself, for the encouragement of trade. His public libations were poured out at the tavern. His secret indulgences, and they were neither few nor small, were imbibed at his own tap.

Such was Paupertown. The few other buildings in the cluster comprised the smart house of the shopkeeper, and two or three dilapidated tenements which were commenced for dwelling-houses, but never finished. One lacked a porch, another had boards nailed over the aperture in which a front door was originally contemplated—all were minus paint. The fences, here and there, were apologies, and very poor at that; and as to trees, they were neither here nor there; nobody had found-time to replace the old primevals which had rotted down. A shoemaker domiciled in one of the tenements, the blacksmith in another, and several vagrant-looking fellows, black and white, burrowed somewhere in the neighborhood. The top of a broken chimney was visible over a hill. Thitherward the juvenile tatterdemalions of the village were driven occasionally with a kick or a flying broomstick. There was a legend that a school-house

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lay in that direction; but as the possible fact of such an institution promised nothing to drink, the seniors of Paupertown never went over to assure themselves of its existence or ascertain its condition.

Pauperism was legibly written on the scene and its surroundings. There were farms in the vicinity, the tenants and owners of which were remarkable for their complaints of dull times, poor lands, and light crops. There never was a sturdier set of beggars than the villagers and their country guests. They were men of leisure, entire and absolute; that is, in relation to their own affairs; while upon their lazy shoulders rested the care of the whole republic. The people of Paupertown were great politicians. To be sure it was never ascertained that any good to state or country resulted from the eager interest which they manifested in public matters; but there was this in it, certainly, that if they did not do the public business, they did not do any thing else!

One might wonder, in view of such a ragged population, where all the money came from to support the store and tavern. But it requires a much larger society to support a church than a drinking-house; and when men give all their ready money to Boniface, it is surprising on how poor a constituency he can live and flourish. The bar-room seldom lacked guests—thirsty souls who turned aside from their roads to go to the Washington; men whose horses' shoes needed examination by the smith remarkably often; people who expected to meet somebody, they could not tell who. None of these failed to want drink; and mine host of the Washington walked behind his bar, as a matter of course, whenever a shadow fell upon his threshold. It was an expressive hint that tribute was expected of all who frequented his house; for he was not in the "public line" for nothing. And when the blacksmith saw a stranger stop at the tavern, he walked over. And when the shopkeeper saw the blacksmith, he followed. As to the shoemaker, his usual abode was the bar-room, where he was constantly "sitting for a drink," at whose cost soever it might happen; a lengthened process of sitting, which at length produced a countenance done in the highest colors—vermilion, with a dash of purple.

Such was Paupertown by daylight. When night came on, the little dingy bar-room was usually found too small for its company. Where all the idlers came from it were difficult to say, but nightfall was sure to bring a house-full. And idle though the guests were, mine host was any thing else, for his bottles of various labels were in constant request. How any could allow such enemies as he marshaled to steal away their brains, passes the imagination of men with palates. But the Paupertowners were not fastidious.

Neither had they *very* critical ears, for the ditties which were trolled nightly at the Washington had caused the owls to abdicate the place in disgust and high dudgeon. They are reputed birds of wisdom, and are perhaps sufficiently aware of the nature of their own notes to know that any thing less musical is not tolerable. Happy people of Paupertown! Not of critical ears, neither were they of sensitive noses. An uneducated savage could not have endured the vile aroma of strong tobacco which was nightly produced at the Washington, especially when with this were commingled the odors of closely packed and not very choice humanity.

The Paupertowners were not precise in phraseology. Priscian's head was constantly broken in their colloquies; and worse than that, allusions neither refined nor respectful abounded in their conversation; and worse still than that, Priscian's head was not the only one that suffered; for coarse words produced coarser replies, and the lie direct was followed by the blow direct. Bottles, glasses, and chairs flew about, moved by the spirits—and decidedly bad spirits too—operating through very gross "mediums." Altogether, and seriously speaking, it was a thing much to be admired at, that such a tavern and such associations could draw together nightly companies and attract daily guests. Looking at the thing at our quiet distance, we wonder. So did wives, and daughters, and mothers, and sisters. But women have their own notions of matters and things, and are quite unable to appreciate men's pleasures and privileges. And now, having arranged the scene, let us go on with our story, such as it may prove—and we trust it may prove something.

II.

One afternoon, at dusk, the shoemaker sat wistfully eying the rows of bottles. Four o'clock had passed, and by the most provoking accident he had missed his regular libation; for he came in just after all the world of Paupertown had drank and gone. At any other half hour in the day than that in which they came and went, he would have been ready and waiting. Now he was both, but there was nobody present to invite him to indulge. Although he might, by hard coaxing, have induced the landlord to add another three cents to his long score, he did not like to attempt it. It was a blue afternoon, terribly blue. The winds were playing the prelude to winter, for the month was November. All without was desolate and drear, all within was desolate also; desolate to the son of Crispin. The bottles looked cheerful enough, and a merry laugh seemed to dance over them when a flicker of the fire in the twilight lighted up their black sides. But this was a mockery to the thirsty cordwainer. Like the vulture at the liver of Tantalus, the demon of drunkenness pulled and twitched at his vitals, and the more the bottles laughed, the more the demon cried for drink, drink, drink! The landlord dozed at the side of the fire, and as the light, by flashes, magnified the shadow of his nose, that organ sent out surly sternutatory responses—too ominous of a growl of dissent for Crispin to dare to awaken him. Would nobody come! The cobbler's lips were dry, his

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tongue was parched, his hands trembled before the blaze with a tremor no hickory or anthracite could stay. Hope retired forlorn, and still the demon plied for drink, drink, drink!

A step on the door-stone—a finger on the latch—it is! it is a guest! The glands of Crispin's throat moistened with joyful anticipation, and instinctively he cleared the passage down which many a fiery draught had gone, and made himself all ready for another. The landlord waked, and rubbed his eyes open with the knuckles of one hand, while with the other he placed two glasses on the bar. He then looked inquiringly at the stranger, while the trembling shoemaker rose to his feet, and impatiently waited for the invitation which he trusted, after the stereotyped manner of Paupertown, he should receive. Meanwhile the stranger, in whose eyes a twinkle of merry malice might have been noted, looked steadily at the toes of his boots, as he stretched his feet to the fire, and settled himself in the chair which the landlord had just vacated.

"What did you say, Sir?" asked Boniface, his bunch of puffy, alcohol-swelled digits still held in suspense at the level of the bottle-shelf.

"Me! I said nothing," said the stranger. "But I do say, since you ask, that I will take a good stiff glass of—water!"

The cobbler's lower jaw fell, and his knees smote together. The landlord brought his disappointed hand suddenly down—which threw a broom from its balance—which upset an empty cigar-box—which knocked the toddy-stick into the rinsing bucket, fetid with a century of conglomerate smells—which made the startled landlord jump backward, and knocked down three bottles with a crash! The fore-stick fell from the fire and rolled into the room, blazing and smoking—the quail looking east trembled in his frame, and the quail looking west shook with astonishment—the red and black polar bears gleamed monstrously from the walls, and the cobbler jumped through the window incontinently, with a jingle of glass and a crash of sash quite musical to hear. No magical formula, by wizard spoken, could have raised so dire a din as this unprecedented order in the little bar-room at Paupertown. If one glass of water can evoke such effects, what wonder that Niagara makes a tumult!

In a moment the bar-room was filled with people. In came, first, the sturdy blacksmith, dragging poor Crispin by the neck. The shopkeeper came next, and the miscellaneous population of Paupertown and vicinity, with a sprinkling of slip-shod women, and a retinue of ragged children brought up the rear. The excitement was intense, as newspapers say. The smith had met the cobbler in mid career, and, determined to have all the parties present who could throw any light on the strange doings at the Washington, apparent outside by the broken window, he had summarily arrested the fugitive, and brought him forward. No questions were necessary to discover the cause of the shoemaker's share in the confusion. The experienced men of Paupertown discovered at once that it was a case of *mania a potu*, and his nerves were quieted upon the homeopathic principles current in such localities.

So singular a catastrophe afforded abundant topic for talk, and the Washington was full of noisy discussion, enlivened by repeated draughts of what had made the poor shoemaker mad. The stranger here resumed his seat and took no part in the proceedings, except that, with a look of ill-concealed and curious disgust, he occasionally surveyed the party. The partially quieted shoemaker jumped several times to his feet, but was pressed back into his corner again, and, under direction of the blacksmith, who practiced also as a farrier, repeated draughts of the anodyne were from time to time administered, until at length they produced a sedative effect; and the dignitaries of Paupertown, placing the patient on a board, carried him home in his drunken stupor.

It was not the first time that the wretched sot had been thus conveyed to his helpless family. But it was the first time that any one had taken pity upon them. As the ribald crowd went out with foul jests, the stranger entered and remained. He examined the scratches and gashes which the poor wretch had received, closed the deeper cuts with medical appliances, which he took from his pocket, and when signs of uneasiness in the patient exhibited themselves, he administered soothing draughts and opiates. The wife moped in a corner in mute and sullen despair. The children hovered near her in drowsy astonishment and terror. One by one they dropped asleep on the floor, and when the gray of the cold dawn found its way into the comfortless room, the wife looked up and saw that the stranger had fallen asleep in a chair by the side of his patient. The shoemaker also now slept quietly under the influence of the medicine which had been administered. As the woman looked she was struck with the familar features of him who had appeared as her good angel. She rose and walked to his side, and with a cry of surprise and terrified delight, threw herself upon his breast.

III.

The Paupertowners took their matutinals. The demon of drink is an early riser; and though the idle habits of his votaries prevent their accomplishment of any thing after they have risen, burning thirst will not suffer them to lie long in bed. It is thirst that no water can quench; and the landlord of the Washington was compelled to be astir betimes, not only for his own morning draught, but to furnish his customers, who must drink before they could eat. The last evening's occurrences were dilated and debated upon, and every one was eager to recount the wonders he saw in the conduct of the maniac, and to give amusing particulars of similar things which had occurred in that village and elsewhere. The conclusion which was reached—the tavern-keeper propos-

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ing, and the shopkeeper and blacksmith endorsing it—was that poor Crispin and his family must be provided with winter lodgings in the alms-house. The landlord could hope for no more pennies from an exhausted customer, and the others were tired of giving one drink who could give them nothing in return. Thus Paupertown, wherever situate, performs its mission, and furnishes graduates for the public establishments, poor-houses, jails and penitentiaries, and insane asylums.

In the midst of the colloquy enter the stranger. Voices were hushed when he came in; for, by daylight, it was evident that he was no true denizen of Paupertown. The freedom of that delectable city was usually presented in a junk bottle or black jug, and the incomer had manifestly never reached that high honor. His good qualities, if in the eye of Paupertown he could have any, were not apparent. There was an air of superiority in his manner, before which even the landlord and the shopkeeper were forced to quail. The latter muttered to himself that the stranger was a starched-up fellow. It was a characteristic slur. Whatever starch there might have been in Paupertown was in the linen of the obnoxious individual. When the general assortment in the country store was first purchased, there certainly was starch in the invoice. It was starch no more—not that it had been expended in laundry purposes, however. Droppings of pepper-corns, tenpenny nails, dust and cobwebs, coarse sugar, salt, and pewter-sand, with a dash of treacle, had destroyed the identity of the article. It was literally extinct as starch, though extant as litter. Paupertown had no call for such vanities.

The stranger ordered breakfast. The landlord would have been much better pleased if he had invited all present to drink; which all would doubtless have been ready and willing to do. It would have given the house more profit and less trouble. However, as the terms of his license unreasonably required that he should furnish food to those who demanded it, Boniface, with as good a grace as he could assume, went out to give the proper intimation. This was rather a necessary precaution, since there were a few forks in the house with whole prongs, and a half dozen silver spoons, which usually made their appearance upon such emergencies. Women never forget the proprieties entirely, however low their husbands may sink, and the extraordinary occasions when a clean shirt came hungry to the Washington, faintly revived the tradition that there had been once in the house white table-cloths, and chairs sound in the back.

We are not writing a fairy tale or a melodrama, in which all the mystery is developed at the close with a hey! presto! So, while the breakfast is preparing, and a basket, moreover, is being sent to the shoemaker's family, it may be worth while to review a little the history of Paupertown. The wife of the shoemaker was once the heiress of the village. How she came to be the wife of the drunken cobbler might seem, at first, very remarkable. But there was no wonder in it. It is written that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, and every day's experience shows us that what shall be, *is*. Her father was fond of drink. Her husband, in the days of his bachelorhood, was a prosperous shoe-manufacturer. Paupertown, then called Smithville, rejoiced in his prosperity, for several families lived upon the wages which he paid with the punctuality of a thriving and industrious business man. His attention was naturally drawn to the pretty Miss Smith; and his visits were frequent and acceptable to father as well as daughter. But, unfortunately, while he learned of her to love, he learned of him to drink. Such was the beginning. The end we have recorded in the transformation of the young husband into a prematurely old sot.

As to the father—our readers may perhaps have noticed the affinity between law and liquor. Careless business transactions and fiery tempers—both the result of drink—lead to litigious propensities. There have been lawyers who would not encourage a rich fool in the dangerous amusement of settling at the bar of the court the strife engendered at the bar of the tavern. But it was not the good fortune of John Smith, of Smithville, to meet such a counselor; or, if he did, he preferred advice more in keeping with his inclinations. While he lived he was the client of a legal gentleman who threw no discouragements in the way of his amiable pugnacity; and when he died, his estate was administered by the same legal functionary. All that was left in the family was the little tenement in which the opening of our sketch found the shoemaker. This the man of law, with a prudence worthy of a man of this world, wise in his generation, contrived to secure to the daughter of his ruined client. Every body admired him, and commended his disinterested benevolence and kindness to the daughter of his old friend and client. He might have swallowed this property with the rest; but to spare it, stood to him in the nature of a good investment. It concealed his questionable operations in regard to the other nineteen-twentieths of the domain of Smithville, which, sold under decrees of court of his procuring, passed into various hands and deteriorated in value, till Smithville became Paupertown.

But the stranger has finished his breakfast, and we must resume the thread of our story. The reader will have discovered that he was the son of the original proprietor, the brother of the poor woman whose recognition of him we have related. As nothing remained for him in the settlement of the estate, and he was too young to be left to the influence and direction of his sister's already sottish husband, a connection of his mother's took him in charge, and, under better auspices than the vicinity of Paupertown could have afforded, he had grown into a young man, and graduated into an M.D. He was looking for a place to establish himself. That no-

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tive, the desire to see his sister, and other purposes soon to become apparent, had brought the young graduate to his birth-place. Not very pleasant, certainly, had been his introduction.

While he breakfasted there had been another arrival at the Washington. The new-comer, though not a customer of the house, was no stranger; and, in his official character, was any thing but welcome. Speculations not very pleasant occurred to more than one, as he turned his back to the fire and surveyed the apartment with becoming dignity. "Good-morning, Doctor," he said, as our friend re-entered the bar-room, after he had finished his breakfast.

So the Sheriff knew the stranger, and his title was "Doctor." That hint broke the ice, and the landlord immediately applied the newly-discovered title. "Well, Doctor, we've been considering, while you were at breakfast, if we hadn't better send that drunken shoemaker to the county-house. He's doing no good here, at any rate."

"Who furnishes him with drink?" asked the Doctor, abruptly.

"Why, if he'd only take it in moderation, like a gentleman"—said the landlord, evading the question—

"As the rest of you gentlemen do!" interrupted the Doctor, with a feeling of disgust he was at no effort to conceal. Then turning to the Sheriff, he said, in an undertone, "Whatever hesitation I might have had, I feel none now!"—and without further words with the dignitaries of Paupertown, he took his way back to the shoemaker's hovel.

"Humph!" said the landlord, looking after him, "one of these temperance men, I suppose. He's ready enough to talk, but when it comes to doing any thing, he strides off. Now, don't you think, Sheriff, we ought to take care of this poor fellow this cold winter coming?"

"Well, I think you will all have some business of your own to attend to, which may excuse inattention to his," said the Sheriff, producing a packet of papers. All the people of Paupertown, from the landlord, shopkeeper, and blacksmith, down to the nondescripts, were served with notice to vacate, whether they occupied their respective premises as proprietors or tenants. Dire was the consternation when notes were compared, and the subject was discussed; and profound was the amazement when the claimants were discovered to be Dr. Smith in his own right, and the shoemaker in right of his wife, as the next of kin to John Smith, late of Smithville, deceased.

IV.

The reader will willingly spare us from writing the details of law proceedings, and gladly escape the reading of them. The administrator was a bad but not a bold man; and the pressure of Dr. Smith's lawyer, on the one hand, and his own sureties on the other, was too much for his power of resistance. He comforted himself with the reflection that, under the show of a compromise, he avoided open exposure; and his knavish heart was farther consoled with the possession of a portion of the orphans' property, which he had concealed too cunningly to be compelled to disgorge it. He had also enjoyed the whole as capital in trade for many years.

The blacksmith was suffered to remain in the village, under a new title from the real owners; but the landlord and the shopkeeper were relentlessly ordered off. No pecuniary harm was done them, for the administrator was compelled to refund their purchase-money. They had the assurance to demand of the Doctor compensation for "improvements;" whereat that hard-hearted gentleman smiled bitterly. Precious improvements they had made, in initiating one or two generations of candidates for the poor-house and penitentiary! Upon a hint of a demand of arrears of rent, they were glad to vacate the premises.

The store soon found a new occupant. The caricature of Washington came down, the sign-post was leveled, the gymnasium was closed, and the tavern-house was converted into a shoe manufactory. Crispin, himself again, after a severe struggle with temptation and disease, resumed business, with his brother-in-law for a silent but very watchful partner. Two or three faint efforts were made, "for the public good," to re-establish a tavern; but as nine out of ten of the people remonstrated, the public good and necessity were shamelessly unprovided for; and so, we are permitted to say, they remain till this day. There is a dreadful air of quiet about the place—dreadful, we mean, to the two or three vagabonds of the old stock who remain unreclaimed, and are put to the trouble of bringing their potations from a distance in earthen jugs. The children's faces are clean, and their clothes are whole; the women look contented and happy; fences are repaired, and houses painted; but still the old topers say, "It's dreadful dull! Nothing is stirring; nothing to what there used to be!"

We suppose it must be a fact: there is very little stirring—especially stirring of spoons. But Dr. Smith has repaired the school-house at his own expense; and he has also given the village a lot for a church. He is building himself a new house, and several other houses are in progress, or in contemplation. He has not, as yet, much medical practice; and what he has, lies principally in the places within riding distance, in in which strait-laced innovation has not destroyed good fellowship, or cheated the doctor, the sheriff, the jailer, the hangman, and the pettifogger out of their most fruitful sources of business. We were about to write *profit;* but there is really no profit which a good man can desire out of the physical and moral diseases which flow from intemperance.

The hum of industry, comfort, and peace—courses of lectures, religious services, pleasant social intercourse—such are the features of Smithville, late Paupertown. Who shall say it has not made a good exchange? And many

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such have been made in our land in the last twenty years; not indeed, in all cases, by such summary process as it was in the power of Dr. Smith to employ; for such opportunities rarely occur. But people are opening their eyes to the evils of intemperance, and shutting off the approaches to it. When the best that can be said of a thing is, that, in moderation, it does little harm, the sensible way is, by cutting off the little harm, to remove the little leaven which may otherwise affect the whole lump.

STORY OF EMILE ROQUE.

I.

IT may be very bad taste in me, but I must confess to a strong love for many of those old French painters who flourished during the last century, and at whom it is now quite the fashion to sneer. I do not allude to the Poussins, of whom the best was more Roman than Frenchman, and whose most striking pictures seem to me to wear no nationality of sentiment: there is nothing lively and mercurial in them; hardly any thing that is cheerful. But what a gayety there is in the Vanloos—all of them! What a lively prettiness in the little girl-faces of Greuze! what a charming coquetry in the sheep and shepherdesses of Watteau!

To be sure the critics tell us that his country swains and nymphs are far more arch and charming than ever any swains were in nature; and that his goats even browse, and listen, and look on, more coquettishly than live goats ever did; but what do I care for that?

Are they not well drawn? Are they not sweetly colored? Do not the trees seem to murmur summer strains? Does not the gorgeousness of the very atmosphere invite the charming languor you see in his groups? Is it not like spending a summer Sunday, stretched on the grass at St. Cloud—gazing idly on Paris and the plain—to look on one of the painted pastorals of Watteau?

Are not his pictures French from corner to corner—beguilingly French—French to the very rosette that sets off the slipper of his shepherdess? If there are no such shepherdesses in nature, pray tell me, do you not wish there were—throngs of them, lying on the hillsides all about you, just as charming and as mischievous?

Watteau's brooks show no mud; why should the feet of his fountain nymphs be made for any thing but dancing? Watteau's sheep are the best-behaved sheep in the world; then why should his country swains look red in the face, or weary with their watches? Why should they do any thing but sound a flageolet, or coquet with pretty shepherdesses who wear blue sashes, and rosettes in their shoes? In short, there is a marvelous *keeping* about Watteau's pictures, whatever the critics may say of their untruth: if fictions, they are charming fictions, which, like all good fictions, woo you into a wish "it were true."

But I did not set out to write critiques upon paintings; nobody reads them through when they are written. I have a story to tell. Poor Emile!—but I must begin at the beginning.

Liking Watteau as I do, and loving to look for ten minutes together into the sweet girl-face of Greuze's "Broken Jug," I used to loiter when I was in Paris for hours together in those rooms of the Louvre where the more recent French paintings are distributed, and where the sunlight streams in warmly through the south windows, even in winter. Going there upon *passeport* days, I came to know, after a while, the faces of all the artists who busy themselves with copying those rollicking French masters of whom I have spoken. Nor could I fail to remark that the artists who chose those sunny rooms for their easels, and those sunny masters for their subjects, were far more cheerful and gay in aspect than the pinched and sour-looking people in the Long Gallery, who grubbed away at their Da Vincis, and their Sasso Ferratos.

Among those who wore the joyous faces, and who courted the sunny atmosphere which hangs about Vanloo and Watteau, I had frequent occasion to remark a tall, athletic young fellow, scarce four-and-twenty, who seemed to take a special delight in drawing the pretty shepherdesses and the well-behaved goats about which I was just now speaking.

I do not think he was a great artist; I feel quite sure that he never imagined it himself; but he came to his work, and prepared his easel—rubbing his hands together the while—with a glee that made me sure he had fallen altogether into the spirit of that sunny nymph-world which Watteau has created.

I have said that I thought him no great artist; nor was he; yet there was something quite remarkable in his copies. He did not finish well; his coloring bore no approach to the noontide mellowness of the originals; his figures were frequently out of drawing; but he never failed to catch the expression of the faces, and to intensify (if I may use the term) the joviality that belonged to them. He turned the courtly levity of Watteau into a kind of mad mirth. You could have sworn to the identity of the characters; but on the canvas of the copyist they had grown riotous.

What drew my attention the more was, what seemed to me the artist's thorough and joyful participation in the riot he made. After a rapid half dozen of touches with his brush, he would withdraw a step or two from his easel, and gaze at his work with a hearty satisfaction that was most cheering, even to a looker-on. His look seemed to say, "There I have you, little nymphs; I have taken you out of the genteel society of Watteau, and put you on my own ground, where you may frisk as much as you please." And he would beat the measure of a light polka on his pallet.

I ought to say that this artist was a fine-looking fellow withal, and his handsome face, aglow with enthusiasm, drew away the attention of not a few lady visitors from the pretty Vanloos scat-

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tered around. I do not think he was ever disturbed by this; I do not think that he tweaked his mustache, or gave himself airs in consequence. Yet he saw it all; he saw every thing and every body; his face wore the same open, easy, companionable look which belongs to the frolicking swains of Watteau. His freedom of manner invited conversation, and on some of my frequent visits to the French gallery I was in the habit of passing a word or two with him myself.

"You seem," said I to him one day, "to admire Watteau very much?"

"*Oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison: j'aime les choses riantes, moi.*"

"We have the same liking," said I.

"*Ah, vous aussi: je vous en félicite, Monsieur. Tenez,*" drawing me forward with the most naïve manner in the world to look at a group he had just completed—"*Regardez! n'est ce pas, que ces petites dames là rient aux Anges?*"

I chanced to have in that time an artist friend in Paris—De Courcy, a Provincial by birth, but one who had spent half his life in the capital, and who knew by name nearly every copyist who made his appearance at either of the great galleries. He was himself busy just then at the Luxembourg; but I took him one day with me through the Louvre, and begged him to tell me who was the artist so enraptured with Watteau?

As I had conjectured, he knew, or professed to know, all about him. He sneered at his painting, as a matter of course: his manner was very sketchy; his trees stiff; no action in his figures; but, after all, tolerably well—*passablement bien*—for an amateur.

He was a native of the South of France; his name, Emile Roque; he was possessed of an easy fortune, and was about to marry, rumor said, the daughter of a government officer of some distinction in the Department of Finance.

Was there any reason why my pleasant friend of the sunny pictures should not be happy? Rumor gave to his promised bride a handsome *dot*. Watteau was always open to his pencil and his humor. Bad as his copies might be, he enjoyed them excessively. He had youth and health on his side; and might, for aught that appeared, extend his series of laughing nymphs and coquettish shepherdesses to the end of his life.

The thought of him, or of the cheery years which lay before him, came to my mind very often, as I went journeying shortly after, through the passes of the Alps. It comes to me now, as I sit by my crackling fireside in New England, with the wind howling through the pine-tree at the corner, and the snow lying high upon the ground.

II.

I had left Paris in the month of May; I came back toward the end of August. It is a dull month for the capital; Parisians have not yet returned from Baden, or the Pyrenees, or Dieppe. True, the Boulevard is always gay; but it has its seasons of exceeding gayety, and latter summer is by no means one of them. The shopmen complain of the dullness, and lounge idly at their doors; their only customers are passing strangers. Pretty suites of rooms are to be had at half the rates of autumn, or of opening spring. The bachelor can indulge without extravagance in apartments looking upon the Madelaine. The troops of children whom you saw in the spring-time under the lee of the terrace wall in the "little Provence" of the Tuileries are all gone to St. Germain, or to Trouville. You see no more the tall caps of the Norman nurses, or the tight little figures of the Breton *bonnes*.

It is the season of vacation at the schools; and if you stroll by the Sorbonne, or the College of France, the streets have a deserted air; and the garden of the Luxembourg is filled only with invalids and strolling soldiers. The artists even, have mostly stolen away from their easels in the galleries, and are studying the live fish-women of Boulogne or the bare-ankled shepherdesses of Auvergne.

I soon found my way to all the old haunts of the capital. I found it easy to revive my taste for the coffee of the Rotonde, in the Palais Royal; and easy to listen and laugh at Sainville and Grassot. I went, a few days after my return, to the always charming salons of the Louvre. The sun was hot at this season upon that wing of the palace where hang the pictures of Watteau; and the galleries were nearly deserted. In the salon where I had seen so often the beaming admirer of nymphs and shepherdesses, there was now only a sharp-faced English woman, with bright erysipelas on nose and cheeks, working hard at a Diana of Vanloo.

I strolled on carelessly to the cool corner room, serving as antechamber to the French galleries, and which every visitor will remember for its great picture of the Battle of Eylau. There are several paintings about the walls of this salon, which are in constant request by the copyists; I need hardly mention that favorite picture of Gerard, *L'Amour et Psyché*. There was a group about it now; and in the neighborhood of this group I saw, to my surprise, my old artist acquaintance of the Watteau nymphs. But a sad change had come over him since I saw him last. The gay humor that shone in his face on my spring visits to the gallery was gone. The openness of look which seemed to challenge regard, if not conversation, he had lost utterly. I was not surprised that he had deserted the smiling shepherdesses of Watteau.

There was a settled and determined gloom upon his face, which I was sure no painted sunshine could enliven. He was not busy with the enameled prettiness of Gerard; far from it. His easel was beside him, but his eye was directed toward that fearful melo-dramatic painting—*La Méduse* of Géricault. It is a horrible shipwreck story: a raft is floating upon an ocean waste; dead bodies that may have been copied from the dissecting-halls, lie on it; a few sur-

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vivors, emaciated, and with rigid limbs, cluster around the frail spar that serves as mast, and that sways with the weight of a tattered sail; one athletic figure rises above this dismal group, and with emaciated arm held to its highest reach, lifts a fluttering rag; his bloodshot eye, lighted with a last hope, strains over the waste of waters which seethe beyond him.

It was a picture from which I had always turned away with a shudder. It may have truth and force, but the truth is gross, and the force brutal. Yet upon this subject I found Emile Roque engaged with a fearful intensity. He had sketched only the principal figure of the dying group—the athlete who beckons madly, whose hope is on the waste. He had copied only a fragment of the raft—barely enough to give foothold to the figure; he had not even painted the sea, but had filled his little canvas with a cold, white monotone of color, like a *sleeted waste* in winter.

I have already remarked the wonderful vitality which he gave to mirth in his frolicsome pastorals; the same power was apparent here; and he had intensified the despair of the wretched castaway, fluttering aloft his last rag of hope, to a degree that was painful to look upon.

I went near him; but he wore no longer the old tokens of ready fellowship. He plainly had no wish to recognize, or be recognized. He was intent only upon wreaking some bitter thought, or some blasted hope, in the face of that shipwrecked man. The despairing look, and the bloodshot eye, which he had given to his copy of the castaway, haunted me for days. It made that kind of startling impression upon my mind which I was sure could never be forgotten. I never think, even now, of that painting in the Louvre, with the cold north light gleaming on it, but the ghastly expression of the shipwrecked man—as Emile Roque had rendered it in his copy—starts to my mind like a phantom. I see the rag fluttering from the clenched, emaciated hand; I see the pallid, pinched flesh; I see the starting eyes, bearing resemblance, as it seemed to me afterward, and seems to me now, to those of the distracted artist.

There was a cloud over the man; I felt sure of that; I feared what might be the end of it. My eye ran over the daily journals, seeking in the list of suicides for the name of Emile Roque. I thought it would come to that. On every new visit to the Louvre I expected to find him gone. But he was there, assiduous as ever; refining still upon the horrors of Géricault.

My acquaintance of the Luxembourg, De Courcy, who had given me all the information I possessed about the history and prospects of this artist, was out of the city; he would not return until late in the autumn. I dropped a line into the Poste Restante to meet him on his return, as I was myself very shortly on the wing for Italy. I can recall perfectly the expressions in my letter. After intrusting him with one or two unimportant commissions, I said: "By-the-by, you remember the jolly-looking Emile Roque, who made such a frenzy out of his love for Watteau and his shepherdesses, and who was to come into possession of a pretty wife and a pretty *dot*?

"Is the *dot* forthcoming? Before you answer, go and look at him again—in the Louvre still; but he has deserted Watteau; he is studying and copying the horrors of *La Méduse*. It does not look like a betrothal or a honeymoon. If he were not an amateur, I should charge you to buy for me that terrible figure he is working up from the raft scene. The intensity he is putting in it is not Géricault's—my word for it, it is *his own*.

"When he is booked among the suicides (where your Parisian forms of madness seem to tend), send me the journal, and tell me what you can of the why."

In the galleries of Florence one forgets the French painters utterly, and rejoices in the forgetfulness. Among the Caraccis and the Guidos what room is there for the lover-like Watteau? Even Greuze, on the walls of the Pitti Palace, would be Greuze no longer. It is a picture life one leads in those old cities of art, growing day by day into companionship with the masters and the masters' subjects.

How one hob-nobs with the weird sisters of Michael Angelo! How he pants through Snyder's Boar-Hunt, or lapses into a poetic sympathy with the marble flock of Niobe!

Who wants letters of introduction to the "nice people" of Florence, when he can chat with the Fornarina by the hour, and listen to Raphael's Pope Julius?

Yesterday—I used to say to myself—I spent an hour or two with old Gerard Douw and pretty Angelica Kauffman—nice people, both of them. To-morrow I will call on Titian, and lunch off a plate of Carlo Dolci's. In such company one grows into a delightful "Middle-Age" feeling, in which the vanities of daily journals and hotel bills are forgotten.

In this mood of mind, when I was hesitating, one day of mid-winter, whether I would sun myself in a Claude Lorraine or between the Arno and the houses, the valet of the inn where I was staying, put a letter in my hand bearing a Paris post-mark.

"It must be from De Courcy," said I; and my fancy straightway conjured up an image of the dapper little man disporting among all the gayeties and the grisettes of a Paris world; but I had never one thought of poor Emile Roque, until I caught sight of his name within the letter.

After acquitting himself of the sundry commissions left in his keeping, De Courcy says:

"You were half right and half wrong about the jolly artist of Watteau. His suicide is not in the journals, but for all that it may be. I had no chance of seeing him either at his new game in the corner salon, for the bird had flown before my return. I heard, though, very much of his strange copy of the crowning horror of

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Géricault. Nor would you have been the only one in the market as purchaser of his extravaganza. A droll story is told of an English visitor who was startled one day by, I dare say, the same qualities which you discovered in the copy; but the Briton, with none of your scruples, addressed himself, in the best way he could, to the artist himself, requesting him to set a price upon his work.

"The old Emile Roque whom I had known—in fact, whom we had known together—would have met such a question with the gayest and most gallant refusal possible.

"But what did this bewitched admirer of Géricault do?

"He kept at his work—doggedly, gloomily.

"The Englishman stubbornly renewed his inquiry—this time placing his hand upon the canvas, to aid his observations by so much of pantomime.

"The painter (you remember his stalwart figure) brushed the stranger's hand aside, and, with a petrifying look and great energy of expression (as if the poor Briton had been laying his hand on his very heart), said: '*C'est à moi, Monsieur—à moi—à moi!*' beating his hand on his breast the while.

"Poor Emile! The jovial times of Watteau's nymphs are, I fear, gone past forever.

"But I forget to tell you what I chiefly had in mind when I began this mention of him. Some say his love has crazed him—some say no. The truth is, he is not to marry the pretty Virginie C——, one time his affianced.

"There are objections. Rumor says they come from Monsieur C——, *sous chef* in the office of Finance, and father of Virginie; and rumor adds that the objections are insurmountable. What they are, Heaven only knows. Surely a daintier fellow never sued for favor; and as for scandal, Emile Roque was what you call, I believe, a Puritan." [I do not think it necessary to correct De Courcy's strange use of an English term.]

"The oddest thing of all I have yet to tell you. This broken hope diverted Emile from Watteau to the corner salon of the Louvre; at least I infer as much, since the two events agree in time. It is evident, furthermore, that the poor fellow takes the matter bitterly to heart; and it is perfectly certain that all the objection rests with the father of the *fiancée*.

"So far, nothing strange; but notwithstanding this opposition on the part of Monsieur C——, it is known that Emile was in constant and familiar, nay, friendly communication with him up to the time of his disappearance from the capital, which occurred about the date of my return.

"Read me this riddle if you can! Is the rendering of the horrors of Géricault to restore Emile to favor? Or shall I, as you prophesied four months ago (ample time for such consummation!), still look for his enrollment among the suicides?"

With this letter in my hand (there were others in my heart), I gave up for that day the noontides of Claude, and sunned myself instead along the Arno. Beyond the houses which hang on the further bank of the river, I could see the windows of the Pitti Palace and the cypresses of the Boboli gardens, and above both the blue sky which arched over the tower of Galileo upon the distant hills. I wished the distracted painter might have been there on the sunny side of the houses, which were full of memories of Angelo and Cellini, to forget his troubles. If an unwilling father were all, there might be no suicide. Still, the expression in his copy of the castaway haunted me.

III.

Why should I go on to speak of pictures here—except that I love them? Why should I recall the disgusting and wonderful old men and women of Denner, which hang with glass over them within the window bays of the Palace of Belvidere at Vienna? Why should my fancy go stalking through that great Rubens Museum, with its red arms, fat bosoms, pin-cushion cheeks, and golden hair?

Why does my thought whisk away to that gorgeous salon of Dresden, where hangs the greatest of all Raphael's Madonnas?

The face of the Virgin is all that makes perfection in female beauty; it is modest, it is tender, it is intelligent. The eyes are living eyes, but with no touch of earthiness, save the shade of care which earth's sorrows give even to the holy Virgin. She wears the dignity of the mother of Christ, with nothing of severity to repulse; she wears the youthful innocence of the spouse of David, with no touch of levity; she wears the modest bearing of one whose child was nursed in a manger, with the presence of one "chosen from among women." She is mounting on clouds to heaven; light as an angel, but with no wings; her divinity sustains her. In her arms she holds lightly but firmly the infant Jesus, who has the face of a true child, with something else beyond humanity; his eye has a little of the look of a frighted boy in some strange situation, where he knows he is safe, and where yet he trembles. His light, silky hair is strewn by a wind (you feel it like a balm) over a brow beaming with soul; he looks deserving the adoration the shepherds gave him; and there is that—in his manner, innocent as the babe he was—in his look, Divine as the God he was, which makes one see in the child

—"the father of the man."

Pope Sixtus is lifting his venerable face in adoration from below; and opposite, St. Barbara, beautiful and modest, has dropped her eyes, though religious awe and love are beaming in her looks. Still lower, and lifting their heads and their little wings only above the edge of the picture, are two cherubs, who are only less in beauty than the Christ; they are twins—but they are twin angels—and Christ is God.

The radiance in their faces is, I think, the most wonderful thing I have ever seen in paint-

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ing. They are listening to the celestial harmony which attends the triumph of the Virgin. These six faces make up the picture; the Jesus, a type of divinity itself; the Virgin, the purity of earth, as at the beginning, yet humble, because of earth; the cherubs, the purity of heaven, conscious of its high estate; the two saints, earth made pure and sanctified by Christ, half doubting, yet full of hope.

I wrote thus much in my note-book, as I stood before the picture in that room of the Royal Gallery which looks down upon the market-place of Dresden, and with the painting lingering in my thoughts more holily than sermons of a Sunday noontime, I strolled over the market-place, crossed the long bridge which spans the Elbe, and wandered up the banks of the river as far as the Findlater Gardens. The terrace is dotted over with tables and benches, where one may sit over his coffee or ice, and enjoy a magnificent view of Dresden, the river, the bridge, and the green battle-field where Moreau fell. It was a mild day of winter, and I sat there enjoying the prospect, sipping at a *demi-tasse*, and casting my eye from time to time over an old number of the *Débats* newspaper, which the waiter had placed upon my table.

When there is no political news of importance stirring, I was always in the habit of running over the column of *Faits Divers*—"Different Things" translates it, but does not give a good idea of the piquancy which usually belongs to that column. The suicides are all there; the extraordinary robberies are there; important discoveries are entered; and all the bits of scandal, which, of course, every body reads and every body says should never have been published, are jotted down under *Faits Divers*.

In the journal under my hand there was mention of two murders, one of them of that stereotype class growing out of a drunken brawl, which the world seems to regard indifferently, as so many necessary punctuation-marks in the history of civilization. The other drew my attention very closely.

The Count de Roquefort, an elderly gentleman of wealth and distinguished family, residing in a chateau a little off the high road leading from Nismes to Avignon, in the South of France, had been brutally murdered in his own house. The Count was unmarried; none of his family connection resided with him, and, aside from a considerable retinue of servants, he lived quite alone, devoted, as was said, to scientific pursuits.

It appeared that two days before his assassination, he was visited by a young man, a stranger in that region, who was received (the servants testified) kindly by the Count, and who passed two hours closeted with him in his library. On the day of the murder the same young man was announced; his manner was excited, and he was ushered, by the Count's order, into the library as before.

It would seem, however, that the Count had anticipated the possibility of some trouble, since he had secured the presence of two "officers of the peace" in his room. It was evident that the visitor had come by appointment. The officers were concealed under the hangings of a bay-window at the end of the library, with orders from the Count not to act, unless they should see signs of violence.

The young man, on entering, advanced toward the table beside which the Count was seated, reading. He raised his head at the visitor's entrance, and beckoned to a chair.

The stranger approached more nearly, and without seating himself, addressed the Count in a firm tone of voice to this effect:

"I have come to ask, *Monsieur le Comte*, if you are prepared to accept the propositions I made to you two days ago?"

The Count seemed to hesitate for a moment; but only, it appeared, from hearing some noise in the servants' hall below.

The visitor appeared excited by his calmness, and added, "I remind you, for the last time, of the vow I have sworn to accomplish if you refuse my demand."

"I *do* refuse," said the Count, firmly. "It is a rash—"

It was the last word upon his lips; for before the officers could interfere, the visitor had drawn a pistol from his breast and discharged it at the head of the Count. The ball entered the brain. The Count lingered for two hours after, but showed no signs of consciousness.

The assassin, who was promptly arrested, is a stalwart man of about thirty, and from the contents of his portmanteau, which he had left at the inn of an adjoining village, it is presumed that he followed the profession of an artist.

The cause of the murder is still a mystery; the Count had communicated nothing to throw light upon it. He was a kind master, and was not known to have an enemy in the world.

I had read this account with that eager curiosity with which I believe all—even the most sensitive and delicate—unwittingly devour narratives of that kind; I had finished my half-cup of coffee, and was conjecturing what could possibly be the motive for such a murder, and what the relations between the Count and the strange visitor, when suddenly—like a flash—the conviction fastened itself upon me, that the murderer was none other than Emile Roque!

I did not even think in that moment of the remote similarity in the two names—Roque and De Roquefort. For any thing suggestive that lay in it, the name might as well have been De Montfort or De Courcy; I am quite sure of that.

Indeed, no association of ideas, no deduction from the facts named, led me to the conclusion which I formed on the spur of the moment. Yet my conviction was as strong as my own consciousness. I *knew* Emile Roque was the murderer; I *remembered it;* for I remembered his copy of the head of the castaway in Géricault's Wreck of the Médusa!

When I had hazarded the conjecture of suicide, I had reasoned loosely from the changed

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appearance of the man, and from the suicidal tendency of the Paris form of madness. Now I reasoned, not from the appearance of the man at all, but from my recollection of his painting.

There is no resignation in the face of Géricault's shipwrecked man; there is only animal fear and despair, lighted with but one small ray of hope. The ties of humanity exist no longer for him; whatever was near or dear is forgotten in that supreme moment when the animal instinct of self-preservation at once brutalizes and vitalizes every faculty.

Such is Géricault's picture; but Roque had added the intensity of moral despair: he had foreshadowed the tempest of a soul tossed on a waste—not of ocean—but of doubt, hate, crime! I felt sure that he had unwittingly foretokened his own destiny.

Are there not moments in the lives of all of us—supreme moments—when we have the power lent us to wreak in language, or on canvas, or in some wild burst of music (as our habit of expression may lie), all our capabilities, and to typify, by one effort of the soul, all the issues of our life?

I knew now that Emile Roque had unwittingly done this in his head from the Médusa. I knew that the period was to occur in his life when his own thought and action would illustrate to the full all the wildness and the despair to which he had already given pictured expression.

I can not tell how I knew this, any more than I can tell how I knew that he was the murderer.

I wrote De Courcy that very day, referring him to the paragraph I had read, and adding: "This artist is Emile Roque, but who is the Count de Roquefort?" It occasioned me no surprise to hear from him only two days after (his letter having crossed mine on the way), that the fact of Roque's identity with the culprit was fully confirmed. And De Courcy added: "It is not a suicide now, but, I fear, the guillotine. How frightful! Who could believe it of the man we saw rioting among the nymphs of Watteau?"

IV.

I returned to Paris by the way of Belgium. I think it was in the Hôtel de Saxe, of Brussels, where I first happened upon a budget of French papers which contained a report of the trial of poor Roque. It was a hopeless case with him; every one foresaw that. For a time I do not think there was any sympathy felt for him. The testimony all went to show the harmless and benevolent character of the murdered Count. The culprit had appeared to all who saw him within the year past, of a morose and harsh disposition.

I say that for a time sympathy was with the murdered man; but certain circumstances came to light toward the close of the trial, and indeed after it was over, and the poor fellow's fate was fixed, which gave a new turn to popular sympathy.

These circumstances had a special interest for me, inasmuch as they cleared up the mystery which had belonged to his change of manner in the galleries of the Louvre, and to his relations with the Count de Roquefort.

I will try and state these circumstances as they came to my knowledge through the newspaper reports of that date.

In the first place, the Count, after the first visit of Emile Roque, had communicated to those in his confidence nothing respecting the nature or the objects of that visit; and this, notwithstanding he had such reason to apprehend violence in its repetition, that he had secured the presence of two officers to arrest the offensive person. To these officers he had simply communicated the fact of his expecting a visit from an *unknown* individual, who had threatened him with personal violence.

The officers were quite sure that the Count had spoken of the criminal as of one unknown to him; indeed, he seemed eager to convey to them the idea that he had no previous knowledge whatever of the individual who so strangely threatened his peace.

Nothing was found among the Count's papers to forbid the truthfulness of his assertion on this point; no letter could be discovered from any person bearing that name.

The mother of the prisoner, upon learning the accusation urged against him, had become incapacitated, by a severe paralytic attack, from appearing as a witness, or from giving any intelligible information whatever. She had said only, in the paroxysm of her distress, and before her faculties were withered by the shock: "*Lui aussi! Il s'y perd!*"

Not one of the companions of Emile Roque (and he had many in his jovial days) had ever heard him speak of the Count de Roquefort. Up to the time of his departure for the South, he had communicated to no one his intentions, or even his destination. His old friends had, indeed, remarked the late change in his manner, and had attributed it solely to what they supposed a bitter disappointment in relation to his proposed marriage with Virginie C——.

I have already alluded (through a letter from De Courcy) to the singular fact, that Emile Roque continued his familiarity and intimacy with Monsieur C—— long after the date of the change in his appearance, and even up to the time of his departure for the South.

It was naturally supposed that Monsieur C—— would prove an important witness in the case. His testimony, however, so far from throwing light upon the crime, only doubled the mystery attaching to the prisoner's fate.

He spoke in the highest terms of the character which the criminal had always sustained. He confirmed the rumors which had coupled his name with that of one of his own family. The marriage between the parties had been determined upon with his full consent, and only waited the final legal forms usual in such cases for its accomplishment, when it was deferred in obedience to the wishes *only* of M. Roque himself!

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The witness regarded this as a caprice at the first; but the sudden change in the manner of the criminal, from that time, had satisfied him that some secret anxiety was weighing on his mind. His high regard for the character of M. Roque had prompted (and that alone had prompted) a continuance of intimacy with him, and a vain repetition of endeavors to win from him some explanation of his changed manner.

One fact more, which seemed to have special significance in its bearing upon the crime, was this: In the pocket of the prisoner at the time of his seizure was found a letter, purporting to be from the murdered Count, and addressed to a certain *Amedée Brune*. It was a tender letter, full of expressions of devotion, and promising that upon a day not very far distant, the writer would meet his fair one, and they should be joined together, for woe or for weal, thenceforth, through life.

The letter was of an old date—thirty odd years ago it had been written; and on comparison with the manuscript of the Count of that date, gave evidence of authenticity. Who this Amedée Brune might be, or what relation she bore to the criminal, or how the letter came into his possession, none could tell. Those who had been early acquaintances of the Count had never so much as heard a mention of that name. A few went so far as to doubt the genuineness of his signature. He had been a man remarkable for his quiet and studious habits. So far as the knowledge of his friends extended, no passing gallantries had ever relieved the monotony of his life.

The accused, in the progress of the inquiries which had elicited these facts, had maintained a dogged silence, not communicating any statement of importance even to his legal advisers. The sudden illness which had befallen his mother, and which threatened a fatal termination, seemed to have done more to prostrate his hope and courage than the weight of the criminal accusation.

The *fiancée*, meantime, Mademoiselle C——, was, it seems, least of all interested in the fate of the prisoner. Whether incensed by his change of manner, or stung by jealousy, it was certain that before this accusation had been urged she had conceived against him a strong antipathy.

Such was the state of facts developed on the trial. The jury found him guilty of murder; there were no extenuating circumstances, and there was no recommendation to mercy.

After the condemnation the criminal had grown more communicative. Something of the reckless gayety of his old days had returned for a time. He amused himself with sketching from memory some of the heads of Watteau's nymphs upon his prison walls. His mother had died, fortunately, only a few days after the rendering of the verdict, without knowing, however, what fate was to befall her son.

It was rumored that when this event was made known to him he gave way to passionate tears, and sending for the priest, made a full confession of his crime and its causes. This confession had occasioned that turn in popular sympathy of which I have spoken. The friends of the Count, however, and even his own legal advisers (as I was told), regarded it only as an ingenious appeal for mercy.

For myself, notwithstanding the lack of positive evidence to sustain his statements, I have been always inclined to believe his story a true one.

The main points in his confession were these: He had loved Virginia C—— as she had not deserved to be loved. He was happy; he had fortune, health, every thing to insure content. Monsieur C—— welcomed him to his family. His mother rejoiced in the cheerfulness and sunny prospects of her only child. His father (he knew it only from his mother's lips) had been a general in the wars of Napoleon, and had died before his recollection.

He had been little concerned to inquire regarding the character or standing of his father, until, as the marriage day approached, it became necessary to secure legal testimonials respecting his patrimony and name.

No general of the name of Roque had ever served in the wars of Napoleon or in the armies of France! For the first time the laughing dream of his life was disturbed. With his heart full, and his brain on fire, he appealed to his mother for explanation.

She had none to give. Amidst tears and sobs, the truth was wrung from her, that he —the gay-hearted Emile, whose life was full of promise—could claim no legal parentage. But the man who had so wronged both him and herself was still alive; and, with the weakness of her sex, she assured him that he was of noble birth, and had never shown tenderness toward any woman save herself.

Who was this noble father, on whose riches the son was living? No entreaties or threats could win this secret from the mother.

Then it was that the change had come over the character of Emile; then it was that he had deserted the smiling nymphs of Watteau for the despairing castaway of Géricault.

Too proud to bring a tarnished escutcheon to his marriage rites; doubting if that stain would not cause both father and daughter to relent, he had himself urged the postponement of the legal arrangements. One slight hope—slighter than that belonging to the castaway of the wrecked *Médusa*—sustained him. The mother (she avowed it with tears of grief) had become such only under solemn promise of marriage from one she had never doubted.

To find this recreant father was now the aim of the crazed life of Emile. With this frail hope electrifying his despair, he pushed his inquiries secretly in every quarter, and solaced his thought with his impassioned work in the corner salon of the Louvre.

In the chamber of his mother was a little *escritoire*, kept always closed and locked. His suspicions, after a time, attached themselves

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there. He broke the fastenings, and found within a miniature, a lock of hair, a packet of letters, signed De Roquefort. Of these last he kept only one; the others he destroyed, as so many tokens of his shame.

That fatal one he bore with him away from Paris, out from the influences of his mother. He pushed his inquiries with the insidious cunning of a man crazed by a single thought. He found at length the real address of the Count de Roquefort. He hurried to his presence, bearing always with him the letter of promise, so ruthlessly broken.

The Count was startled by his appearance, and startled still more by the wildness of his story and of his demands. The son asked the father to make good, at this late day, the promise of his youth.

The Count replied evasively; he promised to assist the claimant with money, and with his influence, and would engage to make him heir to the larger part of his fortune.

All this fell coldly upon the ear of the excited Emile. He wished restitution to his mother. Nothing less could be listened to.

The Count urged the scandal which would grow out of such a measure; with his years and reputation, he could not think of exposing himself to the ribald tongues of the world. Moreover, the publicity which must necessarily belong to the marriage would, he considered, be of serious injury to Emile himself. The fact of his illegitimacy was unknown; the old relation of his mother to himself was a secret one; the obstacles which might now lie in the way of his own marriage to Virginia C—— were hardly worth consideration, when compared with the inconvenience which would follow a public exposure of the circumstances. He set before Emile the immense advantages of the fortune which he would secure to him on his (the Count's) death, provided only he was content to forbear his urgence as regarded his mother.

Emile listened coldly, calmly. There was but one thought in his mind—only one hope; there must be restitution to his mother, or he would take justice in his own hands. The Count must make good his promise, or the consequences would be fatal. He gave the Count two days for reflection.

At the end of that time he returned, prepared for any emergency. The Count had utterly refused him justice: he had uttered his own death-warrant.

His mother was no longer living, to feel the sting of the exposure. For himself, he had done all in his power to make her name good; he had no ties to the world; he was ready for the worst.

Such was the relation of Emile; and there was a coherency about it, and an agreement with the main facts established by evidence, which gave it an air of great probability.

But, on the other hand, it was alleged by the friends of the Count that such a relation on his part never could have existed; that not the slightest evidence of it could be found among his papers, nor did the recollection of his oldest friends offer the smallest confirmation. The reported conversations of Emile with the Count were, they contended, only an ingenious fiction.

Singularly enough, there was nothing among the effects of the deceased Madame Roque to confirm the allegation that she had ever borne the name of Amedée Brune. She had been known only to her oldest acquaintances of the capitol as Madame Roque: of her previous history nothing could be ascertained.

The solitary exclamation of that lady, "*Il s'y perd!*" was instanced as proof that Emile was laboring under a grievous delusion.

Notwithstanding this, my own impression was that Emile had executed savage justice upon the betrayer of his mother.

V.

On the month of March—a very cold month in that year—I had returned to Paris, and taken up my old quarters in a *hôtel garni* of the Rue des Beaux Arts.

Any public interest or curiosity which had belonged to the trial and story of Emile Roque had passed away. French journalists do not keep alive an interest of that sort by any reports upon the condition of the prisoner. They barely announce the execution of his sentence upon the succeeding day. I had, by accident only, heard of his occasional occupation in sketching the heads of some of Watteau's nymphs upon the walls of his cell. I could scarce believe this of him. It seemed to me that his fancy would run rather in the direction of the horrors of Géricault.

I felt an irresistible desire to see him once again. There was no hope of this, except I should be present at his execution. I had never witnessed an execution; had never cared to witness one. But I wished to look once more on the face of Emile Roque.

The executions in Paris take place without public announcement, and usually at daybreak, upon the square fronting the great prison of *La Roquette*. No order is issued until a late hour on the preceding evening, when the state executioner is directed to have the guillotine brought at midnight to the prison square, and a corps of soldiery is detailed for *special* service (unmentioned) in that quarter of the city. My only chance of witnessing the scene was in arranging with one of the small wine-merchants, who keep open house in that neighborhood until after midnight, to dispatch a messenger to me whenever he should see preparations commenced.

This arrangement I effected; and on the 22d of March I was roused from sleep at a little before one in the morning by a bearded man, who had felt his way up the long flight of stairs to my rooms, and informed me that the guillotine had arrived before the prison of Roquette.

My thought flashed on the instant to the figure of Emile as I had seen him before the shepherdesses of Watteau—as I had seen him before the picture of the Shipwreck. I dressed hurriedly, and groped my way below. The night

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was dark and excessively cold. A little sleet had fallen, which crumpled under my feet as I made my way toward the quay. Arrived there, not a cab was to be found at the usual stand, so I pushed on across the river, and under the archway of the palace of the Louvre, casting my eye toward that wing of the great building where I had seen, for the first time, the face which I was shortly to look on for the last time on earth.

Finding no cabs in the square before the palace, I went on through the dark streets of St. Anne and Grammont, until I reached the Boulevard. A few *voitures de remise* were opposite the Café Foy. I appealed to the drivers of two of them in vain, and only succeeded by a bribe in inducing a third to drive me to the *Place de la Roquette*. It is a long way from the centre of Paris, under the shadow almost of *Père la Chaise*. I tried to keep some reckoning of the streets through which we passed, but I could not. Sometimes my eye fell upon what seemed a familiar corner, but in a moment all was strange again. The lamps appeared to me to burn dimly; the houses along the way grew smaller and smaller. From time to time, I saw a wine-shop still open; but not a soul was moving on the streets, with the exception of, here and there, a brace of *sergents de ville*. At length we seemed to have passed out of the range even of the city patrol, and I was beginning to entertain very unpleasant suspicions of the cabman, and of the quarter into which he might be taking me at that dismal hour of the night, when he drew up his horse before a little wine-shop, which I soon recognized as the one where I had left my order for the dispatch of the night's messenger.

I knew now that the guillotine was near.

As I alighted I could see, away to my right, the dim outline of the prison walls, looming against the night sky, with not a single light in its gratings.

The broad square before the prison was sheeted over with sleet, and the leafless trees that girdled it round stood ghost-like in the snow. Through the branches, and not far from the prison gates, I could see, in the gray light (for it was now hard upon three o'clock), a knot of persons collected around a frame-work of timber, which I knew must be the guillotine.

I made my way there, the sleeted ground crumpling under my steps. The workmen had just finished their arrangements. Two of the the city police were there, to preserve order, and to prevent too near an approach of the loiterers from the wine-shops; who may have been, perhaps, at this hour, a dozen in number.

I could pass near enough to observe fully the construction of the machine. There was, first, a broad platform, perhaps fifteen feet square, supported by movable tressle-work, and elevated some six or seven feet from the ground. A flight of plank steps led up to this, broad enough for three to walk abreast. Immediately before the centre of these steps, upon the platform, was stretched what seemed a trough of plank; and from the farther ends of this trough rose two strong uprights of timber, perhaps ten feet in height. These were connected at the top by a slight frame-work; and immediately below this, by the light of a solitary street lamp which flickered near by, I could see the glistening of the knife. Beside the trough-like box was placed a long willow basket: its shape explained to me its purpose. At the end of the trough, and beyond the upright timbers, was placed a tub: with a shudder, I recognized its purpose also.

The prison gates were only a few rods distant from the steps to the scaffold, and directly opposite them. They were still closed and dark.

The execution, I learned, was to take place at six. A few loiterers, mostly in blouses, came up from time to time to join the group about the scaffold.

By four o'clock there was the sound of tramping feet, one or two quick words of command, and presently a battalion of the Municipal Guard, without drum-beat, marched in at the lower extremity of the square, approached the scaffold, and, having stacked their arms, loitered with the rest.

Lights now began to appear at the windows of the prison. A new corps of police came up and cleared a wider space around the guillotine. A cold gray light stole, after a time, over the eastern sky.

By five o'clock the battalion of the Guards had formed a hedge of bayonets from either side of the prison doors, extending beyond and inclosing the scaffold. A squadron of mounted men had also come upon the ground, and was drawn up in line, a short distance to one side. Two officials appeared now upon the scaffold, and gave trial to the knife. They let slip the cord or chain which held it to its place, and the knife fell with a quick, sharp clang, that I thought must have reached to ears within the walls of the prison. Twice more they made their trial, and twice more I heard the clang.

Meantime people were gathering. Market-women bound for the city lingered at sight of the unusual spectacle, and a hundred or more soldiers from a neighboring barrack had now joined the crowd of lookers-on. A few women from the near houses had brought their children; and a half-dozen boys had climbed into the trees for a better view.

At intervals, from the position which I held, I could see the prison doors open for a moment, and the light of a lantern within, as some officer passed in or out.

I remember that I stamped the ground petulantly—it was so cold. Again and again I looked at my watch.

Fifteen minutes to six!

It was fairly daylight now, though the morning was dark and cloudy, and a fine, searching mist was in the air.

A man in blouse placed a bag of saw-dust at the foot of the gallows. The crowd must have now numbered a thousand. An old market-woman stood next me. She saw me look at my watch, and asked the hour.

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"Eight minutes to six!"

"*Mon Dieu; huit minutes encore!*" She was eager for the end.

I could have counted time now by the beating of my heart.

What was Emile Roque doing within those doors? praying? struggling? was the face of the castaway on him? I could not separate him now from that fearful picture; I was straining my vision to catch a glimpse—not of Emile Roque—but of the living counterpart of that terrible expression which he had wrought—wild, aimless despair!

Two minutes of six!

I saw a hasty rush of men to the parapet that topped the prison wall; they leaned there, looking over.

I saw a stir about the prison gates, and both were flung wide open.

There was a suppressed murmur around me—"*Le voici! Le voici!*" I saw him coming forward between two officers; he wore no coat or waistcoat, and his shirt was rolled far back from his throat; his arms were pinioned behind him; his bared neck was exposed to the frosty March air; his face was pale—deathly pale, yet it was calm; I recognized not the castaway, but the man—Emile Roque.

There was a moment between the prison gates and the foot of the scaffold; he kissed the crucifix, which a priest handed him, and mounted with a firm step. I know not how, but in an instant he seemed to fall, his head toward the knife—under the knife.

My eyes fell. I heard the old woman beside me say passionately, "*Mon Dieu! il ne veut pas!*"

I looked toward the scaffold; at that supreme moment the brute instinct in him had rallied for a last struggle. Pinioned as he was, he had lifted up his brawny shoulders and withdrawn his neck from the fatal opening. Now, indeed, his face wore the terrible expression of the picture. Hate, fear, madness, despair, were blended in his look.

But the men mastered him; they thrust him down; I could see him writhe vainly. My eyes fell again.

I heard a clang—a thud!

There was a movement in the throng around me. When I looked next at the scaffold, a man in blouse was sprinkling saw-dust here and there. Two others were lifting the long willow basket into a covered cart. I could see now that the guillotine was painted of a dull red color, so that no blood stains would show.

I moved away with the throng, the sleet crumpling under my feet.

I could eat nothing all that day. I could not sleep on the following night.

The bloodshot eye and haggard look of the picture which had at the last—as I felt it would be—been made real in the man, haunted me.

I never go now to the gallery of the Louvre but I shun the painting of the wrecked Médusa as I would shun a pestilence.

THE SENSES.

IV.—HEARING.

IN the quaint old town of Amsterdam there lived in the middle of the seventeenth century a far-famed Boniface, whose low-ceiled house on the Prince's Wharf was often so full of lovers of rich wines, that many a thirsty soul went away in anger and dismay. He was a merry companion withal, and loved to see his guests in good-humor and joyous spirits. No wine of the Rhine, no sack of France, was too rare for his friends; costly bulbs filled window and shelf with luxuriant flowers, and strange animals, the children of distant climes, were scattered over room and chamber. But the sight of all sights was, after all, Mynheer Petter himself, as wrapped up in dense, dismal clouds of smoke, he sat enthroned in his roomy armchair, and foretold how "the Turk would invade the Holy Empire," or sang his quaint, queer ditties in Dutch. Suddenly, however, his fame increased beyond all expectation, and strangers came from far-off countries, not to enjoy his cozy comforts, not to quaff his superlative wines, but to hear him sing glasses to pieces! It was no joke and no quibble. He would place fair, costly tumblers, tall, thin-stemmed Venetian glasses, and heavy, broad-footed goblets on the bright, well-polished table, close by the square wooden tray full of fragrant tobacco. Then he would raise his voice, and ere many minutes had passed, the tall, slender glass broke with a loud shriek, and the bowl-like tumbler of the German fell, with dull, heavy sound, into pieces! As he repeated the effort, he soon learned how to do it with ease to himself and all the greater marvel to his guests, until once he sang twenty-five costly goblets to pieces in a short half hour! Fortunately a German scholar of great renown came to witness the apparent wonder, explored it well, and left to posterity the enigma and its solution in a learned and spirited work on the subject.

Since those days we have learned that if we but ascertain the natural note of a glass and then strike its second sufficiently loud, the glass will instantly break, with a clear clarion ring; strings of harps and violins sound, if a kindred note be heard, and the energetic and violent ringing of bells has been known to shake and to break massive vaults. The skeptic has quickly availed himself of the well-ascertained fact, and used it to explain the falling of the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of the Israelite. To the faithful believer, however, it is but a new inducement to admire the wondrous bonds of love that hold all parts of creation, the lifeless material and the living sound, in sweet friendship together, and to try to learn more of the mysterious nature of sounds, as they approach us through the organs of hearing.

For the ear and its powers are still deep mysteries even to the learned and the scholar. Science has to acknowledge that she knows not the use and the special functions of each tiny part of the wondrous structure. The philoso-

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pher can not explain to us the nature of sound, nor how mere motion in the air, when it strikes a delicate nerve in the head, of a sudden, and as if by magic, is changed into music. The sense is, in fact, still a great physiological riddle. No other part of our body is so little known. Few men who own a watch have not at times opened the little machine and longed to understand the purpose and meaning of its many tiny wheels and chains. But how few ever think of examining more closely the truly wondrous watches that tell us of the beating of time in the great universe around us, marvels of craft and cunning, which bountiful nature has given to the poor and the rich alike, as an ever overflowing source of pure and unsullied enjoyment? Science itself displays this neglect in its disgusting abuses. If any body should venture to offer to the public an arcanum, a few drops of which poured into a watch would repair the broken wheel or the rusty chain, regulate its accuracy, and restore it to first perfection, would he not be received with sneers and scoffs, and reproached with a desire to insult our common sense? And yet we have seen, but of late, grave, honored physicians, who proclaimed aloud that they possessed the secret of a powder or an oil, a little tube to be put into the ear, or a magnet suspended behind it, that would cure, without doubt, all possible ills to which the ear is heir? Nothing but a melancholy indifference to the wonders of our own body, "made after His image," could produce such errors, and make us endure such announcements. We forget that "the hearing ear and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them."

Like other organs of sense, the ear also may be watched from its earliest infancy—a mere bubble of air—through all the slow changes of form, up to its highest perfection in man. All animals, it is true, are believed to possess some means of perceiving sounds, but in the lowest they surely are so closely united with others, that we at least can not distinguish where touch ceases and hearing commences. The primitive form of the ear—but lately discovered by the aid of the microscope—is a simple cell or bladder, barely visible to the naked eye. Even in the lowest of animals, however, this remarkable organ exhibits already its two most distinctive features; it lies ever deep in the very centre of the body, often in the midst of the nervous system, and it contains already, in its microscopic stage, those tiny crystals which are found nowhere else in all nature. The miniature globe of transparent texture is always filled with a clear liquid, and in it swim one or more little bodies, kept by tiny, restless hairs (cilia) in ever active, swinging motion. As we approach the higher classes of animals, the structure becomes more and more complicated; the parts increase in number, the arrangement grows in beauty. Fishes, receiving all sounds not through air but through water, with which their whole body is ever in contact, need therefore no outward ear; but they have, close by, large compact masses of lime, shaped and arranged in a peculiar manner, to increase by resonance the force of such sounds. Even in birds the external parts of the ear are still wanting, a few nocturnal birds excepted, and the tympanum lies here, as with reptiles and amphibia, quite near to the surface; of the inner structure, also, but a few simple bones are, as yet, in existence. The latter increase, one by one, as we ascend to the mammalia, until we see at last the outward ear fully developed, and within, the whole marvelous structure complete.

The ear of man is the most perfect of all, but most difficult of access. The mechanism of the eye lies as clear and open before the man of science as the beautiful organ itself appears in the face of man. It is not so with the ear. Its wondrous parts are deeply hidden in the secrecy of our head, inapproachable during lifetime, and dark and unknown are therefore also, as yet, their peculiar functions. The fleeting, intangible nature of sound escapes all observation, and means of comparison, also, with other organs of hearing, are utterly wanting.

We are not even admitted at once into the secrets of the organ of hearing, as we are in the other senses. We enter at first but an outer apartment, in the well known form of a shell, which stands ever ready and open to receive whatever sounds may be roving about in the free air of heaven. Its varied forms and countless angles allow not a single stray sound to escape, and gather and lead them all to a common centre. Thus they are made to enter a wide, well-oiled canal, whose tortuous windings and stiff, stout hairs exclude aught else but light, invisible air. It is nearly an inch long, and carries the sounds onward, holding the waves, as it were, well together, and increasing their strength by reflection. For its delicate walls tremble and vibrate with the whole ear, and communicate the disturbance to the inner parts of the structure. Hence if foreign bodies, or long accumulated ear-wax, obstruct the free passage, our hearing is seriously impaired. Through it the sounds reach without delay the first gate, that closes the inner chambers against all dangers from without. This is a delicate and elastic curtain, well fastened to the surrounding bones like the skin of a drum, and hence its technical name. As the sticks of the drummer strike his drum and thus produce sounds within the body of the instrument, so the faint waves of the air also strike against the tympanum; the little membrane yields and presses upon a cavity within the so-called drum. Its delicacy is exquisite. A glass plate, covered with finest sand and set swinging by the touch of a bow, causes, we know, the tiny atoms to range themselves in curious, beauteous figures. So the light, little membrane, also, when vibrating under the influence of certain grave or deep tones, will make the seed of earth-moss, or like delicate substances that have been strewn upon it, assume the far-famed figures of Chladni.

We enter next a round, well-stored chamber,

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filled with ever-renewed air, and deeply, snugly ensconced in the interior of the bones that form our temples. Safely protected without, it has a door within, and a tubular passage that leads right into the mouth, through which a current of air is ever passing into the curious little apartment. Thus the tympanum always remains well stretched, whatever pressure may be brought to bear upon it by the impatient waves of air that constantly beat against it from without, as the stormy breakers of the sea roll up to the cliffs of an iron-bound shore. Through this passage alone access can be had to the middle chamber of the ear, and the surgeon, by inserting his delicate instrument through the nose, can blow and squirt water or air into the drum, as the occasion requires. But the tube serves, besides, as a sounding-board, adding new strength and greater distinctness to the sounds that enter the inner chamber. Nor is it without importance that thus an escape is afforded to an overwhelming volume of sound that may at times be gathered in the cavity of the ear. Artillerists, therefore, open the mouth at the firing of cannon to escape deafness, and even when hearing less violent noises, we find instant relief from painful sounds by allowing them egress through this remarkable channel. When the great Humboldt drew fishes, that live only at a great depth of the ocean, with extreme suddenness up from their dark home, their swimming-bladder contained naturally an air much denser than that of the atmosphere above the ocean's surface. It had no outlet, and as all gases have a tendency to equalize their density, the air within was so forcibly expanded, that it drove the intestines of the poor creatures out of their bodies. A similar calamity might befall us through the expansion of the air in the inner chamber of the ear, when we reach a high elevation, the top of a lofty mountain, where the air around is essentially thinner. But such a misfortune is avoided by the aid of this tube—called the Eustachian, after a great anatomist of the sixteenth century—which allows the air of the drum to escape through the mouth. The distinguished physiologist, Carus, affirms that he felt the actual working of this remedy in every instance when he reached a height of 4500 feet; a tiny bubble of air, he says, passed each time from the ear through the Eustachian trumpet.

The furniture of the little chamber consists of three mysterious bones of oddest shape and unknown purpose. Anatomists even, who love to deal in monstrous Latin names, have not been able to resist the striking resemblance of these tiny instruments to actual things, the work of man, and call them hammer, anvil, and stirrup. The hammer is closely fastened to the tympanum, and serves, besides other purposes, to stretch and to relax it according to the nature of the sounds it receives. A powerful muscle, beyond the control of all but a few favored men, draws it back and releases it again; thus varying the power of reverberation. It acts, in this respect, exactly like the pupil of our eyes. As the wonderful "opening into the soul of man" grows wider and narrower with the mass and the brightness of light that falls upon it, so the tiny skin, stretched out here so oddly, adapts itself, without our aid and our will, to the strength, height, and depth of various sounds. A dazzling light causes the pupil visibly to contract, and a deafening sound induces the tympanum to grow smaller by being strained; to receive more waves of a feebler light the pupil stretches wide open, and, in like manner, the tympanum also is loosened and enlarged to receive a larger number of waves of sound.

The hammer rests upon the anvil, and the latter again, by a minute little bone, the smallest in the whole body of man, on the stirrup, whose broad lower part, where the foot would stand in a stirrup, closes up a tiny window in the last and innermost chamber of the ear. Thus the wondrous three bones, suspended in the air-filled apartment, and moving slightly where they are joined together, form a mysterious bridge from the outer curtain to the ever-closed door of the holiest of holies, and over this bridge pass all sounds that are to fill us with joy or with sorrow. Their precise, individual use is not yet well known, nor are men of science quite agreed why Nature should have given them just such a peculiar form and no other. So much only is certain, that the beauty and symmetry of these insignificant bones determine, at least to a high degree, our power to enjoy the sweet charms of music.

At last we are admitted to the secret chamber, where the outer world, in the shape of sounding waves, knocks at the very gates of the mysterious temple in which our mind is enthroned. It is a wonderful room, deep in the very heart of our head, set in the still solitude of hard, rock-like bone, which no ordinary knife can cut. Here our good mother Nature has hid her marvelous child, in order to protect its tender limbs against rude contact with the world without, to give a clear, ringing sound to the tones that enter, and perhaps to teach us, by example, that we also can enjoy the true blessings of music only in the quiet of a placid, peaceful mind. Who can imagine the joyful astonishment, and the wondering admiration of our Maker's supreme wisdom, when the anatomists, two hundred years ago, discovered, one by one, the tiny bones we have mentioned; and then, of a sudden, in the very heart of this bone, hard as stone, found a whole new system of delicate, beautiful organs? Well might they exclaim, as is reported of one of them: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made!"

This holiest is a tiny room, filled with pure, limpid water, and branches off, on one side, through double openings, into three wonderful archways; and, on the other, into the cochlea, which closely resembles the tortuous walks of a snail's peculiar house. This is, no doubt, the highest organ that serves the sense of hearing, for it is wanting in all lower animals, and does not appear except in the more perfect classes.

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A small, safely-closed window connects it with the vestibule, as through the oval opening, closed by the stirrup, it communicates with the middle chamber. Here, in the third and innermost part of the ear, sounds meet, in the liquid, the tender tips of the nerves that enter from within the mysterious labyrinth. Nature has here, as in all her merely mechanical contrivances, obtained the greatest end by the smallest means. In an incredibly limited space, by the aid of the long windings of the cochlea, she multiplies the points of contact, where sounds touch nerves, and these convey to the mind the impressions received.

The precise purpose of both these inner parts of the ear is not fully known: the semicircular passages serve, it is said, to increase and to lengthen the effect of sounds that enter from without in all directions, while the snail-shell gives us the pitch of a note, and gathers all other sounds that may seek admittance, not through the open portals of the ear, but through the friendly aid of the bones of the skull; for the organ of hearing is so wonderfully set in the innermost recesses of the head, that even the gentlest vibrations—mere wayward waves of intangible air that no other sense can perceive—will at once set it in tremulous motion, and give us an almost unbounded world of enjoyment. The nerves, however, are not here, as elsewhere, grown into the organ of this great sense, but spread over its secret chambers in a manner found in no other part of the body. They touch a fine white sand or dust, consisting of tiny, incredibly hard, and beautiful grains of crystal. This is the very wonder of wonders—the characteristic feature of the sense of hearing; for its essential parts are not the outward ear nor the middle chamber, not the mysterious chain of miniature hammers and anvils, not even the marvelously beautiful labyrinth, deep in the dark night of the skull. What makes it alone the organ of hearing, as distinct from the organs of all other senses, is this matchless connection of delicate nerves with hard, crystalline bodies, which are themselves again suspended in a clear, ever-pure liquid.

The process of hearing is, then, simply this: A concussion without moves the atmosphere, which rises and falls, like the waters of the ocean, in waves that spread to all sides until they meet with resistance. They enter the outward ear, pass through the outward channel, and strike against the first door, the drum. This delicate curtain moves under the pressure, and sets the three tiny bones into motion. The hammer pushes the anvil, the anvil pushes the stirrup, and the stirrup, pressing with its lower end upon the closed door of the innermost chamber, communicates thus the commotion to the water that fills the labyrinth. The liquid rising in miniature waves, which still correspond, it is said, with amazing accuracy to the airy waves without, touches, as it rises and falls, the delicate ends of the nerves, and this simple mechanical contact, spiritualized at the instant in which it passes from the nerves to the mind, is changed from a silent, lifeless undulation of air into a living, sounding impression.

And all these marvels, that have so far baffled the ingenuity of the wisest of all nations, are hid behind a modest and unpretending ear, often still farther concealed by long locks of hair and broad tresses. The ear is an organ of secrecy; destined to bring to the mind the softest and gentlest motions of the outer world; hence it is so much less apparent, so insignificant even among other organs of sense. The outward is not even, as has been long believed, indispensable for the purpose of hearing; its absence tends only to diminish the accuracy of our perceptions. Animals hear very well without any visible ear; and the mole, that is utterly earless, surpasses many others in the sharpness and power of this sense. The large number of earless men we meet in the East hear as well as did the unhappy victims of a barbarous custom that inflicted, even in England, the disgraceful punishment of such mutilation upon men like the friends of the noble Hampden; for sounds do not reach the mind alone by the funnel-shaped entrance of the ear, as rays of light can enter the depth of the eye by the pupil only. A large number of airy waves are even thrown back again by the outer ear, and few only reach the narrow channel, and thus enter into the organ itself. The muscles, by which all animals and a few men can control the outward ear, probably aid in presenting its elastic walls to all sides from which sounds may approach it. The whole structure of the head, however, serves in the process of hearing; the skull and its bones form, both in texture and form, excellent aids in conducting sounds from without to the inner nerves. They are ever and every where active in leading them up to the brain. Hence the familiar fact, that a stick held to hard parts of the head and to an instrument increases the sound, as in Sweden deaf men and women may be seen sitting in church with long wooden sticks in their mouths which touch the pulpit, and thus enable them to hear the Word of God and the minister's sermon. Hence also the equally well-known experience, that persons inaccessible to all sounds through the ear may still be acutely sensible to vibrations. Mrs. Tonna (Charlotte Elizabeth), who lost her hearing in early life, could thus derive great pleasure from the vibrations of an organ or from the sounding-board of a piano, and by merely touching the latter with her hand perceive, though not hear, a tune accurately enough to write it down on the instant!

Not even the loss of the tympanum is necessarily followed by deafness—a sad privation, indeed, which is either laid upon us by our Maker at the moment of birth, or results from an essential injury to the inner parts of the organ of hearing. Innate deafness is, in fact, more severely felt than the want of any other sense, not on account of its own melancholy consequences—the perfect isolation in the midst of our brethren—but because of the unavoidable

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want of language. He who is born deaf is sentenced to be silent for life. Even persons who at an advanced age were deprived of hearing, feel a growing reluctance to speak—the result, no doubt, of the change in their speech from an utterance of articulate sounds to an inaudible, merely mechanical motion of the organs. A case is recorded of an officer whose hearing became paralyzed from the effects of a violent cannonade, and who, from neglecting to cultivate his speech, could at last no longer be understood even by his nearest relations. If such be the case with men of ripe years, how much more with infants; for children learn language insensibly, and without effort, Nature herself being their teacher. The deaf mute is dependent upon artificial schemes of man's doing, by which he endeavors to supply, by human ingenuity, what God in his wisdom has seen fit to withhold by the ordinary channels. Hence, even when all that art can achieve has been done, the result will still be marked with that imperfection which always attaches itself to every human performance. This it is that makes blindness so much more tolerable than deafness. The former, it has been well said, is, after all, but a physical darkness, and the sufferers still possess a ready channel through which the brightest beams of intellectual light may be freely poured. But the darkness of the deaf mute is a mental and moral darkness, which we who can hear and speak can conceive by no means in our power. He may gaze abroad upon creation, but he can not "look through nature up to nature's God," nor can he participate in that high communion which, through the sublimity of her visible language, she holds with the soul of an enlightened being.

Although the outward ear of man is so unmeaning at first sight, and its fixed, unchanging position so different from the expressive, active motion of the ears of animals, yet even so its form and position are not without great importance. Comparing the human ear with that of animals, we find its size to be neither very small nor very large. Both extremes, where they occur, call up at once a likeness to some member of the animal kingdom, though not to all without choice, as even there the size of ears is a sign of character and temper. In animals very large ears often indicate great timidity, which makes their owners an easy prey of the stronger, and marks them as lacking the first conditions of superiority—strength and independence. This applies, however, only to the excessive size of the upper part, as in the rabbit, the donkey, and the long-eared bat, to whom it gives such an unfavorable expression; for the noblest of animals, even the sagacious elephant, has the lower part of the ear very broad, and fully developed. Small ears, on the contrary, reduced sometimes to an utter absence of the outward organ, are found in animals endowed with superior energy, from the tiny mole to the colossal lion.

In man the ear reaches the happy medium size, which is best adapted to its purpose as an ornament of the crown of his noble structure, and being free from hair and other appendages, it is thus able to lead even the finest vibrations, straight and unbroken, to the inner sanctuary. Very large and very small ears are, therefore, here also unfavorably noticed, and justly regarded as signs of a mind that is not fully and symmetrically well developed. If too large, it is feared they might produce a condition resembling the exquisite sensitiveness endured by patients in certain diseases; for here, as with the sense of smell, a too abundant power of perception might be as injurious to higher mental life as a total want of perception. If too small, they are apt to give an expression of spiritual dwarfishness. The proper standard for the size of the ear is, as painters tell us, the length of the well-formed nose.

The outline of the varied curves of the outward ear is considered of more than ordinary importance. They repeat, in symbolical form, that most essential of all parts of this organ—the cochlea, or snail-shell, within. Their peculiar shape is undoubtedly all-important to our individual perception of the world of sounds, and thus becomes one of the most efficient means of spiritual development. Hence the striking difference between the perfect ear of man, in all its exquisite symmetry and beauty, and that of the most human-like ape; while between the two, considered as distant extremes, still lies a large number of varied forms.

Essential as the ear thus appears to a perfect form of the human head, its form has as yet been but little attended to, even by artists. Porta even, who in most other points gathers all that the ancients knew about features, is very meagre on this subject. There is, in fact, little enough said about ears; all we find is here and there a stray remark—as when the beauty of the ears of Augustus is dwelt upon by Suetonius; or Ælian tells us, in describing the charms of Aspasia, that "she had short ears." Porta, however, remarks that, *exculptæ aures*, that is, ears cut out as by the sculptor's hand, and deeply chiseled, are of high value, because their owners are apt to be open to sound doctrines and of clear perception, while vague and flat ears belong to dull and rude persons. Winkelmann also shows us, in his History of Art, how well the ancients knew the higher meaning of the human ear. He remarks that in all the master-pieces of antique sculpture no part of the head is more carefully worked than the ears, so that their beauty, and especially the finish of their form, furnish one of the safest means by which what is genuine, and really antique, may at once be distinguished from what has been restored or added in later times. The great physiognomist, Lavater, knew their significance fully. When an artist brought him a portrait he had ordered, he instantly exclaimed that the ear could not have been drawn from nature, because it did not belong to the other features; and the artist, though an academician, had to confess

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that he had added the ear, having drawn it, as an unimportant feature, from his own imagination.

Even its smaller parts are important, though their effect only is noted, while the details are overlooked. Thus, for instance, a flattened, upturned edge above, gives greater length to the ear, and a decided animal likeness; hence the ancients thus represented Fauns, and with great success. Even the position is not insignificant. Ears, attached like wings to the sides of the head, and gently standing off, are said to belong to men endowed with musical talent; but as such an angle is favorable to acute hearing, they indicate likewise the lover of secrets, and the timid or fearful. Close-lying ears perform their duty but indifferently, and are thus ascribed to the trifling man, "who will not listen," or to the incredulous who, "having ears, hear not," and to the thoughtless. Buchanan proved that the angle in which the ear is attached to the head is of greatest importance in the process of hearing; too large an angle interferes as much with a clear perception of sounds as too close an approach to the sides.

To pierce it and to adorn it, was an ancient custom, known to almost all nations on earth, and so to the Israelites also. The first ear-ring mentioned—"a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight"—won the heart of Rebecca. But the custom seems soon to have served to no good purpose, for "all the people brake off the golden ear-rings, which were in the ears of their wives, of their sons and their daughters, and brought them unto Aaron, and he made it a golden calf!" The wise King, it is true, loved ear-rings again, together with other pretty ornaments, for he said, "As an ear-ring of gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear." The slave who preferred to remain with his master in Israel, had his ear bored with an awl, to show his consent, and the permanent character of his bondage. Hence, probably, it became among the Romans also a mark of servility—a view utterly at variance with that of the Greeks, where the nobles alone were allowed to have their ears pierced. Now, thievish shop-keepers in the East are nailed with the ear to the door of their shop, and exposed to public disgrace. Among us, however, the custom of boring the ears is hardly more than a long-lingering remnant of former barbarous times.

It is no small humiliation to the pride of our day that, when we ask, What do we hear? even science is not able to give us an answer. The eye and the ear present to us, it is true, a vastly more complicated physical apparatus than we find in the other senses, by whose aid the mere motion of the outer world is conveyed to the inner world of our being. Here no gross enjoyment is offered, as in taste; no firm, substantial shock is received, as in touch; no actual absorption of minute particles here takes place, as in smell. Mere gentle waves of the feeblest of elements around us—of light intangible air, strike the wondrous structure, and joy or sorrow, faith or fear, stir up the sea of passions and deep emotions that ever moves restlessly within the breast of man. But these so-called sounds are mere phantoms—a name, and nothing more. They form an empire of their own, whose children rule over our feelings and master our thoughts, and yet the heart can not tell what moves it, and the mind can not analyze whence come these powers. They have no substance, no life, except in our own unconscious mind. The air may vibrate from age to age; its unseen waves may swell and sink, and thus pass over an ocean of time until they beat upon the shores of eternity, and no sound is heard. But let them touch that wondrous mystery, the tiny crystal-clear lake that is hid far in the secret chambers of our head, and at once sound is created, and as they follow each other, in rapid succession, our soul is enraptured by the magic of music, or lifted heavenward by the Word that is thus in an instant revealed.

When we see the vibrations of a sounding chord, or the heavy motion of a ringing bell, we are apt to think that both bodies move, as the pendulum, actually to and fro. But it is not so. There is hidden here a deep and most beautiful secret. What is it that really happens when a metal rod is struck or a bell is set ringing? The eye, and still more the sense of touch, perceive a violent vibrating and trembling. But this is not a movement of the whole body; the apparently solid mass itself is moved in its very substance, certain points and lines excepted, which obey other laws, and ever remain the same; it seems all of a sudden to have become liquid, so that it may rise and sink in wonderful waves. It is, in fact, a restless, quickly-repeated extending and contracting of the substance, in a manner resembling the effect of great cold or heat. Thus sound may truly be said to be a mysterious magician who breaks the rigidity of solid bodies. When he seizes a dense, solid metal, he suddenly unloosens the bands that hold its minute atoms together, and the greater the rigidity the quicker is moved the liquified substance. Sound wields a power over such bodies even unto death, for we have seen that it can release the parts of their allegiance to the whole, and break the most beautiful structures on earth to pieces in a moment.

Nor is this motion confined to the body itself that sound has touched with its magic wand, but the same strange, life-like vibrations spread from it farther in all directions, and pass into all with which they come into contact. Sound, it is true, travels not with the same swiftness as light; still, its speed is respectable, and amounts, in dry air, to more than a thousand feet in a second; in water it travels four times as quickly, in iron ten, and in wood eleven times. But there is a great conservative power that dwells in all solid substances; thus sound also reigns but for a time, and then its magic effect gives way to that force which restores its slaves to their original form, and gives them once more both peace and repose. Nor is the dominion thus wielded by sound the

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same over all bodies. Some stoutly refuse to yield it obedience; others, again, are ever ready to dance and to frolic as sound may command. The latter only convey to us genuine sound.

In no case, however, can we dispense with air, little as we notice the indispensable element in everyday life. Suspend a bell in a vacuum, under an air-pump, and set it a-ringing; the eye will see it move to and fro, the hand would be able to feel its motion, but as there is no air, and consequently no etherial waves can reach our ear, all the ringing of the bell produces no sound, and bell and hammer remain alike mute. Hence sound is limited also to the distant boundary-lines of the atmosphere; beyond, eternal silence reigns, and the most terrible explosion—the breaking of the moon into atoms—would be a spectacle all the more awful, because the eye alone would witness it, in unbroken silence and ghastly stillness. Hence the far-famed harmony of the spheres must forever remain a mystery to us, as the great master-poet already hints in the words—

> "Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
> There is not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But while this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we can not hear it."

All the earth is in motion, and hence all the earth is ever filled with sound; for any elastic body will, under the influence of some concussion, assume a vibrating motion, which, when it reaches our ear by the aid of kind airy waves, we perceive as sound. The pendulum, as it swings slowly backward and forward to point again, in loyal allegiance, to the centre of the earth; the ocean wave, driven by fierce winds, and changing the mirror-like calm of the sea into mountains and valleys, in which the frail ships of man are engulfed; the gentle tremor of whispering leaves—all these are forms of motion in matter which will produce sound and tone and tune, if but sufficiently strong and quick in their action. Even a glass-tube will vibrate under the repeated strokes of a moistened hand, although, to produce the same effect by merely mechanical means, would require the power of two horses. For, says the naturalist Schleiden, the physical world as well as the moral world shows us occasionally that gentleness often effects more than brute force.

Thus sounds are heard every where in nature, and we have only to join the chorus to share the happiness of the creation. We may step into the tearful landscape on a spring morning, and join in the jubilant songs of early birds; we may throw ourselves into the waves, and shout for joy amidst the thunder of the ocean, or we may listen on the sandy sea-shore to the throbbing of his great pulse, as he rises from the vast deep and embraces the land with a stormy, long-drawn kiss. All through the vast temple of nature sound joins sound and voice meets voice, until the "heavy ear and the hardened heart" alone hear not the great anthem that rises from everlasting to everlasting to the throne of the Almighty.

Our power to perceive sound is, however, limited by certain bounds that apply to the human ear generally, while every one of us individually differs again from his neighbor in the power of hearing also. If the vibrations of the air be either too fast or too slow, the ear of man can not seize them. The lowest note we can hear is caused by vibrations that count eight or ten in a second, and then we only hear them as a low and indistinct humming. The highest note perceptible is the result of seventy thousand vibrations in a second. It can not be doubted that as there exists in nature a light which our eye can not see, so there must also be countless sounds still which human ears can not hear. The bat, for instance, has so low a cry that thousands of men never hear it, as it is just on the boundary line of the powers of human perception, and yet wise, bountiful Nature surely never gave to one of her children a voice that could not be clearly heard by its fellows. Men are very differently endowed in this respect, especially as to the power of perceiving sounds at a distance. Campanella once proposed tubes that should aid the ear, as the telescope and the microscope aid the eye. As all nature is ever in motion, would not, to an ear thus armed, the whole universe resound in a wondrously-grand concert of countless voices?

Sounds, it is presumed, but rarely produce a simple effect upon our nerves; other handmaids of the brains co-operate almost instantly, and hence the impressions are always more or less complex. A sound strikes your ear, and at once you know that it is a knock at the door—that somebody asks admittance—nay, from certain peculiarities of the sound, you are sure that it is a friend who is coming. You go with him to a concert: there men cause, by various instruments of wood or metal, the air around them to undulate in strange vibrations, which they themselves do not see nor perceive. These waves enter your ear; they pass through the tortuous channels unheeded and unfelt; but all of a sudden they touch a mysterious nerve, and you tremble; your heart is moved; tears gather, against your will, in your eye; your mind rises from the earth, and strange, uncontrollable feelings, that words can not tell and thoughts can not analyze, seize upon your innermost life. Even the brute creation, that "travaileth and groaneth with us," is not an alien to such strange effects,

> "For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
> A race of youthful and unhandled colts,
> Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
> Which is the hot condition of their blood;
> If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
> Or any air of music touch their ears,
> You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
> Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
> By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
> Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
> Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
> But music for the time doth change his nature."

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How is this miracle brought about? Alas! we know the cause and we know the effect; but the bridge that connects body and soul—the material and the spiritual world—is not yet revealed to our eyes. Even in such lowly and humble matters, in the use of our own simple senses, we must confess that "now we see through a glass darkly." The same mystery surrounds nearly all our perceptions by hearing. We speak not of the wondrous effect of music on sufferers; how Timotheus roused Alexander to fury and calmed him by sweeter melodies; how Terpander quelled even a rebellion at Sparta by music; or how David conquered the evil spirit that haunted poor Saul. Do not shepherds even tell us, one and all, that their cattle feed better while they listen to music? But the simplest functions of the sense of hearing are marvelously vague and uncertain. The ear is not able to distinguish the direction from which sounds come; this we can only make sure by other senses, and by comparing circumstances with which we are already acquainted. How different do not at night the same noises sound that we hear in daytime? Hence the truly amazing influence of the ear on the imagination. This is still strengthened by the fact, that no other sense stands in so intimate and constant connection with the sensory nerves of the whole body. As the chord sounds its clear note when from afar, a kindred sound is wafted near on the invisible waves of the air, so all the countless nerves of our system tremble and thrill when the nerve of the ear is touched in a peculiar manner by the ethereal waves.

This vagueness of all hearing—this strange, as yet unexplained sympathy with other nerves, furnishes a key to the wondrous power that oracles ever have exercised, through this sense, on credulous nations, and to the close connection between it and so many forms of still living superstition. Do not enthusiastic lovers of music pretend even now that their melodies are but echoes of heavenly choirs and faint recollections of the language once spoken by man, when he dwelt in happy bliss among the angels of the Lord, and listened to the anthems that "the morning stars sang together?" Hence it was that the mysterious voice of Memnon and the fabulous words of Pagan deities were revered by the monarchs of the earth and obeyed by powerful nations. Can the children of our day boast of being free from such superstition? Even now, saints and Madonnas of stone or wood are heard by the faithful believer to utter words of human language. The better ventriloquist surprises with ease even the attentive listener. Who has not heard strange voices in the evening breeze, or listened to sweet melodies sung by the rustling leaves or the purling brooks?

As long as the blessed light of the sun warms the surface of the earth, unseen currents of heated air are ever rising heavenward, and cold air is descending. Here they move in playful, frolicsome dance over metal or water, so that even the eye can perceive the quivering waves; there they rise and fall in stately, invisible slowness. Sounds that have to travel at such times are stopped and broken by each current. But night brings rest not to man only; Nature also seems to repose for a while, and the air is either quite motionless, or at least rising and falling only in long, well-measured cadences. Then all noises are heard more clearly and distinctly; but we are so little accustomed to such unbroken communication, that they startle and strike us as strange and fearful. Then the ear weaves countless spells for the mind. The great Ehrenberg, who, like Columbus, discovered a new world, the infinitely small, stood once on guard in the Libyan desert. Knowing that the life of dear friends and numerous companions depended upon his breathless attention, he listened with anxiously-strained ear; for the Arabs were near, and death was lurking in every shadow. Nothing was heard but the slow ruminating of the camels, as they lay in a wide circle around, and the deep breathing of the slumbering pilgrims. Shooting-stars alone lighted up the incredibly dark desert-night for an instant. All his senses were absorbed in his hearing. Of a sudden, a strange, startling noise is gliding past him over the yellow sands. He moves, and all is hushed. Can it be that Bedouins are gliding, as they are known to do, serpent-like, amidst the well-tethered camels? As he thinks of waking his friends, he hears the same noise here and there, far and near. He approaches and perceives, by a powerful exertion of sight, a number of balls, three or four inches large, which roll apparently by themselves past his watchful eye. At last he procures a lantern and discovers, to his amazement, under each sand-ball a large black beetle, who rolls the round mass with marvelous swiftness over the plain. It was the well known scarabee of the Egyptians, whose sacred image is found on temple and crypt all over the land of the Nile. Thus the renowned naturalist learned both the strange effect of mysterious sounds on the mind of man, and at least one of the causes that led the fanciful people of the desert to worship the curious beetle.

PAUL ALLEN'S WIFE, AND HOW HE FOUND HER.

[NOTE.—The leading incidents in the following sketch will be familiar to those few who were acquainted with them at the time of their occurrence, although the names are changed that they may not be recognized by others. Most of them are still alive. Poor Foshay died three years ago of ship fever, a victim to his philanthropy and devotion to his profession. Doctor W—— is still enjoying a world-wide reputation. George is settled in a lucrative practice in the country. Paul Allen, a noble and enterprising man, with his lovely and beautiful wife, Maud, are living at their country seat, my near neighbors; and talking with them a few evenings since, they extorted from me—not unwillingly—the promise to write this sketch.]

DURING the winter of 18—, the class of Doctor W—— was larger than it had ever been before. His reputation as a surgeon, as well as

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a general practitioner, attracted to his office a crowd of young men who were anxious to put themselves under his tuition, as well for the name of having studied with him, as for the actual advantages of the position. But vain as the Doctor was of his well-deserved reputation, he did not allow this vanity to induce him to retain under his instruction a single student who, after proper trial, he did not believe would in his after-life do credit to him as a teacher. It became a matter of course, therefore, that his young men stood high as students. He was indefatigable in his efforts to instruct them, and they in their turn were ambitious to improve.

But the advantages to be found in such an office as Doctor W——'s did not consist alone in his private instructions. The multitude of cases of disease which were daily brought there for advice, and which were always carefully examined and explained in the presence of his class, made them familiar with the practice as well as the theory of their profession. Most of the operations which he performed were done in the presence of some of his students, and with their assistance, and every opportunity was afforded them to learn all that could be learned of every case.

It was near midnight one evening of the winter of which I am writing, that three of the students were sitting in the office in front of the grate, in which was still burning a glowing fire. The wind was howling without, and driving the snow, which was rapidly falling, against the windows, and piling it up in the area, and every thing, even to the footsteps of the occasional passer-by, seemed cold and dreary in the extreme.

"Confound it!" said John Foshay, going to the window and looking out upon the pelting storm, "I do not feel like going out in such a night as this. Ugh! it makes one shudder, even in this warm room, only to look out at it."

"And yet you would go in a moment in one of our midnight excursions, John, if the Professor only said the word," said Paul Allen, a tall, raw-boned man, but whose face was full of intelligence and energy.

"Gad, and who would not!" said Foshay. "The satisfaction which it gives the old Doctor would put the mettle into the dullest of us. Do you remember our expedition into Jersey last winter, and on just about such a night as this, and what a time we had getting the body up into the city?"

"I was not with you then," said Allen, "but I remember how you thought all the lady passengers on the ferry-boat were watching you, as if they suspected your business."

"Thought!" exclaimed Foshay; "no thinking about it, let me tell you, Paul Allen. It was next thing to certain. Hudson and I are too old hands at the business to be frightened at any slight suspicions. Why, the fellows watched us as if they thought we might have some of their own families boxed up in the old trunk for dissection. But George is a perfect trump at such times, and he managed the thing most capitally. I say, George Hudson, what are you dreaming about?"

The person thus addressed raised himself up from the sofa, where he had been sleeping for more than an hour, and rubbing his eyes, made no reply till the question was repeated again.

"Dreaming, do you say—was I dreaming?" he said. "Well, I believe I was. I thought we had gone out into the country on a pleasant moonlight evening—you, and I, and Paul—and had taken up the body of that young lady that died the day before yesterday, that the old Doctor was so anxious to examine."

"I would sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius," said Paul Allen, "if that dream of yours would come to pass."

"And I another," said Foshay.

"It could hardly be on such a night as this," said Hudson. "By some incongruity I thought it was midsummer."

"Do they not say dreams go by contraries?" asked Foshay.

"Then the girl would be taking us up," said Allen, "or her lordly old father, which is the most probable under all circumstances."

"The Professor said he refused him with the air of a king, when he requested the examination," said George.

"The very reason the thing ought to be done any way," said Foshay. "What do you say, George—can't it be done?"

"To-night?" asked Allen, with a shrug of his shoulders at the tempest without.

"No, it is too late to start now," said Foshay, "but it can be done to-morrow night. We will say nothing to the Doctor about it till we show him the report. What do you say, George?"

At this moment the door communicating with the Professor's house opened, and the Doctor's voice called, in its usual mild tone, "George!"

Hudson was out with the Doctor about a quarter of an hour. He was a sort of confidential student in the office. He had been there from his boyhood, and was acquainted with all the ways of his preceptor, and was intrusted with all his wishes. When he returned there was a smile on his face, and he said:

"Dreams do sometimes come true, boys."

"What is it, George?" exclaimed both the others in a breath.

"Just what you were proposing before I went out," said George.

"And he wants it done?" inquired Allen.

"Certainly; that is what he called me out for. He had gone to bed but could not sleep. The curious case of the young girl, he said, was running in his mind, and after exhausting his speculations upon it, and hearing our voices below, he came down to propose the very thing you were talking about."

"One of the remarkable coincidences in great minds, Paul. Put that down to my credit, and if any body asks you in future days if you think there is any similarity in Doctor W—— and

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Doctor Foshay, remember this," said Foshay, jocularly, as he patted Allen on the back.

"Pshaw, John, none of your nonsense," said Allen. "Let us make our arrangements to-night, and be off in time to-morrow."

The case which had excited so much interest in the little world of Doctor W——'s office, was this. Maud Mansfield, the only child of Henry Mansfield, a gentleman of large wealth, and living in great style about twenty miles from the city, in Westchester County, had been ill for many months before she came with her father to consult Doctor W——. She was a young lady of rare beauty and intelligence, and having lost her mother at an early age, the necessity of acting the part of lady of the mansion to her father's friends, had developed all the qualities of the mature woman at the age of seventeen, the period at which her illness commenced. At first there was little to be observed, but that she was more sedate and thoughtful. Gradually she began to avoid company and seek solitude, and it was with difficulty her father could persuade her to see his friends when they called. She was often found in tears, for which she could not, or would not give any reason. The hue of health began to fade from her cheek —her eye lost its lustre. Medical advice was sought, but no symptoms of disease were manifest, and her father was advised to travel with her. Shortly after their return from a journey of several weeks, symptoms began to appear to the servants in the house, which led them to hint among themselves suspicions that all was not as it should be with her. Soon these suspicions found their way into the neighborhood, and at length reached the ears of her father. But he did not, and would not for a moment admit into his mind one doubt of his child's honor, though, even to himself, the cause of the disgraceful rumor was becoming daily more manifest. Doctors were called in from the neighborhood. Some, with coarse and unhesitating readiness, declared the cause of the rumor true, and he indignantly expelled them from the house; others withheld their opinion, and could say nothing. And thus months passed —months of agony to Mr. Mansfield, though Maud seemed unaffected. She had been told all that was said of her, but it might sometime be told her by those who love to torture even the innocent with such cruel accusations, and she heard it without a tear, while she gave only a calm denial of its truth. It was wonderful with what indifference and apathy she sat down to her fate.

At length Mr. Mansfield brought her to town, and placed her under the care of Doctor W——. After a full investigation of her case, he declared his unhesitating conviction that there was no foundation for the rumors against her honor, while, at the same time, he could not determine the nature of the disease. Could he cure her? That was a question he could not answer. He could try. And with all the acuteness of his great mind, and with all the resources of his wonderful skill, he applied himself to the task. For a time the disease seemed to be checked. Indeed, her father persuaded himself that she was better, and was elated with hopes of her restoration to health. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment, and in a few weeks she took to her bed, from which she never rose.

Of course the whole history of the case and its progress was known in the office. It was a matter of careful study and discussion; and when the Doctor announced to his class that there was no farther hope, they began at once to look forward to a post-mortem examination to resolve the mystery of the disease. But when all was over, and it was proposed to the father, he proudly and resolutely refused, and she was removed to his residence in the country, to be buried by the side of her mother. It was a disappointment to the Doctor, in which the whole class participated, and led to the determination I have mentioned to exhume the body.

It was arranged that Paul Allen should go out in the morning and survey the country, and ascertain the spot where she was buried, and Hudson and Foshay should follow in the evening with all things necessary to accomplish their purpose.

When he arrived at the place the following day, Allen found the funeral just entering the church-yard, and, mingling with the crowd, saw the coffin lowered into the grave, and the earth heaped up, as they supposed, forever. Nothing, of course, remained for him to do but to wear away the day till his companions should arrive. In the mean time he listened to the story of the shame of the rich man's daughter, and strolled up to see the lordly mansion on the hill where he lived.

Night came and brought Hudson and Foshay. They were old hands at the work, and had no idle fears to harass them, so they staid till a late hour at the little public-house in the village, and then calling for their horses and inquiring of the landlord the distance to the next village in the opposite direction from which they had come, they drove off. One hour from that time they were raising the body of the dead girl from its new-made grave, and the moon, just risen, was shining cold and clear on her hueless face.

"Easy," said Allen. "Handle her gently. I could never bear to lift out a young and beautiful girl as roughly as I can a stalwart man."

"Well—gently as you please, Allen," said Foshay, "and you may sentimentalize over it while we fill in the dirt."

But they were all impressed with the calm and beautiful face of the corpse, and laid it down by the side of the grave as gently and carefully as if they were preparing her for her burial.

"I can not think of putting her in that sack," said Allen, when they were ready to go. "Sentiment, or no sentiment, I do not like it. Let me see—it is half past twelve now, and good sleighing. By four o'clock we shall be at the office, and all snug. Now put her on the seat

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in my sleigh—wrap her up in the blankets from head to foot—and I'll follow you."

The others laughed at the conceit, but readily consented.

"A merry ride to you," said Hudson. "I hope she will keep you warm, Paul;" and they drove off.

There were strange thoughts crowding up in the mind of Paul Allen before he had driven a mile with his novel companion. They were no superstitious fears—no feeling of horror at the close proximity of the dead. He was too much accustomed to such things, although he had never been in just the same position with them before. But the calm beauty of the face, as he had seen it in the dim light of the moon, haunted him, and he seemed to feel the look that crept out from the half-open lids as he had never felt the gaze of woman before. And he began to build fairy castles in which she was the lady of his love, and to dream dreams of quiet home affections and endearments, not with just such an one as her, but with her very self. And then he would wake from his dream and smile at his own wild fancies, only to fall away in an instant into the same foundationless vision again. He was, on ordinary occasions, no imaginative man. On the contrary, he was noted in the office for his matter-of-fact habits. He was surprised now, himself, at the vagaries he was uncontrollably indulging in, yet still they ran on in spite of himself. He did not drive as rapidly as his companions, so that when he crossed Harlem river he was surprised from his reveries by seeing the first faint streaks of day beginning to shoot up in the east. The next instant he was dashing furiously down the road to the city, all his dreams giving way to the urgent necessity of securing his contraband load in the Doctor's house. In a few moments he was driving rapidly down Broadway, and before the moonlight had faded away in the now fast-increasing light of morning he drew up his panting horse at the office-door, and in another minute the body was safely deposited in the private dissecting-room.

"All right now!" said Allen, as he returned with his companions to the office. "How long have you been in?"

"More than an hour," said Hudson. "What has kept you so long on the road? We began to fear you had been stopped, or met with some accident."

Allen made no reply to the question, but asking Hudson and Foshay to drive his horse over to the stable while he thawed himself out, he sat down by the grate, and in a moment was lost in his reveries again. At length rising and laying aside his over-coat, he mounted once more to the room where they had left the body. It was lying extended on the table, still enveloped in the blankets they had forgotten to remove. Allen often says, in speaking of the events of this night, that he could never account for the strange feelings which had brought him to the room, and which now drew him almost unconsciously or involuntarily to the side of the dead girl. With a feeling of almost tenderness he removed the covering from the face, and again met the same calm, sweet look that by moonlight had stolen out from the half-open lids, only now made calmer, and sweeter, and lovelier far, by the mellow light of early morning shining in from the skylight. The eyeball did not seem shrunken, and shriveled, and sunk in, as is generally the case with the dead, but the deep blue orb was full and round, and glistened as if a tear had just risen in it, and was ready to pour over upon the long fringes of the lid. A lock of glossy hair had escaped from the knot in which it had been bound, and he smoothed it back into its place with his hand, but started back from the touch of the marble coldness of the face. Drawing a stool to the side of the table, he sat down, and, as if bound by a spell, gazed for an hour upon the still and statue-like features and form before him. The grave-clothes were the same dress she had worn in life, and through its folds were displayed the graceful limbs and the round, full bust, almost, save for some slight emaciation, the same as if she had been alive.

For the first time in years Paul Allen shrunk from the idea of mutilating a human body. It was not the mere beauty of the one before him, for beauty and deformity had heretofore been all one to him. But there was a strange infatuation upon him, and he wished her back in her grave again rather than the rude hand of even his favorite Professor should apply the knife to her, dead though she might be. He had almost made up his mind to beg that it might not be done; but he knew they would laugh at his foolish feelings, and, with a sigh and the heaviest heart he ever felt in his bosom, he rose to leave the room. He stood a moment to look once again upon the face that had made such an impression upon him, and took one of the small hands, that lay crossed upon the bosom, in his own.

The rigidity had left it, and it seemed to sink under the pressure of his; and he fancied it felt warmer than when, an hour before, he had felt of it. He looked at the face — there seemed to him to be a slight but yet perceptible glow upon the forehead and about the lips. He touched them, and they yielded to the touch. He thought, all at once, he could see a gentle quivering of the eyelids. Was he dreaming again? was it all the work of overwrought fancy? He approached his face close to her's, and thought he felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt of her wrist to ascertain if there was any pulse, and could fancy there was a slight thrill beneath his finger. He was now thoroughly roused and excited, and tearing aside the covering from her chest, he placed his hand over her heart, and found it distinctly beating, but with a slow and struggling effort.

It was the work of an instant to wrap her again in the blankets, and rush to the door communicating with the house, and shout for the Doctor, again and again, till he heard his

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bedroom-door open. Then hastily returning, he raised the body as carefully and gently as if it had been a new-born infant, and bore it toward the house.

The surprise and consternation of the Doctor can not be imagined. But all other considerations yielded at once to the efforts to foster the spark of returning animation. She was placed in bed, and slowly and gradually the heart gathered strength, and the breathing became fully established, and she woke to consciousness. During that whole day Allen never left her side. He could not be induced even to eat, but all day long he held in his the hand of the reviving girl, while with the other he felt the slowly-increasing pulse, or fanned the air to her feeble breath, or administered the cordials to her lips. The infatuation of the night before had increased rather than diminished by this singular resuscitation. He seemed to feel and claim a sort of property in Maud, and repelled every attempt even of the Doctor's wife to take his place.

Toward evening life seemed to have become perfectly re-established. Then only did Allen leave his post, when he had breathed a hearty thanksgiving to Heaven for the life he had been the instrument in sparing. But every day thereafter he passed every spare moment by her side, never tiring of talking to her of her singular escape. And Maud repaid him with many a languid smile. She was deeply sensible of her escape from a death of the most horrid form, though at first she could hardly feel glad at being restored to life.

But the state in which she had lain for three days seemed to have produced a favorable effect upon her former disease, which now rapidly gave way, so that in a few weeks she was restored to perfect health. In the mean time, her father had been informed of the facts; but the knowledge of them was carefully concealed from all except those who, as we have already seen, were acquainted with them. Mr. Mansfield sold all his property immediately after her full recovery, and removed to more distant parts, aware that the restoration of his daughter's health would only add new causes for scandal among all who knew them. They might say the death and burial of Maud was all fictitious, and add new malice to their cruel scorn.

From that day Paul Allen was changed. Diligent and faithful as ever in his studies and duties, and assiduous as ever in preparing himself for the pursuit of his profession, he yet lived a dreamy, absent life. Every night till a late hour he would sit, silent and thoughtful, with Hudson and Foshay in the office, taking no part in their cheerful or jocular conversation, and rarely aroused to say a word unless they spoke of Maud Mansfield and their singular night's excursion. Then he would tell of the calm, sweet look that stole out from her eyes in the dim moonlight into his very soul, and witched him with its glamour. His companions respected his mood, and never spoke lightly of it, or mentioned the subject unless they wished to rouse him to converse, and then it was always the same almost unvaried dream of those witching eyes. The memory of Maud had become an idol in the innermost shrine of his heart, that he seemed to be worshiping day and night.

The next spring he took his degree. In his examination he stood—if I may use the expression—head and shoulders above all the class. He was a man of noble intellect and profound study and thought, so that it was often matter of controversy with Hudson and Foshay whether the memory of Maud Mansfield had not produced a general rather than a particular effect upon his mind, and whether, when they imagined him thinking of her, he was not in reality studying out some of the problems of medicine. The only thing worthy of remark at his graduation was the subject of his thesis—"DEATH." When it was announced, all anticipated a fanciful or metaphysical essay. But they were disappointed. It was a profound and masterly inquiry into its causes—the changes in the system which produce it, and the changes it produces—and the probable and certain signs of its having actually taken place.

The last evening the three companions spent together in Doctor W——'s office was occupied by Hudson and Foshay in discussing their plans for the future. Allen, as usual, took no part in the conversation. Midnight drew on and passed. It was near three o'clock before they rose to depart.

"Well, Paul," said Foshay, "tell us, before you go, where we shall next hear of Doctor Paul Allen?"

"I shall fill my place somewhere," he replied, "as indifferently well as here. It matters little where."

"But tell us, at least," said Hudson, taking his hand and pressing it in a warm and friendly grasp, "will you never cease dreaming of those eyes, Paul?"

"Men are not always what they seem, George," he answered, extending his other hand to Foshay. "The time will come when we will know each other better than we do even now. The events of that night were not without their design, and are working it out in my history. I shall never forget her — and, more than that, I am firmly persuaded I shall see her again. If it had not been for that belief, your friend, Paul Allen, would have been before this in a madhouse.

The scene changes. Old things have passed away. Seven years have gone by and left their mark upon all the persons of our story. All these years has Paul Allen been waiting for business in a large city in the West. He might as well have been still in Doctor W——'s office in New York. He made no effort to introduce himself to the people. He formed no acquaintances, and no one sought him. His reserved and taciturn disposition repelled any approach from strangers, and with the exception of an

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occasional case to a poor family, or an accidental summons to one of a better class, in which he made no effort to install himself, he was living on the same dreamy life in which we left him years ago. The only change was in his personal appearance. Instead of careless indifference in dress, he was almost a model of style in every thing he wore, and this alone made him an entirely different man. His office was near the outskirts of the city, which were rapidly building up with large and elegant houses, but this made no difference in his success.

He was standing in his office-door one afternoon, just dismissing a poor patient upon whom he had performed some trifling operation. Just at this moment a traveling-carriage, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, came dashing furiously down the street. The driver had been thrown off some distance back, and the animals, mad with fright, and with the reins tangling about their heels, were running wildly and kicking fearfully at every leap. The inmates of the carriage—a gentleman of mature age and a very beautiful lady, evidently his junior by very many years—seemed palsied with terror.

As they came in front of the office a wheel gave way, and the carriage was thrown over and over and dashed in pieces, while, with a wild snort and one mad plunge, the horses disengaged themselves and disappeared down the street. The gentleman and lady were borne into the office, and the lady was laid upon the sofa. It soon appeared that the former was but slightly injured, and he soon revived. But the lady seemed dead. There was no pulse at her wrist, and the heart had ceased to beat. She did not breathe. Her hair fell loosely and unconfined over a neck of marble whiteness. Her eyes were open—her large, lustrous blue eyes—and they alone looked like life.

Paul took from his pocket a small phial, and gently parting the lips with his finger, carefully let fall a single drop upon her tongue. A moment he stood and watched its effect in silence. A slight and scarcely perceptible shudder seemed to pass over her, and was gone.

"Another!" said he, as if speaking to himself, and with equal care as at first, he let another drop fall upon her lips. There was another shudder—more powerful than the first—almost a convulsion—a flash of light seemed to shoot from her eyes—her brow contracted—and she turned her eyes full upon the Doctor.

He started, while a thrill of almost pain shot to his heart, and in an instant he had traveled back the seven past years of his life, and was standing in Doctor W——'s dissecting-room, drinking into his soul the dim but strange light that flowed out from the eyes of Maud Mansfield. It would be a mistake to suppose that for all these years he had been thinking of nothing else but her. It was no such thing. The truth is, he had almost forgotten her, although the events of that night had left a sobering and serious influence upon his mind which he had never made an effort to rid himself of, though there were times when, as if to keep her image from fading utterly away, the same old glamour would gather about him, and he would sit till after midnight thinking of her and her strange witchery upon him. But that one glance from the eyes of this stranger had in an instant revived the very feelings he had at that time. He looked again, and the expression was gone. It could not be the same, he told himself. Could he have forgotten her very face?

"She lives!" said he again, musingly, as he laid his finger on her lips.

"You are badly injured," he then said to her. "The gentleman is well. You must be very quiet. You will be well cared for. Now, lie very still."

There was a long, and apparently deep cut in her temple, which he dressed, and applied lotions to her injuries. She looked ten thousand thanks, and again that peculiar expression. Paul turned away to her companion.

"She is safe," he said.

"It was a terrible accident," said the stranger.

"It is wonderful how much it takes to kill sometimes," said Allen.

"And sometimes a very little does the work," replied the stranger.

"True," said Paul; "but then that very little becomes a powerful cause, as when the point of a foil enters by the eye, and pierces through the thin, wafter-like bone, into the brain."

"And I," said the other, "have somewhere seen an account of a man who had the whole breach of a musket driven through the roof of his mouth into his brain, and he recovered."

"Life is a strange phenomenon," said Paul. "We live our days out in spite of all accidents, and when the time comes we go out with a breath. Till that time comes we can bear mutilation—injuries of the most fearful kind. The pestilence passes by us and leaves us unharmed. We may seek death in vain, like the Wandering Jew. The poison we may drink is rejected, and we are uninjured. All things are harmless. But when the time arrives, the mote in the air chokes us—our food becomes the poison that generates disease. A single drop of the bane we drank before and found innocuous, is laden with death. We must yield, in spite of remedy or resistance."

"You are a fatalist," said the stranger.

"Who is not," he replied, "who believes in an infinite God? one whose knowledge is boundless, and who has the supreme and sole control of the universe he has made? It would be charging him with finite weakness to suppose that he left his creation to follow mere chance. He either impressed upon the universe some determinate law that governs life and fixes the period of its duration, or else—what is incontrovertibly true—he watches over us with his all-seeing eye, and measures out our days with a span, and when that span is passed, says 'Return to the earth!' and we die."

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"Why, then," asked the stranger, "must we employ means to prolong life?"

"Why eat to sustain it?" inquired Paul, in return. "Because, if life is to be lengthened, the decree is that the means must be used. You saw me apply a single drop to this lady's lips. It produced an effect. But had I stopped there she would never have awaked. It was necessary that so much should be used. One drop more would have probably extinguished the spark. Now she lives."

He took her hand in his, and laid his finger on her pulse.

"Reaction is coming on," he said.

Then taking from his pocket another phial, and letting a drop fall into a glass, and adding a little water, he gave it to her, saying,

"Drink this, and go to sleep."

A quiet seemed almost immediately to steal over her. Objects faded gradually, yet rapidly from her sight, became dim, and disappeared. Her eyelids closed gently over those lustrous orbs—and she was asleep.

"That is not death, though so very like," said Paul, as he stood for a moment gazing with a smile upon that face, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. He was thinking of Maud. Now, as the lady lay wrapt in slumber, there came back to him the memory of her features and form as she looked that night on the table in the dissecting-room; and though he could see much of the same look now—enough to call back such memories—yet, after all, it was not entirely the same. Could a few years of added age make the change? He was bewildered. The old gentleman, her companion, was certainly not Henry Mansfield, her father. He asked him his name, and he said it was Anderson.

"And this is your daughter?" asked Allen.

"No. She is my sister's child. Her mother has been dead many years, and her father died about a month since."

"And may I ask her name?" said Allen, with some hesitation.

"It is Mansfield," replied the other.

"Maud!" exclaimed Allen, turning to look again at her. Here eyes were half open, and there streamed out from them the same calm, sweet look that had so long ago bound him with a spell he could not break. He could doubt no longer; and again he was lost in dreams far wilder than before.

It was sunset when she woke. She was then carefully removed to the nearest hotel, and it was several days before she was able to resume her journey. On one of these days Paul was sitting by her, watching every look and motion, to catch one of those glances whose memory was now lingering about his heart with ten-fold more fondness than ever before, when she noticed his gaze, and suddenly exclaimed,

"I have seen you before, Doctor! Where can it have been? It seems as if it was in just such circumstances as the present."

Paul made no reply, while she was looking with a half-bewildered stare in his face.

"Can it be possible," she at length said, with a slight shudder, as if the light were breaking in upon her recollection—"can it be Mr. Allen?"

"It is," said Paul; "the same who took you from the grave, and watched your recovery so many years ago."

"And now I owe you my life the second time," said Maud.

Six months from that time Hudson and Foshay received each a letter from Paul Allen, which, upon being compared, were discovered to be precise copies of each other. Part of them ran thus:

"Three weeks from this date I shall be in New York to be married, and then I will answer your last question when we separated, for I shall then cease to dream of Maud Mansfield's eyes, and not till then. A vision of beauty and love has entered into my heart, and I have no place for aught else there. I have lived here six years waiting for business in vain. I am not discouraged, for that I never was. But I shall 'throw physic to the dogs,' convinced that I have found a panacea for all diseases that will not get well without medicine. Let me assure you there is no remedy for incurable diseases so efficacious as *twelve hours' burial.*"

The two friends were sorely puzzled with the contents of their letters; but all was explained when, three weeks afterward, in the queenly beauty of Paul Allen's wife they recognized the features of the girl they had stolen from the grave on that winter's night seven years before.

SNAKE CHARMING.

BY A. M. HENDERSON, M.D.

THE recent science of Geology, in revealing the wonders of the reptile races of the antediluvian world, has added a great and increasing interest to the study of the habits and instincts of the living specimens. Comparative anatomists, in establishing a connection between the extinct races and those which at present exist, have done much to create an interest for this branch of Natural History, of which so little is known, and around which a superstition as old as the world still lingers. An interest to know more of the natural history of the snake has been awakened by an article recently published in your Magazine,* and I propose to add some facts and speculations regarding the subject, so that from a multitude of witnesses the truth may be reached.

As a general thing, most snakes we meet with in America are harmless, and I believe such to be the case every where. With very few exceptions, they all swim well in water, and are as much at home in the element as the musk-rat and other amphibious animals. All that numerous variety of water-snake classed under the general denomination of "Water Moccasin," seek concealment in the water when danger threatens, and are not easily drowned. They may be called semi-amphibious, if such an expression is allowable.

* See Number for March, 1855.

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The constrictors possess this attribute in common with the water-snakes, and, indeed, such is the instinct of all snakes with which I am acquainted.

Of all the poisonous snakes found in North Carolina, and I believe throughout our country, there is but one—the rattlesnake—the bite of which is fatal. That death may ensue after the bite of other poisonous serpents is probable, for I know that the sting of a bee or wasp is sometimes fatal; but this fatality is not due to the power or concentration of the poison either of the bee or snake, but to some peculiar organization of the person bitten, or to some predisposing cause. It is remarkable that while many of our domestic animals suffer from the bite of poisonous serpents, our cattle seem to be exempt from injury from this cause. After repeated and careful inquiry, I have never heard of one being injured by the bite of the snake.

There is a popular belief that snakes are blind in the month of August, and that, being at this time unusually irritable, they are consequently more dangerous. Snakes shed their skins annually, and in confinement I have known them to do this three times during the continuance of the warm months. When this process is about to commence, the eye assumes a milky appearance; the cornea is then separating, or has separated from the new one beneath it, rendering the snake blind until the process is completed. I have no doubt that the reptile is more irritable while shedding its skin, and more malignant than at other times, and, being blind, it will strike whenever a sound approaches. The common black and king snakes, both belonging to the constrictor tribe, possess a strength truly astonishing. Either of these snakes, with a half or two-thirds of its body in a hole, leading into the hollow of a log sufficiently capacious to allow the snake to throw a portion of its body within the log, at right angles with that part without, will defy the strength of an athletic man to remove it from its position. I have actually pulled snakes asunder in my efforts to accomplish this feat.

It is extremely doubtful, as a general rule, whether any snake takes its prey by first killing it by poison. Fangs were given to the serpent as a means of defense; its secretion is slow, and the supply of poison is limited for the emergency; an unnecessary expenditure of it would, therefore, be contrary to the very law that gives it as a means of defense. The spreading adder is not a constrictor, nor is it a venomous snake, and is nearly, if not quite as sluggish as the rattlesnake. This snake pursues and captures its prey without the aid of poison. Why, then, should the rattlesnake be compelled to resort to poison? for we shall presently endeavor to show that it has, in common with other snakes, the power of pursuing its prey. The theory of a special odor as applied to the snake, I have known ascribed to the alligator; but it appears to infringe somewhat upon the supposed power of fascination, which is generally thought to be sufficient of itself to attract the prey within reach of the fatal blow.

That the coil is not an attitude necessary to most snakes when about to seize their prey, is certain, and I think it is equally certain that it is not indispensable to the rattlesnake, my opinion being founded upon personal observation. The coil is common to all snakes, and is their natural attitude of offense and defense. Out of the coil, however, with a half or two-thirds of their body retreated in curves, they are quite as dangerous, and can strike with equal violence. The rattlesnake, therefore, can seize prey as other snakes do, and there is nothing in its organization, so far as I have perceived, to prevent it pursuing and capturing its prey.

The snake is a hibernating animal, and does not take food during the winter months, and it is only in the warm weather that it eats at all, and then only at long intervals. The serpent tribe universally, and the rattlesnake in particular, have a wonderful capability of resisting hunger: one or two meals are quite sufficient for a rattlesnake during the summer months; and I think, and hazard nothing in asserting, that a snake of this species would not starve if deprived of food during the whole of that period. Providence has given the power of resisting the inroads of hunger in a greater or less degree to the carnivorous animals, in order to protect their lives in cases of accident depriving them of the means of pursuit. An eagle or a buzzard would die, if deprived of their wing feathers, unless thus provided for. We find the rattlesnake in situations where it must have gone to seek for prey, and where the attitude of a coil would be impossible—for instance, in the burrows of the prairie-dog. If the stupefying effects of the odor of the rattlesnake is a necessary auxiliary to the power of fascination, why was it withheld from the spreading adder, for it, too, is a noted fascinator? That this snake does not possess a special narcotizing odor is certain, for I have seen it soon after swallowing a frog, eject it from its stomach perfectly alive, and which latter animal, after a few rapid winks, to clear its eyes from slime, would hop off with great dispatch.

Mr. J. H. Ennis, now a resident of Salisbury, North Carolina, and fours years ago the lessee of the Mansion House Hotel in the same town, had a rattlesnake confined in a large box, the fangs of which were extracted, and a rat was placed in the same box with him. Left alone, they exhibited no disposition to harm one another. Molest the snake, and he would assume an attitude of hostililty, and set his rattles to work. On such occasions the rat would invariably evince much alarm, and would endeavor to escape, but finding this hopeless, he would approach the snake, receive his blow, and then in turn would attack and bite the snake. I witnessed this contest many times.

Here was excitement identical with that attending upon the charming process, for the snake's attitude and acts were precisely similar

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to those attendant on the power of fascination, and the excitement on the part of the snake was certainly not dependent upon the presence of the rat, nor was it caused by the desire for food, yet it operated upon the rat precisely as in the case just stated. Rats, as well as many other animals, will, when hopeless of escape, attack the enemy about to destroy them, however great the disparity of strength may be.

Mankind, after investing the snake with the power of fascination, in turn claim to extend over the snake a power equally mysterious and wonderful. This power is called snake charming, by which is meant a power possessed by some of handling with impunity poisonous snakes—a power acquired, in the first instance, by the influence which man is known to exert over them; and secondly, by some mysterious controlling power exercised by the charmer over the serpent, that renders it powerless to inflict injury. That many persons do handle poisonous snakes with impunity seems to be a well-established fact; but that this immunity from injury proceeds from, or is due to some peculiar organization or idiosyncrasy on the part of the person handling the snake, is, I think, susceptible of very great doubt. For many years I have been, for the sake of examination or amusement, in the habit of catching and handling, when ever I met with them, all snakes which I knew were not poisonous. I have always found that, however furious and disposed to bite before and after capture, they soon become thoroughly subdued after being handled for a short time. I kept three snakes in my bedroom during an entire summer, and handled them daily in every possible way, yet I never knew one attempt to bite.

The snake-charmers, wherever found, before catching the snake, invariably places it under the soothing and attracting influence of music; for, in common with some other animals, snakes yield themselves readily to this influence. The snake is then caught by the neck, being thus disabled from biting; and after being handled for a short time, it ceases to make the attempt. This characteristic does not belong to the snake tribe alone. Washington Irving, in his Tour on the Prairies, gives a graphic picture of the taming of the wild horse. In a very short time the horse discovers that he is mastered, and powerless to inflict injury; he then yields himself to his fate, and is thoroughly subdued. Whether this explains and reveals the wonderful power of the snake-charmer, is for future experiment to determine.

Some years ago, I met with a large rattlesnake in Ash County, situated in the mountainous part of North Carolina. I cut a rod, some ten feet in length, and commenced whipping him, to see whether, by tormenting, I could induce him to bite, and thus kill himself. I did not succeed, although I thrashed him soundly. Here was a fine chance for him to avenge himself upon his tormentor by bringing into play his boasted power of fascination. Yet he did not do so, although he was in his coil, eyes glistening and rattles humming at least twenty times during the period I permitted him to live. I examined him critically, exchanged glances with him, with his rattler humming in my ears, yet I felt no symptoms of being fascinated; neither was I, in the slightest degree, affected by any odor, although most of the time I was within ten feet or less of him, and such, too, it appears to me, will be the experience with any and all persons who are not afraid of snakes.

A gentleman of high standing and of established veracity informed me that the negroes belonging to his father, while at work in the field, killed a rattlesnake of such unusual size that they were induced to bring it to the house that the family might see it. Its head was chopped off and left in the field. The snake was laid under some shade-trees, upon the branches of which a pair of mocking-birds had built their nest. The birds soon discovered the snake, and at once sounded their notes of alarm and distress; they commenced approaching, and finally came in immediate contact with the snake. In short, they exhibited all the phenomena of the fascinated in perfection, with the exception, that they did not jump into the snake's mouth, which, fortunately for them, was a mile distant.

I have frequently heard it asserted, that the snake, after fascinating the bird, opens its mouth and the bird jumps into it. To test the truth of this, I caught a black spreading adder, and tying an end of a piece of twine around his neck, I made the other end fast to some shrubbery that grew in the yard, and near some other shrubbery in which a pair of mocking-birds had their nests. The snake was soon discovered by the birds, and in a short time they were as much fascinated as birds ever become. They approached the reptile with feathers reversed, uttering their notes of alarm, and were a dozen times in contact with him. On the other hand, the snake seemed only bent on escaping, and in his efforts to accomplish this, had neither time nor inclination to exert his famed power of fascination. It was exerted, however, to its fullest extent, so far as the birds were concerned. At length the snake, in its efforts to escape, brought his body so far through the loop twine around his neck that he suffocated. This made no difference, and the birds continued to be as much fascinated after as before his death. They were several times driven away, but would as often return.

In these instances, what becomes of the wondrous power of the serpent's eye? Mark this, for we shall advert to it again—two birds were charmed at one and the same time by a single snake. If snakes have this power, may we not suppose it somewhat akin to, if not identical, with mesmerism? If this be so, it must be exerted through the eye or by contact. But it is asserted by the advocates of this science, that the will has control of the subject acted upon by it. In this case, however, the eye or

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contact must have first brought the subject in a fit condition to be acted upon by the will. All this supposes vitality to exist. If a dead snake exert it, what becomes of this science as applied to snakes? But throwing mesmerism out of the question, fascination, if it exist at all, must be dependent upon vitality, and exercised by means of the eye; yet a dead snake exerts it.

I will state here, that fascination is only seen in perfection during the season of incubation, and while the birds are rearing their young. There is a marked difference between the actions of birds when in the presence of the snake during this period and at other times when not so engaged. I will now endeavor to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the birds while in the presence of the tempter, without invoking the aid of this mysterious power—fascination.

To do this, however, it will be necessary first to establish the fact, that inferior animals reason, or that they possess faculties susceptible of improvement, and that they profit by experience, observation, and parental teaching. All modern naturalists, I believe, agree that they do possess this faculty. That with them instinct is the predominant and reason the lesser faculty, and the opposite of this is that in regard to man. The word instinct means something fixed, unimprovable, consequently susceptible of no advance, and is resistless in its impulse. A robin builds her nest now as in the beginning: this illustrates instinct. The hut of the savage has, by progression, been improved into the palace, showing what the larger development of reason accomplishes. Now let us see if the inferior animals do possess faculties susceptible of advance and improvement. An animal (man inclusive) which had never seen a snake, would have no more fear of one than it would have of an eel under similar circumstances. It is the experience of all frontiersmen, that a deer that has never seen a man has little or no fear of him. Experience is necessary, it would seem, even to make human beings afraid of serpents, although it is supposed the dread is instinctive. Mr. M. M'Cowley, a substantial citizen of this State, a short time after landing in this country (he being a native of Ireland), and while wandering in search of a home, met with a rattlesnake lying in his path. Here was a good opportunity for testing the existence of discriminating fear; of this M'Cowley felt nothing, for placing his stick upon the snake's head, he seized it by the neck, utterly unconscious of his danger, and carried it to the next house. He entered, and, throwing the snake upon the floor, to the extreme terror of its inmates, he inquired what animal it was. M'Cowley had never before seen a snake, nor had he a correct idea of its form.

Birds, seals, and other animals found for the first time on uninhabited islands, are regardless of the presence of man; so a quail or chicken would evince no fear of a hawk had they never seen one. A distinguished writer says that the wild turkey is a foolish bird when found beyond the settlements; in the settlements no animal is more wary. A hen, by her peculiar cluck (which her brood well understand), tells her charge of the approach of the hawk. This note and its import have been told them by their mother, and the knowledge of it is not instinctive, for a brood of young ducks, hatched and reared by the same hen, understand and obey the same note. All this proves that the inferior animals do possess faculties susceptible of improvement, and this constitutes reason; otherwise deer, birds, seals, etc., should, under any, and all circumstances, exhibit the same constant dread of man; we know they do not. The turkey should be as stupid in one situation as another, and young ducks would not understand the note of their foster-mother. Again, all animals have the instinct of fear, but, as we have seen in the case of M'Cowley, this does not teach them which enemy to avoid.

This education, whether from parental teaching, or from observation, or experience, accomplishes for them; and farther, it is a fixed law of nature, that each race of animals, without exception, either eats or is eaten by some other race, and that each race has its peculiar modes of attack, defense, and escape; the defense and escape dependent upon the mode of attack. We will now apply all this to the question at issue.

Carnivorous animals either take their prey by agility or stratagem; in this case strategy is made use of. Experience (reason) has taught the snake that all animals have learned to hold him in great terror. Observation and experience have also taught him that, when once seen, birds will come within his reach, provided he remains perfectly still. During the season of incubation and of rearing their young, birds will come within his reach whether he is at rest or in motion. So soon, therefore, as he sees the birds have seen him, he remains motionless. If it be in the breeding season, parental instinct or affection impels the bird to attack him, and under this impulse, the strongest known to nature, the bird frequently sacrifices its own life in vain efforts to save that of its offspring. The peculiarity in the bird's mode of attack is due to its particular instinct. Many other animals, prompted by parental instinct and solicitude, will suffer death before they will desert their young. Now add to this parental instinct the anxiety and distress consequent to the knowledge that their offspring are about to be destroyed, and it accounts for many, if not all of the phenomena in question.

Hence, it is evident that parental affection and solicitude prompts the bird to preserve the life of its young, and completely overshadows the modicum of reason which it possesses. Indeed, the birds on these occasions seem to lose their senses altogether, precisely as it would be with a woman who has an affectionate mother under similar circumstances. A remarkable trait, frequently exhibited by birds as well as

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by other animals, is often mistaken by the careless observer for fascination; I allude to curiosity, which is as strong in the inferior races as in man. A hunter conceals himself in the grass on the prairies, and by gently waving his hankerchief, attached to the end of his ramrod, attracts the deer within reach of his rifle. Approach a squirrel feeding in the woods on the ground, so that he does not see you; give him a sudden fright by throwing a stone at him, and at the same time screaming at the top of your voice, and he will take up the first tree within his reach. Remain perfectly still, and he will soon endeavor to find out the cause of his alarm, and will, in the end, descend the tree and come right up to you, exhibiting, however, much caution in his approach. Trolling for ducks on the Potomac River, furnishes an instance where birds yield to this attraction.

A snake in motion or at rest is seen by the bird at other than the breeding season; if at rest, curiosity comes in play, for the bird is by no means sure of the snake's identity; hence he approaches cautiously and doubtingly. When he is satisfied he has found out his enemy, he will attack him, or if not, he is sure to scold him soundly by his chattering. It is a common occurrence among birds for the weaker to attack the stronger, provided the stronger be a a bird of prey or an enemy to its race, as is the case with the snake. Now when the bird under these circumstances attacks the snake, it is, in the opinion of wonder-seekers, fascination.

Let us now inquire if man can not himself fascinate as well as the snake. One warm summer's evening I had taken off my coat, and was sitting in the piazza of an office built in the midst of a grove in which some colts were grazing. I had on a black vest and white pants; my feet were resting on the railing of the piazza, and my body thrown back at an angle of forty-five degrees. The colts came around the corner of the office in full view of me, and were much alarmed at my party-colored costume and uncouth attitude. They threw up their heads and tails, and galloped off some fifty yards, when they turned and gazed at me with great wonder and curiosity. They soon began cautiously to approach, until within a short distance, when, after eying me curiously, they again galloped off, and a second time turned and gazed at me as before. This they continued to do, advancing and retreating as long as I remained stationary: so soon as I moved and changed my position, the charm was broken.

Here is pretty much the same condition of fascination as is exhibited by birds out of the breeding season.

Another instance, in which, however, the animal charmed was a bird: I was partially concealed while sitting late one evening on the banks of a mill-pond, awaiting the arrival of wild ducks that were in the habit of roosting in the pond. A wren observed me, and began to exhibit great uneasiness, hopping from twig to twig, and uttering cries of distress. While I remained perfectly still, the wren was a dozen times within my reach; in short, it was fascinated. I moved, and again the charm was broken. Had a snake instead of myself excited the bird's curiosity, it would, after being satisfied of the identity of the snake, have attacked it—such is, at least, the usual habit of birds.

If fascination is dependent upon some power emanating from the snake's eye, it must exert its power through the eye of the animal acted upon, and the gaze must be constant and mutual; consequently but one bird should be brought under its influence at a time. Yet two or a dozen may be seen round a snake, dead or alive. Place a dead snake in view of a mocking-bird's nest, and both birds will become charmed at the same time.

A NIGHTLY SCENE IN LONDON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ON the fifth of last November, I, accompanied by a friend well known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening; very dark, very muddy, and raining hard.

There are many woeful sights in that part of London, and it has been well known to me, in most of its aspects, for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the Workhouse.

Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great bee-hives, covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck-and-heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

"What is this?" said my companion. "What *is* this?"

"Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think," said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, "Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!"

As we stood looking at them, a decent working-man, having the appearance of a stone-mason, touched me on the shoulder.

"This is an awful sight, Sir," said he, "in a Christian country!"

"God knows it is, my friend," said I.

"I have often seen it much worse than this, as I have been going home from my work. I have counted fifteen, twenty, five-and-twenty, many a time. It's a shocking thing to see."

"A shocking thing, indeed," said I and my companion together. The man lingered near us a little while, wished us good-night, and went on.

We should have felt it brutal in us who had

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a better chance of being heard than the working-man, to leave the thing as it was, so we knocked at the Workhouse gate. I undertook to be spokesman. The moment the gate was opened by an old pauper, I went in, followed close by my companion. I lost no time in passing the old porter, for I saw in his watery eye a disposition to shut us out.

"Be so good as to give that card to the master of the Workhouse, and say I shall be glad to speak to him for a moment."

We were in a kind of covered gateway, and the old porter went across it with the card. Before he had got to a door on our left, a man in a cloak and hat bounced out of it very sharply, as if he were in the nightly habit of being bullied, and of returning the compliment.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, "what do you want here?"

"First," said I, "will you do me the favor to look at that card in your hand. Perhaps you may know my name."

"Yes," says he, looking at it. "I know this name."

"Good. I only want to ask you a plain question in a civil manner, and there is not the least occasion for either of us to be angry. It would be very foolish in me to blame you, and I don't blame you. I may find fault with the system you administer, but pray understand that I know you are here to do a duty pointed out to you, and that I have no doubt you do it. Now, I hope you won't object to tell me what I want to know."

"No," said he, quite mollified, and very reasonable, "not at all. What is it?"

"Do you know that there are five wretched creatures outside?"

"I haven't seen them, but I dare say there are."

"Do you doubt that there are?"

"No, not at all. There might be many more."

"Are they men, or women?"

"Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night, and the night before last."

There all night, do you mean?"

"Very likely."

My companion and I looked at one another, and the master of the Workhouse added quickly, "Why, Lord bless my soul! what am I to do? What can I do? The place is full. The place is always full—every night. I must give the preference to women with children, mustn't I? You wouldn't have me not do that?"

"Surely not," said I. "It is a very humane principle, and quite right; and I am glad to hear of it. Don't forget that I don't blame *you*."

"Well!" said he. And subdued himself again.

"What I want to ask you," I went on, "is whether you know any thing against those five miserable beings outside?"

"Don't know any thing about them," said he, with a wave of his arm.

"I ask, for this reason: that we mean to give them a trifle to get a lodging—if they are not shelterless because they are thieves, for instance. —You don't know them to be thieves?"

"I don't know any thing about them," he repeated emphatically.

"That is to say, they are shut out, solely because the Ward is full?"

"Because the Ward is full."

"And if they got in, they would only have a roof for the night and a bit of bread in the morning, I suppose?"

"That's all. You'll use your own discretion about what you give them. Only understand that I don't know any thing about them beyond what I have told you."

"Just so. I wanted to know no more. You have answered my question civilly and readily, and I am much obliged to you. I have nothing to say against you, but quite the contrary. Good-night!"

"Good-night, gentlemen!" And out we came again.

We went to the ragged bundle nearest to the Workhouse-door, and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four-and-twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt, but not naturally ugly.

"Tell us," said I, stooping down, "why are you lying here?"

"Because I can't get into the Workhouse."

She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

"Were you here last night?"

"Yes. All last night. And the night afore too."

"Do you know any of these others?"

"I know her next but one. She was here last night, and she told me she come out of Essex. I don't know no more of her."

"You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?"

"No. Not all day."

"Where have you been all day?"

"About the streets."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Come!" said I. "Think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and don't quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! Think of it!"

"No I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. *Why, look at me!*"

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again.

"If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?"

"Yes. I could do that."

"For God's sake get it then!"

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I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me—melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money, and was lost.

One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one, interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid. No one made any sort of profession or complaint; no one cared to look at me; no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the two last, who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. She said, she believed they were young sisters. These were the only words that were originated among the five.

And now let me close this terrible account with a redeeming and beautiful trait of the poorest of the poor. When we came out of the Workhouse, we had gone across the road to a public-house, finding ourselves without silver, to get change for a sovereign. I held the money in my hand while I was speaking to the five apparitions. Our being so engaged, attracted the attention of many people of the very poor sort usual to that place; as we leaned over the mounds of rags, they eagerly leaned over us to see and hear; what I had in my hand, and what I said, and what I did, must have been plain to nearly all the concourse. When the last of the five had got up and faded away, the spectators opened to let us pass; and not one of them, by word, or look, or gesture, begged of us. Many of the observant faces were quick enough to know that it would have been a relief to us to have got rid of the rest of the money with any hope of doing good with it. But there was a feeling among them all that their necessities were not to be placed by the side of such a spectacle; and they opened a way for us in profound silence, and let us go.

My companion wrote to me, next day, that the five ragged bundles had been upon his bed all night. I debated how to add our testimony to that of many other persons who from time to time are impelled to write to the newspapers, by having come upon some shameful and shocking sight of this description. I resolved to write an exact account of what we had seen, but to wait until after Christmas, in order that there might be no heat or haste. I know that the unreasonable disciples of a reasonable school, demented disciples who push arithmetic and political economy beyond all bounds of sense (not to speak of such a weakness as humanity), and hold them to be all-sufficient for every case, can easily prove that such things ought to be, and that no man has any business to mind them. Without disparaging those indispensable sciences in their sanity, I utterly renounce and abominate them in their insanity; and I address people with a respect for the spirit of the New Testament, who do mind such things, and who think them infamous in our streets.

HOW I WAS DISCARDED.

BY A MARRIED MAN.

COUSIN Josephine!

As I write that name my youth flows back upon me in a flood of purple light, and I pass into another sphere, almost into another being.

In those days—beautiful days of youth—the sunshine seems to me to have flooded earth with richer glory—flushing the hills of dawn with purer sapphire, and suffusing the blue mountain ranges with such crimson sunsets as now never fall upon our work-a-day world. The oriole poured, from his swaying perch upon the summit of the flowering tulip-tree, a brighter shower of musical trills and ecstatic warblings—falling like pearls, and diamonds, and all precious jewels, shattered and sparkling in the azure atmosphere: as surely did the laughing streams of spring give utterance to a merrier ministrelsy, as they went dancing over silver sands, beneath weeping willows, and by grass-plats which the goddesses of old might fitly have selected for high revel, or delicious, dreamy rest! See how my style runs into hyperbole and extravagance, as sitting here I lean my brow upon my hand, and putting from me every impression of the present moment, live again in the bright past, with all its beauty and delight—its splendor and rejoicing—its gay scenes and sounds, which rise up clearly, and echo in my heart, like the fine "horns of Elfland faintly blowing," but loud enough to fill the wide atmosphere with all the life and glory, the actual coloring, influence, and perfume of that fair time now passed from me forever—dead in the dust, and only alive in the bright eyes of memory!

But at this rate I shall never get to the events I wish to tell you of—in which events my Cousin Josephine had her part, and a very conspicuous part, I assure you. To speak of my youth, and omit all mention of her beautiful face, would be to write the adventures of Hamlet with the character of the prince left out; and, therefore, to convey a proper impression of the events which befell your unworthy correspondent, it is necessary to trace, with a rapid pen, the first scenes and the early figure.

We lived in an old town whose actual gazetteer "address" I need not dwell upon; one of those old hamlets which seem content to rest in provincial retirement, beside their murmuring brooks, overhung by weeping willows, and behind their forests shutting them out from the whirl and commotion of the flashing and hurrying world. I was the adopted son of my aunt, a lady of considerable wealth, who lived in the best house in the village, which, nevertheless, would scarcely have eclipsed the humblest city mansion—venerable old sleeper as it was, with

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its antique gables and dormer windows, and roof-shadowing oaks and elms. A row of these fine forest monarchs extended in front of the house, and at sunset their long shadows fell upon an humbler mansion farther down the street, where Cousin Josephine lived. I think our love affair had its commencement when we both were children. I remember very well the child parties we went to when we were "little things," the crowds of rosy-cheeked girls and boys, the games, and forfeits, with their accompanying kisses and ridiculous, but merry adjuncts; the walks home afterward, when more than one "salute" upon the dimpled cheek sent boy and girl to bed with laughter! All is clear —very clear! in memory, and again I am a child thinking of it all, and almost shedding tears, idle tears, as I sit and ponder. She was so beautiful then! I think I never saw a face of purer and more delicate loveliness; and when she laughed or sang, the room in which she was became a fair May forest, full of warbling birds, with waters flowing, streamlets dancing, and a thousand tender leaflets whispering in the gentle winds of morning. I rhapsodize, you say; but who could help it? There was such joy and loveliness in the face, and voice, and motions of this child that, thinking of her now, and reviving once more those old days in which she shone so brightly, my blood flows faster, almost a blush comes to my cheek, and like a star she shines upon me out of the past, scattering from her face all mists and clouds, and blessing me with her kind friendly eyes. I must have loved her even then, for I well recollect the jokes of the boys and girls when after school I gravitated, as it were, toward Josephine, and assuming, as my rightful burden, her slate and satchel, went along with her through the sunny street toward home. That influence which absorbs "all thoughts, all passions, all delights" in the grown man, not seldom vindicates its power upon the heart of the child; and, assuredly, after seeing her that morning, in frosty January, trudging through the snow, I was no longer my own master! We had had a snow such as very seldom visited our latitude, and in places it was drifted more than knee-deep. It was still snowing, too, when looking idly out of our window after breakfast, as I was drawing on my mittens to go to school, I descried Josephine toiling through the drifts. In a moment my resolution to linger until the last moment possible was thawed by the sight of the maiden, and I rushed forth to the rescue.

I weary you with these hasty and scrawled sketches of memory, or I might descant at large upon the pretty sight Miss Josephine presented. How well I recall her rosy cheeks and dancing eyes, the little hand holding her satchel, and the stockings upon her feet. Yes! stockings. My little angel (from that time forth she filled that capacity) actually wore stockings, white and huge, above her high-quartered shoes. Her dress, after the childish fashion, was very short, and disappearing, as the comfortable woolen "overalls" did, about the height of the young lady's knees. Mrs. Grundy pardon me! it really seemed as if Miss Josephine had forgotten two articles of dress considered indispensable—her shoes, and what are now called pantalets. Thus accoutred, little Josie, as we called her, struggled manfully through the snow-drifts, laughing with all the zest of childhood, and careless how many downy flakes fell on her rosy cheeks, or how the wind pierced through her cloak. At times, as though in defiance of snow and ice upon the walk, and every obstacle, she tripped along, and burst out into the merriest of songs, and laughed gleefully. But winter and his "picking geese" proved too much for little Josie at last. Just as I reached her she vigorously attacked an immense snow-drift, into which her stockings, and consequently what they protected, plunged; and struggling in the mass of snow, she seemed to be brought to a stand-still. Another struggle, however, extricated her, and she dashed on. But unhappy chance! She placed her incautious feet upon a surface of ice, thinly covered with snow: she slipped—another moment would have witnessed a dangerous fall, when I caught her in my arms. Admire the tableau, my friend! Leaning back, startled and frightened, the little maiden scarcely knew who supported her, and the rosy face lying near my own exhibited a pair of wide-extended eyes, which caused her rescuer to burst into laughter. Miss Josephine at this time was fourteen, and so you will readily understand how it happened that she speedily regained the perpendicular, and withdrew herself, blushing, from my encircling arms, and almost pouted at the necessary embrace. We went on, talking merrily—I was a gay boy of seventeen then—and she disappeared from me within the school, where now none went but girls, our own being different.

From that moment there was no doubt in my own mind on the subject of my feelings. I was in love with Josie, and I gloried in the ennobling thought. I revolved the propriety of making an instant declaration. I consulted aunt mysteriously upon the subject of my immediate withdrawal from school, and assumption of the law as my profession. I walked big, talked big, and thought big, in the full meaning of those somewhat vulgar expressions. My aunt informed me that I was a goose, though she smiled—admiringly, I have since thought—at my boyish ardor and bright hopefulness; and then she bid me go and learn my Latin, and not "anticipate the season of life promised by Providence." This advice was, of course, rather amusing: to address *a man* in that way was *too* irrational! And I gently caressed a downy upper-lip, and that portion of my countenance where whiskers were rapidly sprouting, though as yet undiscernible upon the surface, as smooth as a leaf of the red dog-wood. I, however, paid decent respect to my good aunt's commands, and for the present dismissed the idea of studying and practicing law, and going to the United

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States Senate. I employed my time in the more pleasing occupation of writing verses; and I recollect, with perfect distinctness, the admiration I experienced for these first efforts of my unaccustomed muse. I found, the other day, the discolored leaves upon which these "poems" by courtesy were inscribed, and I honestly confess that they were absolutely shocking. But why criticise and deride these first warbles of the unpracticed songster and author? Ah! he was young then—his unfeathered wings had not borne him beyond the parent nest, into the biting winds of this wicked world, and he faltered out his early carol tremulous and untrained, and scarcely louder than the whisper of the forest leaves. I offset my expressive "Ah!" with an "Alas!" however, and say that those first lispings were more heartfelt than what since I have uttered, as my boyhood was more full of joy and glory than all the days that have flushed my life with beauty since. I'll keep them, then, my leaves of the past—spring leaves: I have many faded autumn leaves to lay aside with them.

Josephine saw the verses, and I think she admired them profoundly. They were exhibited, too, by her mischievous elder sister, Anna, and you may be sure the young lady was teased considerably about her devoted lover. We didn't care much, however; and now I look back on those evenings we spent in the fields, the woods, the garden, as the happiest and serenest of my life. As I pass on from those scenes and days, with their laughter and joy, and bright youthful hopes, illusions, and romantic dreams—as I pass on to the after-scenes I went through—bright, it may be, and beautiful, but not so wholly clear, and tranquil, and unclouded—I pause a moment to gaze back upon the vale of boyhood; and with bent head, and hanging arms, and sighing lips, bid farewell to the queen of my childhood. Child Josephine! I salute you as I go from you, and call you beautiful, and tender, and sincere as any nature ever born into this world! You shine upon me now, a gracious phantom, with kind eyes, and rosy cheeks, and soft white hands, which hold out flowers toward me—withered flowers they are! for as I take them from your hands I find them droop: they fall down brittle, and as though kept for long years! Your figure vanishes, and I pass on.

At eighteen I was sent by my aunt to college—a college so far from our little hamlet, that it really seemed to me that it must have its foundations in some sphere beyond that imaginary point, "the end of the earth." Of the utter despair, the Stygian gloom, which wrapped my spirit in its black cloud when I realized the necessity of parting with Cousin Josephine, I will not speak. As the heart of boyhood lives in the present hour, without thought of any world more bright, so the annihilation of his actual happiness appears to such a nature an eternal loss. I did not realize the fact that time would flow on surely and regularly—that the rolling hours would sweep into the past the college session—that I should come back in a year or two, and stand where then I stood. The parting with Josephine was thus a scene of tragic despair. I was firm and heroic, but plunged in night. The beautiful and tender girl evidently felt keenly for me; and I have since known, experienced a regret even deeper than what she expressed at my departure. Tears were in her eyes, and when she spoke her voice faltered, and was broken; and we stood thus in the garden, I leaning against the old elm-tree under which we had played together, mere babies—she with hanging head and quivering lip, which she did not care to conceal; for at fifteen, you may have observed, young ladies possess warmer emotions, or are more willing to permit them to be seen, than in the after-times, when they have learned the lessons of "propriety." Josephine stood thus for some time, silent, like myself. She then essayed to speak—her tears choked her—and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tumultuous sobs. What would you have done—I mean, my friend, when you were eighteen, and in love? She was my cousin, you may tell Mrs. Grundy, if she reads this, and that may have some weight with her, as a vindication of my action when I saw Josephine in tears. In a moment her head lay upon my breast, and a shower of tears and kisses fell upon the auburn hair, and the trembling form was pressed closely to another form scarcely less tremulous with emotion. A few broken words, a few boyish protestations of eternal devotion, promises to write, and faltering words of love; then the face and form of the child melted away into a haze, which my moist eyes caused to lie upon the horizon—the horizon of home, from which the rattling stage-coach bore me on my way to college.

I did not come home for two years. Of these two years it is wholly unnecessary that I should say any thing, since the events of my college life have absolutely no connection with what I have set out to relate. There was one incident, however, so to speak, which I may mention. For the first few months of my collegiate career Josephine and myself kept up a correspondence, which I have now yonder in my escritoir—her own letters, at least—and which I often recur to, and read again, with a strange, wistful emotion, made up of smiles and tears, of laughter and sighs. The package is tied with a little silken ribbon of blue and gold, which, in the old days—a long, long time ago—served to bind up the waves of her bright hair. It was the fashion then, and one day I feloniously appropriated it, and went away and dreamed with my eyes fixed on it, like an honest fellow in love; and now it ties up her letters—her letters received at college when I was eighteen! Strange rustling scrolls of memory, from which exhales an aroma of romance and boyhood! which whisper as the forest leaves of youth whispered! which inclose, in their frail and age-discolored folds, how much of love and splendor, of regret and sighing, of dreams which are the only reali-

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ties! I read them a thousand times then, hanging over their pages, and weighing every expression with the fondest and foolishest delight. I have read them a thousand times since, lingering upon the details of home scenes, listening to their far-away cadences, as to the sound of silent laughter, and purifying my heart with a tender regret as they spoke to me. As I place them carefully again in the hidden drawer of my old secretary, neatly tied with the old blue and golden ribbon, I feel that I have left the present for a time—lived for a season in the beautiful and noble past again, drinking in azure, and sunlight, and perfume—that past of azure skies and golden light, even like my ribbon, but not near so beautiful and noble as the nature which illustrated and adorned it—the little maiden with the deep-blue eyes and golden hair!

Pardon me, friend; but it is hard to look upon my old letters and not dream. They are not numerous, for soon an unaccountable reserve began to invade Josephine's letters to me; then they became brief and constrained; then they came at longer intervals; then they ceased coming at all. I need not dwell upon my varying emotions of surprise and disquiet, of sorrow and irritation, of gradually declining regret at the loss of an accustomed solace. A time came at last when Josephine and myself were no longer correspondents, and about this time—Josephine's pure and tender voice having ceased to speak to me, and steel me with the memory of her lovely and pious nature against temptation and vice—at this time, I say, as the village Mrs. Grundy was fond of relating, with dreadful movement of the austere eyebrows and shakings of the ancient head, I began to become what is popularly known as "a little wild." This is not the expression used at the time by Mrs. Grundy, for whom I don't mind saying I have from my earliest years experienced much disregard, not to say contempt. The venerable and influential lady used, I believe, on one occasion at a tea-drinking, the expression, "abandoned profligate," in alluding to myself and my collegiate career. She uttered these expressive words in the presence of Josephine, of course; for you have met with this lady, and you must have observed that she never fails to select such occasions for her harangues—occasions, namely, when her bitter words strike deepest and wound deadliest. I heard that Josephine, with flushed cheeks and eyes suffused but sparkling, defended my unfortunate reputation, and extracted from Mrs. Grundy the expression, "Hoity! toity!" indicative of contempt and disregard of so feeble an adversary. I believe, however, that the dear girl had to throw down her work and go away crying at last, overwhelmed by Mrs. G.'s sarcasm and allusions to the origin of her defense of me; for how can a tender girl, with nothing but a loving heart, repel and strangle the slanders of so powerful an adversary as this world-celebrated Mrs. Grundy? And now do you know why the old lady called me an abandoned profligate, and spoke of me further as on the high road to the gallows? I will tell you. Old Professor B—— had a horse, and Tom Randolph gave a supper. I'm afraid we all drank too much that night—I mean the guests of T. R.—and at one or two, ante meridian, we sallied forth, and chanced to see the venerable animal, nicknamed Bucephalus, serenely browsing on the college-green. Where the paint came from I knew not; but certainly Bucephalus, after passing from our hands, presented the appearance of a new species of animal, intensely green, all except his legs, which were white as usual. With some other coloring matter the letters

$$x^2 + px = q$$

were painted upon his side, that being the college designation of his excellent and really respected master. The consequence of this freak, which I own to have been in bad taste, was a court-martial of the offenders, and the request from the faculty that I and half a dozen others would avail ourselves of permanent leave of absence from Alma Mater. By exertion of friendly authorities, however, this leave was restricted, and a rustication—at a country tavern some miles off—was prescribed; after which we were restored to favor and the offense overlooked. I believe there were some rebellious scenes at the trial, and certainly, for some reason, our sentence, its modification, and the whole affair, got into the newspapers and reached our hamlet. You know Mrs. Grundy continues still to take newspapers from all parts of the world; she read my name in a certain column, and the scene at the tea-drinking was the result. Mrs. Grundy thereafter made it her business to discover every thing relating to my unworthy self; and if I turned my toes too much out or in, or rode a horse at too rapid a pace, or erected my feet, in smoking, to a position too much above my head upon the mantle-piece, or snored too loud in my sleep, or did any other action criminal and worthy of reprobation, this ubiquitous or terribly-well-informed old lady discovered every thing, and duly reported it, with an ominous shake of the head, at the next tea-drinking Don't many of us, young fellows or old, know numerous Mrs. Grundys? Is not Mrs. Grundy every where—an old hag who tears us to pieces, limb by limb; and gloats over the *disjecta membra* of our reputations with cruel and triumphant laughter; and sits on our laboring breasts at night a horrible nightmare; accompanying us equally throughout the day, and causing us to shake in our shoes when her bony finger points toward us, and her skinny lips address themselves to speak?

But whither do I wander? I am not telling my story, and your patience is failing. I managed to survive the mortifying reflection that Mrs. Grundy did not admire me; and the thought of Josephine went far to keep me from those undignified and often impure courses which young men not seldom pursue at college. If she had only written to me, and per-

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mitted me, even through the cold medium of the mail, to hear her kind voice, and look upon her tender face, alive with pure and sweet emotion of regard for me, I am sure that nothing could have tempted me to frequent any scenes which I would not have had her holy eyes to look upon; and I perfectly well remember an actual instance of this sort, where a letter from her in my bosom made the reveling orgy I had sought a vile glare of inane lights and silly monstrous vanity, from which I retired in disgust, to go into that purer atmosphere of home, and purity, and love. But young ladies will not believe it. Tom or Dick's a wild fellow, and it is not proper to correspond with one who, maybe, will show the letters to unworthy eyes, and "maybe I'd better not." Oh, cruel slander on the heart of youth, dreaming, and yearning, and trying to escape from crime and revelry to home and tender eyes!

Josephine wrote to me no more, but her influence made me purer, and the last year at college saw me a hard student. I left my Alma Mater with a creditable degree, and went home to read a few months; and then, my majority being attained, commence the practice of the law.

The old stage-coach, with the same driver, the same horses, the same old lounging roll, and the identical habit of stopping at the roadside taverns to get a drink and light his pipe, bore me to the good old home of my aunt, and in the arms of that tender old dame I was soon locked, with half a dozen kisses, and two tears which rolled from beneath the spectacles, and were wiped away by the thin, white hand. After all, friend, there's nothing like home, as the song has long since told us; and I felt, as I looked upon the familiar objects from which I had for two years been separated, that the wide world, full as it may be of excitement and adventure, and bright landscapes and grand edifices, is a very poor and inferior thing in comparison with the obscure and quiet nook, where the old shadow falls from the good old elms, where the old brook purls under the old willows of our youth, where—better than all—the fond eyes of love are strained down the road to welcome us, and the arms which we lay in, as little weak babies, are waiting to clasp the grown man to the heart forever true! I had seen all and heard every thing before I went to Josephine's. At last she stood before me, and I was fairly dazzled! I have traveled much since, and seen fair faces in many climes, but I do not think I have ever seen a vision of more surpassing loveliness than that which Cousin Josephine, as I found myself thenceforward calling her, presented. I do not mean that I have not seen a fairer complexion, for I think the honest suns of country festivals had made their impression; but the lips were so red, the cheek of such a tender and delicate rose-tint, the hair so profuse, golden, and shifting in its shadowy silken folds, and the blue eyes, above all, so deep, and soft, and confiding, that I thought then, and have continued to think since, that but few countenances have ever rivaled this one in delicate *loveliness*.

Well, I am prosing again; but I have my old excuse. I will get on more rapidly. Of course I had not reached twenty, and flirted with every girl in a circuit of fifteen miles around college, and aired my knowledge of "what is proper under the circumstances," and all that—without coming to the conclusion that cousins had privileges—especially cousins sustaining toward each other such relations as existed between Josephine and myself. I modestly advanced to fold her in my arms, with a matter-of-course air, and suddenly found the young lady retreat. She was no longer "Josie," you observe, my dear friend; she was "Cousin Josephine." The old school-days, snow-drifts, stockings, and verses wherein *love* invariably rhymed to *dove*, were no longer any thing but pleasant recollections, calculated to raise a merry laugh, or cause curious speculation upon the length of time embraced in a very few years. In a word, we were gentleman and lady, you see; and as it is not the invariable custom of gentlemen and ladies to embrace and kiss when they meet, this view was acted upon by Cousin Josephine. There was not the slightest prudery in her manner of refusing me the proffered "salute," as our honest grandpas called it; no affectation of being offended; no stiff drawing back and "dignified" stateliness of demeanor. Cousin Josephine merely drew back laughing and blushing a little, and placed suddenly a rocking-chair between us, and said she was extremely glad to see me, and wasn't I glad to see every body again? You scoff at me in your mind, do you not, for relinquishing my prize in a manner so cowardly? Well, I acquiesce: it was cowardly, dastardly, and I can't explain it, except by saying that I was so completely dazzled by that vision of surpassing tenderness and loveliness—so overcome by that countenance, the sight of which poured back my youth upon me in a flood of delight—so very suddenly more in love than ever, I might as well add, that I had no adventurous enterprise at my command. I became all at once nervous and respectful; my impudence, if you will have it so, deserted me; and from that time forth I never attempted this species of amusement. Cousin Josephine soon came forth from her fortress—added a second pressure of her hand to those given by her mother and sister Anna, whom I have spoken of, a very handsome girl of twenty-three—and then I was made to answer ten thousand questions, and subjected them to the same necessity. I remained until a late hour, falling more and more deeply in love, I may as well confess at once; and when I went home to my kind aunt's, the future presented the appearance of an uncommonly brilliant landscape, over which drooped a delicate *couleur de rose*, and across whose flowery hills and grassy meadows two persons, respectively of the male and female sex, walked arm-in-arm, or even more affectionately, toward a church, in the door of which stood one of the

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most amiable of ministers, surrounded by friends with bridal favors of white ribbon. I went home in this pleasant state of mind, with these rosy dreams, and met there many more friends gathered together to welcome me home. As yet I had not seen Mrs. Grundy.

You may imagine that my love for Josephine did not diminish or change, having commenced so auspiciously, as it were, on first sight. What had been the strange, wondrous, indescribable emotion of the boy, became very soon the passion of the young man, whose heart had grown to crave some answering heart, to sigh for some object upon which to expend the treasures of its love. I saw Josephine almost daily, and thus thrown in contact with her constantly, I grew to love her with the warmest devotion—a devotion made up equally of the romance of the boy and the passion of the man. Why should I lengthen out my story, or expend my time in telling you of these first throbs of deep and genuine affection? Solomon and Mr. Thackeray have told us that there is nothing new under the sun; that all characters march through all fables; and we have both lived long enough to know that Corydon in love with Chloe exhibits much the same emotions, and follows much the same means of conveying a knowledge of their existence to his mistress, as his neighbor in the cottage over the way, young Strephon, who pines for the love of Eudora. Some time passed thus, and every day I was happier and more hopeful; for every day Josephine smiled upon me more sweetly, and a thousand beauties in her tender and sincere character riveted my affection, and made me believe also that my own natural amiability and good-humor were congenial traits to one so good and gentle. I had been received by my friends, and almost every body, with plentiful indications of pleasure, and I believe I had shaken hands with every one in the village. One respectable inhabitant I had, however, chanced not to meet with. This was Mrs. Grundy. Where that most venerable and terrible old lady kept herself I had not been able to find, and I was very glad not to see her; for I had, you observe, some fear of her. Still I thought it advisable to search for her, for the purpose of remonstrating with, or of defying her—and I looked diligently. She sometimes paid a visit to Miss Araminta Skoggins, at the corner near the post-office, I had heard, and I made a morning call upon Miss Araminta, for the purpose of meeting the old lady. I was disappointed—she was not there; and I saw at a glance that Miss Araminta was much too amiable a person to give even so much as a night's shelter to such a fault-finding visitor as Mrs. Grundy. I thought the elderly Miss Araminta would have fallen upon my neck and wept for joy, she was so glad to see me; and this you must confess was very forgiving, considering the fact that I had, in my youthful days, circulated numerous pleasantly-devised stories concerning this lady, going to show, every one of them, that she was a "miserable old maid," who railed at marriage and the male sex on the very same ground that the fox derided the grapes as sour and unworthy of a refined palate. I saw that Miss Araminta had completely forgiven these boyish discourtesies; and I went away, smiting my breast—figuratively, of course—in token of remorse for my foul injustice. She pressed my hand tenderly as I departed, and requested me to call again very soon, and I went away with a light heart; for you will readily imagine I did not wish to see Mrs. Grundy. I gave up looking for the old lady at last, and yielded myself without reserve to the delightful idea of winning Josephine, and living quietly for the rest of my days in this my native town, surrounded by friends, and practicing honorably and successfully my profession. Upon the whole, I was glad not to have seen Mrs. Grundy.

In the long and pleasant evenings which I spent with Josephine, there was but one visitor who called frequently—a very pleasant and agreeable young doctor of the place, my fast friend, but gifted by nature with the most remarkable reserve of character. Tom W—— would have sooner thought of cutting off his right hand, I am sure, than of discoursing about any thing connected with himself. Did you wish to know if he was getting on well? You were met by a generality so masterly, that it was impossible to discover from it whether Tom was on the brink of starvation or laying up five thousand a year. This peculiarity had gained him the nickname of Tom Lockup; and yet, on every other subject than himself and his own affairs, he was most pleasantly communicative. I thought at one time that Tom was in the fair way of entering the lists as my rival, but I soon saw reason to change my opinion. He was merely a pleasant and friendly visitor, who called every evening for a week, and perhaps not again for three, and whose visits were dependent upon the state of his practice at the moment. If the season was healthy, Tom lounged and visited; if fevers were abroad, Tom rode day and night through the surrounding country as well as the town. I thought he knew every body; and one day asked him, in a confidential chat, if Mrs. Grundy was in town. He laughed, said I must not mind her; and added that, although she certainly had been there, she as certainly was not a resident then. I breathed more freely. Then I was *not* to see Mrs. Grundy!

With Josephine my days were more and more pleasant. I had nearly finished my legal studies, for at college I had laid a broad foundation, and I only waited for the attainment of my majority to procure my license and commence the practice. That this practice was to be commenced by me as a married man I devoutly hoped; and, making every allowance for the vanity of youth, the strong influence of hope in shaping our opinions, and the absence of any grave obstacle of fortune, I thought my chances more than evenly balanced. Josephine certainly experienced for me a deep and tender affec-

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tion—let me not doubt that now, above all, when I see clearly much that then was dark to me. Yes! how plain it is now to me that she almost kept pace with my own feelings, which gathered every day new strength; and let me be thankful for the affection of so pure a heart for one so unworthy. Josephine's was one of those natures which seem gifted by Heaven with a gentleness and tenderness so pervading that none with whom they are thrown in contact can escape their influence. She had the most ready and sympathetic memory, too—that rare *memory of the heart*, which revives the scenes and impressions of the past with such marvelous accuracy and ease. Her nature was singularly impressible to music, to beauties of nature, above all, to instances of *moral* beauty and goodness. I think she would have wished to have had Ethel's place when Colonel Newcome kissed that little maiden; and Little Dorrit would have had a sister in her, the poor Father of the Marshalsea a new daughter. She would weep like a child over a pathetic story, or melt into tears suddenly while Anna was singing "Katherine Ogie." Her laughter was as ready and as genuine; and recalling now, here in my silent apartment, the whole outline and detail of her character, I recognize even then in her a character of strange beauty, whom I think any man might be happy to find in his own daily walk, to cultivate and improve and purify him. Do you wonder that I fell more and more deeply in love, like an honest fellow? and dreamed more and more of her purity and beauty? and treasured up little things of hers—a glove, or flower, or ribbon? and even thought the day more bright, the birds' songs more entrancing, and the air more pure, when I heard and saw these sounds and natural sights with her—her presence giving them new loveliness and sweetness? Thinking of her face and figure now—of the true eyes and parted lips—I live again in the past, and feel that she was worthiest of all!

I procured my license in due time, and then my attentions became more and more unmistakable. I must have had, my friend, the air of a "courting man," which species of individual is easily distinguishable from the herd. Whether the happy fellows carry the flower in their button-hole, with a jauntier air, as who should say, "I am going to see my sweetheart"—or whether the spring in their gait, the toss of the head, the twirl of the cane in the neatly-gloved hand, convey the assurance that they are on matrimonial designs intent—on these points I can deliver nothing with precision. But I know full well that your genuine lover betrays himself above all the man with "serious intentions." Above and beyond all I know—and shall never cease to remember—that Mrs. Grundy suddenly arrived in town, and declared at a public tea-drinking that Josephine could never, with a proper degree of self-respect, permit the addresses of a young gentleman who had been guilty of such "conduct" as my own at college.

My friend, have you seen a brilliant day in summer blackened suddenly by a thunder-cloud—the vast wide ocean, while it heaves in calm and glassy rest, lashed all at once by storms—a noble ship, with all sails set, the wind ahead, struck suddenly aback by a squall—a merry sleighing party hurled into the snow—a horse reined suddenly upon his haunches while moving at full speed? If you have witnessed these sudden and surprising events, you may fancy my feelings, as says the respectable Mr. Yellowplush, when I was informed of Mrs. Grundy's public denunciation of my character. That I raged like the wild boar of Horace, and uttered unseemly remarks, is scarcely a surprising circumstance. I think if Mrs. Grundy had been a man I should have had her venerable blood. This was simply my feeling—I wished to find somebody that was responsible, and I found Miss Araminta Skoggins, and her three friends Seraphina, Angelina, and Sallianna. Do you comprehend the feelings of a man, my friend, who is mercilessly torn to pieces by such an inexorable triumvirate, presided over by Miss Araminta? You can't do any thing; you can not resist, or remonstrate, or retaliate; that is not polite, and you are guilty, in so doing, of want of chivalric courtesy to one of the fair sex. You are checkmated, my friend—laughed at, insulted, despised, maligned—received with a titter when you enter, and a giggle when you depart. Go and gnash your teeth in private, and kick the chair which stands in your way across the room, and then go make Miss Araminta, as she passes, the most smiling salutation, and lament in retirement that the murder of a young man's reputation and his heart is not as yet a capital offense. There's your recourse.

You will perceive from the above allusion that I had come to mix up Miss Araminta Skoggins, in some singular way, with Mrs. Grundy. I will proceed to tell you how that happened. As I was passing on my way to my office, just after hearing of the dreadful peril my prospects were encountering, I chanced to meet the sympathizing Tom Lockup. Tom looked really concerned when he saw my gloom, and, of course, demanded the reason. I informed him succinctly of the state of things, and wound up by declaring that I would seek out Mr. Grundy, and visit upon his head the slanders of his spouse. It was then that Tom Lockup looked mysteriously around, went to the windows overhead, next to the cellars beneath, and then, lowering his voice, uttered the mysterious and remarkable declaration that Mrs. Grundy was no less a person than Miss Araminta herself. It was not until he explained himself that I could take into my mind the full significance of this astounding declaration. His explanation was briefly this: that the words "Mrs. Grundy" were an English paraphrase for the voice of lying rumor, the tattle of gossips, the tongue of slander, picking a hole in his or her neighbor's coat and rejoicing in having a whole garment herself. Tom Lockup ended by declaring that the particular Mrs. Grundy who had

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so kindly taken my reputation and affairs generally in charge, was no less a person than Miss Araminta Skoggins and her least amiable friend Miss Angelina.

You may imagine my consternation when I had reluctantly come to Tom's conclusion—my indignation and astonishment. Had not Miss Araminta nearly reposed upon my bosom in hysterics of joy when I returned? Had not that young lady (by courtesy) declared to me that the "suggestive emotions of her heart on this occasion went near to strangulate her with felicity?" Was it possible that the mouth which had bid me call in often, now could bite my unresisting and unoffending self? I propounded these excited questions to Tom Lockup, with a flushed face and closely clenched hands, and then I uttered something like the philosophy laid down in the paragraph upon a previous page, as to the recourse one had against such adversaries. Tom Lockup smiled. I looked at him. There was something in his countenance so mysterious—a light in his eye so merry and yet so wicked—a turning down of the corners of his mouth, so indicative of possessing thought, of a fixed scheme, that unwittingly I was silent, gazing at him curiously. He quietly returned my gaze—his smile expanded into a grin—his left eye slowly and mysteriously closed itself, then opened again—and drawing me into his office he closed the door, locked it, and we were alone.

Of the long and animated conversation held on that eventful morning with Tom Lockup, I will not here speak: I will say nothing of it, further than to declare that Tom had conceived a brilliant idea—that this idea expanded itself into a harangue quite unusual with Tom Lockup—and that it was frequently interrupted, upon my part, by laughter. When I left the office, it was with a promise to return again that night; and then I went to my own apartment, and, with a shaking and cowardly heart, made one of the most eventful toilets of my life. Do you comprehend, my dear friend? If you do not, you are less penetrating than I think you are. I had determined to follow the philosophy of the old verse:

> "Either his caution is too much,
> Or his desert too small,
> Who fears to put it to the touch
> And lose or win it all!"

In a word, I had determined to go and tell Josephine that I loved her dearly and tenderly, and that her answer must make me entirely happy or completely miserable. For months I thought I had been taking every day a deeper hold upon her affections, and the above verse, which has led many a gallant fellow to precipitate declaration and consequent ruin, was about to be responsible for the act of another youth in addition to the rest. Strange that young lovers are so blind! Passing strange also, that they build hope often upon foundations of the merest shifting sand. Do you see Amyntor yonder, walking on air, as it were, toward Daphne's cottage—his ribbon-knots fluttering, his hat, with sweeping feather, arranged jauntily above his curling hair? Do you see his golden smile, his heaving breast, his hands trembling with delight as he extends them with a graceful condescension toward Daphne, whom he graciously permits to love and accept him? Do you know what has induced honest Amyntor to think that he has only to ask for the young maiden, and receive his wish? Simply the fact that yesterday her cousin, Phillida, informed him that Miss Daphne would use nothing but patchouli—the perfume he had often praised and vaunted in her presence—and added that she thought poor Daphne was wasting and pining gradually away, because she could not win the heart she wanted. So Amyntor has determined to be magnanimous and permit himself to be the husband of the beautiful and sorrowful Miss Daphne; and he goes and proposes, and is discarded with a promptness rather mortifying and instructive, and from that time forth becomes a sadder and a wiser man. I did not think of Amyntor's fate, which had occurred under my eyes a week before, and boldly sought the presence of Josephine.

The best and most approved historians and chroniclers prefer rather to give results. We know that Roland wound his horn at Roncesvalle, and died from hemorrhage of the lungs; we scarcely stop to inquire how all the contention came about. Let me, therefore, omit a description of my interview with Josephine, who paid me the compliment to cry and blush with indignation when the slanders of Miss Araminta were repeated to her by a cowardly and tremulous voice. Of course, as my cousin and friend, she took my part against Miss Araminta, but what did I gain by that slight circumstance?

On the next morning a young man might have been seen languidly dragging his feet along down the village street, with a face of so much mournful gloom, and harassing disappointment and grief, that every one who met him noticed it, and asked him the reason for his gloom. I replied—for you will understand this little historical romance personage was no other than myself—I replied to all such inquirers that nothing was the matter, that I was not gloomy; and then I passed languidly on, leaving my questioners under the very natural impression that some most horrible disaster had befallen me. At the corner I met Miss Araminta. I would have bowed and passed on, but she stopped me with that art for which she was so famous. What was the matter? Any reverse of fortune? Was I unwell? Was I the recipient of the news of any death? Was I—was I—was I—? No, I was not, with many thanks for such kind inquiries and so much tender solicitude. I was quite well and happy, and all were well whom I cared for and loved; herself among the rest I was glad to see, and then I sighed.. Miss Araminta sighed too. Had I met, perhaps, with any disappointment—in—a

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—my affections? I replied to this languishing question with a groan. Miss Araminta grew bolder. Had that singular young girl, Josephine, discarded me? I looked at Miss Araminta for a moment in speechless agony, drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and covering my face to suppress all exhibition of my feelings, tore myself away in silence, and buried myself in my apartment.

Have you seen the leaves of autumn suddenly caught up by a strong wind, and dashed through the air until the atmosphere is darkened by them, and the sky covered? I make use of this natural simile to describe the storm of reports and rumors which immediately rose around me, and which finally increased into a settled and regular hurricane, the burden whereof was —"Discarded! discarded! discarded!" In twenty-four hours the whole village knew that Josephine had discarded me. I kept in my office —I hid myself—I was seen nowhere. You see I was discarded, and I was afraid of meeting Miss Araminta. Let me not dwell upon this trying time, however—let me tell you how I curbed my agony, and took a rational view of life. Will you believe that the first person I went to see after my retirement into the shades of private life was Miss Araminta. Why not? She had asked me to call often, and in my sorrow her lively conversation was a diversion from my grief. I found Tom Lockup there, who seemed to have been affected by a like feeling with myself. I forgot to say that three days after my discardal he was discarded in like manner by Cousin Anna, and had met with a like storm of celebrity. Naturally he sought, in the pleasant society of the lively Miss Angelina, the means of recovering that gayety which he had exhibited with such miserable ostentation on the day we talked of Mrs. Grundy and maligned Miss Araminta. The miserable fellow no longer winked and laughed; he groaned and almost shed tears. Like myself he required solace, and he sought it. Need I say that he found it in the innocent and infantile prattle of Miss Angelina, that charming young girl, almost that child? She soon healed his heart—it was said that Miss Araminta was rapidly healing mine. Ill-natured persons declared that Miss Araminta and Miss Angelina themselves spoke of the probability of their having soon, reluctantly, to change their condition. Miss Araminta finally was heard to say, that she had greatly misunderstood me—that, as she had sounded my character, and discovered what wealth of affection I possessed, she had no doubt that her union with me would be happy; and the consequence of these remarks was the astounded impression on the part of the villagers that Miss Araminta and myself were engaged. The very same was said of Tom and Miss Angelina—which, I fear, was also incautiously let slip by that amiable young lady. Thus, at the end of a month, it was thought that Miss Araminta and Miss Angelina were preparing to enter the blessed state of matrimony with myself and Dr. Thomas W——, otherwise Tom Lockup, respectively. You see these ladies had maligned and insulted us—uttered the most unworthy slanders concerning us—endeavored to render us miserable throughout our youth, by turning against us the fond and tender hearts which loved us. They had bitterly aspersed our very honesty—had magnified the thoughtless imprudences of young manhood into degrading and bestial vices—had, in a word, stabbed us cruelly and mercilessly with envenomed tongues, and then rose up in the morning to repeat these calumnies with added and more mortal poison. All this had they done unto us; but we had concluded not to recollect it—to kiss the hands which stabbed—propriety forbids me to add, the lips which slandered. We were going to marry these charmers in order to monopolize their tender natures—the *School for Scandal* would, of course, end with a duplicate marriage.

My friend, the story is done—the plot has reached its *denouement*—the audience is invited, assembled, and awaits the rising of the curtain on the last scene of the last act. The invitations to the performance were written upon enameled cards, which were tied together by white satin ribbon, and the whole was inclosed in an embossed envelope, sealed with a silver wreath encircling clasped hands. These cards conveyed the astounding information that Mrs. ——, Josephine's mother, would be pleased to see the recipient on Thursday evening next, at nine o'clock; and as though there might be some impression that Josephine, Anna, and their friends, Dr. Thomas W—— and myself, were not glad to see the visitors, our names were written upon the cards. That was the last scene, my friend. You now understand what made Tom Lockup wink his eye and draw me into his office; you know the origin of our newly-conceived admiration for Misses Araminta and Angelina, or rather our mere friendly jests and frequent visits, which they chose to construe into love and matrimonial intentions. It was not our fault that the whole village believed us really their fortunate suitors; they reported that fact themselves, did these fair ladies. You know all this now—you understand all, especially *how I was discarded.* I am glad that the trick of my little narrative made it necessary to omit all description of the scene on that occasion. I would be loth to speak, even to you, of the beating of that tender heart, of the tears in those kind, beautiful eyes, as the gentle head declined upon my heart. Josephine and myself were married on the same evening with Tom and Anna, and all the friendly villagers came early and went away late, and gave us joy and wishes for our happiness.

I am mistaken in saying that the whole village was present. Miss Araminta and Miss Angelina were indisposed, and sent regrets. Could it have been a miff on their part, all because no invitation was dispatched to the dear friend residing with them — venerable Mrs. Grundy?

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THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

ALBERT LACHNER was my particular friend and fellow-student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance.

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old Kürhaus, the suspension-bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking-room; and furnished one bedchamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a book-case, and filled it with his favorite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favorite color. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagances—never fought a duel at the Hirschgasse—never been one of the fellowhood of Foxes—never boated, and quarreled, and gambled like the rest of us, wild boys as we were! But then he was constitutionally unfitted for such violent sports; and a lameness which dated from his early childhood, proved an effectual bar to the practice of all those athletic exercises which secure to youth the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Still, he was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to partake of his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too closely; but this he protested was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error: he was changed—but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the rapid progress that was making every where in favor of mesmerism, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervor of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and doppelgängers; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: "Farewell, Heinrich, *mein Bruder;* farewell till the gathering-season. In thought, I shall be often with you."

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment, he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that, for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow, our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.

One evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing-boat lay moored. This evening I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private inclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river-

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path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river toward the sunset. Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech; at last—"Albert!" I cried, "this *is* kind of you. When did you arrive?" He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words, and with a similar result. "Albert, look round, man!" Slowly he turned his head and looked me in the face; and then, oh, horror! even as I was looking at him, he disappeared. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there. Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house and strove to compose my shattered nerves. Was Albert dead, and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when first he left me.

It was about four days from this time when a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room, and courtesied for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for domestic purposes, I pulled out my purse from my pocket, and saying, "Well, Katrine, what do you want now?" drew forth a florin, and held it toward her.

She courtesied again, and shook her head. "Thank you, master; but it is not that."

Something in the old woman's tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. "What is the matter, Katrine? Has any thing alarmed you?"

"If you please, master—if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?"

"Here!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"In the bed up stairs, master."

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue.

"The bed has been slept in, master, for the last four nights."

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase, and into Albert's bedroom; and there, plainly, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality. I groaned aloud, and staggered heavily back.

"It has been like this for four nights, master," said the old woman. "Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then—"

I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all, I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor all round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this. That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my casement.

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. "Come with me, Katrine," I said; "let us see if all be right in the Herr Lachner's bedroom."

At the door, we paused and looked, half-terrified, in each other's faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open—unclosed by no mortal hand; and the daylight streaming in, fell upon the disordered bed—upon foot-marks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an account of the mental anguish which this circumstance caused me; suffice it, that I left that room, locked the door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

The next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence by which the transit was completed entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshment, but hired a youth to show me the way to Albert's lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search. He led me through a labyrinth of narrow, old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high, red-brick dwelling, with projecting stories and a curiously-carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and, on my inquiring if Herr Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

"Then he is living!" I cried, eagerly.

"Living!" echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way—"living! *Mein Gott*, we want no dead lodgers here!"

After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad balusters. As I as-

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cended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed:

"Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one."

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms.

"Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!"

"Yes, alive," he replied, drawing me into the room, and closing the door. "You thought me dead?"

"I did indeed," said I, half sobbing with joy. Then glancing round at the blazing hearth—for now the nights were chill—the cheerful lights, and the well-spread supper-table: "Why, Albert," I exclaimed, "you live here like a king."

"Not always thus," he replied, with a melancholy smile. "I lead in general a very sparing, bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you, my brother, have never before partaken of my hospitality."

"How!" I exclaimed, quite stupefied; "you knew that I was coming?"

"Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment."

I gasped for breath, and dropped into a seat.

"And this power—this spiritual knowledge—"

"Is simply the effect of magnetic relation—of what is called *rapport*."

"Explain yourself."

"Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which you have this day undergone. Eat, now; eat and rest. After supper, we will talk the subject over."

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing toward the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine-wine, we resumed the former conversation.

"You are, of course, aware," began my friend, "that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over another, a certain rapport, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between those two natures. This rapport does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many instances may be altogether omitted. By this, I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolency or even clairvoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his own. I can not better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully as he may desire. This rapport I have long sought to establish between us."

"But you have not succeeded."

"Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind."

"Which I tried to shake off, and did."

"True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent."

"At what time in the day was that?" I asked, falteringly.

"About half past eight o'clock in the evening."

I shuddered, grew deadly faint, and pushed my chair back.

"But where were you, Albert?" I muttered, in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance, he turned ghastly pale, even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead.

"I—was—here," he said, with a slow and labored articulation, that added to my dismay.

"But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me."

"And did you speak to—to the figure?"

"Twice, without being heard. The third time I cried—"

"'Albert, look round, man!'" interrupted my friend, in a hoarse, quick tone.

"My very words! Then you heard me?"

"But when you had spoken them," he continued, without heeding my question—"when you had spoken them, what then?"

"It vanished—where and how, I know not."

Albert covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Great God!" he said feebly, "then I am not mad!"

I was so horror-struck that I remained silent. Presently he raised his head, poured out half a tumblerful of brandy, drank it at a draught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and preternaturally even tone, related to me the following strange and fearful narrative:

"Dr. K——, under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the mesmeric doctrine; before then, I was as hardened a skeptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in these matters, the pupil—being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more toward those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I

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pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary rapports between my patients and myself, even when separated from them by any distance, however considerable. Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of which this phenomenon is, I must beg you to analyze with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With some, this mental vision is so vivid, as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colors, and its shadows. Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if I but related a passage from any book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable. Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were *a distinct body* —yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in moments of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life. Nay," he continued, observing my extreme agitation, "this thing is not wholly new in the history of magnetic phenomena—but it is rare. We call it, psychologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body —that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a doppelgänger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror. I believed, but I dreaded; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought that I— I also may be—may be— Oh rather, far, far rather would I believe myself deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights since, at the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich"—here his voice trembled audibly—"I felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time, I found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed."

"It was so," I murmured faintly.

"At the same time, my brother, I felt the most earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dullness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter; I felt the cool breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently I became aware as of the approach of something, I knew not what—but a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralyzed, and unable to turn. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear, and loud—'Albert, look round, man!' Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me, I turned—I saw you! The next moment a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and I then found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion, sitting by yonder window, where, gazing on the sunset, I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered—I tried to think that all had been a dream. I lifted my hands to my brow: they were numbed and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to weigh upon my limbs. You say that I was visibly present in your garden; I know that I was bodily present in this room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possess a double being?"

We were both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the footmarks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

"I have been thinking much of you," he said; "and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay—nay, even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of far-working. It is true that I have awaked each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to over-study and constitutional weakness."

"Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?"

Albert sat pale and silent, as if he heard not.

I repeated the question.

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"Give me some more brandy," he said, "and I will tell you."

I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in a still lower voice than before. "The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading—reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul—when I experienced, quite suddenly, a sensation of extreme lassitude. The book grew dim before my eyes; the room darkened; I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town. Plainly I saw the churches in the gray evening dusk; plainly the hurrying passengers; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market-place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door; it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my own room; and there—"

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

"And there you saw," I urged, "you saw—"

"*Myself!* Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes; myself stood gazing on myself! We looked—we looked into each—each other's eyes—we—we—we—"

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Albert! Albert!" I shrieked, "look up. Oh, heavens! what shall I do?"

I hung frantically over him; I seized his hands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, he turned his head in the direction of the door, and looked earnestly forward. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes glared with a light that was more vivid than that of life. Struck with an appalling idea, I followed the course of his gaze. Hark! a dull, dull sound—measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet ascending. My blood froze; I could not remove my eyes from the doorway; I could not breathe. Nearer and nearer came the steps—alternately light and heavy, light and heavy, as the tread of a lame man. Nearer and nearer—across the landing—upon the very threshold of the chamber. A sudden fall beside me, a crash, a darkness! Albert had slipped from his chair to the floor, dragging the table in his fall, and extinguishing the lights beneath the *débris* of the accident.

Forgetting instantly every thing but the danger of my friend, I flew to the bell and rang wildly for help. The vehemence of my cries, and the startling energy of the peal in the midnight silence of the house, roused every creature there; and in less time than it takes to relate, the room was filled with a crowd of anxious and terrified lodgers, some just roused from sleep, and others called from their studies, with their reading-lamps in their hands.

The first thing was to rescue Albert from where he lay, beneath the weight of the fallen table—to throw cold water on his face and hands, to loosen his neckcloth, to open the windows for the fresh night-air.

"It is of no use," said a young man, holding his head up and examining his eyes. "I am a surgeon: I live in this house. Your friend is dead."

"Dead! I echoed, sinking upon a chair. "No, no—not dead. He was—he was subject to this!"

"No doubt," replied the surgeon; "it is probably his third attack."

"Yes, yes—I know it is. Is there no hope?"

He shook his head and turned away.

"What has been the cause of his death?" asked a by-stander, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Catalepsy."

HOW THE DESTRUCTION OF TREES AFFECTS THE RAIN.

WE Yankees are a race of *dendrokopti*. (The word is tolerably fair Greek, and sounds better than its English equivalent, "tree-cutters.") To cut down trees and shoot Indians seems our national instinct. The narrow-bladed Yankee ax is more destructive to the forests than Sharp's rifle and Colt's revolver are to their red-skinned denizens. We suppose this instinct was implanted for a good purpose. When every foot of land was covered by trees, and when behind every tree lurked an Indian, it was quite necessary to shoot and chop indiscriminately. Civilized men must be suffered to live, and corn must be permitted to grow, Indians and trees to the contrary notwithstanding. But our destructive instincts should be brought under the control of reason; and passing by for the present the Indian question, we hope to be able to show good reasons why the indiscriminate slaughter of trees should cease.

The old Greeks were wise men in their day, and with them the word *dendrokopein*, "to cut down trees," meant also to destroy, ravage, and utterly ruin a country. We, or those who come after us, shall find to our cost, some of these days, that the Greeks were philosophers in so using the word. By cutting down the trees upon mountain sides and ravines, we are inevitably entailing two great evils upon posterity—a scarcity of fuel and a scarcity of water. The former evil is the more obvious, but the latter is equally certain and far more formidable. The lack of wood for fuel may be supplied from our abundant accumulations of coal; but no art or labor can supply a substitute for water.

The hidden fountains of all our springs and rivers are in the atmosphere. Every drop of fresh water is drawn, in the form of dew or rain, from those inexhaustible, ever-renewed reservoirs. Trees act in many ways in regulating and distributing the supply of moisture. In certain localities they even produce a sensible effect upon the amount of moisture deposited from the atmosphere. Thus, in the Island of Saint

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Helena, great attention has been paid within the last quarter of a century to the planting of trees upon the steep bare hillsides; and it has been found that the fall of water has almost doubled since the time when Napoleon was a prisoner there. The reason seems obvious. The temperature of trees, in hot climates, is always lower than that of the surrounding atmosphere. The winds, loaded with moisture exhaled from the ocean over which they have past, sweep over the island. The trees condense this, and it is deposited in dew or rain. Still more remarkably is this shown by the famous fountain trees on Ferro, one of the Canary Islands. So great is their condensing power that they seem to be always wrapped in a vapory cloud, and the moisture collects in drops upon the leaves, trickles down the branches and stems, and collecting into a reservoir at their feet, forms a perpetual fountain. It is a repetition on a larger scale of the phenomenon which occurs when a jug of iced water is brought into a heated room.

We have of late years heard much of drought and consequent famine in the Cape de Verd Islands. The soil is of a peculiarly porous nature, and therefore requires a constant supply of moisture as an indispensable condition of fertility. For a long time the climate has been constantly growing less and less humid. The Socorridos, the largest river in Madeira, formerly had a sufficient depth of water to float timber down to the sea. It is now a mere rivulet, whose waters, except in flood time, are scarcely discoverable as they trickle along its pebbly bed. This diminution of moisture can be traced directly to the destruction of the forests that formerly covered the mountain sides. The Portuguese government were early aware of this, and laws were framed prohibiting the cutting down of trees near springs and sources of streams. But timber was valuable, and the land was wanted for vineyards. Portuguese laws were powerless against the demands of immediate interest. So the trees were cut down, the springs failed, and fountains dried up. Hence came drought, famine, and destitution. Present gain must sometimes be purchased by future loss. It is not good policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Trees regulate the supply of moisture in many ways, even where we can not suppose that they affect its absolute amount. The evaporation from their leaves is considerable, and this, diffused through the atmosphere, is wafted over wide tracts of country. They shelter the ground beneath them, and thus prevent the water that falls from being carried off by evaporation, allowing it to penetrate the earth, keeping the springs and fountains in perpetual flow in the driest seasons. Their roots and interlacing fibres penetrate the soil, preventing it from being washed away by sudden showers, and forming a sort of sponge that absorbs the water, and gives it out slowly and uniformly, thus equalizing its flow, preventing droughts on the one hand, and floods on the other. When the forests on hillsides and ravine slopes are cut down, the rain slides off from them as from a roof. A sudden shower swells every rivulet into a torrent. Every tiny brook pours its accumulation at once into the rivers, whose channels are inadequate to carry off the sudden accession, hence disastrous inundations, followed at short intervals by low water. The supply of water that should have been distributed over weeks is exhausted in hours. That which should have bubbled up in springs and flowed through rivulets, making the meadows green, is carried at once through the great rivers to the ocean, to be again taken up by evaporation only to go again through the same round. The volume of the great rivers, the Danubes, the Mississippis, the Niles, the Rhines, and the Connecticuts may undergo no change from age to age; for they derive their waters from a wide extent of country, and droughts in one section are balanced by showers in another. But the smaller rivers diminish, the rivulets dry up, and the springs fail, except immediately after rains, when they are greatly swollen. Thus by the operation of one law, the destruction of forests causes the two opposite evils of floods and droughts.

Humboldt appears to have been the first to call public attention to the probable consequences of the destruction of forests. In 1800 he visited the Lake of Valencia, in South America. By careful observation he found that, in the course of the preceding century, the level of its waters had fallen five or six feet, and its shores had receded a number of miles. The neighboring mountains, he says, had been formerly covered with dense forests, and the plains with thickets and trees. As cultivation increased, the trees were cut down, evaporation from the surface was accelerated, the springs and fountains dried up, and the shores being low and flat, the surface of the lake rapidly contracted. Some years after his visit, the War of Liberation broke out; men betook themselves to fighting instead of farming; the tropical vegetation, no longer kept in check by man, again overspread the hills and plains. The rain-water, no longer taken from the surface into the atmosphere, sought out its ancient fountains; the rivulets reappeared, the waters of the lake began to rise and overflow the plantations that had been formed upon its banks.

It is a well-known fact, that the lakes in the valley of Mexico have lately contracted since the old Aztec times. The city of Mexico occupies its ancient site, but it is now some distance inshore instead of on an island, as formerly. This is to be ascribed to the felling of the forests that formerly clothed the adjacent hills. In the mining district of Popayan it had been observed that the streams which put in motion the stamping-mills were diminishing in volume from year to year, although observations showed that the fall of rain had not diminished. Still that which found its way to the wheels of the stamping-mills

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was growing less and less, and great injury was apprehended to the mining interest. "What shall we do for water?" was the general cry. The evil was immediate and tangible. Somebody had sense enough to ascribe it to the true cause, and the demolition of the neighboring forests was prohibited. In that prolific climate Nature soon repairs her wastes. The naked hills were soon clothed again with new vegetation, and the streams resumed their former volume.

In tropical climates, of course, the connection between the forests and the supply of water, and consequent fertility, is most apparent. When the Spice Islands fell into the hands of the Dutch, they were covered with a dense growth of spice-bearing trees. In order to increase the value of their monopoly, they commenced an almost indiscriminate destruction of these forests. In consequence, the islands were converted into barren deserts, and they have not yet resumed their former fertility. At Penang, the Chinese settlers have been in the habit of raising but a single crop from the virgin soil, which they had bared of its forests, and then abandoning the fields for fresh clearings. The soil thus left unprotected was washed from the steep hillsides, which became parched and barren, and the island was threatened with incurable sterility. The British Government has been obliged to interfere and prevent this short-sighted destruction of the forests.

The British Association has collected from India a vast amount of information bearing upon this point. Among the hills of Ceylon, where the forests have been cut down in order to form coffee plantations, the loss of the springs and fountains has already become an evil of great magnitude. Districts are pointed out which have been in a great measure abandoned, within the memory of man, from the same cause; and measures have been recommended, and partially carried into effect, to remedy this evil, by forming extensive plantations. But it is much easier to prevent an evil than to remedy it. An ounce of prevention is here worth quite a number of pounds of cure.

Could the old Greeks have looked forward into futurity, they would have seen double reason to use tree-cutting and devastation as convertible terms. In a large portion of Greece the forests that once clothed the hills have disappeared. As a consequence, some of the famous fountains of antiquity now flow only in song. Rivers of historical renown have shrunk to scanty brooks, which a child may ford. The Lernean Lake is now but a stagnant pool, so overgrown and hidden by reeds and rushes, that the traveler might pass it without being aware of its existence. Asia Minor and Persia, and the country from Burmah to Affghanistan, are full of warnings on this subject. Italy has suffered less, for her lofty mountains are yet the parents of perpetual streams; but she has not escaped. The famous Rubicon has dwindled to a little rivulet, so insignificant that it can not now be certainly identified; the Pope and the antiquarians being at issue on this point.

Palestine, in the old times, was a land of rivulets and fountains, gushing from every hill, and was thereby distinguished from Egypt, which must be "watered by the foot." The channels of its rivulets still exist, but they are dry water-courses, except in the rainy season. Their number is sufficient proof of the ancient abundance of water. Such a dry water-course is called a *Wâdy*, and they are perhaps the most distinctive feature of the physical geography of the country. We remember, indeed, a distinguished traveler in Palestine, who, in our student days, was fond of giving his observations on that country. So frequently was he obliged to mention these water-courses, always using the Arabic name, that he was usually spoken of as "Wâdy" by the students, and the appellation was even transferred to his son, who was called, by way of distinction, "Young Wâdy." In tropical climates water and fertility always go together, and the abundance of these dry channels, which were once enlivened by living streams, is sufficient proof of the ancient fertility of the Promised Land—a fertility which must needs have been great in order to support the dense population which Sacred Writ informs us once peopled its hills and valleys. But with the trees the gushing fountains have passed away, and ages must elapse before the best government can restore the country to its old state.

Our own country is yet too new, and our forests are yet, in spite of woodmen and axes, too numerous for the scarcity of water to have become a serious evil. But like causes produce like effects; and unless we change our procedure, our children will suffer from our wanton carelessness. We have no right for our own temporary advantage to desolate the country. No generation has more than a life-interest in the earth, of which it is but the trustee for posterity. Every man who has revisited his early home in the older States, after an absence of a few years, can not have failed to notice the diminution of the streams and springs. There is probably no water in the brook that turned his water-wheel. The springs in the pasture, which he remembers as ever-flowing, are dry; and if a season of unusual drought happens, the cattle must be driven long distances to water — a necessity which never was known in his early years. More especially will this be the case if a railroad or an iron establishment has occasioned a rapid demand for fuel. The trees have gone, and with them the water; and the meadows and fields are dry and parched. In their haste to be rich, the farmers have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs for them.

Among the most pleasant remembrances of our own New England home were some half-dozen beautiful ponds, with waters as clear as crystal, lying among the woods. One, in particular, known as Spring Pond, was a perfect gem. It lay in a deep hollow, with steep slop-

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ing sides, clothed with a magnificent growth of maples, beeches, and birches. At the foot of a sandy bluff the clear cold water welled up in two beautiful jets, almost as large as a man's body, as though it poured from the orifice of a subterranean pipe. We did not then know that the Hebrews designated an eye and a fountain by the same word; but we had often likened that fountain, with its ever-changing play, to an eye rolling in its orbit. From the fountain the water spread out into a pond of some two score of acres, and then flowed off in a trout-peopled brook. A year ago we visited the old homestead, and took our way across the fields to find Spring Pond. Some well-remembered landmarks remained, but the tall maples and spreading beeches were gone. We reached the edge of the bluff beneath which the fountain had welled. The sides were bare and sandy, channeled with rain-courses, now dry and dusty. A few water-worn stones denoted the former site of the spring, but it was dry now. It was like the sockets in a bleached skull, in which the eye had once played. The pond was but a miry marsh, overgrown with tufts of reeds and coarse grass, and marked here and there with paths trodden by the cattle in search of water. The trees had been cut down to supply fuel for the neighboring railway—which, we were almost glad to learn, had never paid a cent to its stockholders—and with them had gone sparkling fountain, clear pond, and dancing brook.

This is but a type of what is going on all through our older States. Unless men grow wiser, and exercise more forethought, they or their children will have abundant reason to deplore their folly when the great cry of drought, with which we are growing familiar, shall be heard all over the land.

Let us be careful of our trees. Preserve those that grow upon mountain sides and ravine slopes, by fountain heads and springs. A keen ax in a stout woodman's hand will in an hour destroy what it has taken a century to produce, and what a century can not replace. A few cords of wood are worth something; but they are of less value than a perpetual fountain. A few acres added to our cornfields will be dearly purchased by cursing the land for generations with drought and barrenness. In our Eastern States, even now, there is more need of planting forests than of felling them. "Put in a tree, it will be growing while you are sleeping," is good advice here as well as in Scotland, and posterity will have good cause to be grateful to those who follow it. In our newer States there may be no need of this; but there is need that in making clearings there shall be no wanton waste of forests. Spare the trees, then: not merely that one particular tree, about which your daughter's piano so constantly discourses; that tree which sheltered you in childhood, and which you have so solemnly vowed to protect; but a great many other trees; every tree, in fact, for the destruction of which you can show no good and sufficient reason.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XII.—BLEEDING HEART YARD.

IN London itself, though in the old rustic road toward a suburb of note, where, in the days of William Shakspeare, author and stage-player, there were royal hunting-seats, howbeit, no sport is left there now but for hunters of men, Bleeding Heart Yard was to be found. A place much changed in feature and in fortune, yet with some relish of ancient greatness about it. Two or three mighty stacks of chimneys, and a few large dark rooms which had escaped being walled and subdivided out of the recognition of their old proportions, gave the Yard a character. It was inhabited by poor people, who set up their rest among its faded glories, as Arabs of the desert pitch their tents among the fallen stones of the Pyramids; but there was a family sentimental feeling prevalent in the Yard that it had a character.

As if the aspiring city had become puffed up in the very ground on which it stood, the ground had so risen about Bleeding Heart Yard that you got into it down a flight of steps which formed no part of the original approach, and got out of it by a low gateway into a maze of shabby streets which went about and about, tortuously ascending to the level again. At this end of the Yard, and over the gateway, was the factory of Daniel Doyce, often heavily beating like a bleeding heart of iron, with the clink of metal upon metal.

The opinion of the Yard was divided respecting the derivation of its name. The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former times closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window behind the bars, murmuring a love-lorn song, of which the burden was, "Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away," until she died. It was objected by the murderous

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party that this Refrain was notoriously the invention of a tambour-worker, a spinster and romantic, still lodging in the Yard. But, forasmuch as all favorite legends must be associated with the affections, and as many more people fall in love than commit murder—which it may be hoped, howsoever bad we are, will continue unto the end of the world to be the dispensation under which we shall live—the Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away story, carried the day by a great majority. Neither party would listen to the antiquaries who delivered learned lectures in the neighborhood, showing the Bleeding Heart to have been the heraldic cognizance of the old family to whom the property had once belonged. And considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little golden grain of poetry that sparkled in it.

Down into the Yard by way of the steps came Daniel Doyce, Mr. Meagles, and Clennam. Passing along the Yard and between the open doors on either hand, all abundantly garnished with light children nursing heavy ones, they arrived at its opposite boundary, the gateway. Here Arthur Clennam stopped to look about him for the domicile of Plornish, plasterer: whose name, according to the custom of Londoners, Daniel Doyce had never seen or heard of to that hour.

It was plain enough, nevertheless, as Little Dorrit had said, over a lime-splashed gateway in the corner, within which Plornish kept a ladder and a barrel or two. The last house in Bleeding Heart Yard which she had described as his place of habitation, was a large house, let off to various tenants; but Plornish ingeniously hinted that he lived in the parlor, by means of a painted hand under his name, the forefinger of which hand (on which the artist had depicted a ring and a most elaborate nail of the genteelest form), referred all inquirers to that apartment.

Parting from his companions, after arranging another meeting with Mr. Meagles, Clennam went alone into the entry, and knocked with his knuckles at the parlor-door. It was opened presently by a woman with a child in her arms, whose unoccupied hand was hastily rearranging the upper part of her dress. This was Mrs. Plornish, and this maternal action was the action of Mrs. Plornish during a large part of her waking existence.

Was Mr. Plornish at home? "Well, Sir," said Mrs. Plornish, a civil woman, "not to deceive you, he's gone to look for a job."

Not to deceive you, was a method of speech with Mrs. Plornish. She would deceive you under any circumstances as little as might be; but she had a trick of answering in this provisional form.

"Do you think he will be back soon, if I wait for him?"

"I have been expecting him," said Mrs. Plornish, "this half an hour, at any minute of time. Walk in, Sir."

Arthur entered the rather dark and close parlor (though it was lofty too), and sat down in the chair she placed for him.

"Not to deceive you, Sir, I notice it," said Mrs. Plornish, "and I take it kind of you."

He was at a loss to understand what she meant, and by expressing as much in his looks, elicited her explanation.

"It an't many that comes into a poor place, that deems it worth their while to move their hats," said Mrs. Plornish. "But people think more of it than people think."

Clennam returned, with an uncomfortable feeling in so very slight a courtesy being unusual, Was that all! And stooping down to pinch the cheek of another young child who was sitting on the floor, staring at him, asked Mrs. Plornish how old that fine boy was?

"Four year just turned, Sir," said Mrs. Plornish. "He *is* a fine little fellow, an't he, Sir? But this one is rather sickly." She tenderly hushed the baby in her arms as she said it. "You wouldn't mind my asking if it happened to be a job as you was come about, Sir, would you?" added Mrs. Plornish, wistfully.

She asked it so anxiously, that if he had been in possession of any kind of tenement he would have had it plastered a foot deep rather than answer No. But he was obliged to answer No, and he saw a shade of disappointment on her face as she checked a sigh and looked at the low fire. Then he saw, also, that Mrs. Plornish was a young woman, made somewhat slatternly in herself and her belongings by poverty, and so dragged at by poverty and the children together, that their united forces had already dragged her face into wrinkles.

"All such things as jobs," said Mrs. Plornish, "seems to me to have gone under ground; they do indeed." (Herein Mrs. Plornish limited her remark to the plastering trade, and spoke without reference to the Circumlocution Office and the Barnacle Family.)

"Is it so difficult to get work?" asked Arthur Clennam.

"Plornish finds it so," she returned. "He is quite unfortunate. Really he is."

Really he was. He was one of those many wayfarers on the road of life, who seem to be afflicted with supernatural corns, rendering it impossible for them to keep up even with their lame competitors. A willing, working, soft-hearted, not hard-headed fellow, Plornish took his fortune as smoothly as could be expected, but it was a rough one. It so rarely happened that any body seemed to want him, it was such an exceptional case when his powers were in any request, that his misty mind could not make out how it happened. He took it as it came, therefore; he tumbled into all kinds of difficulties, and tumbled out of them; and, by tumbling through life, got himself considerably bruised.

"It's not for want of looking after jobs, I am

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sure," said Mrs. Plornish, lifting up her eyebrows, and searching for a solution of the problem between the bars of the grate; "nor yet for want of working at them when they are to be got. No one ever heard my husband complain of work."

Somehow or other it was the misfortune of Bleeding Heart Yard that no one seemed to want its population. From time to time there were public complaints, pathetically going about, of labor being scarce—which people seemed to take extraordinarily ill, as though they had an absolute right to it on their own terms—but Bleeding Heart Yard, though as willing a Yard as any in Britain, was never the better for the demand. That high old family, the Barnacles, had long been too busy with their great principle to look into the matter; and indeed the matter had nothing to do with their watchfulness in outgeneraling all other high old families except the Stiltstalkings.

While Mrs. Plornish spoke in these words of her absent lord, her lord returned. A smooth-cheeked, fresh-colored, sandy-whisked man of thirty. Long in the legs, yielding at the knees, foolish in the face, flannel-jacketed, lime-whitened. "This is Plornish, Sir."

"I came," said Clennam, rising, "to beg the favor of a little conversation with you on the subject of the Dorrit family."

Plornish became suspicious. Seemed to scent a creditor. Said "Ah, yes. Well. He didn't know what satisfaction *he* could give any gentleman respecting that family. What might it be about, now?"

"I know you better," said Clennam, smiling, "than you suppose."

Plornish observed, not smiling in return, and yet he hadn't the pleasure of being acquainted with the gentleman, neither.

"No," said Arthur, "I know of your kind offices at second hand, but on the best authority. Through Little Dorrit—I mean," he explained, "Miss Dorrit."

"Mr. Clennam, is it? Oh! I've heard of you, Sir."

"And I of you," said Arthur.

"Please to sit down again, Sir, and consider yourself welcome. Why, yes," said Plornish, taking a chair, and lifting the elder child upon his knee, that he might have the moral support of speaking to a stranger over his head, "I have been on the wrong side of the Lock myself, and in that way we come to know Miss Dorrit. Me and my wife, we are well acquainted with Miss Dorrit."

"Intimate!" cried Mrs. Plornish. Indeed, she was so proud of the acquaintance, that she had awakened some bitterness of spirit in the Yard by magnifying to an enormous amount the sum for which Miss Dorrit's father had become insolvent. The Bleeding Hearts resented her claiming to know people of such distinction.

"It was her father that I got acquainted with first.' And through getting acquainted with him, you see, why—I got acquainted with her," said Plornish, tautologically.

"I see."

"Ah! And there's manners! There's polish! There's a gentleman to have run to seed in the Marshalsea Jail! Why, perhaps you are not aware," said Plornish, lowering his voice, and speaking with a perverse admiration of what he ought to have pitied or despised, "not aware that Miss Dorrit and her sister durstn't let him know that they work for a living. No!" said Plornish, looking with a ridiculous triumph first at his wife, and then all round the room. "Durstn't let him know it, they durstn't!"

"Without admiring him for that," Clennam quietly observed, "I am very sorry for him." The remark appeared to suggest to Plornish for the first time that it might not be a very fine trait of character after all. He pondered about it for a moment, and gave it up.

"As to me," he resumed, "certainly Mr. Dorrit is as affable with me, I am sure, as I can possible expect. Considering the differences and distances betwixt us, more so. But it's Miss Dorrit that we were speaking of."

"True. Pray how did you introduce her at my mother's?"

Mr. Plornish picked a bit of lime out of his whisker, put it between his lips, turned it with his tongue like a sugar-plum, considered, found himself unequal to the task of lucid explanation, and, appealing to his wife, said, "Sally, *you* may as well mention how it was, old woman."

"Miss Dorrit," said Sally, hushing the baby from side to side, and laying her chin upon the little hand as it tried to disarrange the gown again, "came here one afternoon with a bit of writing, telling that how she wished for needlework, and asked if it would be considered any ill-conwenience in case she was to give her address here. (Plornish repeated, her address here, in a low voice, as if he were making responses at church.) Me and Plornish says, No, Miss Dorrit, no ill-conwenience (Plornish repeated no ill-conwenience), and she wrote it in, according. Which then me and Plornish says, Ho, Miss Dorrit. (Plornish repeated Ho, Miss Dorrit). Have you thought of copying it three or four times, as the way to make it known in more places than one? No, says Miss Dorrit, I have not, but I will. She copied it out according on this table, in a sweet writing, and Plornish, he took it where he worked, having a job just then (Plornish repeated job just then), and likeways to the landlord of the Yard; through which it was that Mrs. Clennam first happened to employ Miss Dorrit." Plornish repeated, employ Miss Dorrit; and Mrs. Plornish having come to an end, feigned to bite the fingers of the little hand as she kissed it.

"The landlord of the Yard," said Arthur Clennam, "is—"

"He's Mr. Casby, by name, he is," said Plornish; "and Pancks, he collects the rents. That,"

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added Mr. Plornish, dwelling on the subject with a slow thoughtfulness that appeared to have no connection with any specific object, and to lead him nowhere, "that is about what *they* are, you may believe me or not, as you think proper."

"Ay?" returned Clennam, thoughtful in his turn. "Mr. Casby, too! An acquaintance of mine, long ago!"

Mr. Plornish did not see his road to any comment on this fact, and made none. As there truly was no reason why he should have the least interest in it, Arthur Clennam went on to the present purport of his visit; namely, to make Plornish the instrument of effecting Tip's release, with as little detriment as possible to the self-reliance and self-helpfulness of the young man, supposing him to possess any remnant of those qualities—without doubt a very wide stretch of supposition. Plornish, having been made acquainted with the cause of action from the Defendant's own mouth, gave Arthur to understand that the Plaintiff was "a Chaunter"—meaning, not a singer of anthems, but a seller of horses—and that he (Plornish) considered that ten shillings in the pound "would settle handsome," and that more would be a waste of money. The Principal and instrument soon drove off together to a stable-yard in High Holborn, where a remarkably fine gray gelding, worth, at the lowest figure, seventy-five guineas (not taking into account the value of the shot he had been made to swallow, for the improvement of his form), was to be parted with for a twenty-pound note, in consequence of his having run away last week with Mrs. Captain Barbary of Cheltenham, who wasn't up to a horse of his courage, and who, in mere spite, insisted on selling him for that ridiculous sum: or, in other words, on giving him away. Plornish, going up this yard alone and leaving his Principal outside, found a gentleman with tight drab legs, a rather old hat, a little hooked stick, and a blue neckerchief (Captain Maroon, of Gloucestershire, a private friend of Captain Barbary), who happened to be there in a friendly way to mention these little circumstances concerning the remarkably fine gray gelding to any real judge of a horse and quick snapper-up of a good thing who might look in at that address as per advertisement. This gentleman, happening also to be the Plaintiff in the Tip case, referred Mr. Plornish to his solicitor, and declined to treat with Mr. Plornish, or even to endure his presence in the yard, unless he appeared there with a twenty-pound note; in which case only, the gentleman would augur from appearances that he meant business and might be induced to talk to him. On this hint Mr. Plornish retired to communicate with his Principal, and presently came back with the required credentials. Then said Captain Maroon, "Now, how much time do you want to make up the other twenty in? Now I'll give you a month." Then said Captain Maroon, when that wouldn't suit, "Now, I'll tell what I'll do with you. You shall get me a good bill at four months, made payable at a banking-house, for the other twenty!" Then said Captain Maroon, when *that* wouldn't suit, "Now come! Here's the last I've got to say to you. You shall give me another ten down, and I'll run my pen clean through it." Then said Captain Maroon, when *that* wouldn't suit, "Now, I'll tell you what it is, and this shuts it up; he has used me bad, but I'll let him off for another five down and a bottle of wine; and if you mean done, say done, and if you don't like it, leave it." Finally, said Captain Maroon, when *that* wouldn't suit either, "Hand over, then!" And in consideration of the first offer, gave a receipt in full and discharged the prisoner.

"Mr. Plornish," said Arthur, "I trust to you, if you please, to keep my secret. If you will undertake to let the young man know that he is free, and to tell him that you were employed to compound for the debt by some one whom you are not at liberty to name, you will not only do me a service, but may do him one, and his sister also."

"The last reason, Sir," said Plornish, "would be quite sufficient. Your wishes shall be attended to."

"A Friend has obtained his discharge, you can say if you please. A Friend who hopes that, for his sister's sake, if for no one else's, he will make good use of his liberty."

"Your wishes, Sir, shall be attended to."

"And if you will be so good, in your better knowledge of the family, as to communicate freely with me, and to point out to me any means by which you think I may be delicately and really useful to Little Dorrit, I shall feel under an obligation to you."

"Don't name it, Sir," returned Plornish; "it'll be ekally a pleasure and a—it'll be ekally a pleasure and a—" Finding himself unable to balance his sentence after two efforts, Plornish wisely dropped it. He took Mr. Clennam's card and appropriate pecuniary compliment.

He was earnest to finish his commission at once, and his Principal was in the same mind. So his Principal offered to set him down at the Marshalsea gate, and they drove in that direction over Blackfriars Bridge. On the way, Arthur elicited from his new friend a confused summary of the interior life of Bleeding Heart Yard. They were all hard up there, Mr. Plornish said; uncommon hard up, to-be-sure. Well, he couldn't say how it was; he didn't know as any body *could* say how it was; all he know'd was that so it was. When a man felt on his own back and in his own belly that he was poor, that man (Mr. Plornish gave it as his decided belief) know'd well that poor he was somehow or another, and you couldn't talk it out of him, no more than you could talk Beef into him. Then you see, some people as was better off said, and a good many such people lived pretty close up to the mark themselves if not beyond it so he'd heerd, that they was "improvident" (that was the favorite word) down the Yard. For in-

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stance, if they see a man with his wife and children a-going to Hampton Court in a Wan, perhaps once in a year, they says, "Hallo! I thought you was poor, my improvident friend!" Why, Lord, how hard it was upon a man! What was a man to do? He couldn't go mollancholly mad, and even if he did, you wouldn't be the better for it. In Mr. Plornish's judgment, you would be the worse for it. Yet you seemed to want to make a man mollancholly mad. You was always at it—if not with your right hand, with your left. What was they a-doing in the Yard? Why, take a look at 'em and see. There was the girls and their mothers a-working at their sewing, or their shoe-binding, or their trimming, or their waistcoat making, day and night and night and day, and not more than able to keep body and soul together after all—often not so much. There was people of pretty well all sorts of trades you could name, all wanting to work and yet not able to get it. There was old people, after working all their lives, going and being shut up in the Workhouse, much worse fed and lodged and treated altogether, than—Mr. Plornish said manufacturers, but appeared to mean malefactors. Why a man didn't know where to turn himself for a crumb of comfort. As to who was to blame for it, Mr. Plornish didn't know who was to blame for it. He could tell you who suffered—but he couldn't tell you whose fault it was. It wasn't *his* place to find out, and who'd mind what he said, if he did find out? He only know'd that it wasn't put right by them what undertook that line of business, and that it didn't come right of itself. And in brief his illogical opinion was, that if you couldn't do nothing for him you had better take nothing from him for doing of it; so far as he could make out, that was about what it come to. Thus, in a prolix, gently-growling, foolish way did Plornish turn the tangled skein of his estate about and about, like a blind man who was trying to find some beginning or end to it, until they reached the prison gate. There, he left his Principal alone, to wonder as he rode away how many thousand Plornishes there might be within a day or two's journey of the Circumlocution Office, playing sundry curious variations on the same tune, which were not known by ear in that glorious Institution.

CHAPTER XIII.—PATRIARCHAL.

The mention of Mr. Casby again revived in Clennam's memory the smouldering embers of curiosity and interest which Mrs. Flintwinch had fanned on the night of his arrival. Flora Casby had been the beloved of his boyhood, and Flora was the daughter and only child of wooden-headed old Christopher (so he was still occasionally spoken of by some irreverent spirits who had had dealings with him, and in whom familiarity had bred its proverbial result perhaps), who was reputed to be rich in weekly tenants, and to get a good quantity of blood out of the stones of several unpromising courts and alleys.

After some days of inquiry and research, Arthur Clennam became convinced that the case of the Father of the Marshalsea was indeed a hopeless one, and sorrowfully resigned the idea of helping him to freedom again. He had no hopeful inquiry to make at present concerning Little Dorrit either, but he argued with himself that it might, for any thing he knew, it might, be serviceable to the poor child, if he renewed this acquaintance. It is hardly necessary to add that beyond all doubt he would have presented himself at Mr. Casby's door if there had been no Little Dorrit in existence; for we all know how we all deceive ourselves—that is to say, how people in general, our profounder selves excepted, deceive themselves—as to motives of action.

With a comfortable impression upon him, and quite an honest one in its way, that he was still patronizing Little Dorrit in doing what had no reference to her, he found himself one afternoon at the corner of Mr. Casby's street. Mr. Casby lived in a street in the Gray's Inn Road, which had set off from that thoroughfare with the intention of running at one heat down into the valley, and up again to the top of Pentonville Hill; but which had run itself out of breath in twenty yards, and had stood still ever since. There is no such place in that part now, but it remained there for many years, looking with a baulked countenance at the wilderness patched with unfruitful gardens, and pimpled with eruptive summer-houses, that it had meant to run over in no time.

"The house," thought Clennam, as he crossed to the door, "is as little changed as my mother's, and looks almost as gloomy. But the likeness ends outside. I know its staid repose within. The smell of its jars of old rose-leaves and lavender seems to come upon me even here."

When his knock at the bright brass knocker of obsolete shape brought a woman-servant to the door, those faded scents in truth saluted him like wintry breath that had a faint remembrance in it of the by-gone spring. He stepped into the sober, silent, air-tight house—one might have fancied it to have been stifled by Mutes in the Eastern manner—and the door, closing again, seemed to shut out sound and motion. The furniture was formal, grave, and Quaker-like, but well-kept; and had as prepossessing an aspect as any thing from a human creature to a wooden stool that is meant for much use and is preserved for little, can ever wear. There was a grave clock ticking somewhere up the staircase, and there was a songless bird in the same direction pecking at his cage as if he were ticking too. The parlor-fire ticked in the grate. There was only one person on the parlor-hearth, and the loud watch in his pocket ticked audibly.

The servant-maid had ticked the two words "Mr. Clennam" so softly, that she had not been heard, and he consequently stood, within the door she had closed, unnoticed. The figure of

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a man advanced in life, whose smooth gray eyebrows seemed to move to the ticking as the firelight flickered on them, sat in an arm-chair with his list-shoes on the rug and his thumbs slowly revolving over one another. This was old Christopher Casby—recognizable at a glance—as unchanged in twenty years and upward as his own solid furniture—as little touched by the influence of the varying seasons as the old rose-leaves and old lavender in his porcelain jars.

Perhaps there never was a man in this troublesome world so troublesome for the imagination to picture as a boy. And yet he had changed very little in his progress through life. Confronting him in the room in which he sat was a boy's portrait, which any body seeing him would have identified as Master Christopher Casby, aged ten: though disguised with a hay-making rake, for which he had had, at any time, as much taste or use as for a diving-bell; and sitting (on one of his own legs) upon a bank of violets, moved to precocious contemplation by the spire of a village church. There was the same smooth face and forehead, the same calm blue eye, the same placid air. The shining bald head, which looked so very large because it shone so much; and the long gray hair at its sides and back, like floss-silk or spun-glass, which looked so very benevolent because it was never cut; were not, of course, to be seen in the boy as in the old man. Nevertheless, in the Seraphic creature with the hay-making rake were clearly to be discerned the rudiments of the Patriarch with the list-shoes.

Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighborhood spoke of him as The Last of the Patriarchs. So gray, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. He had been accosted in the streets, and respectfully solicited to become a Patriarch for painters and for sculptors: with so much importunity, in sooth, that it would appear to be beyond the Fine Arts to remember the points of a Patriarch, or to invent one. Philanthropists of both sexes had asked who he was, and on being informed, "Old Christopher Casby, formerly Town-agent to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle," had cried in a rapture of disappointment, "Oh! why, with that head, is he not a benefactor to his species! Oh! why, with that head, is he not a father to the orphan and a friend to the friendless!" With that head, however, he remained old Christopher Casby, proclaimed by common report rich in house property, and with that head he now sat in his silent parlor. Indeed it would be the height of unreason to expect him to be sitting there without that head.

Arthur Clennam moved to attract his attention, and the gray eyebrows turned toward him.

"I beg your pardon," said Clennam, "I fear you did not hear me announced?"

"No, Sir, I did not. Did you wish to see me, Sir?"

"I wished to pay my respects."

Mr. Casby seemed a feather's weight disappointed by the last words, having perhaps prepared himself for the visitor's wishing to pay something else. "Have I the pleasure, Sir," he proceeded—"take a chair, if you please—have I the pleasure of knowing—? Ah! truly, yes, I think I have! I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that I am acquainted with those features? I think I address a gentleman of whose return to this country I was informed by Mr. Flintwinch?"

"That is your present visitor."

"Really! Mr. Clennam?"

"No other, Mr. Casby."

"Mr. Clennam, I am very glad to see you. How have you been since we met?"

Without thinking it worth while to explain that in the course of some quarter of a century he had experienced occasional slight fluctuations in his health and spirits, Clennam answered generally that he had never been better, or something equally to the purpose, and shook hands with the possessor of "that head," as it shed its patriarchal light upon him.

"We are older, Mr. Clennam," said Christopher Casby.

"We are—not younger," said Clennam. After this wise remark he felt that he was not shining with any particular brilliancy, and became aware that he was nervous.

"And your respected father," said Mr. Casby, "is no more. I was grieved to hear it, Mr. Clennam, I was grieved."

Arthur implied in the usual way that he felt infinitely obliged to him.

"There was a time," said Mr. Casby, "when your parents and myself were not on friendly terms. There was some little family misunderstanding among us. Your respected mother was rather jealous of her son, maybe; when I say her son, I mean your worthy self, your worthy self."

His smooth face had a bloom upon it, like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. In like manner his physiognomical expression seemed to teem with benignity. Nobody could have said where the wisdom was, or where the virtue was, or where the benignity was, but they all seemed to be somewhere about him.

"Those times, however," pursued Mr. Casby, "are past and gone, past and gone. I do myself the pleasure of making a visit to your respected mother occasionally, and of admiring the fortitude and strength of mind with which she bears her trials, bears her trials."

When he made one of these little repetitions, sitting with his hands crossed before him, he did it with his head on one side and a gentle smile, as if he had something in his thoughts too sweet and profound to be put into words. As if he denied himself the pleasure of uttering it lest he should soar too high, and his meekness therefore preferred to be unmeaning.

"I have heard that you were kind enough on

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one of those occasions," said Arthur, catching at the opportunity as it drifted past him, "to mention Little Dorrit to my mother."

"Little—? Dorrit? That's the seamstress who was mentioned to me by a small tenant of mine? Yes, yes. Dorrit? That's the name. Ah, yes, yes! You call her Little Dorrit?"

No road in that direction. Nothing came of the cross-cut. It led no further.

"My daughter Flora," said Mr. Casby, "as you may have heard, probably, Mr. Clennam, was married and established in life several years ago. She had the misfortune to lose her husband when she had been married a few months. She resides with me again. She will be glad to see you if you will permit me to let her know that you are here."

"By all means," returned Clennam. "I should have preferred the request, if your kindness had not anticipated me."

Upon this, Mr. Casby rose up in his list-shoes, and with a slow, heavy step (he was of an elephantine build), made for the door. He had a long, wide-skirted bottle-green coat on, and a bottle-green pair of trowsers, and a bottle-green waistcoat. The Patriarchs were not dressed in bottle-green broadcloth, and yet his clothes looked patriarchal.

He had scarcely left the room and allowed the ticking to become audible again, when a quick hand turned a latch-key in the house-door, opened it, and shut it. Immediately afterward, a quick and eager short dark man came into the room with so much way upon him, that he was within a foot of Clennam before he could stop.

"Halloa!" he said.

Clennam saw no reason why he should not say "Halloa!" too.

"What's the matter?" said the short dark man.

"I have not heard that any thing is the matter," returned Clennam.

"Where's Mr. Casby?" asked the short dark man, looking about.

"He will be here directly, if you want him."

"*I* want him?" said the short dark man. "Don't you?"

This elicited a word or two of explanation from Clennam, during the delivery of which the short dark man held his breath and looked at him. He was dressed in black and rusty iron-gray, had jet-black beads of eyes, a scrubby little black chin, wiry black hair striking out from his head in prongs, like forks or hair-pins, and a complexion that was very dingy by nature, or very dirty by art, or a compound of nature and art. He had dirty hands and dirty broken nails, and looked as if he had been in the coals; he was in a perspiration, and snorted and sniffed and puffed and blew like a little laboring steam-engine.

"Oh!" said he, when Arthur had told him how he came to be there. "Very well. That's right. If he should ask for Pancks, will you be so good as to say that Pancks is come in?" And so, with a snort and a puff, he worked out by another door.

Now, in the old days at home, certain audacious doubts respecting the last of the Patriarchs, which were afloat in the air, had, by some forgotten means, come in contact with Arthur's sensorium. He was aware of motes and specks of suspicion in the atmosphere of that time, seen through which medium, Christopher Casby was a mere Inn sign-post without any Inn—an invitation to rest and to be thankful where there was no place to put up at, and nothing whatever to be thankful for. He knew that some of these specks even represented Christopher as capable of harboring designs in "that head," and as being a crafty impostor. Other motes there were which showed him as a heavy, selfish, drifting Booby, who having stumbled in the course of his unwieldy jostlings against other men, on the discovery that to get through life with ease and credit, he had but to hold his tongue, keep the bald part of his head well polished, and leave his hair alone, had had just cunning enough to seize the idea and stick to it. It was said that his being town-agent to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle was referable, not to his having the least business capacity, but to his looking so supremely benignant that nobody could suppose the property screwed or jobbed under such a man; also, that for similar reasons he now got more money out of his own wretched lettings, unquestioned, than any body with a less knobby and less shining crown could possibly have done. In a word, it was represented (Clennam called to mind, alone in the ticking parlor) that many people select their models much as the painters, just now mentioned, select theirs; and that, whereas in the Royal Academy some evil old ruffian of a Dog-stealer will annually be found embodying all the cardinal virtues, on account of his eyelashes, or his chin, or his legs (thereby planting thorns of confusion in the breasts of the more observant students of nature); so in the great social Exhibition, accessories are often accepted in lieu of the internal character.

Calling these things to mind, and ranging Mr. Pancks in a row with them, Arthur Clennam leaned this day to the opinion, without quite deciding on it, that the last of the Patriarchs was the drifting Booby aforesaid, with the one idea of keeping the bald part of his head highly polished; and that, much as an unwieldy ship in the Thames River may sometimes be seen heavily driving with the tide, broadside on, stern first, in its own way and in the way of every thing else, though making a great show of navigation, when all of a sudden, a little coaly steam-tug will bear down upon it, take it in tow, and bustle off with it; similarly, the cumbrous Patriarch had been taken in tow by the snorting Pancks and was now following in the wake of that dingy little craft.

The return of Mr. Casby with his daughter Flora put an end to these meditations. Clen-

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nam's eyes no sooner fell upon the object of his old passion than it shivered and broke to pieces.

Most men will be found sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the idea will not bear close comparison with the reality, and the contrast is a fatal shock to it. Such was Clennam's case. In his youth he had ardently loved this woman, and had heaped upon her all the locked-up wealth of his affection and imagination. That wealth had been, in his desert home, like Robinson Crusoe's money: exchangeable with no one, lying idle in the dark to rust, until he poured it out for her. Ever since that memorable time, though he had until the night of his arrival as completely dismissed her from any association with his Present or Future as if she had been dead (which she might easily have been for any thing he knew), he had kept the old fancy of the Past unchanged, in its old sacred place. And now, after all, the last of the Patriarchs coolly walked into the parlor, saying in effect, "Be good enough to throw it down and dance upon it. This is Flora."

Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad too and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora, whom he had left a lily, had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora, who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly. That was a good deal. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now. That was a fatal blow.

This is Flora!

"I am sure," giggled Flora, tossing her head with a caricature of her girlish manner, such as a mummer might have presented at her own funeral if she had lived and died in classical antiquity, "I am ashamed to see Mr. Clennam, I am a mere fright, I know he'll find me fearfully changed, I am actually an old woman, it's shocking to be so found out, it's really shocking!"

He assured her that she was just what he had expected, and that time had not stood still with himself.

"Oh! But with a gentleman it's so different, and really you look so amazingly well that you have no right to say any thing of the kind, while, as to me you know—oh!" cried Flora, with a little scream, "I am dreadful!"

The Patriarch, apparently not yet understanding his own part in the drama under representation, glowed with vacant serenity.

"But if we talk of not having changed," said Flora, who, whatever she said, never once came to a full stop, "look at papa, is not papa precisely what he was when you went away, isn't it cruel and unnatural of papa to be such a reproach to his own child, if we go on in this way much longer people who don't know us will begin to suppose that I am papa's mamma!"

That must be a long time hence, Arthur considered.

"Oh, Mr. Clennam, you insincerest of creatures," said Flora, always tossing her head very much, "I perceive already you have not lost your old way of paying compliments, your old way when you used to pretend to be so sentimentally struck you know—at least I don't mean that, I—oh I don't know what I mean!" Here Flora tittered confusedly, and gave him one of her old glances.

The Patriarch, as if he now began to perceive that his part in the piece was to get off the stage as soon as might be, rose, and went to the door by which Pancks had worked out, hailing that Tug by name. He received an answer from some little Dock beyond, and was towed out of sight directly.

"You mustn't think of going yet," said Flora—Arthur had looked at his hat, being in a ludicrous dismay, and not knowing what to do; "you could never be so unkind as to think of going, Arthur—I mean Mr. Arthur—or I suppose Mr. Clennam would be far more proper—but I am sure I don't know what I am saying—without a word about the dear old days gone forever, however when I come to think of it I dare say it would be much better not to speak of them and it's highly probable that you have some much more agreeable engagement and pray let Me be the last person in the world to interfere with it though there *was* a time, but I am running into nonsense again."

Was it possible that Flora could have been such a chatterer in the days she referred to? Could there have been any thing like her present disjointed volubility in the fascinations that had captivated him?

"Indeed I have little doubt," said Flora, running on with astonishing speed, and pointing her conversation with nothing but commas, "that you are married to some Chinese lady, being in China so long and being in business and naturally desirous to settle and extend your connection nothing was more likely than that you should propose to a Chinese lady, and nothing was more natural I am sure than that the Chinese lady should accept you and think herself very well off too, I only hope she's not a Pagodian dissenter."

"I am not," returned Arthur, smiling in spite of himself, "married to any lady, Flora."

"Oh good gracious me I hope you never kept yourself a bachelor so long on my account!" tittered Flora; "but of course you never did why should you, pray don't answer, I don't know where I'm running to, oh do tell me something about the Chinese ladies whether their eyes are really so long and narrow always putting me in mind of mother-of-pearl fish at cards and do they really wear tails down their back and plaited too or is it only the men, and when they pull their hair so very tight off their foreheads don't they hurt themselves, and why do they stick little bells all over their bridges and temples and hats and things, or don't they really do it!" Flora gave him another of her old glances. Instantly she went on again, as if he had spoken in reply for some time.

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"Then it's all true and they really do! good gracious Arthur!—pray excuse me—old habit—Mr. Clennam—far more proper—what a country to live in for so long a time, and with so many lanterns and umbrellas too how very dark and wet the climate ought to be and no doubt actually is, and the sums of money that must be made by those two trades where every body carries them and hangs them every where, the little shoes too and the feet screwed back in infancy is quite surprising, what a traveler you are!"

In his ridiculous distress, Clennam received another of the old glances without in the least knowing what to do with it.

"Dear dear," said Flora, "only to think of the changes at home Arthur—can not overcome it, seems so natural, Mr. Clennam far more proper—since you became familiar with the Chinese customs and language, which I am persuaded you speak like a Native if not better for you were always quick and clever though immensely difficult no doubt, I am sure the tea-chests alone would kill *me* if I tried, such changes Arthur—I am doing it again, seems so natural, most improper—as no one could have believed, who could have ever imagined Mrs. Finching, when I can't imagine it myself!"

"Is that your married name?" asked Arthur, struck, in the midst of all this, by a certain warmth of heart that expressed itself in her tone when she referred, however oddly, to the youthful relation in which they had stood to one another. "Finching?"

"Finching oh yes isn't it a dreadful name, but as Mr. F. said when he proposed to me which he did seven times and handsomely consented I must say to be what he used to call on liking twelve months after all, he wasn't answerable for it and couldn't help it could he, Excellent man, not at all like you but excellent man!"

Flora had at last talked herself out of breath for one moment. One moment, for she recovered breath in the act of raising a minute corner of her pocket-handkerchief to her eye as a tribute to the ghost of the departed Mr. F., and began again.

"No one could dispute, Arthur—Mr. Clennam—that it's quite right that you should be formally friendly to me under the altered circumstances, and indeed you couldn't be any thing else, at least I suppose not, you ought to know, but I can't help recalling that there *was* a time when things were very different."

"My dear Mrs. Finching," Arthur began, struck by the good tone again.

"Oh not that nasty ugly name, say Flora."

"Flora. I assure you, Flora, I am happy in seeing you once more, and in finding that, like me, you have not forgotten the old foolish dreams when we saw all before us in the light of our youth and hope."

"You don't seem so," pouted Flora, "you take it very coolly, but however I know you are disappointed in me, I suppose the Chinese ladies—Mandarinesses if you call them so—are the cause or perhaps I am the cause myself, it's just as likely."

"No, no," Clennam entreated, "don't say that."

"Oh I must you know," said Flora, in a positive tone, "what nonsense not to, I know I am not what you expected, I know that very well."

In the midst of her frivolity and rapidity she had found that out with the quick perception of a cleverer woman. The inconsistent and profoundly unreasonable way in which she instantly went on, nevertheless, to interweave their long-abandoned boy and girl relations with their present interview, made Clennam feel as if he were light-headed.

"One remark," said Flora, giving their conversation, without the slightest notice and to the great terror of Clennam, the tone of a love-quarrel, "I wish to make, one explanation I wish to offer, when your mamma came and made a scene of it with my papa, and when I was called down into the little breakfast-room where they were looking at one another with your mamma's parasol between them seated on two chairs like mad bulls what was I to do!"

"My dear Mrs. Finching," urged Clennam—"all so long ago and so long concluded, is it worth while seriously to—"

"I can't, Arthur," returned Flora, "be denounced as heartless by the whole society of China without setting myself right when I have the opportunity of doing so, and you must be very well aware that there was Paul and Virginia which had to be returned and which was returned without note or comment, not that I mean to say you could have written to me watched as I was but if it had only come back with a red wafer on the cover I should have known that it meant Come to Pekin, Nankeen, and What's the third place, barefoot."

"My dear Mrs. Finching you were not to blame, and I never blamed you. We were both too young, too dependent and helpless, to do any thing but accept our separation. Pray think how long ago," gently remonstrated Arthur.

"One more remark," proceeded Flora, with unslackened volubility, "I wish to make, one more explanation I wish to offer, for five days I had a cold in the head from crying which I passed entirely in the back drawing-room—there is the back drawing-room still on the first floor, and still at the back of the house to confirm my words—when that dreary period had passed a lull succeeded, years rolled on, and Mr. F. became acquainted with us at a mutual friend's, he was all attention he called next day he soon began to call three evenings a week and to send in little things for supper, it was not love on Mr. F.'s part it was adoration, Mr. F. proposed with the full approval of papa and what could I do?"

"Nothing whatever," said Arthur, with the cheerfulest readiness, "but what you did. Let an old friend assure you of his full conviction that you did quite right."

"One last remark," proceeded Flora, reject-

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ing commonplace life with a wave of her hand, "I wish to make, one last explanation I wish to offer, there *was* a time ere Mr. F. first paid attentions incapable of being mistaken, but that is past and was not to be, dear Mr. Clennam you no longer wear a golden chain you are free I trust you may be happy, here is papa who is always tiresome and putting in his nose every where where he is not wanted."

With these words and with a hasty gesture fraught with timid caution—such a gesture had Clennam's eyes been familiar with in the old time—poor Flora left herself at eighteen years of age a long, long way behind again, and came to a full stop at last.

Or rather, she left about half of herself at eighteen years of age behind and grafted the rest on to the relict of the late Mr. F.; thus making a moral mermaid of herself, which her once boy-lover contemplated with feelings wherein his sense of the sorrowful and his sense of the comical were curiously blended.

For example. As if there were a secret understanding between herself and Clennam of the most thrilling nature; as if the first of a train of post-chaises and four, extending all the way to Scotland, were at that moment round the corner; and as if she couldn't (and wouldn't) have walked into the Parish Church with him, under the shade of the family umbrella, with the Patriarchal blessing on her head, and the perfect concurrence of all mankind; Flora comforted her soul with agonies of mysterious signaling, expressing dread of discovery. With the sensation of becoming more and more light-headed every minute, Clennam saw the relict of the late Mr. F. enjoying herself in the most wonderful manner by putting herself and him in their old places and going through all the old performances—now, when the stage was dusty, when the scenery was faded, when the youthful actors were dead, when the orchestra was empty, when the lights were out. And still, through all this grotesque revival of what he remembered as having once been prettily natural to her, he could not but feel that it revived at sight of him, and that there was a tender memory in it.

The Patriarch insisted on his staying to dinner, and Flora signaled "Yes." Clennam so wished he could have done more than stay to dinner—so heartily wished he could have found the Flora that had been or that never had been—that he thought the least atonement he could make for the disappointment he almost felt ashamed of, was to give himself up to the family desire. Therefore, he staid to dinner.

Pancks dined with them. Pancks steamed out of his little dock at a quarter before six, and bore straight down for the Patriarch, who happened to be then drifting in an inane manner through a stagnant account of Bleeding Heart Yard. Pancks instantly made fast to him and hauled him out.

"Bleeding Heart Yard?" said Pancks, with a puff and a snort. "It's a troublesome property. Don't pay you badly, but rents are very hard to get there. You have more trouble with that one place than with all the places belonging to you."

Just as the big ship in tow gets the credit with most spectators of being the powerful object, so the Patriarch usually seemed to have said himself whatever Pancks said for him.

"Indeed?" returned Clennam, upon whom this impression was so efficiently made by a mere gleam of the polished head, that he spoke the ship instead of the Tug. "The people are so poor there?"

"*You* can't say, you know," snorted Pancks, taking one of his dirty hands out of his rusty iron-gray pockets to bite his nails, if he could find any, and turning his beads of eyes upon his employer, "whether they're poor or not. They say they are, but they all say that. When a man says he's rich, you're generally sure he isn't. Besides, if they *are* poor, you can't help it. You'd be poor yourself if you didn't get your rents."

"True enough," said Arthur.

"You're not going to keep open house for all the poor of London," pursued Pancks. "You're not going to lodge 'em for nothing. You're not going to open your gates wide and let 'em come free. Not if you know it, you an't."

Mr. Casby shook his head in placid and benignant generality.

"If a man takes a room of you at half-a-crown a week, and when the week comes round hasn't got the half-a-crown, you say to that man, 'Why have you got the room then? If you haven't got the one thing why have you got the other? What have you been and done with your money? What do you mean by it? What are you up to?' That's what *you* say to a man of that sort; and if you didn't say it, more shame for you!" Mr. Pancks here made a singular and startling noise produced by a strong blowing effort in the region of the nose, unattended by any result but that acoustic one.

"You have some extent of such property about the east and northeast here, I believe?" said Clennam, doubtful which of the two to address.

"Oh, pretty well," said Pancks. "You're not particular to east or northeast; any point of the compass will do for you. What you want is a good investment and a quick return. You take it where you can find it. You an't nice as to situation—not you."

There was a fourth and most original figure in the Patriarchal tent, who also appeared before dinner. This was an amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll too cheap for expression, and a stiff yellow wig perched unevenly on the top of her head, as if the child who owned the doll had driven a tack through it any where, so that it only got fastened on. Another remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that the same child seemed to have damaged her face in two or three places

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with some blunt instrument in the nature of a spoon; her countenance, and particularly the tip of her nose, presenting the phenomena of several dints, generally answering to the bowl of that article. A further remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that she had no name but Mr. F.'s Aunt.

She broke upon the visitors' view under the following circumstances: Flora said, when the first dish was being put on table, perhaps Mr. Clennam might not have heard that Mr. F. had left her a legacy? Clennam, in return, implied his hope that Mr. F. had endowed the wife whom he adored with the greater part of his worldly substance, if not all. Flora said, Oh, yes, she didn't mean that; Mr. F. had made a beautiful will, but he had left her as a separate legacy, his Aunt. She then went out of the room to fetch the legacy, and, on her return, rather triumphantly presented "Mr. F.'s Aunt."

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr. F.'s Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity, sometimes interrupted by a propensity to offer remarks, in a warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by any thing said by any body, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F.'s Aunt may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious or even subtle; but the key to it was wanted.

The neatly-served and well-cooked dinner (for every thing about the Patriarch's household promoted quiet digestion) began with some soup, some fried soles, a butter-boat of shrimp-sauce, and a dish of potatoes. The conversation still turned on the receipt of rents. Mr. F.'s Aunt, after regarding the company for ten minutes with a malevolent gaze, delivered the following fearful remark:

"When we lived at Henley, Barnes's gander was stole by tinkers."

Mr. Pancks courageously nodded his head and said, "All right, ma'am." But the effect of this mysterious communication upon Clennam was absolutely to frighten him. And another circumstance invested this old lady with peculiar terrors. Though she was always staring, she never acknowledged that she saw any individual. The polite and attentive stranger would desire, say, to consult her inclinations on the subject of potatoes. His expressive action would be hopelessly lost upon her, and what could he do? No man could say, "Mr. F.'s Aunt, will you permit me?" Every man retired from the spoon as Clennam did, cowed and baffled.

There was mutton, a steak, and an apple-pie —nothing in the remotest way connected with ganders—and the dinner went on like a disenchanted feast, as it truly was. Once upon a time Clennam had sat at that table taking no heed of any thing but Flora; now the principal heed he took of Flora was, to observe, against his will, that she was very fond of porter, that she combined a great deal of sherry with sentiment, and that if she were a little overgrown, it was upon substantial grounds. The last of the Patriarchs had always been a mighty eater, and he disposed of an immense quantity of solid food with the benignity of a good soul who was feeding some one else. Mr. Pancks, who was always in a hurry, and who referred at intervals to a little dirty note-book which he kept beside him (perhaps containing the names of the defaulters he meant to look up by way of dessert), took in his victuals much as if he were coaling; with a good deal of noise, a good deal of dropping about, and a puff and a snort occasionally, as if he were nearly ready to steam away.

All through dinner Flora combined her present appetite for eating and drinking, with her past appetite for romantic love, in a way that made Clennam afraid to lift his eyes from his plate; since he could not look toward her without receiving some glance of mysterious meaning or warning, as if they were engaged in a deep plot. Mr. F.'s Aunt sat silently defying him with an aspect of the greatest bitterness, until the removal of the cloth and the appearance of the decanters, when she originated another observation—struck into the conversation like a clock, without consulting any body.

Flora had just said, "Mr. Clennam, will you give me a glass of port for Mr. F.'s Aunt?"

"The Monument near London Bridge," that lady instantly proclaimed, "was put up arter the Great Fire of London; and the Great Fire of London was not the fire in which your uncle George's workshops was burnt down."

Mr. Pancks, with his former courage, said, "Indeed, ma'am? All right!" But appearing to be incensed by imaginary contradiction or other ill usage, Mr. F.'s Aunt, instead of relapsing into silence, made the following additional proclamation:

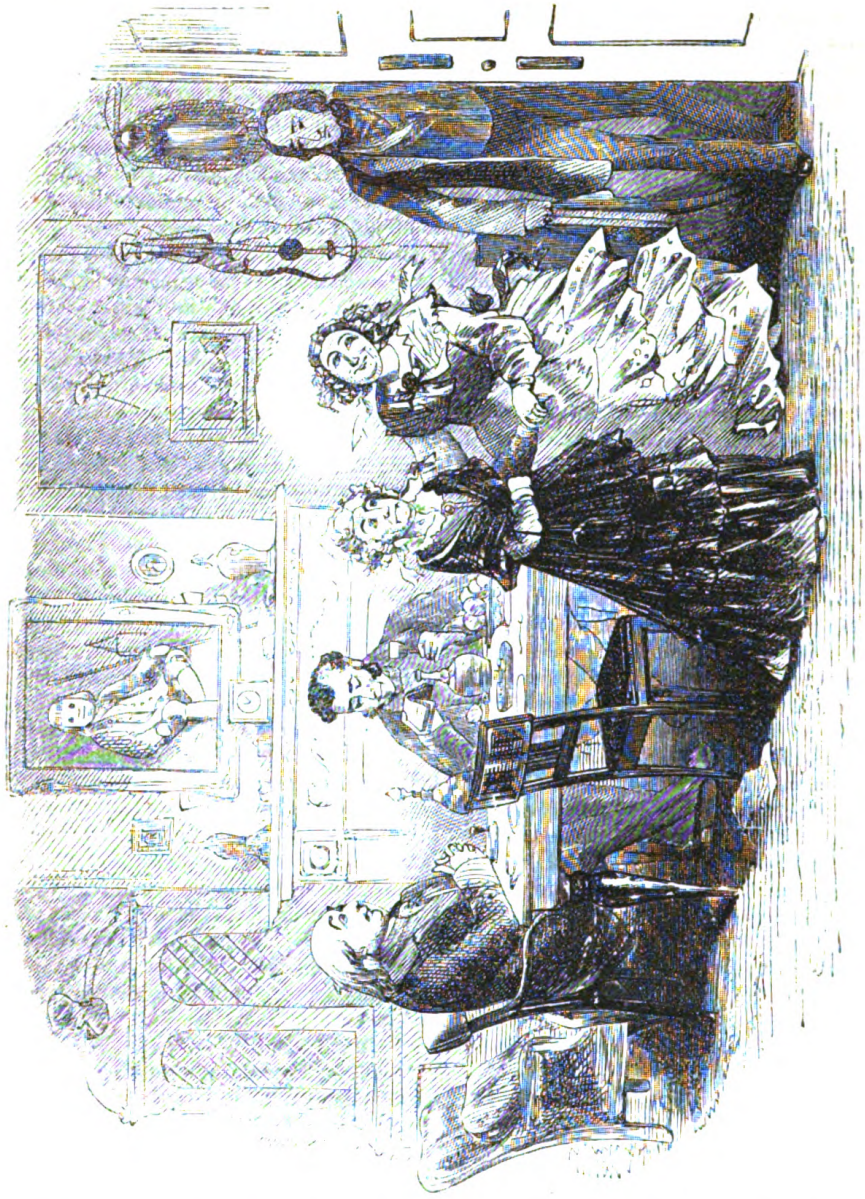
"I hate a fool!"

She imparted to this sentiment, in itself almost Solomonic, so extremely injurious and personal a character, by leveling it straight at the visitor's head, that it became necessary to lead Mr. F.'s Aunt from the room. This was quietly done by Flora; Mr. F.'s Aunt offering no resistance, but inquiring on her way out "What he came there for, then?" with implacable animosity.

When Flora returned, she explained that her legacy was a clever old lady, but was sometimes a little singular, and "took dislikes"—peculiarities of which Flora seemed to be proud rather than otherwise. As Flora's good-nature shone in the case, Clennam had no fault to find with the old lady for eliciting it, now that he was relieved from the terrors of her presence, and they took a glass or two of wine in peace. Foreseeing then that the Pancks would shortly get under weigh, and that the Patriarch would go to sleep, he pleaded the necessity of visiting his mother, and asked Mr. Pancks in which direction he was going?

"Citywards, Sir," said Pancks.

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MR. F.'S AUNT IS CONDUCTED INTO RETIREMENT.

"Shall we walk together?" said Arthur.

"Quite agreeable," said Pancks.

Meanwhile Flora was murmuring in rapid snatches for his ear, that there *was* a time, and that the past was a yawning gulf however, and that a golden chain no longer bound him, and that she revered the memory of the late Mr. F., and that she should be at home to-morrow at half-past one, and that the decrees of Fate were beyond recall, and that she considered nothing so improbable as that he ever walked on the northwest side of Gray's-Inn Gardens at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon. He tried at parting to give his hand in frankness to the existing Flora—not the vanished Flora, or the Mermaid—but Flora wouldn't have it, couldn't have it, was wholly destitute of the power of separating herself and him from their by-gone characters. He left the house miserably enough, and so much more light-headed than ever, that if it had not been his good fortune to be towed away, he might, for the first quarter of an hour, have drifted any where.

When he began to come to himself in the cooler air and the absence of Flora, he found Pancks at full speed, cropping such scanty pasturage of nails as he could find, and snorting at intervals. These, in conjunction with one hand in his pocket, and his roughened hat hind side before, were evidently the conditions under which he reflected.

"A fresh night!" said Arthur.

"Yes, it's pretty fresh," assented Pancks. "As a stranger, you feel the climate more than I do, I dare say. Indeed I haven't got time to feel it."

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"You lead such a busy life?"

"Yes, I have always some of 'em to look up, or something to look after. But I like business," said Pancks, getting on a little faster. "What's a man made for?"

"For nothing else?" said Clennam.

Pancks put the counter-question. "What else?" It packed up, in the smallest compass, the weight that had rested on Clennam's life, and he made no answer.

"That's what I ask our weekly tenants," said Pancks. Some of 'em will pull long faces to me, and say, Poor as you see us, master, we're always grinding, drudging, toiling, every minute we're awake. I say to them, What else are you made for? It shuts them up. They haven't a word to answer. What else are you made for? That clenches it."

"Ah dear, dear, dear!" sighed Clennam.

"Here am I," said Pancks, pursuing his argument with the weekly tenant. "What else do you suppose I think I am made for? Nothing. Rattle me out of bed early, set me going, give me as short a time as you like to bolt my meals in, and keep me at it. Keep me always at it, I'll keep you always at it, you keep somebody else always at it. There you are, with the Whole Duty of Man in a commercial country."

When they had walked a little further in silence, Clennam said: "Have you no taste for any thing, Mr. Pancks?"

"What's taste?" dryly retorted Pancks.

"Let us say, inclination."

"I have an inclination to get money, Sir," said Pancks, "if you'll show me how." He blew off that sound again, and it occurred to his companion for the first time that it was his way of laughing. He was a singular man in all respects; he might not have been quite in earnest, but that the short, hard, rapid manner in which he shot out these cinders of principles, as if it were done by mechanical revolvency, seemed irreconcilable with banter.

"You are no great reader, I suppose?" said Clennam.

"Never read any thing but letters and accounts. Never collect any thing but advertisements relative to next of kin. If *that's* a taste, I have got that. You're not of the Clennams of Cornwall, Mr. Clennam."

"Not that I ever heard of."

"I know you're not. I asked your mother, Sir. She has too much character to let a chance escape her."

"Supposing I had been of the Clennams of Cornwall?"

"You'd have heard of something to your advantage."

"Indeed! I have heard of little enough to my advantage for some time."

"There's a Cornish property going a-begging, Sir, and not a Cornish Clennam to have it for the asking," said Pancks, taking his notebook from his breast-pocket and putting it in again. "I turn off here. I wish you good-night."

"Good-night," said Clennam. But the Tug suddenly lightened, and untrammeled by having any weight in tow, was already puffing away into the distance.

They had crossed Smithfield together, and Clennam was left alone at the corner of Barbican. He had no intention of presenting himself in his mother's dismal room that night, and could not have felt more depressed and cast away if he had been in a wilderness. He turned slowly down Aldersgate Street, and was pondering his way along toward Saint Paul's, purposing to come into one of the great thoroughfares for the sake of their light and life, when a crowd of people flocked toward him on the same pavement, and he stood aside against a shop to let them pass. As they came up, he made out that they were gathered round a something that was carried on men's shoulders. He soon saw that it was a litter, hastily made up of a shutter or some such thing; and a recumbent figure upon it, and the scraps of conversation in the crowd, and a muddy bundle carried by one man, and a muddy hat carried by another, informed him that an accident had occurred. The litter stopped under a lamp before it had passed him half a dozen paces, for some readjustment of the burden; and the crowd stopping too, he found himself in the midst of the array.

"An accident going to the Hospital?" he asked an old man beside him, who stood shaking his head, inviting conversation.

"Yes," said the man, "along of them Mails. They ought to be prosecuted and fined, them Mails. They come a-racing out of Lad Lane and Wood Street at twelve or fourteen mile a hour, them Mails do. The only wonder is, that people an't killed oftener by them Mails."

"This person is not killed, I hope?"

"I don't know!" said the man, "it an't for the want of a will in them Mails, if he an't." The speaker having folded his arms, and set in comfortably to address his depreciation of them Mails to any of the by-standers who would listen, several voices, out of pure sympathy with the sufferer, confirmed him; one voice saying to Clennam, "They're a public nuisance, them Mails, Sir; another, "*I* see one on 'em pull up within half a inch of a boy, last night;" another, "*I* see one on 'em go over a cat, Sir—and it might have been your own mother;" and all representing by implication that if he happened to possess any public influence he could not use it better than against them Mails.

"Why a native Englishman is put to it every night of his life, to save his life from them Mails," argued the first old man; "and *he* knows when they're coming round the corner to tear him limb from limb. What can you expect from a poor foreigner who don't know nothing about 'em!"

"Is this a foreigner?" said Clennam, leaning forward to look.

In the midst of such replies as "Frenchman,

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Sir," "Porteghee, Sir," "Dutchman, Sir," "Prooshan, Sir," and other conflicting testimony, he now heard a feeble voice asking, both in Italian and in French, for water. A general remark going round in reply of "Ah, poor fellow! he says he'll never get over it; and no wonder!" Clennam begged to be allowed to pass, as he understood the poor creature. He was immediately handed to the front, to speak to him.

"First, he wants some water," said he, looking round. (A dozen good fellows dispersed to get it.) "Are you badly hurt, my friend?" he asked the man on the litter in Italian.

"Yes, Sir; yes, yes, yes. It's my leg, it's my leg. But it pleases me to hear the old music, though I am very bad."

"You are a traveler? Stay! See the water! Let me give you some."

They had rested the litter on a pile of paving-stones. It was at a convenient height from the ground, and by stooping he could lightly raise the head with one hand, and hold the glass to the lips with the other. A little, muscular, brown man, with black hair and white teeth. A lively face, apparently. Ear-rings in his ears.

"That's well. You are a traveler?"

"Surely, Sir."

"A stranger in this city?"

"Surely, surely, altogether. I am arrived this unhappy evening."

"From what country?"

"Marseilles."

"Why, see there! I also! Almost as much a stranger here as you, though born here, I came from Marseilles a little while ago. Don't be cast down." The face looked up at him imploringly, as he rose from wiping it, and gently replaced the coat that covered the writhing figure; "I won't leave you till you shall be well taken care of. Courage! You will be very much better half an hour hence."

"Ah! Altro, Altro!" cried the poor little man, in a faintly incredulous tone; and as they took him up, hung out his right hand to give the forefinger a backhanded shake in the air.

Arthur Clennam turned; and walking beside the litter, and saying an encouraging word now and then, accompanied it to the neighboring hospital of Saint Bartholomew. None of the crowd but the bearers and he being admitted, the disabled man was soon laid on a table in a cool, methodical way, and carefully examined by a surgeon: who was as near at hand and as ready to appear as Calamity herself. "He hardly knows an English word," said Clennam; "is he badly hurt?" "Let us know all about it first," said the surgeon, continuing his examination with a business-like delight in it, "before we pronounce."

After trying the leg with a finger and two fingers, and one hand and two hands, and over and under, and up and down, and in this direction and in that, and approvingly remarking on the points of interest to another gentleman who joined him, the surgeon at last clapped the patient on the shoulder, and said, "He won't hurt. He'll do very well. It's difficult enough, but we shall not want him to part with his leg this time." Which Clennam interpreted to the patient, who was full of gratitude and, in his demonstrative way, kissed both the interpreter's hand and the surgeon's several times.

"It's a serious injury, I suppose?" said Clennam.

"Ye-es," replied the surgeon, with the thoughtful pleasure of an artist contemplating the work upon his easel. "Yes, it's enough. There's a compound fracture above the knee, and a dislocation below. They are both of a beautiful kind." He gave the patient a friendly clap on the shoulder again, as if he really felt that he was a very good fellow indeed, and worthy of all commendation for having broken his leg in a manner interesting to science.

"He speaks French?" said the surgeon.

"Oh yes, he speaks French."

"He'll be at no loss here, then. You have only to bear a little pain like a brave fellow, my friend, and to be thankful that all goes as well as it does," he added, in that tongue, "and you'll walk again to a marvel. Now let us see whether there's any thing else the matter, and how our ribs are."

There was nothing else the matter, and our ribs were sound. Clennam remained until every thing possible to be done had been skillfully and promptly done—the poor belated wanderer in a strange land movingly besought that favor of him—and lingered by the bed to which he was in due time removed until he had fallen into a doze. Even then he wrote a few words for him on his card, with a promise to return to-morrow, and left it to be given to him when he should awake.

All these proceedings occupied so long, that it struck eleven o'clock at night as he came out at the Hospital gate. He had hired a lodging for the present in Covent Garden, and he took the nearest way to that quarter, by Snow Hill and Holborn.

Left to himself again, after the solicitude and compassion of his last adventure, he was naturally in a thoughtful mood. As naturally he could not walk on, thinking, for ten minutes without recalling Flora. She necessarily recalled to him his life, with all its misdirection and little happiness.

When he got to his lodging he sat down before the dying fire, as he had stood at the window of his old room looking out upon the blackened forest of chimneys, and turned his gaze back upon the gloomy vista by which he had come to that stage in his existence. So long, so bare, so blank. No childhood; no youth, except for one remembrance; the one remembrance proved, only that day, to be a piece of folly.

It was a misfortune to him, trifle as it might

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have been to another. For while all that was hard and stern in his recollection remained Reality on being proved—was obdurate to the sight and touch, and relaxed nothing of its old indomitable grimness; the one tender recollection of his experience would not bear the same test, and melted away. He had foreseen this on the former night when he had dreamed with waking eyes; but he had not felt it then; and he had now.

He was a dreamer in such wise, because he was a man who had, deep-rooted in his nature, a belief in all the gentle and good things his life had been without. Bred in meanness and hard dealing, this had rescued him to be a man of honorable mind and open-hand. Bred in coldness and severity, this had rescued him to have a warm and sympathetic heart. Bred in a creed too darkly audacious to pursue through its process of reversing, the making of man in the image of his Creator to the making of his Creator in the image of an erring man, this had rescued him to judge not, and in humility to be merciful, and have hope and charity.

And this saved him still from the miserable folly, from the whimpering weakness, the cruel selfishness, of holding that because such a happiness or such a virtue had not come into his little path or worked well for him, therefore it was not in the great scheme, but was reducible, when found in appearance, to the basest elements. A disappointed mind he had, but a mind too firm and healthy for such unwholesome air. Leaving himself in the dark, it could rise into the light, seeing it shine on others and hailing it.

Therefore, he sat before his dying fire, sorrowful to think upon the way by which he had come to that night, yet not strewing poison on the way by which other men had come to it. That he should have missed so much, and at his time of life should look so far about him for any staff to bear him company upon his downward journey and cheer it, was a just regret. He looked at the fire from which the blaze departed, from which the after-glow subsided, in which the ashes turned gray, from which they dropped to dust, and thought, "How soon I too shall pass through such changes, and be gone!"

To review his life was like descending a green tree in fruit and flower, and seeing all the branches wither and drop off one by one, as he came down toward them.

"From the unhappy suppression of my youngest days, through the rigid and unloving home that followed them, through my departure, my long exile, my return, my mother's welcome, my intercourse with her since, down to the afternoon of this day with poor Flora," said Arthur Clennam, "what have I found!"

His door was softly opened, and these spoken words startled him, and came as if they were an answer:

"Little Dorrit."

CHAPTER XIV.—LITTLE DORRIT'S PARTY.

Arthur Clennam rose hastily, and saw her standing at the door. This history must sometimes see with Little Dorrit's eyes, and shall begin that course by seeing him.

Little Dorrit looked into a dim room which seemed a spacious one to her, and grandly furnished. Courtly ideas of Covent Garden, as a place with famous coffee-houses, where gentlemen wearing gold-laced coats and swords had quarreled and fought duels; costly ideas of Covent Garden, as a place where there were flowers in winter at guineas a-piece, pine-apples at guineas a pound, and peas at guineas a pint; picturesque ideas of Covent Garden, as a place where there was a mighty theatre, showing wonderful and beautiful sights to richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and which was forever far beyond the reach of poor Fanny or poor Uncle; desolate ideas of Covent Garden, as having all those arches in it, where the miserable children in rags among whom she had just now passed, like young rats slunk and hid, fed on offal, huddled together for warmth, and were hunted about (look to the rats young and old, all ye Barnacles, for before God they are eating away our foundations, and will bring the roofs upon our heads!); teeming ideas of Covent Garden, as a place of past and present mystery, romance, abundance, want, beauty, ugliness, fair country gardens, and foul street-gutters, all confused together, made the room dimmer than it was, in Little Dorrit's eyes, as they timidly saw it from the door.

At first in the chair before the gone-out fire, and then turned round wondering to see her, was the gentleman whom she sought. The brown, grave gentleman, who smiled so pleasantly, who was so frank and considerate in his manner, and yet in whose earnestness there was something that reminded her of his mother, with the great difference that she was earnest in asperity and he in gentleness. Now, he regarded her with that attentive and inquiring look before which Little Dorrit's eyes had always fallen, and before which they fell still.

"My poor child! Here at midnight?"

"I said Little Dorrit, Sir, on purpose to prepare you. I knew you must be very much surprised."

"Are you alone?"

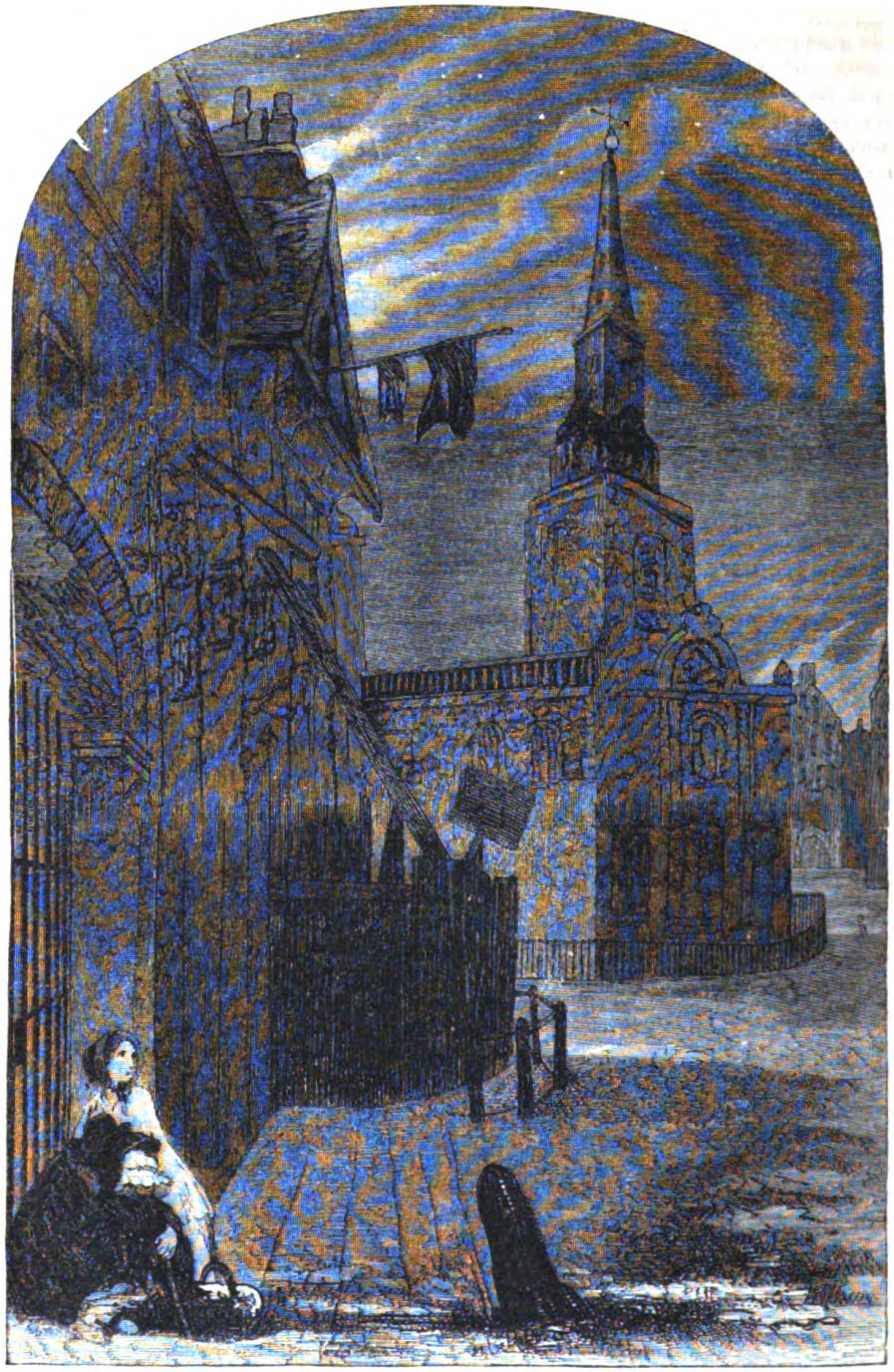
"No, Sir; I have got Maggy with me."

Considering her entrance sufficiently prepared for by this mention of her name, Maggy appeared from the landing outside, on the broad grin. She instantly suppressed that manifestation, however, and became fixedly solemn.

"And I have no fire," said Clennam. "And you are—" He was going to say so lightly clad, but stopped himself in what would have been a reference to her poverty, saying instead, "And it is so cold."

Putting the chair from which he had risen nearer to the grate, he made her sit down in it, and hurriedly bringing wood and coal, heaped

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LITTLE DORRIT'S PARTY.

them together and got a blaze. "Your foot is like marble, my child." He had happened to touch it, while stooping on one knee at his work of kindling the fire; "put it nearer the warmth." Little Dorrit thanked him hastily. It was quite warm, it was very warm! It smote upon his heart to feel that she hid her thin, worn shoe.

Little Dorrit was not ashamed of her poor shoes. He knew her story, and it was not that. Little Dorrit had a misgiving that he might blame her father if he saw them; that he might think, "Why did he dine to-day, and leave this little creature to the mercy of the cold stones!" She had no belief that it would have been a just reflection; she simply knew by experience that such delusions did sometimes present themselves to people. It was a part of her father's misfortunes that they did.

"Before I say any thing else," Little Dorrit began, sitting before the pale fire, and raising

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her eyes again to the face which in its harmonious look of interest, and pity, and protection, she felt to be a mystery far above her in degree, and almost removed beyond her guessing at; "may I tell you something, Sir?"

"Yes, my child."

A slight shade of distress fell upon her at his so often calling her a child. She was surprised that he should see it, or think of such a slight thing; but he said directly:

"I wanted a tender word, and could think of no other. As you just now gave yourself the name they gave you at my mother's, and as that is the name by which I always think of you, let me call you Little Dorrit."

"Thank you, Sir, I should like it better than any name."

"Little Dorrit."

"Little Mother," Maggy (who had been falling asleep) put in, as a correction.

"It's all the same, Maggy," returned Dorrit, "all the same."

"Is it all the same, Mother?"

"Just the same."

Maggy laughed, and immediately snored. In Little Dorrit's eyes and ears the uncouth figure and the uncouth sound were as pleasant as could be. There was a glow of pride in her big child overspreading her face, when it again met the eyes of the grave brown gentleman. She wondered what he was thinking of as he looked at Maggy and her. She thought what a good father he would be. How, with some such look he would counsel and cherish his daughter.

"What I was going to tell you, Sir," said Little Dorrit, "is, that my brother is at large."

Arthur was rejoiced to hear it, and hoped he would do well.

"And what I was going to tell you, Sir," said Little Dorrit, trembling in all her little figure and in her voice, "is, that I am not to know whose generosity released him—am never to ask, and am never to be told, and am never to thank that gentleman with all my grateful heart?"

He would probably need no thanks, Clennam said. Very likely he would be thankful himself (and with reason) that he had had the means and chance of doing a little service to her who well deserved a great one.

"And what I was going to say, Sir, is," said Little Dorrit, trembling more and more, "that if I knew him, and I might, I would tell him that he can never, never know how I feel his goodness, and how my good father would feel it. And what I was going to say, Sir, is, that if I knew him and I might—but I don't know him and I must not—I know that!—I would tell him that I shall never any more lie down to sleep without having prayed to Heaven to bless him and reward him. And if I knew him and I might, I would go down on my knees to him, and take his hand and kiss it, and ask him not to draw it away, but to leave it—oh, to leave it for a moment—and let my thankful tears fall on it, for I have no other thanks to give him!"

Little Dorrit had put his hand to her lips, and would have kneeled to him; but he gently prevented her, and replaced her in her chair. Her eyes and the tones of her voice had thanked him far better than she thought. He was not able to say, quite as firmly as usual, "There, Little Dorrit; there, there, there! We will suppose that you did know this person, and that you might do all this, and that it was all done. And now tell me, who am quite another person—who am nothing more than the friend who begged you to trust him—why you are out at midnight, and what it is that brings you so far through the streets at this late hour, my slight, delicate," child was on his lips again, "Little Dorrit!"

"Maggy and I have been to night," she answered, subduing herself with the quiet effort that had long been natural to her, "to the theatre where my sister is engaged."

"And oh, ain't it a 'ev'nly place," suddenly interrupted Maggy, who seemed to have the power of going to sleep and waking up whenever she chose. "Almost as good as an hospital. Only there ain't no Chicking in it."

Here she shook herself, and fell asleep again.

"We went there," said Little Dorrit, glancing at her charge, "because I like sometimes to know of my own knowledge that my sister is doing well, and like to see her there with my own eyes when neither she nor Uncle is aware. It is very seldom indeed that I can do that, because when I am not out at work I am with my father, and even when I am out at work I hurry home to him. But I pretend to-night that I am at a party."

As she made the confession, timidly hesitating, she raised her eyes to the face, and read its expression so plainly that she answered it.

"Oh no, certainly! I never was at a party in my life."

She paused a little under his attentive look, and then said, "I hope there is no harm in it? I could never have been of any use, if I had not pretended a little."

She feared that he was blaming her in his mind, for so devising to contrive for them, think for them, and watch over them without their knowledge or gratitude; perhaps even with their reproaches for supposed neglect. But what was really in his mind was the weak figure with its strong purpose, the thin worn shoes, the insufficient dress, and the pretense of recreation and enjoyment. He asked where this suppositious party was? At a place where she worked, answered Little Dorrit, blushing. She had said very little about it; only a few words, to make her father easy. Her father did not believe it to be a grand party—indeed, he might suppose that. And she glanced for an instant at the shawl she wore.

"It is the first night," said Little Dorrit, "that I have ever been away from home. And London looks so large, so barren, and so wild." In Little Dorrit's eyes, its vastness under the

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black sky was awful; a terror passed over her as she said the words.

"But this is not," she added, with the quiet effort again, "what I have come to trouble you with, Sir. My sister's having found a friend, a lady she has told me of, and made me rather anxious about, was the first cause of my coming away from home. And being away, and coming (on purpose) round by where you lived, and seeing a light in the window—"

Not for the first time. Not for the first time. In Little Dorrit's eyes the outside of that window had been a distant star on other nights than this. She had toiled out of her way, through the wet, tired and troubled, to look up at it and wonder about the grave brown gentleman from so far off, who had spoken to her as a friend and protector.

"There were three things," said Little Dorrit, "that I thought I would like to say, if you were alone and I might come up stairs. First, what I have tried to say, but never can—never shall—"

"Hush, hush! That is done with and disposed of. Let us pass to the second," said Clennam, smiling her agitation away, making the blaze shine upon her, and putting wine and cake and fruit toward her on the table.

"I think," said Little Dorrit—"this is the second thing, Sir—I think Mrs. Clennam must have found out my secret, and must know where I come from and where I go to. Where I live, I mean."

"Indeed?" returned Clennam, quickly. He asked her, after a short consideration, why she supposed so.

"I think," replied Little Dorrit, "that Mr. Flintwinch must have watched me."

And why, Clennam asked, as he turned his eyes upon the fire, bent his brows, and considered again; why did she suppose that?

"I have met him twice. Both times near home. Both times at night, when I was going back. Both times I thought (though that may easily be my mistake) that he hardly looked as if he had met me by accident."

"Did he say any thing?"

"No; he only nodded, and put his head on one side."

"The devil take his head!" mused Clennam, still looking at the fire; "it's always on one side."

He roused himself to persuade her to put some wine to her lips, and to touch something to eat—it was very difficult, she was so timid and shy—and then said, musing again:

"Is my mother at all changed to you?"

"Oh, not at all. She is just the same. I wondered whether I had better tell her my history. I wondered whether I might—I mean, whether you would like me to tell her. I wondered," said Little Dorrit, looking at him in a suppliant way, and gradually withdrawing her eyes as he looked at her, "whether you would advise me what I ought to do."

"Little Dorrit," said Clennam; and the phrase had already begun between those two to stand for a hundred gentle phrases, according to the varying tone and connection in which it was used; "do nothing. I will have some talk with my old friend, Mrs. Affery. Do nothing, Little Dorrit—except refresh yourself with such means as there are here. I entreat you to do that."

"Thank you, Sir, I am not hungry. Nor," said Little Dorrit, as he softly put her glass toward her, "nor thirsty. I think Maggy might like something, perhaps."

"We will make her find pockets presently for all there is here," said Clennam; "but before we make her, there was a third thing to say."

"Yes. You will not be offended, Sir?"

"I promise that, unreservedly."

"It will sound strange. I hardly know how to say it. Don't think it unreasonable or ungrateful in me," said Little Dorrit, with returning and increasing agitation.

"No, no, no. I am sure it will be natural and right. I am not afraid that I shall put a wrong construction on it, whatever it is."

"Thank you. You are coming back to see my father again?"

"Yes."

"You have been so good and thoughtful as to write him a note, saying that you are coming to-morrow?"

"Oh, that was nothing. Yes."

"Can you guess," said Little Dorrit, folding her small hands tight in one another, and looking at him with all the earnestness of her soul looking steadily out of her eyes, "what I am going to ask you not to do?"

"I think I can. But I may be wrong."

"No, you are not wrong," said Little Dorrit, shaking her head. "If we should want it so very, very badly that we can not do without it, let *me* ask you for it."

"I will, Little Dorrit—I will."

"Don't encourage him to ask. Don't understand him, if he does ask. Don't give it to him. Save him and spare him that, and you will be able to think better of him!"

Clennam said—not very plainly, seeing those tears glistening in her anxious eyes—that her wish should be sacred with him.

"You don't know what he is," she said; "you don't know what he really is. How can you, seeing him there all at once, dear love, and not gradually, as I have done! You have been so good to us, so delicately and truly good, that I want him to be better in your eyes than in any body's. And I can not bear to think," cried Little Dorrit, covering her tears with her hands, "I can not bear to think, that you of all the world should see him in his only moments of degradation!"

"Pray," said Clennam, "do not be so distressed. Pray, pray, Little Dorrit! This is quite understood now."

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you! I have tried very much to keep myself from saying this; I have thought about it days and nights; but when

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I knew for certain you were coming again, I made up my mind to speak to you. Not because I am ashamed of him," she dried her tears quickly, "but because I know him better than any one does, and love him, and am proud of him!"

Relieved of this weight, Little Dorrit was nervously anxious to be gone. Maggy being broad awake, and in the act of distantly gloating over the fruit and cakes with chuckles of anticipation, Clennam made the best diversion in his power by pouring her out a glass of wine, which she drank in a series of loud smacks; putting her hand upon her windpipe after every one, and saying, breathless, with her eyes in a very prominent state, "Oh, ain't it d'licious! Ain't it hospitally!" When she had finished the wine and these encomiums, he charged her to load her basket (she was never without her basket) with every eatable thing upon the table, and to take especial care to leave no scrap behind: Maggy's pleasure in doing which, and her Little Mother's pleasure in seeing Maggy pleased, was as good a turn as circumstances could have given to the late conversation.

"But the gates will have been locked," said Clennam, suddenly remembering it, "long ago. Where are you going?"

"I am going to Maggy's lodging," answered Little Dorrit. "I shall be quite safe, quite well taken care of."

"I must accompany you there," said Clennam. "I can not let you go alone."

"Yes, pray leave us to go there by ourselves. Pray do!" begged Little Dorrit.

She was so earnest in the petition, that Clennam felt a delicacy in obtruding himself upon her: the rather, because he could well understand that Maggy's lodging was of the obscurest sort: "Come, Maggy," said Little Dorrit, cheerily, "we shall do very well; we know the way, by this time, Maggy?"

"Yes, yes, Little Mother; we know the way," chuckled Maggy. And away they went. Little Dorrit turned at the door to say, "God bless you!" And though she said it very softly, perhaps she may have been as audible above—who knows!—as a whole cathedral choir.

Arthur Clennam suffered them to pass the corner of the street before he followed at a distance; not with any idea of encroaching a second time on Little Dorrit's privacy, but to satisfy his mind by seeing her secure in the neighborhood to which she was accustomed. So diminutive she looked, so fragile and defenseless against the bleak, damp weather, flitting along in the shuffling shadow of her charge, that he felt in his compassion and in his habit of considering her a child apart from the rest of the rough world, as if he would have been glad to take her up in his arms and carry her to her journey's end.

In course of time she came into the leading thoroughfare where the Marshalsea was, and then he saw them slacken their pace, and soon turn down a by-street. He stopped, felt that that he had no right to go further, and slowly left them. He had no suspicion that they ran any risk of being houseless until morning; had no idea of the truth until long, long afterward.

"But," said Little Dorrit, when they stopped at a poor dwelling all in darkness, and heard no sound on listening at the door, "now, this is a good lodging for you, Maggy, and we must not give offense. Consequently, we will only knock twice, and not very loud; and if we can not wake them so, we must walk about till day."

Once, Little Dorrit knocked with a careful hand, and listened. Twice, Little Dorrit knocked with a careful hand, and listened. All was close and still. "Maggy, we must do the best we can, my dear. We must be patient, and wait for day."

It was a chill dark night, with a damp wind blowing, when they came out into the leading street again, and heard the clocks strike half past one. "In only five hours and a half," said Little Dorrit, "we shall be able to go home." To speak of home, and to go and look at it, it being so near, was a natural sequence. They went to the closed gate, and peeped through into the court-yard. "I hope he is sound asleep," said Little Dorrit, kissing one of the bars, "and does not miss me!"

The gate was so familiar, and so like a companion, that they put down Maggy's basket in a corner to serve for a seat, and keeping close together, rested there for some time. While the street was empty and silent, Little Dorrit was not afraid; but when she heard a footstep at a distance, or saw a moving shadow among the street-lamps, she was startled, and whispered, "Maggy, I see some one, come away!" Maggy would then wake up more or less fretfully, and they would wander about a little, and come back again.

As long as eating was a novelty and an amusement, Maggy kept up pretty well. But, that period going by, she became querulous about the cold, and shivered and whimpered. "It will soon be over, dear," said Little Dorrit, patiently. "Oh, it's all very fine for you, Little Mother," returned Maggy, "but I'm a poor thing, only ten years old." At last, in the dead of the night, when the street was very still indeed, Little Dorrit laid the heavy head upon her bosom, and soothed her to sleep. And thus she sat at the gate, as it were alone; looking up at the stars, and seeing the clouds pass over them in their wild flight—which was the dance at Little Dorrit's party.

"If it really was a party!" she thought once, as she sat there. "If it was light, and warm, and beautiful, and it was our house, and my poor dear was its master and had never been inside these walls. And if Mr. Clennam was one of our visitors, and we were dancing to delightful music, and were all as gay and light-hearted as ever we could be! I wonder—" Such a vista of wonder opened out before her that she sat looking up at the stars, quite lost,

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until Maggy was querulous again, and wanted to get up and walk.

Three o'clock, and half-past three, and they had come over London Bridge. They had heard the rush of the tide against obstacles; had looked down awed through the dark vapor on the river; had seen little spots of lighted water where the bridge lamps were reflected, shining like demon eyes, with a terrible temptation in them for guilt and misery. They had shrunk past homeless people lying coiled up in nooks. They had run from drunkards, they had started from slinking men, whistling and signing to one another at by-corners, or running away at full speed. Though every where the leader and the guide, Little Dorrit, happy for once in her youthful appearance, feigned to cling to and rely upon Maggy. And more than once some voice from among a knot of brawling or prowling figures in their path had called out to the rest to "let the woman and the child go by!"

So, the woman and the child had gone by, and gone on; and five had sounded from the steeples. They were walking slowly toward the east, already looking for the first pale streak of day, when a woman came after them.

"What are you doing with the child?" she said to Maggy.

She was young—far too young to be there, Heaven knows!—and neither ugly nor wicked-looking. She spoke coarsely, but with no naturally coarse voice; there was even something musical in its sound.

"What are you doing with yourself?" returned Maggy, for want of a better answer.

"Can't you see without my telling you?"

"I don't know as I can," said Maggy.

"Killing myself. Now I have answered you, answer me. What are you doing with the child?"

The supposed child kept her head drooped down, and kept her form close at Maggy's side.

"Poor thing!" said the woman. "Have you no feeling, that you bring her out into the cruel streets at such a time as this? Have you no eyes, that you don't see how delicate and slender she is? Have you no sense (you don't look as if you had much), that you don't take more pity on this cold and trembling little hand?"

She had stepped across to that side, and held the hand between her own two, chafing it. "Kiss a poor lost creature, dear," she said, lending her face, "and tell me where she's taking you."

Little Dorrit turned toward her.

"Why, my God!" she said, recoiling; "you're a woman!"

"Don't mind that!" said Little Dorrit, clasping one of the hands that had suddenly released hers. "I am not afraid of you."

"Then you had better be," she answered. "Have you no mother?"

"No."

"No father?"

"Yes, a very dear one."

"Go home to him, and be afraid of me. Let me go. Good-night!"

"I must thank you first; let me speak to you as if I really was a child."

"You can't do it," said the woman. "You are kind and innocent; but you can't look at me out of a child's eyes. I never should have touched you but that I thought you were a child." And with a strange, wild cry, she went away.

No day yet in the sky, but there was day in the resounding stones of the streets; in the wagons, carts, and coaches; in the workers going to various occupations; in the opening of early shops; in the traffic at markets; in the stir at the river-side. There was coming day in the flaring lights, with a feebler color in them than they would have had at another time; coming day in the increased sharpness of the air, and the ghastly dying of the night.

They went back again to the gate, intending to wait there now until it should be opened; but the air was so raw and cold that Little Dorrit, leading Maggy about in her sleep, kept in motion. Going round by the church, she saw lights there, and the door open, and went up the steps and looked in.

"Who's that?" cried a stout old man, who was putting on a night-cap as if he were going to bed in a vault.

"It's no one particular, Sir," said Little Dorrit.

"Stop!" cried the man. "Let's have a look at you!"

This caused her to turn back again in the act of going out, and to present herself and her charge before him.

"I thought so!" said he. "I know *you*."

"We have often seen each other," said Little Dorrit, recognizing the sexton, or the beadle, or the verger, or whatever he was, "when I have been at church here."

"More than that; we've got your birth in our Register, you know; you're one of our curiosities."

"Indeed?" said Little Dorrit.

"To be sure. As the child of the— By-the-by, how did you get out so early?"

"We were shut out last night, and are waiting to get in."

"You don't mean it? And there's another hour good, yet! Come into the Vestry. You'll find a fire in the Vestry, on account of the painters. I'm waiting for the painters, or I shouldn't be here, you may depend upon it. One of our curiosities mustn't be cold when we have it in our power to warm her up comfortable. Come along."

He was a very good old fellow in his familiar way, and having stirred the Vestry fire, he looked round the shelves of registers for a particular volume. "Here you are, you see," he said, taking it down and turning the leaves. "Here you'll find yourself, as large as life. Amy, daughter of William and Fanny Dorrit. Born, Marshalsea Prison, Parish of Saint George. And we tell people that you've lived there, without so much as a day's or a night's absence, ever since. Is it true?"

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"Quite true till last night."

"Lord!" But his surveying her with an admiring gaze suggested something else to him, to wit, "I say, though, I am sorry to see that you are very faint and tired. Stay a bit. I'll get some cushions out of the church, and you and your friend shall lie down before the fire. Don't be afraid of not going in to join your father when the gate opens. *I'll* call you."

He soon brought in the cushions, and strewed them on the ground.

"There you are, you see! Again as large as life. Oh, never mind thanking. I've daughters of my own. And though they weren't born in the Marshalsea Prison, they might have been, if I had been any ways of your father's breed. Stop a bit. I must put something under the cushion for your head. Here's a Burial volume. Ah! just the thing! We have got Mrs. Bangham in this book. But what makes these books interesting to most people is—not who's in 'em, but who isn't—who's coming, you know, and when. That's the interesting question."

Commendingly looking back at the pillow he had improvised, he left them to their hour's repose. Maggy was snoring already, and Little Dorrit was soon fast asleep, with her head resting on that sealed book of Fate, untroubled by its mysterious blank leaves.

This was Little Dorrit's party. The shame, desertion, wretchedness, and exposure of the great capital; the wet, the cold, the slow hours, and the swift clouds of the dismal night. This was the party from which Little Dorrit went home jaded, in the first gray mist of a rainy morning.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE complete organization of the House of Representatives was effected very speedily after the election of Speaker. Mr. Whitfield took his place as delegate from Kansas, under protest from Mr. Reeder, who contests the seat. In the appointment of Committees, the Speaker adopted the general principle of giving the chairman and a majority of the members to his own party, the Republican, dividing the remaining members among the Democrats and the Americans. The principal exception to this rule was the appointment of General Quitman, of Mississippi, Democrat, to the chair of the Committee on Military Affairs. Up to the date of the closing of this Record (March 5), the proceedings in Congress have been wholly deliberative, no definite action having been reached on any of the leading measures under consideration. Of these, the principal have been those growing out of our present critical relations with Great Britain, the disturbed condition of affairs in Kansas, and the action of the late Naval Board. The President has recommended the appropriation of $3,000,000 for increasing our naval and military efficiency; and a Bill has been reported authorizing the immediate construction of ten additional steam sloops of war. In answer to a call for information on the part of the Senate, the diplomatic correspondence between our Government and that of Great Britain, in relation to the enlistment of soldiers for the Crimea, has been published. It conclusively establishes the fact that the conduct of Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was such as to justify the demand for his recall; and that no adequate amends have yet been offered by the British Government. From a subsequent part of this Record it will appear that the Government of Great Britain takes a wholly different view of the matter.——Affairs in Kansas continue to present a very critical aspect. Many isolated acts of violence have occurred, though no general and open struggle has taken place. The Executive Committee of the Free Soil party have transmitted communications to the General Government, and to the Executives of several States, stating that an armed invasion of the Territory is meditated from Missouri, and asking for aid and protection. In consequence of this communication resolutions were adopted by the Legislature of Ohio instructing their delegation in Congress to use their best endeavors to secure the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State, and to vote, in the mean while, for the admission of Mr. Reeder as delegate from the Territory. On the 11th of February the President issued a proclamation stating combinations have been formed within the Territory to resist the execution of the laws, and to subvert by violence all present constitutional and legal authority; that persons residing without the Territory, but on its borders, contemplate armed intervention in the affairs thereof; that the inhabitants of more remote States are collecting money, engaging men, and providing arms for the same purpose; and also, that combinations within the Territory are endeavoring to induce individual States to intervene in the affairs thereof, in violation of the Constitution of the United States. The President declares that the execution of such plans from within will constitute insurrection, and from without invasion, which will demand the intervention of the General Government. He therefore orders all persons engaged in such combinations within the Territory to disperse, and warns those without that any aggressive intrusion will be resisted by the local militia and the forces of the United States. Orders have also been given to the officers commanding the United States troops at Forts Riley and Leavenworth to hold themselves in readiness to obey the requisitions of the Governor of the Territory, in maintaining the peace and repelling invasion.——The Legislature of Kentucky have adopted a series of resolutions declaring an unalterable attachment to the Union, and hostility to every effort to subvert it; deprecating the agitation of the slavery question; declaring that Congress has no right to make either the allowance or the prohibition of slavery a condition of the admission of a State into the Union; opposing the repeal of the Nebraska Bill, on the ground that it has definitely settled the policy of the Government in reference to slavery in the Territories; urging the maintenance and enforcement of the Fugitive

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Slave Law; recommending an alteration in the the Naturalization Laws; deprecating the appointment to office of any person who acknowledges civil allegiance to any foreign power, civil or ecclesiastical, but disclaiming any intention to prescribe a religious test for office; urging obedience to the Constitution and all laws passed in pursuance thereof; and repudiating the "higher law doctrines of the North, as well as the seceding and nullifying doctrines of the South and North."——Governor Wickliffe, of Louisiana, in his inaugural address, affirms that the "steady encroachments made by Congress upon the reserved rights of the South have not only sanctioned but encouraged outrage, that, if not checked, will undoubtedly result in a dissolution of the Union." The South, he says, is "satisfied with the principles of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and it is to be hoped that they will be adopted by the returning good sense of our Northern brethren." The demand that no Slave States shall be admitted into the Union, he affirms to be an insult to the Slave States and a violation of the Constitution, and he holds it to be "certain that if the time shall ever come when the South shall be in a clear minority in the Senate, as it is in the House and the Electoral College, the aggressive spirit of the North will direct the legislation of Congress, so that the South will be obliged to abandon the Union."——The Southern and Southwestern Commercial Convention, at its recent session at Richmond, passed resolutions advocating the establishment of lines of steamers between Southern and European ports; requesting Southern Representatives in Congress to vote for no appropriation in aid of mail lines terminating at any Northern port, unless a clause be inserted in the bill pledging like aid to lines established, or to be established, from Southern ports; advocating a repeal, or great reduction of duties upon railroad iron; and asking the Southern States to aid in the construction of a railway from the Valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. Other resolutions advocate the release from license tax by Southern States of all direct importations from foreign countries; recommend the citizens of the South to give a preference to Southern manufactures, literary institutions, books, and places of resort for pleasure, over those of the North.——A special session of the "Council of the American Order" was held at Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of February, for the purpose of considering a national platform. The 12th section of the platform of June, 1855, deprecated all further action on the subject of slavery. After a spirited preliminary debate, a resolution was taken up for consideration, declaring, as the 12th section was "neither proposed by the South nor accepted by the North," that it should be stricken out, and that the party should "stand upon the principles and provisions of the Constitution of the United States, yielding nothing more, and claiming nothing less." Strong opposition was made to this by Southern members, and it was finally decided that the whole platform should be abandoned, and a new one adopted. This consists of sixteen articles, of which, besides those embodying the well-known principles of the order in regard to foreigners and natives, the most important are the 6th and 12th sections, which are as follows: "*Sixth.* The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal goodwill between the citizens of the several States, and, to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-intervention by each State with the affairs of any other State..... *Twelfth.* The maintenance and enforcement of all laws until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority." This platform was adopted by a vote of 108 to 77. A number of delegates protested against it, and refused to be bound to vote for any Presidential candidate nominated upon it. On the 22d of February, immediately after the adjournment of the Grand Council, the National Nominating Convention of the same party assembled. After an ineffectual attempt to postpone immediate action, it was resolved to proceed to the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President. An informal ballot was taken to ascertain the preferences of members, when, out of 143 votes, 71 were cast for Millard Fillmore, Mr. George Law, of New York, receiving 27, the remainder being divided among a number of candidates. The Convention then proceeded to a formal ballot, the votes being cast by States, according to their Federal representation. Mr. Fillmore receiving 179 votes out of 243, Mr. Law receiving 24. For Vice-President, Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee, received 181 votes. Forty delegates, principally from Ohio, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Wisconsin, withdrew from the Convention, and proposed that another Convention for nominations should be called, to meet in New York on the 12th of June.——A Convention of delegates representing the Republican party convened at Pittsburg on the 22d of February. Francis P. Blair, of Maryland, formerly editor of the Washington *Globe*, was appointed Chairman. He presented a paper purporting to embody the views of many persons in the Southern States, who deplored the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Multitudes in these States were in favor of restoring the Compromises of 1820 and 1850, being sensible of the fatal effect which a dissolution of the Union would have upon the peace of the country, and the destruction in which it would involve all the securities of the Slave institution. He had been sent by a body of business men in Baltimore to submit to this Convention a proposition to restore concord to the country. It was simply a repeal of the repealing clause of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, which could be effected in spite of the opposition of the Senate and President, if the Northern majority would determine to hold every thing in abeyance until the voice of the nation had pronounced its irresistible decision to that effect. The Convention put forth a long and elaborate statement of the principles and purposes of the Republican party. It commenced by declaring a fixed and unalterable devotion to the Constitution of the United States, and to the Union. It then proceeded to argue at length that for many years the powers of the Government had been "systematically wielded for the promotion and extension of the interests of slavery, in direct hostility to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, in flagrant disregard of other great interests of the country, and in open contempt of the public sentiment of the American people and of the Christian world." The next Presidential election, it was affirmed, would decide whether slavery was to be the "paramount and controlling interest in the Federal administration, or whether other rights and

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interests shall resume the degree of consideration to which they are entitled." The declaration concluded by "disclaiming any intention to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists, or to invalidate those portions of the Constitution by which it is removed from the national control." Another Convention of the party, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, is to be held in Philadelphia on the 17th of June.——The passage to Europe has been obstructed by much larger accumulations of ice and icebergs than have ever before been known. The steamers have in some cases been beset for many hours in immense packs. The Collins steamer *Pacific*, which left Liverpool on January 23d, has not yet arrived in port, and as nothing has been heard from her by subsequent arrivals, it is still a matter of doubt whether she has been disabled and put back, or has been totally lost.——A fugitive slave case presenting some remarkable features has been decided at Cincinnati. A party of fugitives, adults and children, from Kentucky, had concealed themselves in a house in Cincinnati. In attempting to arrest them one of the United States Marshal's deputies was wounded. Upon entering the house it was found that one of the children had been killed by the mother, presumably to prevent its return to slavery, and the two others were slightly wounded. It was alleged, on trial, that their owner had frequently permitted them to enter the State of Ohio, and that, by the laws of the State, they were entitled to their freedom. The Commissioner decided that as they had in those cases voluntarily returned to Kentucky, they had waived whatever right they might have acquired to freedom, and were now slaves by the laws of Kentucky, and, as fugitives, must be given up. In the mean time a bill of indictment had been found against the mother for the killing of her child, and an effort was made to take her from the custody of the United States Marshal, and place her in the hands of the State authorities, to be kept for trial for murder. Judge Leavitt, before whom the case came, decided that as she was in the legal custody of the officer of the United States when the bill was found, the State authorities had no power to claim her from him; and that the only way in which the State courts could gain possession of her was by a requisition upon the Governor of Kentucky as a fugitive from justice. All the fugitives arrested were thereupon returned to their owners in Kentucky.——Hon. George M. Dallas has been sent to Great Britain as Minister, in place of Mr. Buchanan, who has been recalled at his own urgent request.——The Seminole Indians have recently committed outrages and depredations in Florida, and a detachment of United States troops has been dispatched to bring them into subjection. From the Pacific coast we have intelligence of continued Indian hostilities. In Washington Territory an attempt was made upon the town of Seattle by seven hundred Indians. The town was defended by the inhabitants and a detachment of men from the sloop-of-war *Decatur*. The guns of the vessel were finally brought to bear upon the assailants, who were defeated, with a loss of thirty-five killed and thirty-six wounded. Two of the whites were killed. Further hostilities were anticipated.——The United States sloop-of-war *John Adams*, during her late cruise, bombarded and burned five of the principal towns in the Feejee Islands, as a punishment for numerous outrages committed upon Americans by the cannibals. A treaty was subsequently entered into between the commander of the vessel and Thakombau, the principal Feejee chief.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Mexico presents its usual revolutionary aspect. There are a half-score or more revolutionary chiefs acting apparently without any concert. The city of Puebla was taken by Haro y Tamariz, after a very feeble defense. A Government was forthwith named, which began to raise funds by means of a forced loan, and collecting the consumption duty on goods from Vera Cruz, which is by law payable only in the capital on the arrival of the goods. On February 12, the garrison of the Castle of San Juan de Ulua rose against their officers, liberated the political prisoners confined there, and "pronounced" in favor of Haro. They then demanded that the city of Vera Cruz should be surrendered to them on peril of bombardment. This being refused, fire was opened on the city, doing some damage. On the 14th, the French frigate *Penelope* anchored between the Castle and the city, the captain threatening to fire upon the Castle if the bombardment continued. On the 19th, the Castle opened fire upon the national steamer *Guerrero*, killing and wounding a dozen men. An ammunition chest in the Castle was blown up by a bomb from Fort Santiago, and sixteen men were killed and wounded. On the 20th, the Castle surrendered to the city, and Salcedo, the leader of the insurrection, with other officers, was sentenced to be shot.——In *Nicaragua*, the Rivas and Walker Government appears to gather strength. The United States having refused to receive Colonel Parker H. French, who had been sent as Minister, the Government of Nicaragua has broken off diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Wheeler, the Minister of the United States. The British Consul at Realejo has recognized the present Government, assuring it of the sympathy of the English Cabinet while it conducts affairs according to the usages of nations. Nicaragua has announced its claim to the Mosquito territory, refusing to recognize the validity of the land claims of Colonel Kinney. That gentleman visited Granada, with the intention of entering into negotiations with the Government, but was arrested on charge of treasonable practices, sent under escort to the coast, and ordered to leave the country. Apprehensions are entertained of a confederacy of the States of Central America against Nicaragua.——From *Hayti* we have intelligence of an expedition, led by the Emperor Soulouque, against the Dominican Government, in the eastern part of the island. He was defeated in an engagement, which is described as very sanguinary, and forced to retreat to his own dominions.

EUROPE.

Negotiations have now assumed such a shape as to render the conclusion of a peace at no distant day highly probable. We gave in our last Record the text of the propositions submitted to Russia by Austria, with the consent of England and France, as a basis for negotiations. These propositions were to be either categorically accepted or declined. After some hesitation on the part of the Emperor, he definitively announced his acceptance, and a protocol was signed at Vienna reciting that in consequence of this acceptance Plenipotentiaries furnished with full powers to sign the formal preliminaries should be appointed, who should proceed to the work of concluding an armistice and a definite treaty of peace. It was decided that the negotia-

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tions should be carried on at Paris; and the first meeting of the Plenipotentiaries was fixed to take place on February 23. The appointments of the several Powers are as follows: For France, Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Baron de Bourquenoy, Embassador at Vienna. For England, Lord Clarendon, Principal Secretary of State, and Lord Cowley, Embassador at Paris. For Austria, Count Buol-Schauenstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Baron de Hubner, Embassador at Paris. For Russia, Count Orloff, Member of the Council, and Baron de Brunow, Embassador to the Germanic Confederation. For Sardinia, Count Cavour and Marquis Villamarina. For Turkey, Aali Pasha, Grand Vizier, and Mehemed Djemil Bey, Embassador at Paris. There seems to be a settled determination on the part of the Allies to exclude Prussia from all share in the negotiations. The Emperor of Austria has addressed a statement to the Diet of the Germanic Confederation, narrating the measures he had taken to bring about the opening of negotiations, adding that the King of Prussia had employed all his influence to bring Russia to conciliatory decisions, and that the language of the other German Courts, expressed at St. Petersburg, had contributed to the same end. The conditions of the negotiations, he says, are essentially the same as those which the Confederation had already approved, especially the two first, in which Germany is deeply interested, which relate to securing the freedom of the mouths of the Danube by the rectification of the Russian boundary, and the neutralization of the Black Sea. He expressed his perfect confidence that the right reserved to the belligerents by the fifth article, of proposing new conditions, in the interest of Europe, will not be so used as to compromise the work of peace so auspiciously commenced. He concludes by expressing the hope that the Confederation will unite with Austria in the determination to accept and maintain the basis upon which the approaching conferences are to build up and consolidate a general peace.——The condition of the allied troops in the Crimea is declared to be excellent. The demolition of the docks and forts on the south side of Sebastopol has been completed; the Russians keeping up a heavy fire from the north side, which, however, produced few casualties. No military operations of importance had taken place since our last notices; and it was understood that pending the negotiations a suspension of active hostilities would take place; neither party in the mean while relaxing their warlike preparations.

The British Parliament was opened January 31. The Queen's speech referred to the capture of Sebastopol, and stated that while determined to omit no effort which could give vigor to the prosecution of the war, Her Majesty considered it her duty not to decline any overtures which might reasonably afford a prospect of a safe and honorable peace. She had, therefore, accepted the good offices of the Emperor of Austria for the opening of negotiations. Exception was taken by the Opposition to the omission from the speech of any reference to the relations between Great Britain and the United States. There was no country, said the Earl of Derby, in the Peers, with which Great Britain was so closely bound, and none with which a war would be so mutually suicidal. In relation to the Central American treaty, he concurred with the construction put upon it by Government; but admitted that in the affair of enlistment the United States had strong grounds of complaint. If the letter of the laws of the United States had not been infringed, their spirit had certainly been violated. But he hoped that the United States would accept the ample apology that had been offered, and that more friendly relations between the countries would ensue. Lord Clarendon replied that although in his opinion the true construction of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty was perfectly clear, yet a difference of opinion between the parties certainly did exist, and as in such a case correspondence was perfectly useless, an offer had been made and repeated for leaving it to the arbitration of a third power, to which he hoped the Government of the United States would agree. The Government had thought it unadvisable to refer in the speech from the throne to the enlistment difficulty. He then gave his version of the affair, and said that the Government was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Mr. Crampton, being fully convinced that he had neither intentionally nor by accident violated any law of the United States. A correspondence, of no very amicable nature had indeed taken place between the two Governments, and this correspondence not being yet concluded, he was not in a condition to lay it before Parliament. He then entered at large into the reasons which had induced the Government to accept the intervention of Austria. Though there were in many minds grave doubts as to the motives of Russia, he was firmly persuaded that she was desirous of peace. The Emperor had shown great moral courage in accepting terms that were displeasing to the war party, and should he continue to manifest the same courage in abiding by the spirit of the basis, there was every hope that a peace would be concluded, honorable to all parties, and safe; and no peace that would degrade Russia could be a safe one. In these views the Emperor of France fully concurred. Meanwhile preparations for war would not be intermitted, and both France and England would be fully prepared for hostilities on the very day on which it was understood that the negotiations had failed. In the Commons the debates took the same general turn. ——The regiments on home service have received an intimation that they may be required to proceed to Canada, it being the intention of the Government materially to strengthen the forces in the North American Provinces.——A new military order of merit has been established as a means of rewarding officers of the lower grades and privates for distinguished services. The decoration consists of a bronze Maltese cross, to be suspended upon the breast by a ribbon. An additional bar is to be placed upon the ribbon for every new act of eminent merit. With the cross is bestowed a pension of £10 a year, and an addition of £5 for each bar borne upon the ribbon.——The kingdom of Oude, having some five or six millions of inhabitants, of which we recently gave some account, has been formally "sequestrated," and annexed to the British Empire in India. This kingdom was originally constituted by the British East India Company, by whom the sovereign was appointed. It is claimed that he has forfeited his right to the throne by gross oppression and treachery; and that his dominions revert by right to the crown. A pension of £100,000 has been granted to the deposed king.

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Literary Notices.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. (Harper and Brothers.) The author of this great historical work has already attained an honorable position among American scholars by his successful productions in the literature of fiction. Distinguished for fervor of imagination and brilliancy of style, they gave an early promise of intellectual distinction, which is amply redeemed in the present admirable contribution to European history. The fruit of the assiduous and profound study of many years, betraying a ripe and generous scholarship in its thorough elaboration, pervaded by an enlightened love of freedom and a noble spirit of humanity, abounding in passages of vigorous picturesque description, equally felicitous in its expositions of political affairs, and its portraitures of personal character, it at once places the author on the list of American historians which has been so signally illustrated by the names of Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, and Hildreth.

The history of the establishment of the Dutch Republic is a record of the struggle between the feudal institutions of the Middle Ages and the dawning light of modern liberty, between the most malignant form of religious bigotry and the infant genius of toleration, between the arrogant claims of monarchical prescription and the timid aspirations of universal justice. Mr. Motley exhibits a clear insight into the comprehensiveness and importance of his subject. In his investigation of facts he never forgets the principle which they embody. Like all historians of the highest order, he regards the events which he describes as the products and symbols of a spiritual movement, whose significance in the history of the world is of more vital consequence than any external changes. To use his own words, "from the hand-breadth of territory called the province of Holland, rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty state, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of Charles. So much is each individual state but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate —for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America, are all links of one chain."

Such is the lofty point of view from which Mr. Motley contemplates the panoramic scene which spreads itself before him, with its rapid succession of incidents, its multiform relations with the age and with humanity, and its numerous tragic episodes, which so often give a lurid coloring to the narrative. The history embraces the period from the abdication of Charles V., in 1555, to the death of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, in 1584, at which epoch the heroic age of the Netherlands may be said to terminate. Prominent upon the canvas are the figures of Philip the Second, and of his ministers, the Duke of Alva and Cardinal Granvelle, with whom the character of William is presented in striking contrast, affording abundant opportunity to the author for the display of light and shade in the construction of his narrative. The interest of the history, to a great degree, revolves around the person of William, who is no less a favorite with Mr. Motley than is his illustrious descendant with Mr. Macaulay in his History of England. There is, however, a marked difference between the grounds of admiration on which the two authors attempt to elevate their respective heroes. With Mr. Macaulay, William is the centre of a political party, exciting little interest in his personal character, and honored as the exponent of the principles of the Revolution. The earlier William is portrayed as a splendid specimen of manly worth, regardless of his own interests in his devotion to his country, and seeking the realization of justice rather than party triumphs. Macaulay follows the career of his hero with conscious pride; but is never aroused to a glow of sympathy; while the champion of freedom in Holland awakens the personal love of his historian, and at times can scarcely be named but with a gush of enthusiasm.

Upon the departure of Philip II. from the Netherlands in 1559, William of Orange was in his twenty-seventh year. From an early age he had been a favorite with the Emperor Charles V. While quite a boy, he was admitted as a page into his family. Before he was sixteen, he became his intimate and almost confidential friend. Even at the interviews of Charles with the highest personages and on the gravest affairs, his presence was never deemed intrusive, and there seemed to be no secrets which the Emperor regarded as too weighty for the comprehension or discretion of the page. The faculties of his mind, which were naturally acute, thus acquired a precocious and remarkable development. He was fully initiated into the machinery of public affairs, and attained a rare insight into the motives and characters of the principal actors then on the stage where the world's great dramas were enacted. As he advanced in experience, he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. Before he was twenty-one, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier in the absence of the Duke of Savoy, and acquitted himself of his command in a manner which justified his appointment. It was his shoulder on which the Emperor leaned at the abdication, and his hand which bore the imperial insignia of the discrowned monarch to Ferdinand at Augsburg. He continued the same intimate relations with Philip. He was with the army during the hostilities in Picardy, and was the secret negotiator of the arrangement with France, which was afterward confirmed by the treaty of April, 1559. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry for the due execution of the treaty, and while in France made the discovery which was to exert so great an influence on his future life. While hunting with the king in the forest of Vincennes, he was informed of the plot which had been secretly formed between France and Spain to extirpate Protestantism by a general extirpation of Protestants. He received the disclosure without com-

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ment. Though horror-struck and indignant at the royal revelations, he held his peace. Hence his surname of "the Silent." Henry was not aware of the blunder he had committed in giving such a warning to the man who was born to resist the machinations of Philip and of Alva. From that hour the purpose of William was fixed. Though as yet he had no sympathy with the Reformers, he resolved to oppose the persecutions with which they were threatened. In outward observance he was a Catholic. In religious dogmas he took little interest. Few persons of his rank had at that time embraced the Protestant faith. Its converts in the Netherlands were chiefly tanners, dyers, and apostate priests. His determination to save his inferiors from a horrible death did not proceed from sympathy with their sentiments, but from a detestation of murder. His mind was in other pursuits. He was inclined to a festive and luxurious life. He was fond of banquets, masquerades, tournaments, and the chase. His hospitality was on a scale of regal splendor. In his liberal mansion the feasting was kept up night and day. From early morning till noon, a luxurious breakfast was spread for all comers. The dinner and supper were daily banquets for troops of guests. Not only the highest nobles, but men of low degree were welcomed with hearty hospitality. The gentle manner and winning address of the prince were praised by all parties. "Never," says a bitter Catholic historian, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He upon no occasion manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honored by the whole community."

With regard to his talents, there was a similar unanimity of opinion. The subtlety and breadth of his intellect, his skill in the conduct of affairs, his knowledge of human nature, and the profoundness of his views, were never questioned. His surname of "the Silent" was a palpable misnomer. In private, he was a singularly affable and delightful companion; and on many public occasions he proved himself, both by pen and by speech, the most eloquent man of his age. His mental accomplishments were in accordance with his rank and position. He was well versed in history, and could both speak and write Latin, French, German, Flemish, and Spanish, with the facility of an expert.

Such was the Prince of Orange at the commencement of the career throughout which he exhibited so admirable an example of courage, fortitude, exalted principle, and fidelity to the cause of freedom. He is so completely identified with the terrible conflict by which the independence of the Dutch people was achieved, that the work of Mr. Motley has no small degree of the charm of biography, combined with the dignity of history. Our space forbids us to follow the author in the description of the thrilling scenes of his eventful life, but we will take leave of him with the account of two attempts at assassination, to the last of which he fell a victim.

On the 18th of March, 1582, the prince narrowly escaped with his life from the pistol of an assassin. While passing from the dining-room of the palace at Antwerp, he was met at the antechamber of his own apartments by a young man, who offered him a petition. The prince took the paper, and as he received it, the stranger suddenly drew a pistol and discharged it at his head. The ball entered the neck under the right ear, and passing through the roof of the mouth, came out under the left jaw. His hair and beard were set on fire by the discharge. He was believed to be mortally wounded by all who stood by. After recovering from the shock, his first words were, "Do not kill him, I forgive him my death." But his message of mercy was too late. Two of the gentlemen present had run the assassin through with their rapiers. The halberdiers rushed upon him in a moment, and he fell covered with mortal wounds. The prince was supported to his chamber by his friends, and, upon a surgical examination, the wound was found less dangerous than had been supposed. This was owing to a singular circumstance. The flame from the pistol had been so close that it had cauterized the wound inflicted by the ball. The flow of blood, which would otherwise have proved fatal, was thus prevented. The papers found upon the person of the assassin were all in the Spanish language, showing the Spanish origin of the plot, if any plot had existed. The pistol with which he had done the deed was lying upon the floor—a naked poniard was concealed in his clothes—in his pocket were various Catholic emblems and charms, a Jesuit catechism, a prayer-book, Spanish bills of exchange to a considerable amount, and a set of writing-tablets. These last were covered with inscriptions, relating to his murderous project, and showing the depth of superstition in which his mind was sunk. It was discovered that the assassin was in the employ of a Spanish merchant of Antwerp, who had been bribed by Philip to procure the death of the prince. Before the exposure of the plot, the merchant had made his escape, but two of his confederates were arrested, and, after a full confession, perished on the scaffold.

But the destined moment was not far off. On the 8th of July, 1584, a messenger from the French court arrived with important dispatches. He was admitted to the bedchamber of the prince. He proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself, who a short time before had claimed the protection of William, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant who had suffered death for his religion. He had the air of a pious, psalm-singing, Calvinistic youth, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and constant in his attendance on sermon and lecture. Low of stature, meagre in person, with an inexpressive countenance, his appearance was so insignificant as to excite contempt. But under this external inoffensiveness he concealed a daring and desperate character. He was in reality living under a feigned name, and the son of the martyred Calvinist was Balthazar Gerard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living in Burgundy. Before arriving at the age of manhood he had resolved to murder the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed likely to remain a rebel against the Catholic king, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion." He was encouraged in his purpose by the approval of the priests. The political enemies of William had long been desirous of his assassination. Money had been paid for the purpose to various individuals who

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pocketed the reward without performing the job. Hirsute military ruffians were daily offering their services, but hitherto without effect. The time had now come. Gerard had watched, with fanatical impatience, for a favorable opportunity, and he was now received in the chamber of the prince. He was in the presence of the man for whose blood he had thirsted during the space of more than seven years. He could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to speak to the prince concerning the contents of the dispatches of which he had been the bearer. He had made no preparation for the interview, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was thus obliged to relinquish his prey when most within his reach, and left the chamber without accomplishing his object. But the delay was not of long duration. Two days after, as the prince was going to the dining-room, accompanied by his family, he was met by the assassin, who presented himself at the door-way and demanded a passport. His appearance excited suspicion, especially in the mind of the princess, who observed to her husband that "she had never seen such a villainous countenance." Upon leaving the dining-room, and ascending the stairs, the party was stopped by a man who emerged from a sunken arch in the wall, and, standing within one or two feet from the prince, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince fell, exclaiming in French, "Oh, my God, have mercy upon my soul! Oh, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spoke, except a faint ejaculation, when his sister asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ. His master of the horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. He was then placed upon the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, and in a few minutes breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister. The murderer made his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. But he had not reached the ramparts when he was seized by several halberdiers and pages who had pursued him from the house. He did not attempt to conceal his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was soon sentenced by the magistrates, and after being subjected to inconceivable tortures, was put to death on the scaffold, under every circumstance of horror and ignominy.

The character of William the Silent, according to Mr. Motley, presented a rare combination of the purest virtues that adorn humanity. In person he was above the middle height, well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small and symmetrical. His physical organization, as a whole, was of antique model. Of his moral qualities the most prominent was his piety. But though emphatically a religious man, he possessed a large tolerance for diversities of opinion. A sincere convert to the Reformed Church, he was equally ready to extend freedom of worship to the Catholics on the one hand and to the Anabaptists on the other, keenly sensible that the Reformer who became a bigot in his turn was doubly odious. His firmness grew out of his piety. His constancy under trouble was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. His benevolence was as prominent as his fortitude. He stripped himself of station, wealth, and, at times, almost of the necessaries of life, and became, in the cause of his country, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. His intellectual faculties were various and commanding. In military genius his friends claimed that no captain in Europe was his superior. Although this was an exaggerated estimate, he certainly possessed the highest qualities of the soldier in no ordinary degree. But the supremacy of his political genius made him, beyond question, the first statesman of the age. He possessed a profound knowledge of human nature, and was unrivaled in his power of dealing with men. He controlled the passions of a great nation as if they had been the keys of a musical instrument, and was always able to produce harmony even out of the wildest storms. His rare capacity for intellectual labor was combined with a ready and fervid eloquence. "He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain, Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

The revolt of the Netherlands occupies so large a space in the history of Philip II. that the labors of the present author necessarily challenge comparison with those of Mr. Prescott. Writing at a later period, Mr. Motley has enjoyed the benefit of the admirable example of historical composition in the earlier productions of his friend. He has evidently regarded those great master-pieces with generous rivalry. Inferior to his predecessor in classic elegance of style, and in the smooth and graceful flow of his narrative, he has successfully emulated his diligence of research, and the conscientious fidelity with which he has sought his materials in original sources. With a more ardent temperament than Mr. Prescott, he oftener betrays the influence of personal sympathy, and is more easily aroused to expressions of enthusiasm or of indignation. He describes, more as an actor in the scenes which pass under his review, and less as a cool and impartial spectator. With a greater tendency to comprehensive philosophical generalizations, he makes no pretensions to philosophical indifference. Hence a deeper tone of feeling pervades his pages, a certain solemn unction animates his reflections, and his descriptions mantle with a blood-red vitality. The influence of his work is eminently favorable to the more generous sentiments of our nature, and will surely win the admiration of all who cherish a faith in ideal virtue and human progress.

A History of Philosophy, translated from the German of SCHWEGLER, by JULIUS H. SEELYE. (D. Appleton and Co.) Commencing with the earliest development of philosophy in Greece, this volume presents a succinct narrative of the progress of speculative inquiry down to the system of Hegel. The author is a disciple of that school, though not a blind partisan. Still the principles of the Hegelian philosophy form his standard of

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comparison, and modify his nomenclature to so great a degree, that some familiarity with Hegel is essential to an enlightened comprehension of the work. In its perusal, accordingly, it would be well to begin at the end of the volume, and master the exposition of Hegel, before plunging into its profound analyses of other philosophical systems. Without such a preparation, the uninitiated reader would probably find less clearness than confusion in its details. This is owing to the intrinsic obscurity of the subject, rather than to any want of skill in the writer. His own views are singularly lucid; he possesses the happy talent of seizing the heart of a system, divested of its extraneous appendages; and presents the results of his inquiries in terse and expressive language. As a brief compend of philosophical opinions, set forth with scientific precision and force, his work has no superior in modern literature. The author commands a more popular style than is usual with his speculative countrymen, and the translator has performed his task, for the most part, with fidelity and success. He sometimes indulges in colloquial phrases which are hardly compatible with the dignity of the subject—as, for instance, when he alludes to Hegel's appearing as a philosopher "on his own hook"—but in general his language is remarkable for its elegance and propriety.

Elements of Logic, by HENRY P. TAPPAN. (D. Appleton and Co.) Mr. Tappan includes a more comprehensive range of thought in his idea of logic than is usual with the followers of the Aristotelian school. Instead of limiting the science to an explanation of the laws and processes of deductive reasoning, he extends its domain to the primitive intuitions and conceptions which are at the basis of all legitimate ratiocination. This is in accordance with the methods of the most celebrated Continental systems of philosophy, but we think it an experiment of doubtful utility to enlarge the application of a familiar scientific term, which, since the profound investigations of Dr. Whately, was beginning, in our language, to resume its precise original significance. The most valuable portion of this treatise, in our opinion, is its analysis of the functions of Reason, and the Ideas, which are its natural outgrowth. On this subject the author shows a discriminating knowledge of the higher philosophy, and strikes out a course of thought in direct antagonism with the superficial, materialistic systems of the day. The obvious fault of the work is its want of unity both in exposition and style. It consists rather of a series of fragmentary essays than an orderly, consecutive development of scientific principles. Many of its suggestions are of indisputable importance, but they lack the coherence and mutual relation demanded in a work of such imposing pretensions. The style, also, alternates unpleasantly between a popular and scientific character, and often becomes the mere expression of vague personal feeling.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new series of *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, by JAMES JACKSON JARVES, devoted, like the previous volume, to a lively characterization of the popular manners and customs in the capital of France, with an occasional glance at current political movements. Mr. Jarvis is a shrewd observer of passing events and scenes—he preserves a good-natured hilarity amidst all changes of position—and records his impressions with a free and easy audacity that always piques the attention of the reader. Some of the illustrations of this volume run into broad caricature, but are no less amusing than the humorous sketches of the author.

A new volume of MAGINN'S *Miscellanies*, edited by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, is issued by Redfield, containing *The Shakspeare Papers* contributed by the author to *Bentley's Miscellany* and *Frazer's Magazine*. Mr. Maginn's criticisms evince a certain tendency to paradox, but they are usually sustained with acuteness and ingenuity. Thus he endeavors to represent Falstaff in a more favorable light than that in which he is placed by popular tradition. The "jolly fat knight," according to Maginn, is not the ribald jester of the stage or the gross sensualist and coward of the Boar's Head, but a man of intellect and courage, retaining a pensive remembrance of better days amidst the riotous living into which he had fallen. Lady Macbeth, also, finds a warm champion in Maginn, who tries to make her out to be a victim of her husband's ambition, and inspired by her conjugal affection to share in his deeds of blood. One of the essays is devoted to the "Learning of Shakspeare," in which the theories of Dr. Farmer on that subject receive a severe castigation at the hands of the critic. The editor, Dr. Mackenzie, exhibits his usual diligence of annotation, and enriches the volume with a great store of critical and explanatory remarks, original and selected.

The Wonders of Science, by HENRY MAYHEW (Harper and Brothers), is a popular account of the chemical discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy, in the form of a juvenile biography of that eminent philosopher. Embodying the principal facts of modern science in an attractive narrative, it is well suited to initiate the youthful reader, for whom it is especially designed, into a knowledge of the most interesting natural phenomena and laws.

Among the novels of the month is an American story by G. P. R. JAMES, called *The Old Dominion* (Harper and Brothers), founded on incidents in the Southampton massacre, and abounding in life-like portraitures of domestic society in Virginia. As a record of the author's experience of Southern life and manners, this work will be more interesting to American readers in general than many of his previous writings. The plot is well conceived, and, in its progress, suggests numerous passages of effective description. In point of style, the work shows a certain homely simplicity, which has a refreshing influence in comparison with the glare and finery of many popular fictions, though a little more attention to accuracy of detail would have been an improvement.

Shoepac Recollections, by WALTER MARCH, is a series of desultory sketches illustrative of the stirring and romantic life on the Western frontier. The scene is laid in Detroit, commencing with the early historical recollections of that ancient town, and coming down with the march of affairs to comparatively recent times. With considerable descriptive talent, the author has hit off a variety of local features in a manner that leaves no doubt of their naturalness. (Bunce and Brother.)

Julius and other Tales from the German, by W. H. FURNESS (Parry and M'Millan), is a collection of stories by Töpper and Zschokke, most of which have already won the favor of the public, as they appeared in a favorite annual. The translator is deeply imbued with the spirit of the originals, and having undertaken his work from inward sympathy, has performed it with admirable success.

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Editor's Table.

SOCRATES IN PRISON—discoursing on the duty of personal submission to law, even when it takes the form of an unjust sentence, offers one of the most suggestive pictures ever limned by the graphic hand of his loving disciple. The leading ideas it presents have so many features of resemblance to certain modern questions, that we thought we could not do a better service to the cause of truth and sound thinking than to make this gem of the ancient literature a prominent topic of our Editor's Table. The dialogue Crito is one with which most scholars are familiar. It has sometimes formed a part of the classical reading in the usual academic and college course; and yet there are in it ideas which we have never yet seen brought out in their striking application to our own times. Without farther introduction, then, may it be said, that nowhere can we find the inestimable value of law, and of the State as an organic existence, set forth with stronger force of argument, or greater beauty and simplicity of language. The very imperfection that necessarily attends the human manifestation of both these ideas is made the ground of the reasoning, and that, too, in a manner which should put to the blush the pretentious oratory that is now so often employed for an opposite purpose.

The Crito of Plato is one of those choice pieces that the scholar may read over and over again with ever heightened interest, and ever growing delight—ever finding some new power of thought, or charm of style, which the noble writers of antiquity seek rather to conceal than obtrude; as though they wished for none but thoughtful readers who would search them as for hid treasures, while the unreflecting and the superficial go empty away. Its dramatic excellence, too, is unrivaled. He who gives it the deepest study will find it difficult to decide which is most to be admired, the depth and strength of the argument, or the artistic skill with which it is so arranged between the different speakers as to give the conclusion its utmost force—a force, in fact, against which all sophistry, ancient or modern, is broken like the frothy wave against the immovable rock. It is this artistic excellence which gives it its charm of truthfulness. It is difficult to resist the impression, that it is the life-like painting of a real scene. And why should we resist that impression? Every thing is in harmony with the character of Socrates. Every word and act are in perfect keeping with that splendid ideal that shone upon the night of philosophy, and was to Greece a forerunner of the brighter coming of Christianity itself.

To young scholars, especially, would we recommend the Crito. Read it as one of the most precious remains of antiquity—read it as containing a wisdom for all ages, a mine of thought in which our own age, of all others, might find the deepest profit. To those who have read it, we would say, read it again and again. Every perusal, such as it ought to have, will but increase our admiration of its beauty, while it reveals in every sentence, and in almost every word, a richness of conception which the closest study will fail to exhaust.

Socrates is in prison condemned to die. His sentence is most cruel and unjust. Ardent friends—and no other man but one ever had such friends—gather around him. The wealthiest among them offers any amount of money that may be required to effect his escape from prison. The measures are all prepared with every prospect of success. On the following day he is to drink the bitter cup, but before that time he may be far away in Thessaly, out of the reach of the sophist's hate, the politician's grudge, the life-taking satire of the reckless comedian, or the still more detestable cruelty of the fickle populace. His friends have the strongest confidence in their success. In pursuance of their plan the noble Crito repairs at earliest dawn to the lonely cell of the condemned, awakes him from his placid slumbers, and urges him by every argument that could be addressed to the reason, the feelings, or the conscience, to avail himself of the offer of their self-sacrificing love. And here the immortal reporter of that memorable conversation shows his chief skill—skill, we mean, in the artistic manner of presentation; for it is hard to doubt of its being, in the main, and even in some of its minutest touches, a truthful record of an actual scene. The argument of Crito is given in the strongest form that any reasoning on that side could ever take. The dying martyr is appealed to for his children's sake, the children, it should be remembered, of his old age, his late-born Joseph and Benjamin who yet needed the father's nurture and the father's guiding counsel. He is besought to remember his friends, those ardent friends who for years had hung upon his lips, and were ready to give their all, to make any personal sacrifice, for the preservation of one so valued. He is appealed to for Athens' sake, his ingrate country's sake. All Greece would suffer by his death; humanity would endure an irreparable loss at the closing of that voice of wisdom. The conscience, too, is addressed. He is told that he has no right to throw away his life, and that submission to an unjust sentence, when he has the means of escape, would be, in his circumstances, the most inexcusable of suicides. All throughout this touching appeal, there runs as its pervading thought, or key-note we may call it, the argument from the manifest injustice of his sentence. Right as well as feeling demand that he should save a life so precious.

There can be but one sentiment in the mind of every careful reader at the pathetic close of Crito's most moving expostulation. The thought comes up—how is this to be answered? And yet Socrates does answer it—clearly—triumphantly—with a power of argument, and loftiness of view, and dignity of style, O how immeasurably superior to the pompous vaporing we so frequently hear on the modern kindred theme! How much higher the plane from which this heathen moralist sets forth his conception of "the higher law." The great idea which he ever presents with such vigor of reasoning, with such richness of illustration, is the incalculable value of the State, the priceless price of civil government. No arithmetic can estimate it. Even in its most imperfect forms, and most imperfect administration, it is beyond all numerical computation of value as compared with its want or the toleration of any act which would be

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virtually a subverter of its idea, and thus in the end the destroyer of its existence.

Government, he maintains against Crito, is not a mere *protecting* power but the *educating* medium of our highest earthly life. Through it we rise above our poor savage individualism into that organic life of man with man, without which the human might be regarded as only the highest among the animal races. To the law, to the State, we owe not only the defense of property—though this poor ground is enough to demand our entire allegiance as long as we retain our possessions under it—but, in one sense, our very being. By this he means, not only that higher life alluded to, and which we live as members of a civil organism, but our very personal existence. The human race would long since have been extinct, had it not been for government. The State is thus our parent—generically, as well as locally, our *Father-land*. Through the State, says Socrates, with equal simplicity and force of language, have we been begotten. From our hands, say the Laws, in the bold yet beautiful personification he employs—from our hands did your father receive your mother. We gave her away to him as his affianced law-protected wife. From us came the laws of marriage. We set up the household altar. We kindled the sacred fire of Vesta. The family is our creation. It can not exist without the State. Yes, the State has begotten us, and, therefore, treason against it is not merely a metaphorical but a real and most unnatural parricide.

The laws of marriage, he continues, are the ground and support of the laws of property. From the law, too, comes our education, not the mere learning of the schools, or the training of the gymnasia, but the constant *civic* culture that distinguishes us above the wild beasts of the forest, or the equally ferocious savage of the desert or the wilderness. Let us think then, O Crito, what we do when we wound it by any act of disobedience. Every blow reaches the heart. We can not stab it in one part without touching the whole vitality.

The reasoning is pursued at too great length for us to dwell upon it. According to Socrates's argument, not only do we *hold* what we hold from this civil parentage constituting a ground of inheritance, and originating rights and relations that could not otherwise exist; but we *are* what we are in consequence of its ceaseless guardianship, its generative and nurturing care. Never was there set forth in language a more striking picture of those common benefits we owe to law, and of whose value, in consequence of their commonness, we become so insensible—attributing them to nature, or our own individual action, or not thinking about them at all, instead of tracing them to their real origin. Never was there more simply yet powerfully presented that great idea involved in the "tenure of citizenship," or the duty of obedience even to a manifestly unjust decree, unless the resister of law in any of its linked provisions show his consistency by giving back all he has ever derived from the law, and stripping himself at once of all its immunities and protection, of all claim of property it assures to him; in short, of all *rights*, personal and relative, he may hold under it. Never was there proved more conclusively the utter absurdity of the man who would assert the right of breaking law whenever his "inner light" prompted it, and yet of holding under it his broad acres, his title to exclude all other men from the space in which, by permission of law, he exercises so lordly a domain—yea, the very office he might have said, had he lived in modern times—the very office he may have reached, perhaps through many a base intrigue, and in accepting which he lifts his hand to heaven and swears, truly and faithfully, and according to its fair and honest understanding, to obey, uphold, enforce, and keep, in all its requirements, the system of government under which he thus holds it. A distinguished speaker of modern times has had the temerity to say that the ancients had no political philosophy; they did not understand the rights and dignity of man. We need not go to Polybius or Thucydides, or Aristotle, or Tacitus, in refutation of such an assertion. The Crito is enough for such a purpose. Volumes of the *Congressional Globe* could not enlighten us so much on these points as the brief argument this short dialogue presents from the imprisoned Athenian preacher.

To dwell a short time longer on the Crito—there is something in its peroration rising above all mere argument and becoming truly sublime. We have already alluded to Socrates's personification of the Laws. They are represented as living beings coming, while he sleeps, into that lonely cell. In the "night visions," when the soul is weak, and reason, say some psychologists, is suspended, the instinctive love of life may have aroused itself, and given unwonted force to the temptation of escape. But his guardian angels, the *οἱ νόμοι*, stand by his prison bed. "The Laws" of Athens visit him in his dreams. They expostulate with him if he ever had such a slumbering or waking thought. They remind him of what he owes to them—his birth, his nurture, his long and useful citizenship. They hold up clearly the distinction between the pure nature and ground of law and its abuses. Admitting the injustice of their administrators, and the cruelty of his sentence, they point to the immense balance that lies on the other side of the account. They show him that he can not resist even this unjust blow, without inflicting a wound which goes far back of the immediate administration, or the immediate legislation, reaching to the vitality of all law, not only that which makes the organic life of the Athenian State, high in value as that might be, but the very living idea of law throughout the universe. And then comes in that most thrilling thought which we may well wonder at in a heathen, when it is so ignored by professed theologians in modern times, although lying so clearly on the sacred page. It is the unbroken connection between divine and human government. Imperfect as the latter is, and as all things human are, yet is it linked to the administration of the other world, forming a lower department of one grand system, and in this idea alone furnishing the only sure ground for a true doctrine of higher law. "O Socrates," say these mysterious personalities, "do not go hence as a law-breaker, lest our elder brethren, the Laws in Hades, be displeased with you, and instead of receiving you kindly, frown upon you as a parricide, as an ingrate wretch who has wronged his greatest benefactors." "Know, my friend Crito, resumes the sage, "that the voice of these words is ever humming in mine ears. I am like those who seem to hear the mysterious music of the Corybantes. It is a voice I can not disobey. Have you any answer to make?" The faithful friend was silent. Reason had triumphed

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over feeling, and painful as must have been the giving up a hope so fondly cherished, the manly love of the friend yielded to the instructions of the revered teacher. The beseeching love of the friend, not lost, not diminished, was silenced yet consoled in admiration of the martyr—the martyr not to philosophy, but to the great and glorious *idea of law.*

Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis—"Saint Socrates pray for us," exclaimed a devout monk, on reading the account of his martyr-like departure, as so touchingly given in the Phædon. He could not wait for his proper canonization by the Pope, but in his enthusiasm addressed him as he would one of the old saints and confessors of the Church—*Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis.* We could not say that. Neither could we pray for the repose of his soul, according to the notion of the modern Romanist, but our Protestantism does permit us to say—May he be in heaven. He ever solemnly declared himself under the guidance and guardianship of a divine, invisible monitor. It was this, he said, that ever urged him on "to talk to men about their souls," and to set before them the follies and irrationalities of their common animal life. We would shrink from comparing him, as some have done, with Jesus. In one sense, "the least in the kingdom of Christ is greater than he;" and yet it is no heresy to hope for him, even with the hope of the Christian. The evidence of his faith, it is true, is more of a negative than a positive kind. The soul's internal discord, its subjective war, or want of harmony with itself, is more the subject of his thinking and his preaching than its alienation from the Divine life. The will and appetites had rebelled against the reason. It was this civil war he sought to quell, while of the whole soul's deeper apostasy from Heaven he took but little or no account. He sought to reconcile man to himself, but failed because he did not recognize the ancient outward rebellion—the unhealed fountain of the inward strife. Hence of the higher reconciliation he had but dim and groping apprehensions, although from his words there sometimes gleams a light unknown to all other philosophy. There are moments when he seems to have felt that he had exhausted his dialectics without finding the true *γνῶθι σεαυτόν.* At such moments there may have been dropped upon his soul—his ever open, manly, truth-seeking, truth-loving soul—the thought of an atoning Redeemer. We would not compromise, even to gain such a precious conviction, one article of the Christian creed; but may we not hope that that faith, the least grain of which justifies, that faith which saved Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, and Job, and, it may be, Cyrus—that such a faith in some unknown righteousness—a faith obscure, perhaps, in its direct object, but pure in the essential feeling of the need of some expiatory sacrifice, may have carried up to Heaven, or away to Paradise, the spirit of the Athenian martyr?

Socrates is sometimes claimed by the radicals of the modern school. Let any one study the Crito if he would know with what justice such claim is made. It would be, indeed, a wonder if this were true of the founder of that philosophy which has ever been the fountain of conservatism. Socrates a radical! Let any man read the Crito, we say again, and he has all the answer that need be given to those who would derive a sanction to their law-destroying doctrines from the life or teachings of the Athenian reformer.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is one great excellence in an Easy Chair; it always stays at home. Although it has four legs, it does not move with as much facility as many things that have only two. It is the embarrassment of riches, perhaps. It is the whim of not doing a thing which you can easily do, perhaps. It is old habit, perhaps. Whatever it is, who would not be an Easy Chair in such a winter as this has been and stay at home? It is April now, but we are scarcely out of the grasp of Zero. What has there been to tempt an Easy Chair to stir a single one of its four legs? Even the Crimea has not seemed romantic.

"Oh! who would fight, and march, and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,
And shovel'd up into a bloody trench,
Where no one knows? but let me live my life."

Every day during the rigors of December, and January, and February, it was pleasant to hear the morning greeting of old Slubs, the stationer, whose face has a dry bloom like a winter apple. He stopped in to lean upon our arm a moment, and while shivering men and women ran along the street, he cried, with his penetrating voice,

"Ha! ha! old Easy Chair, good-morning! Come now, this is weather as is weather!"

The Easy Chair, which believes in June and the Tropics, and loves the South, could only declare that, in that case, it preferred weather as was not weather.

"Not summer?"

"Dog days."

Slubs, the stationer, retired with an incredulous whistle.

Of course, there was plenty of sleighing this year; but we have remarked, with savage satisfaction, that the enthusiasm about sleighing is always warmest in the warmest winters. When there is what is called "a good permanent winter," plenty of snow, and months of sleighing, the ardor of youths and belles is singularly damped. They get tired. They like sleighing, to be sure. But only sleighing? We must have a change, you know. *Toujours perdrix?* They excuse their disinclination in a hundred ways. It is useless. The reason is simple; it is too dreadfully cold. The human being was not made to thrive in an atmosphere of Zero. Are we Esquimaux? Did Dr. Kane bring home the arctic climate in his kit? It would be a terrible thing if the Northwest Passage should prove to be not only a way for us to get in, but for the boreal rigors to get out.

Yet while we have been calmly sitting hearing the ice gride and crunch the shores of the continent, and reading all the books of torrid adventure we could find, we have not failed to receive all kinds of letters from our traveling correspondents; forlorn lecturers caught out upon prairies, and blockaded with snow upon western railroads; energetic young lawyers, going to Court in the next town, and passing a very "heated" and uneasy term in the belated cars; punctual parents returning to their suburban felicity, and wearing away the night upon the pitiless track; and dozens more. The manners and morals of railroad traveling have yet to be written. Genuine notes upon a railway, reporting the actual events and conversations, would be too incredibly good.

Here, for instance, is Belah Tidwidgeon, whose life is a long search for a joke, as that of Paracel-

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sus was for the Philospher's stone. Belah never thinks of inconvenience or danger. He travels by car, steamer, and stage, as sedulously as sportsmen climb over hedge, ditch, and hill; and he bags his game with the same glee, and counts the cost nothing. Belah writes us from Mackery, that lovely inland town upon the banks of the Salsify:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR—I have found at last the man I have been so long pursuing. It is more than eighteen months since I have been upon the scent, but have been often dreadfully thrown off. You know I was persuaded there must be somewhere in America the man who would take the bold position, that a woman is not always, and under every circumstance, to do and have just what she pleases. Like the fearless and untiring believer in the doctrine of chances, who followed the man who put his head in the lion's mouth because, he said, there must come a time when the lion would bite it off; so I have traveled in omnibuses, and coaches, and cars, to find the bold assertor of men's rights, and I have found him—*I have found the man who declined to give his seat to* A LADY!

"The excitement of my nerves was so great, in consequence of this discovery, that I have resolved to repose for a few days in this quiet town, most of which has been buried in a snow-drift since Christmas, and which enjoys an equable temperature of only five below zero—a fact which my hearty host has a cheerful way of stating every day at breakfast, in this way: 'Good-morning, Mr. Tidwidgeon; good-morning, Sir! We are still only five minus, Sir. Dr. Kane reports the freezing of the mercury, Sir, at this time last year in the place, I have forgotten the name, Sir, where he was!' So by making the North Pole the standard, we theorize ourselves into summer.

"Of course, you want to know the circumstances. Well, at Bat's End we took in a pair of gentlemen; one was perfectly smug, with slightly gray whiskers, and so cleanly shaved, and his hair so snugly cut, that there seemed to be nothing else clean and snug in the car. He looked perfectly conversant with stocks, and I think must be the President of ten banks, at least. The other gentleman was his friend, the individual to whom he talked, and who seemed to fulfill no other office. Presently the train stopped, and the gentlemen alighted to 'refresh' themselves. The moment they left the car a strapping fellow and his 'gal' seated themselves in the very places yet warm with the sitting of the President and his friend. They returned in a moment, the President, of course, on the lead. When he reached his seat, he said,

"'This is my place.'

"'Wa'al, I dunno 'bout it," drawled the strapping intruder.

"'No matter, Sir; I know, and so does the conductor," returned the President. 'I've had the seat all the way from Bat's End.'

"'Wa'al, I dunno the rule,' answered the buccaneer, without offering to move.

"The President of ten banks did not care to undertake to remove him, and was waiting for the conductor, when the fellow turned his great stupid face up to him, and, as if he were half ashamed of using an argument which he knew would settle the dispute in his favor, drawled out,

"'Yer wouldn't turn a lady out of the seat, would yer?'

"'MOST CERTAINLY,' replied the President, with the liveliest enthusiasm, as if he were only too glad to give vent in one burst of expression to the protest of his long-suffering sex.

"So direct an answer entirely dismayed the intruder, and with the meekest submission he arose, twitched his 'gal,' and they retired toward the door of the car.

"Thus you see, dear Easy Chair, the great step has been taken. I have been sure of it; I have been patiently expecting it; and when it came I was so overwhelmed and exhausted with excitement that I was only too glad to recruit in this town, which I have no doubt when you can find it, and when the hills and trees are grown in its neighborhood, will be perfectly charming.

"I must stop here, as I am engaged to write a few letters from Kansas and the Crimea to some of the great newspapers. But do you not already sit more comfortably? Do you not already feel glued to your seat, as it were? Can you not now, without shuddering, see a woman enter a car? You see the troops were in position; the enemy had planted their battery—Good gracious! excuse me! here I am running into my Crimean letter. In great haste. Yours for the cause,

"BELAH TIDWIDGEON."

Our next letter has still reference to car manners; and we are very much mistaken if we have not all of us often encountered this same Mr. and Mrs. Acrid Jones. Our correspondent dates from the Tunnel station, Boothby, a branch of the Tiptaurus line:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR—I took the train at Shadville, to go on to Smith City, and found the cars full. There were several gentlemen and *three ladies* standing in the aisle. I did not attempt to push forward, finding there were so many standing; but as we rattled along, I chanced to look a little before me, and then I saw a gentleman (?) and lady (??) sitting together upon a seat. They had turned over the back of the seat in front, and laid their shawls and things upon the seat, and put their feet up on the cushion. The gentleman (?) was leaning forward to shelter it as much as possible, and nervously looking to see whether any body had observed that it was unoccupied. He and the woman with him occupied four places, and there were at least eight persons, three of them women, standing. It was the most meanly-selfish thing I have seen in the whole winter's travel. I thought the man's name was Hog; but I learned, upon careful inquiry, that it was Acrid Jones. Please to publish this letter, and ask your readers to mark the name, and invite Mr. and Mrs. Acrid Jones to remember that the next time they occupy two seats while other passengers are standing, their selfishness will be publicly commented upon in the cars, by their's and the public's obedient servant,

"PHOSPHORUS Z. SNUBS."

Do the Acrid Joneses ever reflect that a gentleman is a man who is gentle, and noble, and generous—not a hog, who puts not only his snout, but both his legs into the trough; and that *lady*, in the old English tongue, as Charles Kingsley tells us in one of his sermons, is a giver away of bread to the poor, or of a seat to those who stand?

There seems to be no end to this Railway Correspondence. Here is another letter quite in the same strain:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR (if you will pardon

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the affectionateness of the address*)—I am very delicate, and subject to colds in my head. My husband says, to colds in my heart also; but that is neither here nor there. I adore the winter landscape. I doat upon snow. But then it is snow seen at a distance, and from a comfortable environment. I like to sit in a warm room. Oh! dear Mr. Easy Chair, to sit in a warm room, and survey the wonders of winter through a window! That, indeed, is a little heaven here below. Now a car is a warm room upon wheels. Like a winter bird comfortable in his feathers, the human being may skim the surface of the earth, and enjoy the snow.

"Struck with this idea, I stepped into the cars at Tillson's Corner, north, to go as far as Constantinople station. Now, Mr. Easy Chair, there was, in one word, A WOMAN (I blush for my sex) sitting by the stove. She was closely wrapped in furs, and there was no one else in the car. It was not very warm, and not at all close in the car, and finding herself (I hope) stewing in her furs, from sitting 'jam up' to the stove, she opened the window and made the car as cold as a barn. What I want to know is, why, if she felt warm, she didn't go to a back seat?

"But that is not all. The car gradually filled up, and she maintained her place by the stove, keeping the window open. Gentlemen shrugged their shoulders—ladies shivered. It was all to no purpose. She clung closely to her window and her stove, and didn't loosen her furs, until the passengers would not submit to it longer, and a gentleman spoke to the conductor, who quietly closed the window, although the woman was very cross, and said she didn't want to suffocate.

"'Certainly not, madam; and the other ladies and gentlemen do not wish to freeze,' replied the conductor, a darling man! as, indeed—I may as well confess—most conductors are that I have seen. Such whiskers! and such breast-pins! Oh, my!

"What do you think of this, dear Mr. Easy Chair? Please to tell me. I wonder if you *are* a dear Easy Chair. Have you whiskers and breast-pins? Yours, dear Mr. Easy Chair, very properly,

"JANE MARIA BLATHER."

Dear Jane Maria!—tut, tut! we mean, amiable Mrs. Blather—how could you suppose that an old Easy Chair should be any thing but a kind of old uncle, and consequently with none of the charms of those gay young dogs, the conductors. Happy beings! who pass life in an endless round of helping ladies in and out, and wearing beautiful whiskers and splendid breast-pins! Ah! no, dear Mrs. Blather, in the year 17—, long, and long ago, we wore a great diamond brooch in a great bulging ruffle, short-clothes, dear madam, stockings and buckles.

But all this, as you neatly say, is neither here nor there. The question you propose is very grave.

It seems to this Easy Chair that a gentleman or lady will think twice before they open a window in a car for their own private gratification. For, although fresh air be a good thing, to open a window, under such circumstances, is not the best way of getting at it; and although the laws of health, common sense, the doctors, and you, may agree that there should be plenty of fresh air always at hand, the gentleman on the seat behind you may not agree, and as he gets most of the air from your window, we do not see who has appointed you to regulate his atmospheric supplies. Suppose, also, there be sensitive and delicate persons near by. Suppose there be those who are just as firmly persuaded that the window should be kept closed as you are that it should be opened. Suppose it only makes some one else uncomfortable, will you sacrifice yourself for that person? Granting that you are abstractly right about your fresh air, will you persist in opening the window?

Hear our old friend Mumm, the eminent lecturer, who writes most *apropos* of this subject:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR—I wish to state something to the public which I can not do in my usual way. You know I am a public speaker,* and that I am obliged at this season to live in the cars. You know what a season it has been, and how careful every man has been compelled to be. Well, I took a violent cold in Upper Bombay, and was engaged to lecture in Pinecut Square the next evening. Before light (oh, the agony of lecturing!) I took the train at Lower Bombay, east, having driven over in an open sleigh the same morning. I was very hoarse when I arrived, so that I could scarcely speak, and you may imagine how glad I was to get into a comfortable car. Of course, I was disturbed about having no voice for the Pinecut Square lecture, but I hoped the best. Mumm, I trust, is a hopeful man. The cars slipped on, until, at Talk, we took in two ladies and a child. One lady was very large, in a black velvet cloak, with blue trimmings, and a beaver bonnet—evidently an aunt. The younger had pale blue eyes and a sharp nose—alas! and voice.

"Away we went again. The ladies were of the most cheerful frame of mind. They talked without ceasing. 'Here, Debby Ann, have some seed cakes,' called out Aunt Miranda, or Mi, as Debby Ann called her. They had seated themselves upon opposite sides of the car, Aunt Mi upon one seat and Debby Ann, with the child, across the passage. Debby Ann declined seed cakes. 'Why, Debby Ann, don't you love seed cakes? I love 'em dearly. Ha! ha!' laughed Aunt Mi, in the loudest way and *not* with the most musical voice. 'Debby Ann! what did you say was the next stopping-place? Flatbottom? No? not Flatbottom? It can't be. Why, how long have we been coming? Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Aunt Mi. 'How dreadful hot, Debby Ann; don't you think it's dreadful hot? Oh, dear! how horrid hot they always do have these cars! Here, now, I'm going to open this window, and you'd better open yours, too. There, that's something like—ha, ha, ha!' and Aunt Mi resolutely opened her window, and Debby Ann opened her's, and a keen, cutting draught immediately played upon my back. Mindful of my voice, and of the Pinecut Square lecture, I leaned forward to avoid as much as possible the effect of the sudden battery of cold air. Aunt Mi saw it, and the next moment I heard, 'It's so surprising some folks never can bear fresh air. Debby Ann, why some folks should always want to be stived up in a horrid hot, close car, I never could see. They're dreadful weakly people, I suppose—ha, ha, ha! I like fresh air. It's good for the lungs—it's good every way, and people ought to be made to have it, whether they like it or not.'

"So the windows were kept open, and the com-

* *Female* correspondents of the Easy Chair are requested always to commence in that manner, with the prefix of *my*—that there may be no doubt what Easy Chair is meant.—ED.

* Do we know that Shakspeare is a poet?—ED.

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fort and pleasure were like sitting on your door step on a very cold day in a high wind, excepting that here there was a cutting draught.

"I did not protest. I never do protest. I sat and 'took it.' Aunt Mi, with her shrill parrot tongue, and Debby Ann, with her pale blue eyes, kept their windows and their mouths open, and chattered away as if there were no one else in the neighborhood. I did not protest, but I wished that I had the courageous bad manners to turn round and say, 'Aunt Mi, what a perfectly horrid old woman you are!' I could have said it quite calmly—but I did not; I sat and shivered, and felt my cold ten times worse every moment.

"But every man is not a lamb, and the gentleman who sat behind Debby Ann, and of course took all the wind from her window, would not take it in peace, and presently asked her to close the window. She did so, under protest from Aunt Mi, but presently opened it again, upon which the gentleman retreated, and Aunt Mi called audibly and sarcastically across to Debby Ann, with her voice directed to the gentleman, 'There, little dear—go now and put on your shawl, and don't take cold.' The gentleman paid no attention to this pleasing assault. But I can not help feeling that the courtesy of the American gentleman is ten times as admirable as that of the gentleman of any other country, for it has the slightest possible recognition.

"I reached Pinecut Square without a voice, and could not lecture, nor for five days afterward, whereby I lost three hundred dollars. Now, Easy Chair, I like fresh air as well as any body, but I do not believe that, in every possible way in which fresh air can be introduced into cars in rapid motion, is it agreeable or healthful, and I want to make this mild protest against Aunt Miranda and Debby Ann opening the windows of a car which are directly opposite, without ascertaining whether it be safe for their neighbors. Every lady and gentleman will prefer suffering some inconvenience, rather than expose their neighbors. At least so thinks your very devoted MUMM."

Perhaps, as the learned advocates at the bar say, we had better rest the case here. Let every passenger in cars remember that he is not to supply himself with fresh air at the risk of the comfort of any body else. Ask your neighbors if it is agreeable to have windows opened. It is not a very difficult thing to do. Had you rather give yourself a headache or your fellow-passenger a cold? That is the question. What say Aunt Mi and Debby Ann?

It is pleasing to observe how religious we Americans are becoming. Whenever we read despairing leaders in the morning papers, or see old Solomon Beelzebub jingle his change and shake his head over the corruption of the age, we have only to take a little turn up the Fifth Avenue, for instance, or into almost any quarter of the city, and remark the evidence of increasing religion.

New York is certainly a very religious city. If any Tease Rural disbelieves it, let him be taken the round of the new churches just built, now building, or to be built. It is the most gratifying evidence of the growth of civic piety. Even on week days when, by the arrangements of Protestantism, the churches are inaccessible and inviolable, as becomes sacred places, if you only take a long enough walk, you may pass so many churches of every kind of architecture, that you shall seem to have heard a series of sermons in every kind of style. But it is no longer possible to discriminate the sect by the style of church building. The Gothic elaboration of pinnacle and point, which was for so long a time conceded to our English Episcopal friends, as being nearest to the Romanists, whose cathedrals were in that style, is no longer peculiar to any one denomination. The plain Methodist, the rigorous Baptist, the genial Unitarian, the severe Presbyterian, all now gather for worship in little cathedrals of every fashion of grotesqueness. A kind of American wooden or semi-stone Gothic prevails—a simple, spacious house of religious worship is rare—both gingerbread and ecclesiastical stucco abound on every hand.

But while the captious may quarrel with details, and have their little joke over the facile flimsiness of the pine spires and plaster arches, the judicious observer will only rejoice at the signs of increasing religious interest which such buildings betray. With what exultation, for instance, the good Dr. Primrose sees opposite the very head of Wall Street the majestic spire of Trinity Church, and how his benevolent heart warms, as he looks down that busy thoroughfare, to know that the neighborhood and sight of that edifice modifies and mellows the life of the street, even as its shadow lies along its pavement. "How touching and how beautiful in this earnest people," muses the good Doctor, "to put this symbol of their faith at the opening of their busiest way of trade, that they may constantly see and acknowledge that faith in all their transactions."

And the good Dr. Primrose moves up town, so wrapt in his reflections upon the virtue of this lovely people, that he has not perceived his pocket has been picked while he stood in the shadow of Trinity.

He does not go far before he is struck by the dark spire of St. Paul's laying its shadow like a finger of blessing upon that amiable arena of innocent and honest recreation, the Museum of Barnumbo. "Here," reflects the Doctor, "the unfortunates of the human family and of the lower animals are gathered together in kindly shelter. The mermaid, outcast from natural history, and almost from natural affection; the woolly horse, that equine anomaly; the Swiss wife and mother, who not only wears the breeches but the beard; the girl upon whom a too partial nature has lavished superfluous adiposity; and the mothers whose fondest hopes have been doubly, trebly, and even quadruply crowned; all find a home in the shadow of St. Paul's. Here, also, by the mild magic of a name, the gross immorality of the play-house is removed, and the 'Hot Corn' which is baneful in the Chatham 'theatre' is beautiful in the Barnumbo 'lecture-room.' It all comes of St. Paul's," says the Doctor, gratefully, as he gazes at the tall spire that seems stretching upward to bury itself in the clouds, modestly to escape the praise of its good works.

It is but a step to the Park, where the "Old Brick" takes the City Hall under its protection. "I do not wonder," says Father Primrose, "that this city is a model for moral government. I see it all now. The self-sacrifice and honesty of the civic fathers is plain enough, they sit in the shadow of the Old Brick. Animosities and petty ambitions naturally perish. Every man is anxious to serve his neighbor, and why not? Is this not a Christian land; do these lawgivers not take a

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Christian oath, and do they not sit making laws in the presence of a Christian temple, and is it not the chief of Christian maxims to love thy neighbor as thyself? It is not surprising to me that the city is Christian when I see that its fathers meet with the Old Brick to watch them. Happy the city that is blest with many churches, for its corporation shall serve the Lord!"

Then along the streets of that city, in which prevail good order and perfect safety, all owing to the neighborhood of the Old Brick to the City Hall, the worthy Primrose proceeds to the "West End," to the avenues of wealth and fashion. As he moves along the Fifth Avenue he finds a church upon every corner, and he can ill repress his joy. "Lest their hearts should be turned to this world they have builded these buildings, that they may not be hardened by folly and fashion. Here they meet as brethren, and bow lowly together. Here the rich man forgets his riches, and the proud man his pride, and the lovely women their vanity—all kneel in repentance, and arise with hearts sweeter toward each other and the world. They have built these churches on the corners of the streets among their houses that, as they look from their windows, they may be reminded that the fashion of this world passeth away, and that the poor and friendless may be tempted hither to see that in the Lord's house all the children of men are brethren. How amiable are thy tabernacles!" devoutly exclaims the good pastor, as he surveys the street of palaces and churches. "The houses of men and of God are close together, even as their hearts are. Oh! that Sodom and Gomorrah had survived to this day, to see a city that serves the Lord."

So, beholding the many churches that are rising and are risen, the Reverend Doctor Primrose pursues his walk through the city. We all feel the force of his reflections—the justice of his observations. We can none of us look around at the increasing multitude of churches without being devoutly grateful for the spread of religion and the growth of this great city in evangelical piety.

THE tea-tables are all in a flutter again. One of the gossips, who drank freely the greenest tea, has been tattling. The Honorable Miss Tantivy Murray has ridden over our tea-cups rough shod. We have been entertaining a critic unawares. We thought we were sitting down with a lady—and lo! an authoress. Here is a new witness to the color of our curtains, and the number of blankets upon the best bed. Here is a person who tells tales, and sarcastically calls herself a "Lady of Honor." And here we are all up in arms again. The ghost of Dr. Fiedler will never be laid. That naughty man began in the flesh to abuse us, and now, by a melancholy persistency of metempsychosis, constantly reappears in the shape of Trollope, Basil Hall, Martineau, and the amiable Misses Bremer and Murray, to have his say. There are innumerable other names under which the Fiedler spirit manifests itself, and it always put us into a dreadful perturbation. But why should not the ladies and gentlemen be suffered to say what they think of us, in peace?

They come and gallop through the land, and stay a few weeks or a few months, and go home to give elaborate opinions upon our manners, morals, and general civilization. If they find pleasure in it, why should we complain? The amiable unmarried ladies, who have passed the age at which ladies may securely travel, who require no defender, why should they not be permitted to go at large and take the world into the confidence of their small observation and innocuous criticism?

Does not Jonathan go every year or two to Europe and tell us what he thinks about it? And does Europe complain? Does he not say that the big, burly John Bull has too thick a neck and too callous a conscience, and does John drop down in an apoplexy thereupon? Does he not sneer that Monsieur Johnny Crapeau eats the hind legs of frogs, the nasty Frenchman! and does Johnny have less delight in his exquisite cuisine? Does not Jonathan crow his elaborate Yankee-doodle-doo from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, and does any indignant Press hang out the banners and blow off a great broadside of indignation?

Really, Miss Murray ought not to be so very hard to take. The little brisk lady who is "up" in botany, and conchology, and natural history, has her little views about little things, and delivers them as if they were large. But we all do the same thing. She is not the only gossip who makes the mistake of calling herself or himself a lady or gentleman of honor. The unpardonable offense of her book is its dullness. It says nothing amusing, except as considered from her point of view.

After all our fun, there is a good deal of shrewd observation in Miss Murray's book, and she says a great many kind things of us. The only difficulty is that Miss Murray's opinion, as such, is worth nothing except about the crustacea and in various scientific directions, in which she smatters, and then that Miss Murray does not put that opinion, to which her name gives no importance, in a way which will attract attention or command respect. Of course, we shall all read the book; that is a homage which any personality in literature is sure to receive. But beyond that, let us not push any inquiries. We shall read and be sorry for a woman, who, we sincerely hope, will be very sorry for herself and never do so again, and then Miss Murray and her book will drop into oblivion.

THE cannon are scarcely yet silent, and Broadway freshly remembers its last pageant—the birthday of Washington. We had only within a very few numbers of our Magazine indulged in some proper reflections upon American holidays, when the old one of Washington's birth-day, which has for so long a time occupied an uncertain position, seemed suddenly elevated to the first rank of national festivals. As a patriotic Easy Chair and a poetic Easy Chair, we are doubly glad. The birth days of great citizens are the proper festivals of a republic. And Washington was not only a great citizen of the republic, but, in a certain sense, its founder. Therefore we heard the cannon, and the bells, and the bursts of music with pleasure. Therefore we pleased our fancies with the spectacle of the great Academy of Music crowded in New York, and the great Music Hall in Boston, and other great rooms in other great cities, crowded with enthusiastic masses of people, drawn together by the name of Washington.

That a great deal of all this was buncomb and bogus patriotism is an opinion very possibly entertained by many of the judicious and grave of our readers. We will not deny it; but have to suggest that a great deal of church-going and Sabbath honoring is not, strictly speaking, pure re-

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ligion and undefiled. But we shall not, therefore, lose the significance of church-going and religion, nor believe the worst of mankind because there are bad men.

Do you (stout gentleman or otherwise, for instance) believe that all the orators were not singly devoted to their subject? Do you suppose sincerely that in a republic, especially in the greatest and best of republics,* any free and independent citizen, conscious of his prerogatives as a participant in the suffrage and naming his own rulers, has ever any ax to grind, any sharpening upon the national grindstone for his own private and peculiar cutting?

Forbid it Buncomb! Forbid it Bogus!

However, it is not as a personal homage to a great man, nor as, in any way, a partisan proceeding, that we were glad to see the day so honored. It is truly an honorable day, but it was grateful to find another festival in the American calendar, of which all the saints are such terrible workies. Who is the God of good times? Let us hope not Mercury nor Momus. But whoever he be, and whatever his name, he has deserved new worship by his happy inspiration this year. It only remains to hold fast the god, nor let him go. Squeeze him. We may yet get another holiday; and if we could get it pure, and unmixed with strict politics! But that is so hard. The politics do ooze in. In purely literary societies, as we learn, national politics have come to decide the elections. If it be a young men's association for mutual mental improvement, the question is not the Jeffersonian one, Is he fit for the office? but, Does he wear bottle-green or pea-green—are his eyes dark or light—is it true, what we heard, that he parts his hair behind?

Not precisely these questions, but others just as sensible and cognate to the subject in hand, are demanded of the candidates for literary presidencies, etc. Next it may perhaps infect the scientific bodies. Dr. Kane can not be named on any Arctic commission, for instance, because his whiskers are not of the right shade of brown. Mr. Bancroft must be excluded from the Historical Society because he wears spectacles.

It must be, therefore, that politics will greatly affect our festivals of every kind. In these grave days it can hardly be otherwise. But let us still have them. Can politics ever invade the domain of St. Valentine, whose anniversary is just past?

No, but morality can, and morality has; and morality, in the shape of its favorites, the newspapers, has assaulted the day and the valentines, and summoned every honest woman to reflect before she opens a valentine! Will they please ask the rain to reflect before it falls, the sun before it shines? Shades of Charles Lamb and John Gay, surely you sigh as you read the morning papers and bethink you of romance! Every body slyly loves Bishop Valentine, but no one has dared to raise a cudgel for him.

Is there any need? Will the naughty valentines not perish presently, and the feeling survive, and Romeo still sing his poor but ardent lay to Juliet? There are some festivals that spring out of feelings not to be eradicated. The foundations of the Bishop of Valentine are laid in the heart. Gradgrind junior does not understand it. Ah! Gradgrind junior, hopeless the task to tell you. Do you remember what the Hon. Voltaire M. Steady said to his constituents, after he had heard a speech from his rival more ambitious than successful? You do not remember? Well, the Hon. Holofernes J. Wymby, having perorated with great splendor, and seated himself in the midst of applause from his own party, the Hon. Voltaire M. Steady commenced with withering sarcasm: "It is hard to convey to others ideas which we ourselves are not possessed of, for in so doing we are very apt to communicate notions which it is very difficult to eradicate them."

Lay the moral to heart, Gradgrind junior; and if next year you want to send a neat copy of verses to YOU KNOW WHO, don't be put down by any talk about the immorality of St. Valentine's Day.

* And of countries.—ED.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE neither make news nor mend it. We only catch it on our editorial trident (a yellow goose-quill) as it comes floating Westward—give it a turn upon our editorial gridiron (blue-lined bath post), and, *presto*—a paragraph!

It is none of our fault that news grows old; it is no fault of ours that the war-pictures we furbish up this month may be mere reminiscences the next. One hundred and fifty thousand of these sheets are not worked off so easily, even by the iron monster of Franklin Square, that we can chronicle yesterday's arrival to-day, and give you the record to-morrow. Our news has one ripening of fifteen days on ocean, and another ripening of twenty days under the labyrinthian vaults of Franklin Square.

We make this note, in the recollection of our last month's mention of guns and batteries, at which all the hammers of England were busy when we wrote; but which now, and long ago, have been buried under leaders of pica and peace.

If we could turn prophet, indeed—like Kossuth and Cobden—and, by pleasant anticipation, give a prose ode to the Imperial baby of France (to be born, they tell us, in Lent), or relate, even now, the terms of the great Easter peace, which is to give the Czar breathing and building time, and which is to free the British Crimean army for a bold cut through Persia to India, there would be a crisp timeliness to our periods, which now only labor under the burden of old story.

There was a time, indeed, when "last month's Magazine" (so few were magazines, and post-roads so toilsome) carried a fresh lift to the thought of far-away country people even about occurrences of the day. But in our fast age, and in our fast American world, where is it that telegraph lines and daily journals do not cheat us of our office of informer, and leave us only the thankless task of patching old shreds of news, worn threadbare (by close, quilting stitches), into pages of gay counterpane.

England has given us a sad story to tell these months past—a story whose thread runs deeper than any in the war-banners, and which makes a dark line in the moral woof of the nation. If Dickens had given us any tale of English provincial life, or racing life, with such a character as William Palmer in it, how we should have made outcry at the extravagance!

We take out from the overflowing paragraphs of the British papers a few of the strong points in the story of this William Palmer, Esquire:

In the valley of the Trent, on the line of the Northwestern Railway of England, lies the quiet, pretty town of Rugely. It is about midway between the great sporting grounds of Derby and of

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Chester, and is well known for its jockeys and its horse-fairs.

Among the fields and the trees which make the town—like almost every English country town—enchantingly beautiful, is an old square house of brick, standing on the shores of the river, with gardens sloping to the margin. With the generations to come it will very likely be called a haunted house, and the yews which darken the door-step will nourish murderous memories in their shadow.

A wood-merchant lived years ago in this square brick house, who made the building what it is, only after acquiring very suddenly and very mysteriously a large fortune. His business was not extensive; he was known to be a betting man; yet he lived extravagantly, reared a family of five sons and two daughters, and one day suddenly and mysteriously died.

The widow still lives, with her only surviving daughter, in the brick house by the bank of the river. Of the five sons, one became a clergyman, one a grain-merchant, another an advocate, a fourth a lumber-merchant, and the fifth, whose name was William Palmer, studied chemistry in Liverpool, and became a surgeon (or, as we should say—a doctor).

He is now but thirty-five years of age; he is represented to be a large man, of rather winning manners; has played, in his youth, the country *roué;* and married, some years since, the natural daughter of a Colonel Brooks, of the East India service.

Colonel Brooks was a man of fortune. He was mysteriously assassinated not long after the marriage of his daughter. By his will, he had bestowed upon the mother of his child a life-lease of his estate. The daughter (Mrs. William Palmer) was remarkable for her beauty as well as for her kindness of heart, and the poor people of Rugely have always a good word for the memory of Mrs. Palmer.

William Palmer, aside from his propensities as a rake (which he indulged as well after as before marriage), seemed to give himself up to two fancies of a very opposite nature, to wit: horse-racing and chemical experiments in his private laboratory.

The first involved a full purse; his private resources became speedily exhausted; he appealed to his mother-in-law, who, anxious in regard to her daughter's happiness, and suspicious of the dissolute habits of her son-in-law, left her own home, and came to establish herself with her daughter at Rugely. Four days after her entrance in Palmer's house she died, suddenly. The property of which she was in possession passed into the hands of Mrs. Palmer, and under the control of the husband.

New stables were built at Rugely, new horses purchased, new bets entered, new acquaintances made, and new debts contracted. The Jewish money-lenders of London were appealed to, and money loaned at enormous rates.

Meantime four of his children die suddenly, at intervals of one or two years. Only one remained as heir to the fortune of the mother, which at her death was to pass to the child.

Mr. William Palmer, as a measure of precaution, secures an insurance upon the life of Mrs. Palmer of $75,000. The physicians testify to her perfect good health, and the premium paid is not exorbitantly high.

A troublesome claim of £700 (a debt of honor) is held against Palmer by one of his sporting friends named Bladen. This gentleman visits Rugely to collect the sum, is a guest of Palmer, falls sick at his house, is visited by an old physician (the family adviser of Palmer), is drugged, and dies. The debt is cancelled, and the old physician reports the case as one of cerebral fever.

In a little time, perhaps after a year, Mrs. Palmer, whose kindness was proverbial toward the poor people of Rugely, took a slight cold upon a pleasure-excursion to Liverpool; the old family physician and a deaf nurse attended her; the husband insisted upon active treatment; the poor lady lingered for a month, and died.

The pleasant old physician made out his certificate of the cause, and time of her decease; which was signed by the nurse, and accepted by the authorities of Rugely, who all admired and flattered that "game" fellow, William Palmer, Esquire!

The London Company of Life Assurance paid promptly their losses, and the surgeon Palmer was again afoot for new enterprise on "the Derby." But he finds occasion shortly to negotiate, through his Jew friends of London, for insurance upon the life of a brother, Walter Palmer, who had been addicted to drinking; who had been threatened with delirium tremens; but who, subject to the special guardianship of his brother William, and of the "old physician" of the family, will, it is hoped, and affirmed by competent examiners, live for many years to come.

The insurance is effected for a large sum. The surgeon Palmer employs a man to attend upon his brother, and to supply regularly all his wants. Even his old inclination for the bottle is not forgotten by the new guardian; Walter Palmer resists, however, the influences of gin; until a visit from the brother—in the autumn of 1855—supplies some stronger stimulant, and the wretched drunkard dies.

Application is made to the London office for the payment of the amount insured, but is refused. *The application is not renewed.*

There were those who had seen Palmer on the turf who spoke suspiciously of this circumstance; but who should venture to accuse William Palmer, Esquire, of foul dealing? Did he not own one of the best studs in the country? Had he not been on terms of familiarity with Lord Bentinck? Was he not regular and prompt in his contributions to the parish church of Rugely? Did not the rector dine with him from time to time, and admire his great horses Strychnine and Chicken? Was he not become altogether an English country gentleman?

Late in November last Palmer set off in company with a sporting friend of the name of Cook for a steeple-chase which was to come off near Shrewsbury. Both gentlemen bet heavily, and Cook was a winner in the sum of some £700. In celebration of his success he gave a grand dinner at the Shrewsbury tavern. The wines were followed up with a stiff bowl of punch, which Cook at once declared to be drugged. Palmer ridiculed his fears, and exploded them by drinking freely himself.

Notwithstanding Cook was made ill, and in his chamber that night declared to the innkeeper that he believed Palmer had attempted to poison him, for the sake of getting possession of his money and wiping off his score of indebtedness. The landlord, however, regarded this only as the vagary of a drunken man, and so far disabused Cook of the notion that, on the next day, the two friends joined com-

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pany for Rugely. Here Cook fell sick again. Physicians were summoned; opiates were given, under the advice of the old physician of the Palmer patronage; but every thing was vain. The man died, declaring that he had been poisoned.

A post-mortem examination was ordered by the friends of the deceased. The active old physician of Rugely declared it to be a case of cerebral inflammation; and all the people of Rugely accepted the belief, and said, of course, it was cerebral inflammation. But the father of the victim, not satisfied with this report, demanded a new examination of a distinguished chemist of London. It is a remarkable fact that the first communication in reply to this demand passed—by connivance of the Rugely postmaster—under the eye of Palmer before it had been communicated to the jury of inquest.

This first communication was not, however, final; the examining chemist had made an error, by virtue of which he had reported, "No trace of poison:" a second, from the same source, declared that there existed full evidence of the effects of strychnine. Had this report preceded the other, it is probable that Palmer, through the kindly sympathy of the Rugely postmaster, and of the officiating coroner (to whom the surgeon Palmer had presented a fifty-pound note), might have devised means of escape.

He is now in a jail of Staffordshire awaiting his trial for the murder of at least four intimate friends, including his wife and his brother Walter.

The people of Rugely persist in saying that he is a "fine gentleman;" and "it is a great pity that the 'likes o' him' should go to jail!"

His stud was brought to the hammer not long ago, and we observe that his Highness Prince Albert has become the purchaser of the fast mare Trickstress, at the price of two hundred and fifty guineas.

A strange comment upon the civilization of our day was brought to light in the course of the examination of Dr. Taylor (the chemist to whom had been committed the poison search).

He affirmed before the jury that not a year passed in which he did not receive from one hundred to a hundred and fifty *confidential* inquiries and demands for analyses, with regard to suspected cases of poisoning in families!

We have detailed at length the more important aspects of this case, since it has enlisted an unusual share of English attention. The journals, both provincial and metropolitan, have been filled to satiety with the great poisoning case of William Palmer, of Rugely. The brick house by the river, in the green valley of the Trent, has been sketched and photographed in such multiple, that every town of England may have its portraiture of the spot where the poisoner lived, and where his widowed mother even now lingers out her blasted life.

The crime has recalled to memory a curious experience of a friend of ours, which happened not long after the introduction of the Life Insurance Companies. We give an account of it, so far as we can recollect, in his own words:

"I was passing the latter part of the summer of 18— in the city of Boulogne, where I had gone to escape the heats of the Boulevards of Paris. It was my habit to dine while here at a little café on the quay, nearly opposite to the usual landing-place of the London steamer.

"I soon came to know all the habitués of this café, and was particularly attracted toward one quiet gentleman, who dressed in black, whose manners were subdued, and with whom I soon grew into terms of intimacy. I think I have never met with a person, before or since, whose information upon all the current topics of the day was so precise, so extensive, and so entirely at command. I am quite sure that I gained more knowledge of the government, social condition, and commerce of France from this gentleman's remarks, than from all other sources combined; nor has subsequent familiarity with life in that country shown that there was any falsity in his statements. He talked very freely and knowingly of all the new scientific inquiries of the day. In respect to some, his information may doubtless have been superficial; but in the matter of chemical science (to which I had myself paid considerable attention) I was sure that he had read and experimented understandingly.

"Our talk turned one day upon poisons; he detailed to me with surprising particularity the influence of certain active poisons upon brutes. He told me that at one period of his life (he could hardly have been at that time more than five-and-thirty) he had a peculiar passion for experiments of that kind.

"I remarked that it was well that the secrets of chemical science were generally out of the reach of those whose temptations of want or suffering led to crime.

"'And yet,' said I, 'it is a blessed thing that there is no poison, after all, so subtle but that chemical tests will find some trace of it, and reveal the cause of death.'

"'I am not so sure of that,' said he.

"I fixed my regard upon him attentively, in expectation that he would go on to justify the remark. But he said nothing. I fancied that he seemed embarrassed for a moment; but presently in a laughing tone added: 'If there were such a subtle poison as to take away life without leaving a trace, the knowledge of it would make a very dangerous secret—too dangerous to be talked of.'

"He then diverted conversation to the journals of the morning. I respected his scruples, and did not allude to the subject again.

"In the course of our intimacy he had on one or two occasions borrowed small sums of money from me, which he had repaid promptly. At an early stage of our acquaintance he had given me this card, and I had known him merely as Mr. White.

"On repaying me one day a small sum for which he was in my debt, he asked pardon for a deceit which he had practiced: 'My name,' said he, 'is not White; it is Wainwright. I was once in the possession of a considerable fortune, but was tempted to enter into a foolish speculation which ruined me. I am living here to be out of the reach of my creditors; and to avoid the notice of any old friends who might be passing this way, I have adopted the name of White.'

"I had often heard the story of the English exiles of Boulogne, and knew that nothing was more common than a run thither to escape the close courts of the Marshalsea. I can not say that the explanation affected at all the terms of our chance intimacy.

"Some two months had elapsed after this when one morning I received at my lodgings a hurried note from Wainwright, saying,

"'For Heaven's sake come and give me a word

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or two. I am in the city prison: ask for *White;* explanations when you come.'

"I went to see him. He was in a gay humor; a little excited, it seemed to me, by the novelty of his position.

"'They have got up a trumpery criminal charge against me,' said he, 'in the hope of getting me across the channel; and once there, why I am at the mercy of my creditors.'

"I asked him what the charge was.

"'Murder!' said he, with a strange smile, 'and ingenious—very ingenious.'

"Of course I was intensely curious to know the particulars.

"'Oh, never mind now,' said he, 'you'll know them all soon enough. I dare say they will have it *in the papers*. I must beg you now to see these people, and to see the British Consul. They are quite wrong; their action is altogether illegal.'

"I gave him what aid I could in bearing messages and in visiting the British official in his behalf.

"The result showed that he was correct. The charge was not properly sustained, and the claim upon the Government for Wainwright was not made good. He was discharged, after only two days of confinement, and was once more a *habitué* of the little café upon the Quay.

"'Wainwright,' said I, one morning, 'what was all that affair of the murder accusation?'

"'For God's sake, don't ask me; I dare say you will see it all some day in the papers.'

"I did not refer to the subject again. When I left Boulogne, which I did shortly afterward, he bade me adieu with a good deal of feeling.

"'I owe you more than you know of,' said he; 'but I think I shall go to England the coming month, and they may do their worst. Of course, you will read all about it in the reports. I was once a reporter myself,' continued he. 'I know what a godsend it will be for them.'

"And to be sure I did read all about it in the *Times* newspaper the same winter. David Wainwright was put upon his trial for murder. It appeared that he had secured a heavy insurance, to the amount, I think, of £18,000, upon the life of a young girl, who was living under his guardianship. Of the history of this girl, or of her family, nothing was definitely known. He had perhaps (it was intimated) taken her out of the streets of London, selecting her for her ruddy face and general air of health. She had been well clothed and cared for by Wainwright. It could not be shown that any improper intimacy had existed between them.

"On one occasion he had taken her to the theatre in the Haymarket, and on their return they had supped together at his lodgings. Directly after supper she was taken violently ill. A physician was immediately sent for. Wainwright met the physician at the door, and said to him, in substance:

"'The girl is very sick; I fear she may die. I must beg you to give especial attention to all the symptoms, and, if you please, note them down. I have a heavy insurance upon her life, and if her death be sudden, there will, of course, be full inquiry about the cause. You will please take every measure you think fit to insure a full knowledge of all the facts in the case.'

"The girl died.

"A post-mortem examination brought to light no facts which would tend to criminate Wainwright. The death was such an one as might have been produced by a violent attack of cholera; no known poison would produce the effects observed.

"The insurance companies, however, deferred the payment of the demands upon them. They pushed investigations in regard to the previous history of Wainwright. It was found that he had already recovered large sums from various offices upon lives which had been insured at his instance, and which had ended suddenly.

"Suspicions were aroused by these circumstances, and to escape them Wainwright had fled to Boulogne, although his attorney was still engaged in the prosecution of his insurance claims.

"An attempt to arrest him at Boulogne had failed. His attorney had subsequently advised his return to England, at a time when it was thought that all suspicions had been lulled to sleep. The fact proved otherwise. Wainwright was arrested just one week after his arrival in London.

"The report of his trial, I remember, filled several columns of the London *Times;* but a decision was deferred, either by the arts of his attorney or for some cause of which I am not aware, to so late a period that it never came to my knowledge.

"I expected never to hear of Wainwright again; when, one evening last winter, I chanced, in San Francisco, to be in the company of a young engineer who had just returned from a trip to Australia. Among other things, he was showing a few rude sketches of scenery in the vicinity of Melbourne and of groups of miners. Our attention was particularly attracted by a sepia drawing of a hut, most picturesquely placed upon the edge of a brawling stream.

"'Ah, yes,' said the traveler, 'nothing could be more picturesque; and what is more remarkable, the man who lived in that hut—Wainwright—was one of the most remarkable men I think I ever met with.'

"'Wainwright?' said I.

"'Wainwright—David Wainwright,' said he, 'a misanthrope—a perfect victim to the blue-devils; and yet the most greedy man for gold I ever happened to meet with. The miners all consulted him; I am sure he was a man of education. I passed a night with him when I was in his quarter. He died afterward very suddenly. There were suspicions of foul play, but no positive evidence that I ever heard of. A wonderfully fine tree that, overhanging the hut—peculiar to that region.'"

Mr. Dickens (of course, every body now has become acquainted with Little Dorrit, and Tite Barnacle, and Arthur Clennam) is making a tilt at the red-tape formalism of British officials, which, in the two years last gone, has killed more Crimean soldiers than the Russian sharp-shooters have made an end of. The Circumlocution Office is the bugbear; and Arthur Clennam's despairing persistence in pushing inquiries about "the precise nature of the claim of the Crown against a prisoner for debt, named Dorrit," has reminded an old traveling friend of ours of a kindred experience of his own:

"I will not say how many years ago it was," he commenced, "that I arrived one day in London by the Portsmouth train, with only enough silver in my pocket to pay my hack hire to one of those very good bachelor hotels which flank upon Cov-

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ent Garden Square. I had ordered remittances to be sent me there from the Continent, and counted on finding my banker's letter at my arrival. I paid and dismissed the cabman, and with six halfpence left, sat down in a cozy room overlooking the Covent Garden Market, and sent down my card with an inquiry for letters.

"No letters had come.

"I ate my dinner nervously; kept my room during the evening (although Jenny Lind was figuring in the *Somnambula* on the next block), and in the morning, after mail-time, sent the servant down again with my card—for letters.

"He returned very promptly with the reply, 'No letters this morning, Sir.'

"It is an awkward thing to be moneyless, let a man be where he will; but if I were to name a city in which that condition is most intolerable, I think I should mention London.

"As I sat ruminating over the grate, the thought struck me that I had made an error in the matter of the address left with my banker. I can hardly tell why, but there seemed to me a sudden confusion in my own mind between the names of Covent Garden and Cornhill. Possibly, I had ordered my letters addressed to Cornhill. I had no memoranda to guide me; to one of those two places I was sure that I had ordered my remittances addressed. They had not come to my quarters at Covent Garden; possibly they might have gone to No. 9 Cornhill.

"Every body who has been to London knows that it is a long, long walk from Covent Garden to Cornhill; but I had no pennies to spare for omnibus rides; I had secured stamps from the office of the hotel for the dispatch of a letter of inquiry to the Continent; and in an hour and a half thereafter found myself, utterly fagged, pacing up and down the side-walk of Cornhill. I found a No. 9; I made appeal after my missing letter at a huckster's shop on the street.

"They knew nothing of it.

"I next made application in a dark court in the rear.

"'There was niver a gintleman of that name lived here.'

"I asked, in my innocence, if the postman were in possession of such a letter, would he leave it?

"'Not being a boording-house—in coorse not.'

"My next aim was to intercept the Cornhill postman himself. Fortunately, the British postmen are all designated by red cuffs and collars; I made an eager rush at some three or four, whom I espied in the course of an hour or more of watch. They were all bound to other parts of the city.

"By this time I had an annoying sense of being constantly under the eye of a tall policeman in the neighborhood. I thought I observed him pointing me out, with an air of apprehension, to a comrade, whose beat joined his upon the corner of the next street.

"I had often heard of the willingness to communicate information on the part of the London police, and determined to divert his suspicions (if he entertained any) by explaining my position. I thought he listened incredulously. However, he assured me very positively that if I should see the Cornhill postman on his beat (which I might not for three hours to come), he would deliver to me no letter, unless at the door to which it might be addressed, and then only unless I was an acknowledged inmate.

"He advised me to make inquiries at the General Post-office.

"Under his directions I walked, wearily, to the General Post-office. One may form some idea of the General Post-office of London by imagining three or four of our up-town reservoirs placed side by side, flanked with columns, topped with Corinthian attics, and pierced through by an immense hall, on either side of which are doors and traps innumerable.

"I entered this hall, in which hundreds were moving about like bees—one to this door, and one to another—and all of them with a most enviable rapidity and precision of movement (myself, apparently, being the only lost or doubtful one), and read, with a vain bewilderment, the numerous notices of 'Ship for India'—'Mails here close at 3.15'—'Packages over a pound at the next window, left'—'All newspapers mailed at this window must be in wrappers'—'Charge on Sydney letters raised twopence'—'Bombay mail closes at two, this day'—'Stamps only.'

"Fluttering about for a while in a sad state of trepidation, I made a bold push for an open window, where an active gentleman had just mailed six letters for Bombay, and began—'Please, Sir, can you tell me about the Cornhill postman?'

"'Know nothing about him!' and slap went the window.

"I next made an advance to the newspaper trap—rapped—open flew the door: 'I wish to inquire,' said I, 'about a letter—'

"'Next window to left!' and click went the trap.

"I marched with some assurance to the window on the left: the same pantomime was gone through. 'I want to know,' I began, more boldly, 'about a letter directed to Cornhill.'

"'Know nothing about it, Sir; this isn't the place, you know.'

"'And pray where is the place, if you please?' (This seemed a very kindly man.)

"'Oh, dear! well, I should say, now, the place was—let me see—over the way somewhere. It's City, you know.'

"I thanked him; indeed I had no time to do more, for the window was closed.

"I marched over the way—that is, on the opposite side of the hall. I rapped at a new trap: click! it flew open. 'I wish to inquire,' said I, 'about a letter which the Cornhill postman may have taken by accident—'

"'Oh, *may* have taken: better find out if he really *did*, you know; for if he *didn't*, you see, it's no use, you know, t' inquire.' And click! the trap closed.

"How to find out now if he really did! If I could only see the Cornhill postman, who, from the nature of his trust, could hardly be very officious, I might hope at least for some information. My eyes fell now upon a well-fed porter, in royal livery, who was loitering about the great entrance-gates of the establishment, and seemed to be a kind of civic beadle.

"I ventured an appeal to him about the probable whereabouts of the Cornhill postman.

"'Oh, Corn'ill postm'n; dear me! I should say, now, p'r'aps he *might* be down to the pay-office. That's to the right, out o' the yard, down a halley—second flight o' 'igh steps, like.'

"I went out of the yard, and down the alley, and applied, as directed, at the second flight of steps. Right for once; it *was* the pay-office.

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"'Was the Cornhill postman there?'

"'He was not.'

"'Where would I be liable to find him?'

"'He was paid off, with the rest, every Saturday morning at nine o'clock—precisely.'

"It was now Tuesday: I had allowed myself a week for London. My anticipations of an enjoyable visit were not high.

"I returned once more to the communicative porter. I think I touched my hat in preface of my second application (you will remember that I was fresh from the Continent): 'You see,' said he, 'they goes to the 'stributing office, and all about, and it's 'ard to say ajust where he might be; might be to Corn'ill—*poss'bly*; might *not* be, you know; might be 'twixt here and there; 'stributing office is to the left—third court, first flight, door to right.'

"I made my way to the distributing office; it seemed a 'likely place' to find the man I was in search of. I found the door described by my stout friend, the porter, and entered very boldly. It was an immense hall, resembling a huge church, with three tiers of galleries running around the walls, along which I saw scores of postmen, passing and repassing, in what seemed interminable confusion.

"I had scarce crossed the threshold when I was encountered by an official of some sort, who very brusquely demanded my business.

"I explained that I was in search of the Cornhill postman.

"'This is no place, Sir; he comes here for his letters, and is off directly. No strangers are allowed here, Sir.'

"The man seemed civil, though peremptory.

"'For Heaven's sake,' said I, appealingly, 'can you tell me how, or where, I *can* see the man who distributes the Cornhill letters?'

"'I really can't, Sir.'

"'Could you tell me possibly where the man lives?'

"'Really couldn't, Sir; don't know at all; de'say it wouldn't be far.'

"I think he saw my look of despair, for he continued in a kinder tone: 'Dear me, eh—did you, p'raps, eh—might I ask, eh—what your business might be with the, eh—Cornhill postman?'

"I caught at what seemed my last hope. 'I wanted,' said I, 'to make an inquiry—'

"He interrupted, 'Oh, dear me—bless me—an inquiry! Why, you see, there's an office for *inquiry*. It's here about, round the corner; you'll see the window as you turn; closes at three (looking at his watch); you've, eh—six minutes just.'

"I went round the corner; I found the window—'Office for Inquiry,' posted above. There was a man who stuttered, asking about a letter which he had mailed for Calcutta two months before to the address of Mr. T-t-t-th-thet-Theodore T-t-tr-tret-Trenham.

"I never heard a stutterer with less charity before. A clock was to be seen over the head of the office clerk within. I watched it with nervous anxiety. The Calcutta applicant at length made an end of his story. The clerk turned to the clock. Two minutes were allowed me.

"I had arranged a short story. The clerk took my name, residence, address—promised that the matter should be looked after.

"I walked back to Covent Garden, weary, but satisfied.

"The next morning the waiter handed me a letter addressed properly enough, 'Mark Handiside, No. 9 Covent Garden.'

"The banker's letter had been delayed. My search through the London office had been entirely unnecessary.

"Three days after, and when I was engrossed with Madame Toussaud's wax-work and the Vauxhall wonders, and had forgotten my trials of Cornhill, I received a huge envelope, under the seal of the General Post-office of London, informing me that no letter bearing my address had been distributed to the Cornhill carrier during the last seven days; and advising me that, should such an one be received at the London Post-office, it would, in obedience to my wishes, be promptly delivered at No. 9 Covent Garden Square.

"For aught I know, the officials of the London office may be looking for that letter still.

"I hope not."

Editor's Drawer.

THE DRAWER, thanks to the thousand contributors who furnish the good things with which it is filled, was never richer than at this present, and the Editor is more perplexed to decide which of the many he shall choose, than where to find the material for the entertainment of his April readers.

"To your distinguished consideration," writes a friend in Ohio, "I submit the following, which is a true fact, poetry and all:

"Billie and Lillie were in love, Lillie having just entered her teens, and Billie having been in them three years. Duty called Billie to a far-away land, where he was compelled to remain in the disagreeable employment of completing his education. On returning, after an absence of two or three tedious years, which seemed a young eternity to his faithful heart, he found, to his dismay and distress, that she whom he had loved and trusted had proved, like too many of her sex, to be fickle and faithless. Again he renewed his suit, and sought with diligence and devotion to win her back to his love, but all in vain. On the last Valentine day she determined to put an end to all his hopes; and so the young flirt sent him the following lines, which she stole from Byron, and copied neatly under the picture of a disconsolated lovyer:

"'When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute,
But the scorn that I feel for you now,
Hath even more luxury in it.

"'Thus whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you was pleasant enough,
But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

"'ST. VALENTINE'S-DAY, 1856.' "'LILLIE.

"This was enough for Billie. In a moment his eyes were opened to see that, in securing the hate of such a girl, he had made a blessed escape, and in a few minutes he dispatched a Valentine in these words:

"'Your plagiarized scorn meets seven-fold scorn,
Your acquaintance and note I contemptuously spurn;
The unprincipled pride of your heart I despise,
And my thoughts far above you in pleasure arise.
Your hate is a trifle, your love is a jest,
Your sneers are your soul, and become you the best;
The contempt that's showered on you by folly was won,
And hereafter, forever, with you I am done.

"'BILLIE.'"

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ANY man who has been at Albany during the session of the present Legislature will believe, without any great amount of extra evidence, that the story we are about to tell is true, and too good to be kept *in* the Drawer. One of the new members of Assembly from one of the Northern Counties was on his way to the old Dutch city a few days before the opening of the session. In his verdancy and self-conceit, as he sat in the rail-car, he was sure that every man must recognize his claim to special consideration as a legislator on his way to the capital for the purpose of making laws for the Empire State, and as the other passengers were quite as good-looking as himself, he came to the conclusion that he had fallen into the company of a number of members bound to the same exalted halls. Now it chanced that Mr. William Russell, the newly-elected State Prison Inspector, was sitting in the seat adjoining our pompous friend, the new member, and on his way to Sing Sing. As the train paused at one of the stations, the rural legislator looked Mr. Russell in the face, and said,

"I believe you are a member of the Legislature that meets next week?"

The Inspector had been observing the member's motions, and read him readily; so fixing upon him a piercing look, and slowly removing his hat from his head, he demanded, in a stern and indignant tone,

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir? Do I look like a villain? Have you seen me pick any man's pocket in this car?"

The attention of every one was turned to the two men, and their curiosity rose as each successive question was propounded, with a rising tone of voice, till Mr. Russell demanded,

"I say, Sir, do you see any thing like a vagabond in my looks?"

"No—I—no—no I don't know as I do," stammered out the confounded rural member.

"No," rejoined the Inspector, "I am bound for the State *Prison;* but, thank fortune, I am not going to the Legislature."

Our windy representative collapsed of a sudden, and wondered in silence why any man should prefer going to State Prison rather than to the Legislature. Perhaps he has found out before this time.

"IN our County Court," writes an Eastern friend, "one of our smart young lawyers was well come up with the other day. A witness, in a case of assault, was asked by the junior Counsel, 'How far was you, Sir, from the parties when the alleged assault took place?'

"'Four feet five inches and a half,' was the answer promptly given.

"'Ah!' fiercely demanded the lawyer, 'how came you to be so very exact as all this?'

"'Because,' said the witness, very coolly, 'I expected that some confounded fool would likely as not ask me, and so I went and measured it.'"

A CLERICAL contributor (we are always happy to receive their contributions, for they abound in *good* things) sends us the following admirable illustration of poor "human nature:"

"The Rev. Dr. B——, a half century ago, was a distinguished minister in Connecticut. He had a negro, Cato by name; yet so little of the philosopher was Cato, that it was doubtful whether to call him a wag or a fool. It came to pass one day that a grocer had been emptying some casks of the settlings of cherry-rum, and a number of hogs in the street had eaten of the cherries till some were staggering about, some were drunk in the gutter, and all of them were showing themselves the worse for liquor. Cato saw their dreadful state, and called to his master at the foot of the stairs:

"'Master—Doctor, do please come here!'

"The Doctor came at the call, and looked out where Cato pointed at the drunken quadrupeds, and asked, 'Well, what?' Cato lifted up both his hands, and with much emotion cried out,

"'Master, master, only look; *poor human natur!*'"

THE same gentleman writes that an eccentric clergyman, lately alluding in his pulpit to the subject of family-government, remarked that it is often said "that nowadays there is no such thing as family-government. But it's false, all false! There is just as much family-government now as there ever was—just as much as in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. The only difference is, that *then* the *old* folks did the governing, now it is done *by the young ones!*"

OUR readers who do not read Latin and Greek may skip the following; but there are many who will agree with us that better classical puns are not abroad.

The Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford, Connecticut, was traveling from that city to Litchfield to attend Court. A violent storm of snow was beating in the faces of the party as they were riding in an open sleigh. One of the company, for the sake of amusement, asked Mr. Chapman how he enjoyed the storm? To which the lawyer instantly answered, in strictly legal terms, that he would much rather "facit per alium," than "facit per se."

On another occasion, Mr. Chapman was dining at a New Haven hotel, when it fell to his lot to help his neighbors at the table to clam soup. As often occurs on such occasions, the clams gave out, and he continued with great diligence to pursue his explorations into the depths of the tureen. A lady opposite observing the thoughtful air with which he plied the ladle, and being herself somewhat under the power of a clam-orous appetite, asked him what he was thinking of. At that moment he raised the ladle with a solitary clam in it, and cried,

"De profundis clam-av-i."

Porson, the famous Greek Professor of Cambridge, was asked whether he was fond of the social cup which "cheers but not inebriates?" He replied without hesitation,

"Nec possit vivere *te*cum, nec sine *te*."

And again, when asked to take a toddy before going to bed, he answered,

"Οὐδὲ τόδε, οὐδὲ τἄλλα:"

showing the Professor more of a teetotaller than he has the credit of being.

BUT to return to Connecticut. In Litchfield lived and died good Deacon Seely, who built his own stone fence as well as his own reputation for that of an honest and God-fearing man. Once, when clearing his farm of stone, he made his wall uncommonly thick and strong, and a waggish neighbor said to him,

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"Well, Deacon Seely, that's a noble stone wall you are building. It will last, I should say, long after you are in Beelzebub's bosom!"

"Ah!" said the Deacon, not noticing the strange interpolation, "I fear we shall never reach that blessed place."

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S opinions on the subject of religion have been the occasion of no little discussion, and every thing that throws light on the subject will be read with interest. The following letters are forwarded to the Drawer by a Virginia correspondent, who says they have never been published:

"MONTICELLO, *Dec.* 8, '21.

"DEAR SIR—In the antient feudal times of our good old forefathers, when the Seigneur married his daughter or knighted his son, it was the usage for his vassals to give him a year's rent extra, in the name of an *aid*. I think it as reasonable, when our pastor builds a house, that each of his flock should give him an aid of a year's contribution. I enclose mine, as a tribute of justice, which of itself, indeed, is nothing, but as an example, if followed, may become something. In any event, be pleased to accept it as an offering of duty, and a testimony of my friendly attachment and high respect.

"Rev. Mr. Hatch." "TH. JEFFERSON.

"MONTICELLO, *May* 12, '22.

"DEAR SIR—The case seems again to occur when, as in that of the feudal lord formerly quoted, an aid was deemed reasonably due on the extraordinary occasions of marrying his daughter or knighting his son. The approaching Convention must bring considerable extra expense on you. I beg leave, therefore, to offer my contribution towards it, on a principle of duty. Altho my affairs in Bedford require my presence there necessarily at this season, yet I would have varied the time of my visit to that place so as to have been here at the meeting of the Convention. I should gladly have profited of that occasion of manifesting my respect for that body, with some of whose members I may probably be acquainted; but it seems to be expected that there will be a concourse of one or two thousand others attending it from all parts of the country, and experience has proved to me that my place is considered as among the curiosities of the neighborhood, and that it will probably be visited, as such, by most of the attendants. I have neither strength nor spirits to encounter such a stream of strangers from day to day, and must therefore avoid it, by obeying the necessary call of my concerns in Bedford, to which place I shall set out to-morrow morning. Accept my friendly and respectful salutations.

"TH. JEFFERSON."

The Convention referred to was of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, held in Charlottesville in May, 1822.

SITTING in the Pulaski House, Savannah, this last winter, the editor hereof heard Judge Lumpkin, of Georgia, telling an anecdote that shows up very neatly the resort of a man when hard pushed in an argument.

An old Baptist preacher, so straight a Calvinist that he leaned over backward, was defending his doctrines against a man as ignorant as he was obstinate: at length the preacher said to his opponent:

"Now, look here, my friend, don't you believe what *is to be, will be?*"

"No, I don't at all. I believe what *is to be, won't be!*"

And there was an end of the argument.

MUSIC.

In the cosiest of chambers,
Gazing on the fading embers,
Fading, dropping, dust to dust;
While their evanescent gleam,
With its fickle rise and fall,
Lighted up a marble bust
Of Saint Jerome, good and just,
Looking at me from the wall,
From beneath his dusky cowl,
With alternate smile and scowl;
By my fireside, all alone,
I was sitting, lapsing to a quiet dream,
When a tiny music-tone,
Sounding distant, faint, and sweet,
Suddenly I heard; and started,
Started listening to my feet,
Eager, wistful, and uncertain
If the sound were of my sleep
Or my waking; and the curtain
Hastily I parted,
And looked out upon the night,
Which with lavish hand had strown
Through the heavens dark and deep,
Like a regal largess, jewels rare and bright.
"Is your symphony, ye crystal spheres,
Flowing downward to my ravished ears?
Where are words," I cried, "to fit the strain
Which ye pour, so lofty yet so sweet,
Through the fathomless spaces while ye roll,
And your choral tide now floods my thirsting soul?"
Nearer seemed the sounds; again
I looked. Ah, Fancy, pert and vain!
A hibernating fly, thawed by the heat,
Was buzzing in a corner of the pane—
So Fancy buzzes in a drowsy brain.

So many stories are now told of the Hard-Shell Baptists, that we publish none but those which are vouched for by responsible names—like the following:

One of the preachers was holding forth on the end of time, and as there had been a great number of shooting-stars not long before, he drew a bold illustration from that striking phenomenon.

"My bretheren, you have often wondered what was the meaning of them shooting-*stairs*. It was this, my bretheren: When the Lord he saw the stairs was too thick and close together like, he took the magnesia of attraction, or the traction of gratification, if you please to call it by the vulgar name, and he shook the stairs, and shook 'em, and shook 'em—ah, and thinned 'em out—ah, and left only the sound ones—ah." Then leaning over the desk, and lowering his voice to a confidential tone, he continued: "Thus, my friends, will it be in the end of the world. The Lord will apply the magnesia of attraction to the meetin' folks, and shake 'em about, and thin 'em out, and the only stairs left in the fundamental galaxy of his glory will be the good old Baptist *stairs!*"

BUT here is a good one from quite another quarter, the land of steady habits, and the old town of Wolcott, where the pulpit had been vacant for several years, and was only semi-occasionally supplied by the pastors of the neighboring churches. They became tired of the duty after a while; and when they found that the Wolcott people were sponging on them for the means of grace, they de-

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puted the pastor of the *Northfield* parish to go and preach to them on the subject, and inform them that they could have *no supply* hereafter from their neighbors. He went, and at the opening of the service gave out the hymn commencing with the lines,

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply."

After reading the whole hymn he repeated the first two lines, when the chorister, according to custom, cried out the tune, *Northfield*, which seemed to be a fitting answer to the parson's demand, and an assurance that the people need look for no further aid from that quarter.

And in Litchfield (Connecticut) cemetery, the writer who sends us the above says that the following epitaph is to be read in stone:

"Here lies two twins, all side by side,
Of the small-pox both of them died."

We were complaining, a short time since, to a friend, of the tedious prolixity of counsel in a case we happened to be interested in, and queried whether it would not save time and answer the ends of justice equally well to do away with all argument to the jury.

"That might do sometimes," said my legal friend; "but I'll give you an instance to show that it is not always safe. I once had a case against a man in the country, which was as clear as daylight in my favor—the fellow had not even a shadow of defense for refusing to pay his debt—but, by the cunning of his lawyer, he had contrived to avoid coming to trial for about two years, in hopes that he might worry me into a compromise. At last the case was called, late in the term and late in a hot day, the court and jury tired and impatient. I stated the facts, produced the evidence, which was all on my side; the judge asked the counsel whether they wished to argue the case, stating that he thought it hardly necessary in so plain a matter. The lawyers agreed to submit it without argument; the jury went out, and immediately returned with a verdict for the defendant! I prayed the judge to overrule the verdict as contrary to law and evidence, and after some time this was done, and I got judgment. But as soon as the court adjourned I sought the foreman of the jury, a worthy but not very brilliant man, and asked him how, in the name of common sense, they came to render such a verdict.

"'Why, you see,' said he, 'we didn't think much of the lawyer agin you, and it wan't strange he didn't have nothing to say; but Squire, the fact is, we thought you was about one of the smartest lawyers in this county, and if you couldn't find any thing to say on your side, it must be a purty hard case, and so we had to go agin you!'"

When has a man enough? Never till he gets a little more. A very good story of old embargo times and the war of 1812 was told us the other day. Under the impulse of the removal of the embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their places of business, and the parties taking it came in afterward to say that they were at the owners' mercy, and must pay what they chose to ask. A brig was lying in Boston harbor, which had come up new from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, and was now in good condition, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent up his son for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not to take less than six. John went to Boston, found how things were going, sold the brig in a moment, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old gentleman marching up and down the piazza, and presently rushing out to meet his son and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father, you may be sure of that."

"For how much, John?"

"For ten thousand dollars!"

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost. "Ten thousand dollars! I'll bet you've sold her to some swindler who don't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there's no note in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank; draw, and you'll get it."

The old man's excitement suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place, he said,

"I say, John, couldn't you have got a *leetle more*?"

An ex-postmaster of Georgia gave us also the following superscription of a letter which he copied with his own hand, and then sent the letter according to the direction. Except the names, which are altered, the copy is given *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim:*

"slait off gorgy, jeffison poast offes, jaxsun kounty to Mr Jones who lives about seven or ate mile from Mr ard, or did about foar of five year ago—as i doant noe your given naim the poastmaster at franklin please forrerd the saim and mediuntly if not suner an the poastmaster at jiffison kounty the saim to mr Jones as sune as the male gits thar."

A sailor is said to be not a sailor when he is a-*shore*, and the fool he makes of himself when he tries to steer a horse or navigate a carriage, is proof that he is not himself when out of his "native" element.

Jack Dimon left the seas, and resolved to have a good time on shore for a year or two, to see how he liked it, and perhaps he would never plow the briny deep again. Not long had he been on land before he had occasion to go a short distance into the country on business, and he required the aid of a horse and wagon. As he was returning from his excursion, an acquaintance met him driving on at a furious rate, and stopping him for a little conversation, was surprised to observe that Jack's horse had a large stone suspended from his tail, to which it was tied by a red bandana.

"What on earth, Jack, have you got on that horse's tail?" was the very natural inquiry of his friend.

"Why, you see," said Jack, with as much seriousness as became the occasion, "when I left port this morning, we got off at a pretty smart lick—say five or six knots—and got on so till we began to scud before the wind, making all sail; when all at once, as I'm a live man, Sir, she dipped, and went right under, pitching me over her bows, and, Jonah-like, I fetched up on dry land. I picked myself up as well as I could; the ship right-

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ed; I thought as how she might have too heavy a figure-head for such a light stern, and so I just put on this big stone, by way of a settler behind, to keep her steady, like. Now she goes like a clipper, as she is. Let go!" and on he went.

A NEW correspondent sends us the following spirited lines:

You may have heard some man confess—
This is an age *when things progress!*
But 'mid the means of good that bless
The present hour,
The first and foremost is the PRESS—
Hail to its power!

What wondrous skill in type and quill!
What wondrous art to soothe or thrill!
They move a nation when they will
To sword and field!
What influence for good or ill!
What power to wield!

Yet oft the Press, with crooked sight,
May see the black, and call it white;
And sometimes, too, that wrong is right;
To say the least,
It oft makes Beauty such a fright,
She scares the Beast!

Perhaps 'tis lucky for mankind,
Old Archimedes ne'er shall find
That fulcrum in the human mind,
Of which the Press is lever;
For he—should Terra be unkind—
Might from her axis heave her!

But, after all, the Press's arm
(Raised, while it may be, to our harm),
To fill intriguers with alarm
Strikes its hard blow,
And generously to disarm
The public foe!

'Tis careful, too, to recommend
What best will suit the general end,
And with its mighty power defend
The public good;
And so the Press, the people's friend
Has always stood!

A RESPONSIBLE friend is the voucher for the truth of the following capital story:

Half a century ago or less, the pious, but sometimes facetious Dr. Pond, dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A——, in the State of "Steady Habits." The Doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation approved; nevertheless he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the Doctor's, and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How-d'ye-do," she began:

"I think, Doctor Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a *fiddle;* all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. A *fiddle!* Oh, dear! what is the world coming to when ministers will do such things!"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me! Why, every body says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the Doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument, than the lady exclaimed,

"La! now, there; why it *is* a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the Doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait until you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle! It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La! me; just to think how people will lie!"

"IN your January Number," writes a frequent correspondent, "you give several reasons that induce people to go to church:

'Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,' etc.,

but you omitted two very common reasons:

Some go there to *close their eyes,*
And some to *eye their clothes.*"

WHAT a difference there is, even in kingly countries, between the customs, styles of living, etc., in *The Old Times and the New!* If Queen Victoria gives a "drawing-room" or a dinner, the London and provincial papers are full to repletion with accounts of the affair; the noble and "royal" personages who were present; the splendor of the apartments; the richness of the gold and silver service, and the like.

Observe, from the following single historic verse, how all this was—or rather was *not*—in the "good olden time:"

"The king and queen sat down to dine,
And many more beside,
And what they didn't eat that night,
Next morning it was fried!"

Now here was true economy, even in a monarch's household; and if this course had been pursued up to the present time, does any body suppose that the English *National Debt* would be what it is *now?* for be it understood, that it costs something for reigning monarchs (and their *families*, pretty numerous, generally) to live, as well as to make war.

By-the-by, speaking of the *National Debt* of Great Britain, the late honored and lamented statesman, Henry Clay, used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his, who, in a stump-speech in the midst of the most unsettled parts of the then "Far West" Western States, gave *his* "sentiments" and "profound views" of matters and things. He was a small pettifogger—"wordy, windy, and wandering" in all that he said, and with the utmost confusion as to what he was talking about; only he knew that he was accusing Mr. Clay of wanting to introduce the "cussed" *Feudal System* into this country. Some demagogue had told him that that was the nature of Mr. Clay's Protective System.

"Look o' here, now, my friends," said he, "jest look at it. I want to know if any of you who hear

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my voice *wants* this Feudal System? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at 'em! Half of 'em are no better than slaves, and some of 'em not half as well off. What has done this? The blasted Feudal System that they want to fasten onto *this* country, same as they did onto Greece!

"And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes this minute for wars and high living under this Feudal System? Why, more than *nine thousand dollars, and the interest runnin' on all the while!* Do *we* want any system like that h'isted onto this country? Do *you* want it, my fellow-citizens?"

Well—they didn't, and so made manifest at the polls. In a sparse settlement in the wilderness, where, as the orator said, "the sile am rich, but money are scurse"—where a silver dollar is supposed to be of the size of a cart-wheel—*nine thousand dollars*, as the national debt of Great Britain, seemed an uncountable and a "most numerous amount" of money.

Mr. Clay used to tell this story with great good-humor and effect, and many a laugh had his friends over the idea how glad the English government would be to strike a bargain with some Yankee financier who would *pay* their national debt with the terrific *nine thousand dollars!*

Do you remember, reader, the first pair of *boots* that ever encased your boyish legs? Is there any acquisition of after-life that *quite* comes up to it?

"How many boots," asked a little boy of his father (who had a friend with him at the time, who had just called upon him), "do three folks' wear?"

"Why, *six*, my son."

"Then," said the little fellow, with conscious pride, "there are six boots in this room!"

Simple arithmetic, surely; but it was the only way in which he could adroitly call the stranger's attention to the fact—with him a *great* fact—that for the first time in his life he had on a pair of little boots.

After all, *men* are not of much account without boots. "Boots are self-reliant—they stand alone. What a wretched creature, slip-shod and discordant, is a human being without boots! In that forlorn condition he can undertake nothing. All enterprise is impossible. He is without motion—a thing fit only to have his toes trodden on. But if the thought flashes through his brain that he must be up and doing, what are the first words that rush to his lips?

"'*My boots!!*'"

"Nothing else could express the fixedness of his new-born purpose. Suppose he called for his horse, or his arms, what sort of figure, having them *only*, would he cut *without his boots?* He could not ride a rod, nor hold his ground against a foe for a single inch. But give him time enough to draw on his boots, and a new man starts at once into existence, ready for any thing!

"You have only to say that an effort is '*bootless*,' and the folly of attempting any thing without boots becomes at once apparent."

"I HOPE you will be able to *support* me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a slippery state of the sidewalks.

"Why—ah—*yes*," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father!"

"There was some confusion," says the *Philadelphia Dispatch*, "and a profound silence when this lovers' colloquy had ended."

How it should dwarf the aspirations, the pomposity, abate the arrogance, and diminish the pride of the "Big Bugs" of the world only to *think*, for a single moment, of the truth of the following: true of kings and queens, the powerful of the earth, as of swelling individual ostentation—*all* of *whom* and of *which* must so soon pass away and be utterly forgotten:

"*The History of the Past* is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new, and lo! *another* little man comes out and blows ANOTHER little trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over!"

Not exactly! Here *we* are, with *our* little tin-trumpet, preserving, like a court-crier, this very record in our Drawer; and, "which is *more*, go to," illustrating it by these forcible thoughts:

"Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what has of them become;
Where be those high-born men, those antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one sea of the earth and of their reign?"
All lost, "in the deep backward and abysm of Time!"

WE have somewhere seen a very laughable description of what is called a *Street-Broker*, that is, a kind of Wall Street commission-broker, who, though without a "local habitation," an office, or any thing answering to either title, has yet "a name" for "getting things done" for a consideration, for our certain small "money'd men" in the Street. Capacious pockets and the top of a greasy, broad-brimmed hat were the apartments where the undiscounted "paper" was kept, and the "safe" where the *proceeds* were deposited, previous to being returned as such, or "invested," as the case might be. *One* such character, "Old S——," was well known in our City "Bourse" or "Royal Exchange" in Wall Street.

But what does the reader think of a *Government* officer of this description? "Old S——" was a *private* officer—on his individual personal curve, or, in other words, "his own hook." But here is a *national* case:

When the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, say some thirty-five years ago, "Uncle Moses," who had built his cabin in a wilderness "opening," went into a *village* in that region to see if he could find a letter from an old friend in the interior or heart of "Old Kentucky."

Three hours' ride brought him "to town." Here he found "The Major," who had lately been appointed Postmaster, and who appropriated *his hat* to the purposes of a post-office, by which he complied literally with the law. He thus took "special care" of "letters and papers committed to his keeping," while, at the same time, he enjoyed abundant locomotive freedom. He hunted, and fished, and engaged in other sports, but was always found "in his office," and *when* found, was "made a note of," even if he had no letter in his office for the inquirer.

"Are you Major ——, the postmaster?"

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"Yes. Any call on my department?"

"Got any letter in your orifice for 'Uncle Mose?'"

"Guess not: no: reckon there ain't n'ary letter for that name."

"It's Moses ——: they call me *Uncle* Mose."

"Set down, 'Uncle Mose:' mebbe I *have:* 'pears to me there *is* a letter in *the office* for Moses ——."

The Major laid himself out on his side on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and said:

"Come, Uncle Mose, help me to hunt for your letter. Whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these," said he, "lay them out on this pile: they are all *dead* letters, and I intend to send 'em off to *head*-quarters the very next time the post-rider comes. I ain't going to take 'em about in the *office* any longer!"

"Uncle Mose" thought they were at *head*-quarters already; but he put on his spectacles and assisted in the search.

After a long look, it was found that there was no letter in the *office* for Uncle Mose.

But the "postmaster" offered to sell "Uncle Mose," on commission, a lot of "store-goods" which he had in his capacious pockets, and a sale was effected.

HERE is a very beautiful brace of verses upon "Music," which strike us as well worthy of preservation in the Drawer:

When life's sad dream is o'er,
  Its happiness and woe;
And Nature, weak and wearied out,
  Has done with all below;
Sit near my couch, and while my breath
  Comes feebly up, oh! let me hear
Thy voice repeat that plaintive strain,
  My dying hour to cheer!

Sing while my fluttering pulse
  Its labor faintly plies;
Sing while my spirit hovers near,
  And while to God it flies;
Let the voice that soothed my morning hours,
  As cheerful sound at even,
And thy music waft my soul away
  To sweeter strains in heaven!

How much, in the way of a maxim or apothegm, there is sometimes in a single line from a simple-minded, honest thinker! Here is one which should not be lost upon the thousands who are thinking how they look, how they appear in the eyes of others at a party, or how, in the minds of their guests, their great dinner, which has cost them a world of trouble, fuss, and feathers, is passing off: "*The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.*"

"I UNDERSTAND you are engaged to be married," said a "satirical rogue" to a young man who was known to have no other idea of a proper "qualification" for a wife than that she had money. "Is your intended a young lady of good moral character?"

"Well, *yes*—tolerably fair; she has forty thousand dollars in her own right *now*."

"Is she accomplished?"

"Well, not exactly *yet*, but she *will* be. When the 'old man dies' she will have thirty thousand more. You know there are only three children, and the old man is as rich as Job was when he came into his last property."

Speaking of *matrimony and money* reminds us of a very clever, but carelessly written poem, delivered by a young lady of Madison (Georgia) Female College, on its last commencement-day. It has some telling "hits," and some few phrases which show its Southern origin. We subjoin a few brief passages. It bears the appropriate title, "Has She any Tin?" "tin" and "spelter" being convertible terms for cash:

"Away with accomplishments! charms, all away!
Tell me not of proud beauty's resistless array:
It's nonsense, all witchcraft, a bundle of trash,
Things heeded alone by the foolish and rash.
Give me the *rich lady*, with purses of charms,
Who wins by her dark-*ies*, plantations, and farms;
Not beauty, nor graces, naught's wanted but dimes—
They alone can console in these hard, hard times.
Your slender-built beauties, your delicate flowers
The sunshine can stand, not adversity's showers;
Like the glittering ray-fish, they're beautiful things,
But you'd better not touch, and beware of their stings.
Then accomplishments, extras—what won't come up next?
I scarcely can think of the things but I'm vexed;
French, Music, and Latin—the whole endless list
Could all be dispensed with, and yet never missed.
Your opera music, your fashionable singing,
A sheep can surpass when his neck-bell is ringing;
Your daubing with paint, and your working with floss;
This knitting and braiding, this patchwork of moss,
All heaped in a pile, make a beautiful mess
For a young lady's fortune, I truly confess.
But there's one humbug more, and the least of the train—
That vapor that springs from the novelist's brain—
The bubble called love, which its origin claims
Alone in the fancy of novel-spoilt dames.
I presume it is true, as we've all heard it said,
It inhabits not seldom the college-boy's head,
Imparting a smoothness and softness of skin
That is equaled by naught but the softness within.
Ah! pitiful creatures, how can they esteem
So highly the visions of which they but dream?
But let them alone, they are sure to repent
Ere in life's busy battle they've many years spent.
When Poverty enters the threshold, she makes it
A point to give Love through the window his exit;
And your lovely young wife, though the town all extol her,
Can't compare with the charms of *the all-mighty dollar*.
For this is a love which can long be enjoyed—
Not a dream, something real, and can't be destroyed.

* * * * * * * *

As to ladies' accomplishments, tell me, I pray,
Are these not the thoughts of this audience to-day?
Perhaps not of all, but of many, I guess,
Who, if questioned, would quickly (or *slowly*) confess
They have always committed that commonest sin
Of serving their favorite divinity, *Tin*.
Now do not repel the assault with a blush,
And declare you have never regarded the plush;
It sticks out too plainly, when, anxious to hear,
You inquire so intently her income a year;
Or, with head half inclined, the sweet sound to draw in—
'Just between you and me, *has she got any tin?*'
And then can't your motives be plainly discerned,
When about some old Colonel you're might'ly concerned:
Inquiring of weather, the prospect of rains,
How comes on the cotton, the corn crop, and grains;
But finding she's rich, don't know enough yet,
To be certain, must ask if her daddy's in debt.
If every thing suits, and the investment is sure,
Then a quick introduction you'll plan to procure.
But just let the answer be this: '*She is poor*,'
Then your curious questions are whispered no more;
And turning away, like a sorrowful churl,
'She looks *like* she might be a very nice girl.'"

That pun of "dark-*ies*" and the "*like*" in this last line, are thoroughly indigenous.

WE printed once in the Drawer a very striking picture of entering London, by an American, and

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the almost overpowering impression which its vastness made upon him. In the annexed paragraph from a London journal—the *Times*, we believe—the *reason* of this impression is, in very brief terms, made apparent enough:

"*London extends over a surface of one hundred and twenty-two square miles*, and the number of inhabitants is over *two millions three hundred thousand*. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed from the fact, that, if the metropolis were surrounded by a wall having gates north, south, east, and west, and each of the four gates wide enough to allow a column of persons to pass out freely, four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced at no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep!"

What a picture of a city is that! And it is a picture that is increasing in vastness every day; for London is said to be growing as fast as New York; but *that* we take leave very much to doubt.

He is perhaps a foolish man who can not afford to laugh at a grotesque or foolish thing. Sometimes one feels almost ashamed to be amused by a trifle which bears upon its face an air of *in*authenticity; but following *this* rule, who would ever have enjoyed Gulliver's Travels—a work so often quoted in defense of geographical statements and psychological developments? Let such doubters skip the following:

"A solemn-looking fellow, with a certain air of dry humor about the corners of his rather sanctimonious mouth, stepped quietly, one day, into the tailoring establishment of 'Call and Tuttle,' Boston, and quietly remarked to the clerk in attendance,

"'I want to *tuttle*.'

"'What do you *mean*, Sir?'

"'Well, I want to TUTTLE: noticed the invitation over your door, so I *called*; and now I should like to *tuttle!*'

"He was ordered to leave the establishment, which he did, with a look of angry wonder, grumbling to himself,

"'If they don't *want* strangers to call and tuttle, what do they put up a *sign* for, asking 'em in to do it?'"

College-life in the last century was very different from what it is now, not only in the Mother-Country but in our own. At that time the students were obliged to go to the kitchen-doors with their bowls or pitchers for their suppers, where they received their milk or chocolate in a vessel held in one hand, and their piece of bread in the other, and went straight to their rooms to devour it.

"There were suspicions at times," says a writer of that period, "that the milk was diluted with water, which led a sagacious Yankee student to put the matter to the test. So one day he said to the carrier-boy:

"'Why don't your mother mix the milk with *warm* water instead of *cold*?'

"'She *does*,' replied the boy; 'she always puts in *warm* water!'"

Not unlike the reply of the little country girl, on a visit to her aunt in the city, who had waited long for the promised milkman to arrive, and who, when he *did* come, brought the usual "fluid."

The little girl had her bowl of milk, crumbled with bread; and after eating a mouthful or two, said:

"Aunty, I don't like *milkman's* milk so well as I do *cow's* milk! 'Tisn't *near* so good!"

The readers of the Drawer will remember the "permission" given by a gallant American Colonel, at Valley Forge, in the Revolution, to complaining soldiers, to leave the army and go home, if they chose to signify their wish to do so by stepping out from the ranks; "*but*," he added, "the first that steps out shall be shot, or my name is not Colonel ——!"

Something like that is the following:

"On board the Cunard steamships the Church-service is read every Sunday morning. The muster-roll of the crew is called 'to attend service.'

"A gentleman, one day, said to one of the sailors,

"'Are you *obliged* to attend public worship?'

"'N-o-o; not exactly *obliged*, ye kno', Sir; but *we should lose* our *grog* if we *didn't!*'"

Rather "compulsory worship" we should call that, after all!

Any thing better than the subjoined illustration of *Categorical Courtship* we can safely assume no reader of the Drawer for many a day has encountered:

"I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

"Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammer'd, cough'd, and stutter'd;
But somehow, nothing to the point had utter'd.

"I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She look'd as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

"I didn't know how to begin, or where—
I couldn't speak—the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seem'd tied to the chair—
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seem'd losing.

"At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that—
My doubts, like summer-clouds, began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said 'Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me.'

"'Twas done at once—the murder now was out.
The thing was all explain'd in half a minute;
She blush'd, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said, 'Pussy, tell him "yes;"' her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story."

"Little Rhody" turns out this through the columns of the *Providence Daily Journal*.

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Foolish Folks.—All-Fools' Day Sketches.



THE MUSICAL FOOL.
Mr. Paganini Pedal volunteers his seventeenth Song.



THE LITERARY FOOL.
Mr. Byron Blobb reads his Poems to his Friends.



THE STAGE-STRUCK FOOL.
Young Samson Blower applies for an Engagement.



THE FAST FOOL.
Oscar Shanghai becomes a Fireman for Excitement.



THE ARISTOCRATIC FOOL.
Mr. Mushroom Codfish selects a Coat-of-Arms.



THE POLITICAL FOOL.
Mr. Cocktail Bloater works for his Party.



THE MILITARY FOOL.
Mr. Sabertash Centaur goes in for Glory.



THE INQUISITIVE FOOL.
Mr. Peeper tries to find out how Daguerreotypes are made.

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THE PEDESTRIAN FOOL.
Mr. PODGERS (the Lively Turtle) runs a Foot-Race in July.



THE VISIONARY FOOL.
Mr. FLIGHTY at work on his new Flying-Machine.



THE MONEYED FOOL.
Mr. BANKER lends a Poor Man money without Security.



A BASHFUL FOOL.
AUGUSTUS DARLING dares not "propose."



AN APRIL FOOL.
Mr. GRABBIT finds himself decidedly "sold."



THE VERDANT FOOL.
Mr. JOLLY GREEN was perfectly sure of the Cards.



THE MATRIMONIAL FOOL.
Mr. HENPECK, who has married a Strong-minded Woman.



NOT A BIT OF A FOOL.
Mr. BROWN declines to run for Alderman.

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Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade and Dinner Toilets.

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THE MANTILLA in Figure 1 is of black taffeta, ornamented with pomegranates and scrolled leaves embroidered in needlework, with a very rich crochet-headed fringe. That in Figure 3 is a scarf, with a *passmenterie* of velvet ribbon. The fringe is alternately black and purple, which last is the color of the garment from which our illustration has been drawn; though in this respect the wearer will be guided by her own taste in making a selection. The frill is continued round the tabs, which are pointed.

In the DINNER DRESS (Figure 2) it will be perceived that ribbons, as trimming, are entirely superseded by velvet. This trimming is not confined to the robe—the laces, which are *en suite*, being traversed by narrow lines of it. The ornaments are drop-buttons. The sleeves, which fall away very full from the band below the elbow, are cut square upon the lower edge. They are caught up and confined by a strap, so as to expose the under-sleeves. The skirts are double, the upper one being a tunic. It is said—we trust upon insufficient grounds—that jackets are losing their favor. Their intrinsic merits should keep them always in vogue.

The INFANT'S ROBE is especially adapted for a baptismal robe. It is only necessary to say, by way of description, that it is embroidered in needlework. It may, if desirable, be shortened by omitting all below the second flounce.



FIG. 3.—MANTILLA.

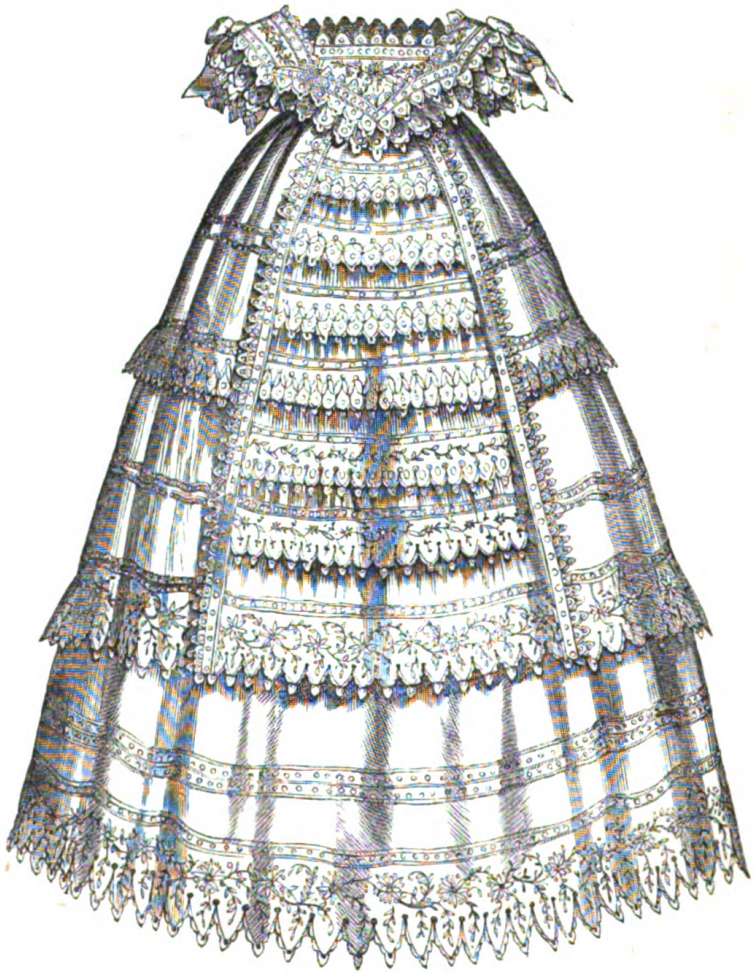


FIG. 4.—INFANT'S ROBE.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXII.—MAY, 1856.—Vol. XII.



HACIENDA OF LEPAGUARÉ.

A VISIT TO THE SILVER MINES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

IT was included in the instructions which marked out my course of travel in Central America, that I should examine the silver region of Honduras, where that State borders upon Nicaragua, and report to my employers the condition, yield, and probable value of the principal mines. In pursuance of this duty, I collected all the information that could be gathered by conversation during the month of my first sojourn in Tegucigalpa, before visiting the gold fields of Olancho; and on my return I made large additions to this knowledge by a personal inspection of the localities. On both occasions I enjoyed the hospitality of many distinguished gentlemen interested in the production of silver, more especially of the Señores Lozano and Ferrari, who are probably the owners of the finest and most accessible mines of silver on either continent.

The gold of modern discovery has widened the basis of our commerce, and, as an object of productive industry, has given birth to two new commercial centres, which will divide between them the wealth of the Pacific. These events are more important than revolutions.

But if Gold has thus established for itself a new dignity and power, as a cause and instigator of progress, no less, in times near at hand, will the virtue of Silver be acknowledged; when its production, like the sister metal, shall fall, once for all, into the hands of Anglo-Saxon industry, and under the ken of its prophetic intelligence. But I am not now permitted to predict, and must confine these pages to what I have merely seen and heard.

Nearly in the centre of the plain of Lepaguaré, fronting the great hacienda of Don Francisco Zelaya, there is a hill, or ridge, called *Cerro Gordo*, about eight hundred feet high. In this hill, which is a mass of primary rocks, there are veins of silver; but as they are in the centre of some of the richest gold fields of the continent, many years will have elapsed before the price of American miners' labor will allow their being worked. Beyond the Cerro Gordo I saw no silver ores until I arrived, on my home journey, at Tegucigalpa; for I did not take the road through Cedros or San Antonio, but chose a shorter route across the mountains, as shown in the map on the following page.

Tegucigalpa (the Department) contains within its boundaries ten *minerales*, as the Spaniards

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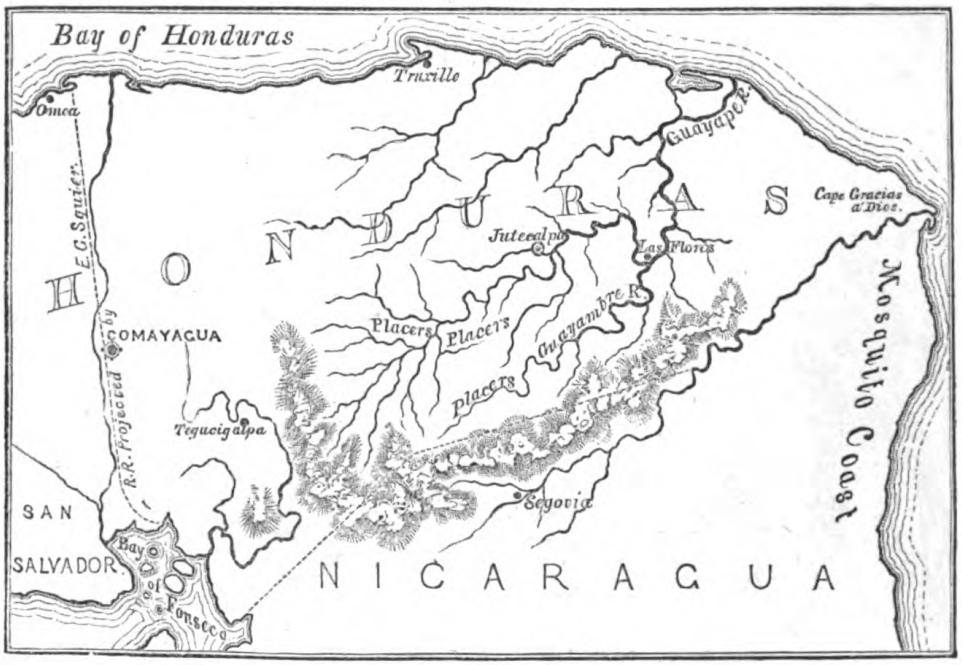
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call them—mining districts—each of which has its group, or cluster, of important mines, most of them long since opened, and many in a good working condition. I shall begin this brief account of them with a narrative of my descent into an old and deep silver mine in the *mineral* of *Santa Lucia*.

The map on page 726, which is the only one

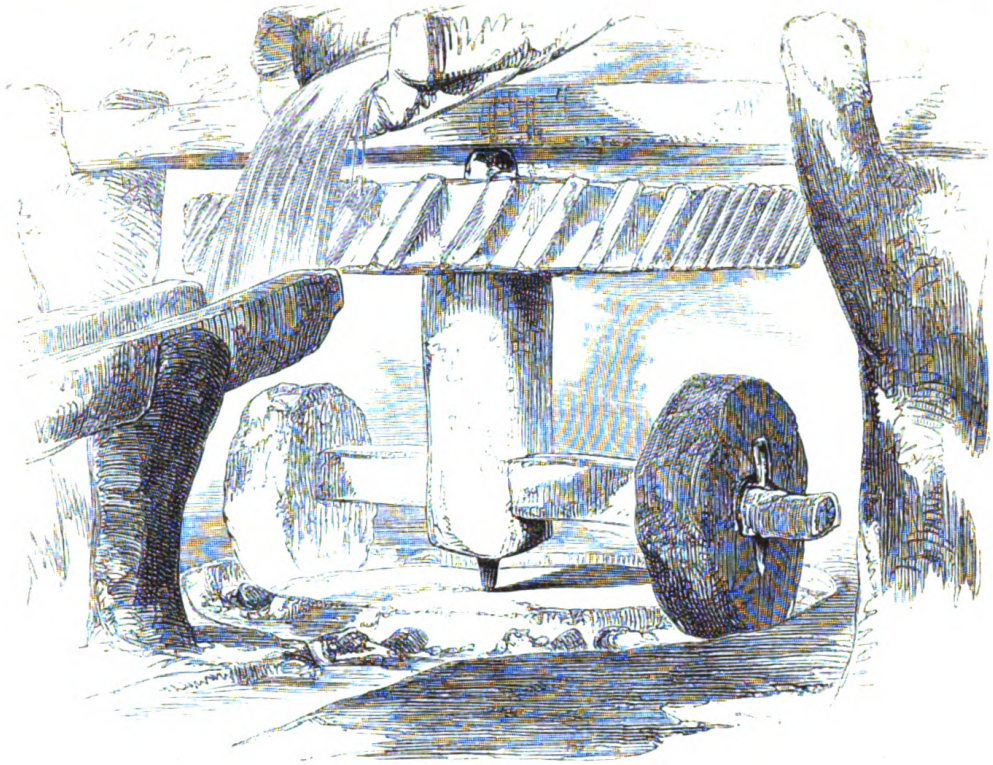


I have seen, was made for me by the venerable Don Francisco Lozano, himself a rich mine of information on all that relates to silver and gold. His death, which happened during my absence in Olancho, was a serious loss to the silver interest of Honduras.

In company with Señor Ferrari, I started early in the morning for the *mineral* of Santa Lucia, half a day's ride from Tegucigalpa in a northeasterly direction, by a winding and ascending road. Half way to Santa Lucia we turned aside to take a passing look at the *Mina Grande*, celebrated for the breadth of its veins. It is a joint property of Ferrari and the heirs of the elder Lozano. The principal vein (*veta principal*) is 11 *varas* (33 feet) in thickness, and yields a good working per-centage to the ton of ore. Good ores yield from $80 to $200 per ton, and rich ores much more than that. The richness of an ore is governed by its chemical constitution, and can not exceed a certain average, unless, as in the Guayavilla mine, it contains threads of pure silver. Mina Grande belonged formerly to the wealthy royalist family of Rosas, who were driven out by the revolution of independence. The works are drained by subterranean channels (*taladras*). It yielded more than a million to the family of Rosas, whose enormous wealth and tyrannical oppression made them an object of hatred to the revolutionists.

The entrance of the principal vein is situated on a beautiful piece of well-wooded table-land, near the summit of a high mountain of limestone, on the *camina real* (royal highway) to Santa Lucia, more than 4100 feet above the sea. It was amusing, and really pitiable, to observe the excessive rudeness and inefficiency of the methods used for extracting the metal. Two old gray-headed Indians were slowly pounding up the rich ore between large stones; but even by this process they earned a fair living, and a profit for the proprietors. The best organized works employ rude machinery for pounding, which consists of two irregular mill-stones, dragged around in a circular stone water-trough, by mules or oxen pulling at a long beam which turned on a centre post, like old-fashioned cider-mills. One which I saw elsewhere in operation, moved by water, hobbled stupidly around, crushing, it may be, half a ton a day very imperfectly. The crushed ore, or mud, is treated by fire or quicksilver, or both, according to the nature of the ore. A good crushing machine of modern make, such as is used by the quartz miners, will do more than *fifty times* the work of these rumbling old mills, and with as little cost. A single mill would prepare ore enough on the Mina Grande to yield $5000 in silver every day, and on some mines $10,000. The manager, or *major domo*, told me, with a great deal of Spanish pathos, that they lost half their silver, and at least half the quicksilver used in amalgamation, by bad machinery and stupid management. I saw little mounds of refuse ore, each of which would be a fortune to a Yankee miner with his crushers and his "science." An unaccountable error prevails at present about the expenditure required upon silver mines. I saw here, in the Mina Grande, ore enough at hand to keep two crushers at work. A good mill can be had for five thousand dollars; ten thousand in all would

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PRIMITIVE MILL.

erect the ovens, pay for the quicksilver, and set the miners at work. But the outlay of the same money by a Spaniard would yield only a very moderate return.

We descended from Mina Grande with one of the noblest landscapes in the world before us, through a growth of shrubbery and pitch pine. A sea of mountains, forested to their crowns, lay around us. Arrived at the foot of this eminence, we began to ascend another, at the summit of which is the village, or hamlet, of Santa Lucia. Our tough little mules struggled gallantly up the steep road, and at eleven o'clock we had reached the highest point, 4320 feet above the sea. The temperature, by my own thermometer, did not here exceed 72° Fahrenheit at noon. Our little party stopped at the door of a neat stone house, which belongs to Señor Fialles, and the servant, who was loaded with provisions, soon spread an excellent dinner, of which we gratefully partook after the toil of the morning. After dinner we resumed our journey, traversing by a good road a dense forest for several miles, and arrived at two o'clock before a small hamlet of four *adobé* houses, the property of Señor Ferrari, one of which covered the entrance of the great San Martin mine, said to be the richest in the district. One of the four houses was designated by Señor Ferrari as a store-house, where the more valuable ore is collected until it can be carried to the mill, three miles distant. A third house served as a residence for the *major domo*, or director of works, and a fourth for servants.

The entrance to the mine is on the brow of the mountain, looking northwestward against a spur of the Cordilleras, called the *Lepaterique*, which divides the department of Comayagua from that of Tegucigalpa, and some of its peaks are among the highest in the State. Through a "gap," or depression, in the Lepaterique, we saw the distant "peak of Comayagua," near the city of that name, rising like a cone of indigo in the clear evening air. The foliage of the immense valleys and hillsides which environed us was diversified with beautiful tints, the brighter shades of oak and shrubbery contrasting with the evergreen darkness of the pines.

After we had sufficiently enjoyed the splendor of this rare view, we prepared ourselves for a descent into the famous *Mina de San Martin*, by first taking each a "stiff horn" of *aguardiente* to keep off the subterranean cold. Then, with a naked Indian, bearing a tallow candle, to proceed us, and another in similar costume to bring up the rear, with slow and cautious steps we began our backward descent into the "cellarage."

My seven months' residence in Honduras had given me a tolerable command of the Spanish language; but during the explanatory conversation which took place between Señor Ferrari, the *major domo*, and myself—before we entered the mine—I was obliged frequently to ask for definitions of terms. The vocabulary of the miners includes a variety of technical expressions. The ore itself, which they call *brosa*, is

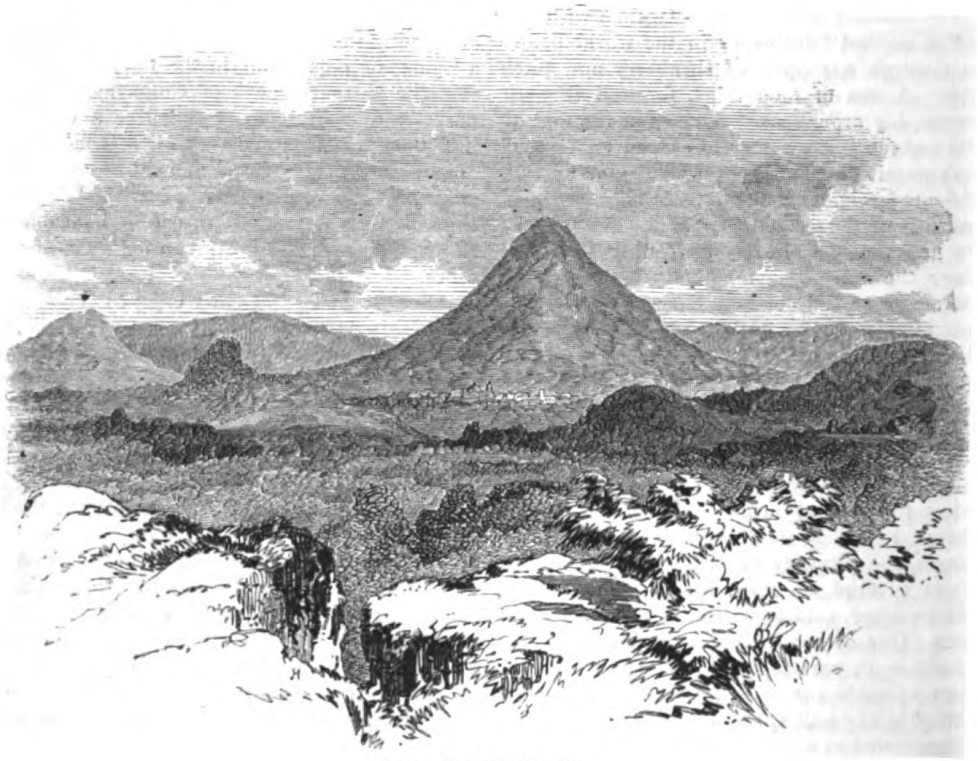
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a combination or mixture of crystallized minerals—limestone, quartz, sulphuret of lead, sulphuret of antimony, of iron, of copper, etc., etc.—which fill up the irregular fissure, or break in the mass of the *raspalda*, or live-rock of the mountain. A vein of ore (*veta*) may lie between two beds of flat rock, like a sheet between two blankets; or it may be simply the contents of a crack or fissure, which descends into the lower regions of the earth to an incalculable depth. The metal (*metales*) is sometimes pure, in threads of silver, penetrating the crevices of the rock like the roots of a plant; but the quantity of this is never great, and the best mines are those which furnish a steady yield of rock-ore, or *brosa*. It is probable that the sulphurets of silver, antimony, copper, mercury, lead, iron, etc., which are found in these crevices, have risen up, either in the form of vapor or of lava (liquid rock), from volcanic furnaces in the deep chambers of the earth.

We entered first what is called a *fronton*, a horizontal chamber, or drift—in other words, a hole in the rock; but this terminated immediately over a perpendicular shaft or well; in mining language, a *pozo*. Down this, preceded by our guide, we commenced a slow and cautious backward climb, by means of an upright log of oak, with notches cut in it, by way of steps, for the feet and hands. These posts are called *escaleras*. An *escalera* is usually four *varas*, or eleven and a quarter feet in depth. At the foot of each *escalera* is a small platform of earth just wide enough for a landing-place; the drift is then horizontal for a few feet, and a second *escalera* commences. I think that no person would undertake alone, though he were the bravest man in the world, the descent into the gloom of one of these mines. The reflection that others have gone before, and go every day without danger, is hardly sufficient to assure him. At the foot of the second *escalera* the darkness became impenetrable, and here was the commencement of a *fronton*, or horizontal drift, with galleries branching out, their roofs supported on either side by walls of solid stone formed of the *raspalda*, or the natural rock, cut with great regularity, and the roof propped, in addition, with pillars of heavy oaken timber, between which glittered millions of bright reflections from the crystalline ore. The air of this cavern had the clammy dampness of a neglected dungeon. Continuing our way along the drift, we resumed, a little further on, our slow and cautious descent of the *escaleras*.

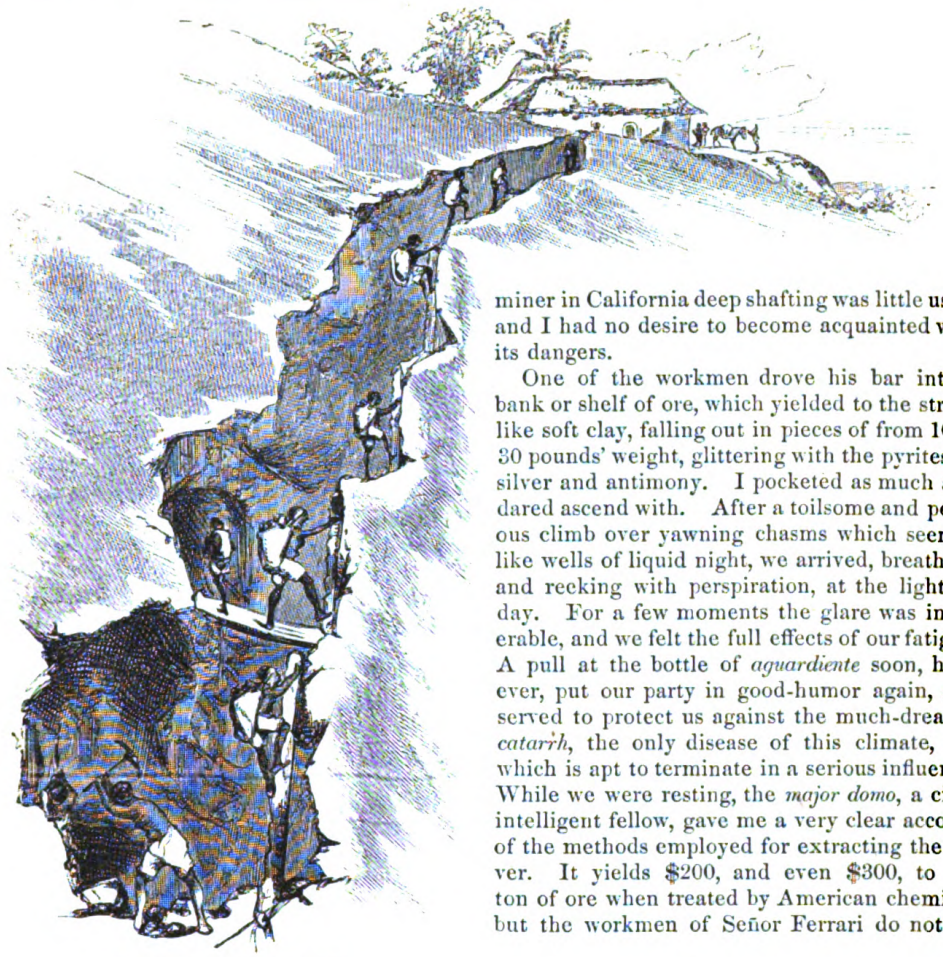
I began now to perceive a faint rumbling sound, like the echo of footsteps in a hollow vault. This arose from the blows of the miners sounding far below us.

After a fatiguing descent of 150 feet, in an air so close and palpably damp as to impede respiration, we found ourselves at the bottom of the mine: the temperature at this point was 68° Fahrenheit by my thermometer. From the bottom of the lower *escalera* the vein had taken a more horizontal direction, and was excavated in caverns with arched roofs, which now re-echoed to the blows of the miners, who struck the rock with pointed bars of iron, breaking off at every stroke portions of the rich and spark-



THE CONE OF COMAYAGUA.

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SECTION OF A SILVER MINE.

ling *brosa*, and emitting from the chest, as they struck, a peculiar hollow groan, very painful to hear, for one unaccustomed to the sound, but which a tall Herculean fellow assured me was "necessary to the miner, and materially eased his labor." The echoes of these caverns gave back a dense and muffled sound. It seemed as though the palpable darkness—compared with which the blackness of the night is twilight—had poured itself into the hollows of my ears and deadened their sensibility. The cold damp, the haggard appearance communicated to all our countenances by the candle-light reflected from the shining ores, the wild and unnatural look of the subterranean workmen, the dark opening which led away to unknown depths and distances into the solid heart of the earth, the idea which continually haunted me of the mountain hanging overhead, which might at any moment fall in and exclude us from the light of day—an accident for which the miner has a word in his dialect, *campana*—these thoughts made me take an inward resolve that my descent into the Mina de San Martin should be the last of my adventures of this kind. To the perils of the sea and of the wilderness I had been already reconciled by experience; but when I was a miner in California deep shafting was little used, and I had no desire to become acquainted with its dangers.

One of the workmen drove his bar into a bank or shelf of ore, which yielded to the stroke like soft clay, falling out in pieces of from 10 to 30 pounds' weight, glittering with the pyrites of silver and antimony. I pocketed as much as I dared ascend with. After a toilsome and perilous climb over yawning chasms which seemed like wells of liquid night, we arrived, breathless and reeking with perspiration, at the light of day. For a few moments the glare was intolerable, and we felt the full effects of our fatigue. A pull at the bottle of *aguardiente* soon, however, put our party in good-humor again, and served to protect us against the much-dreaded *catarrh*, the only disease of this climate, but which is apt to terminate in a serious influenza. While we were resting, the *major domo*, a civil, intelligent fellow, gave me a very clear account of the methods employed for extracting the silver. It yields $200, and even $300, to the ton of ore when treated by American chemists, but the workmen of Señor Ferrari do not re-



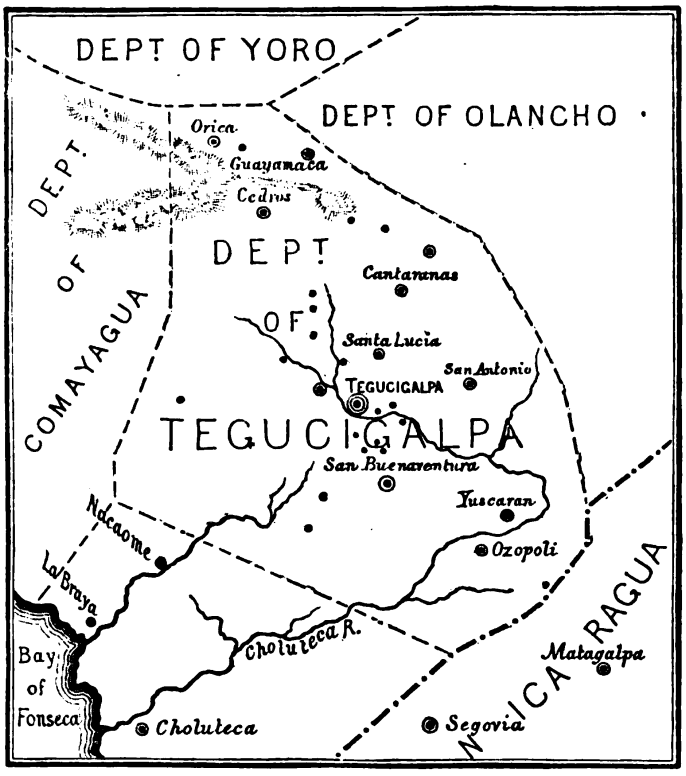
CAMPANA, OR CAVING IN.

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alize half that amount from it. Some very ordinary specimens, which I picked up and took with me to San Francisco, were analyzed by my friend Mr. Hewston, of the Mint, and gave $218 to the ton; Ferrari's results do not reach half that amount. The *major domo* appeared to be fully aware of the great loss incurred by the inferior processes in use in Honduras. "Trabajamos aqui ciegos, Señor," he exclaimed, "no hay intelijentes, no hai brazos, ni fundos, ni nada—absolutamente nada, Señor—Perdimos la mitad de la plata porque nadie sabe estraerte."*

To my surprise the proprietor of the mine corroborated the statement, and joined in the complaints of the *major domo*, and then told me that he was so thoroughly disgusted with the miserable management of the native metallurgists, he would freely give me a quarter of the proceeds of the mine—which is one of the best in Honduras—if I would, of my own knowledge, or with the assistance of a good chemist, enable him to save his enormous losses in silver and quicksilver by the introduction of a good modern process.

Nature does every thing for Honduras, man



—at least during the present age—almost nothing. A silver mine in Connecticut or Virginia yielding $20 of silver to the ton, would be a valuable property. The Germans work ores of argentiferous galena, which yield only $5 or $7 to the ton; and they are not unprofitable; large investments of capital are made in mines of an inferior quality in the United States, and roads constructed to reach them, which cost twice what will be required to control the access to the mines of Santa Lucia. It is our gross ignorance of Honduras, its geography, and its metallic wealth, which has allowed us to leave it so long a hidden and useless treasure. Not many years can pass before this darkness will have been dissipated by the press; and I regard even the slight and superficial information contained in this article, scattered as it will be, like wheat from the hand of the sower, over vast surfaces of active and fruitful mind, as the first in a series of events which will end in opening to all the world a new and inexhaustible source of commercial prosperity.

Although we know that, under Spanish rule, millions of silver were taken annually from these mines, we are not therefore to suppose that the methods of mining were in those days any better, or the arts of metallurgy more advanced. The secret of the great yield lay in the number of workmen employed in taking out the ore, and the number engaged in breaking and crushing it. The aim of American miners is to save labor by machinery; machinery, *first*, to draw the ore up from the mine; *next*, to break and crush it into fine dust, rapidly and without waste; and, *finally*, skillful metallurgy, in amalgamating and refining, which should not only save, as in Germany, every ounce of silver, but economize the quicksilver now dissipated and lost. Where there is a profit of *ten* dollars by the old process, there should be a *hundred* by the new.

The operation of breaking ore for the mill is now done by a lazy naked native, with a hammer or a stone. A hundred of these fellows would hardly supply the trough of an American quartz-mill. The *tanateros*, indeed, who are a class of workmen employed to bring up the ore in sacks from the bottom of the mine, do their work manfully, and are, physically, a superior kind of laborers. They climb nimbly up the slippery *escaleras* with a load of 125 pounds attached to their backs. The enormous development of their muscles proves the violence of the exercise. These men are Indians or half-breeds, and are beautiful in form, mild, industrious, and obedient. The same labor would be much better and more economically performed by a small steam-engine, such as would cost only three or four hundred dollars; and

* "We work in the dark here, Sir; no intelligence, no workmen, no funds, nothing—absolutely nothing, Sir. We lose the half of the silver, because we are ignorant of the means of extracting it."

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ENTRANCE TO A MINE.—TIMBER PROPS.

yet by the slow methods in present use, more than two millions, it is said, have been netted since it was first opened, long previous to the Revolution, from the San Martin mine; corresponding with more than *thirty thousand tons* of good ore, allowing the usual losses, from a mine only 150 feet in depth! This is certainly the largest yield on record. Not less than 60,000 tons of rock and ore together must have been carried up on the backs of *tanateros!* Consequently, *one million* sacks of stone and ore have been taken out through the mouth of the mine! *If steam were applied, the annual yield of this mine, in pure silver, would be limited only by the number of men who could work abreast in its subterranean galleries.*

From the San Martin we rode over the same evening, not a mile distant, to the *Gatal*, another celebrated mine, also the property of Señor Ferrari. Our road lay through a forest of stunted oaks, mingled with large pines, very suitable for mine-timber, and terminated at a small settlement resembling the one already described. Notwithstanding my resolution, I made a second descent into the earth at this point, and found the excavations of the Gatal much more extensive and imposing than those of the comparatively modern San Martin. Galleries branch off to the right and left to a great distance, following the course of a second intersecting bed of ore, which traverses the plane of the larger or perpendicular vein. One of these, called the *veta azul*, or blue vein, is apparently conformable with the stratification—like a bed of trap interposed between two layers of sandstone—while the other (*veta principal*) is a perpendicular fissure. All the fissures of the mountains, and consequently the beds of ore in this *mineral*, run north and south, except the *veta azul*.

I am not a professional geologist, and can not explain, even hypothetically, the causes of these fissures, through which the precious metals have oozed up to the surface from the interior metallic-lava lakes of the earth. Did they arise in vapor, condensing upon the walls of the fissures? Were they dissolved in water, heated far beyond the temperature of white-hot iron, and prevented from evaporating by the pressure of solid miles of rock above them? Were the fissures made by ancient earthquakes, themselves occasioned by the bulging of the crust of the earth as it cooled? Did the metals rise molten, in the form of lava? Of one thing I am convinced, however, that the causes—whatever they may have been—pervaded a wide extent of territory, and were deep-seated in the earth. Silver mines in this region never give out; they vary in width, but are indefinitely continued. Their supply is inexhaustible.

While examining the interior of the Gatal, I observed more carefully the method of propping the roof of the excavation. Wherever the roof is shaky, or of loose stone, heavy masses of unhewn timber—oak is preferred—are set under, as supports. The weight of the roof pressing slowly and insensibly downward, will sometimes bend these columns like reeds. Fragments are continually dropping from the roofs of the galleries. The miners grow accustomed to the danger. As I was standing in one of the caves which are left where large masses of ore are taken out, I looked up, and saw over my head a mass of at least five tons' weight hanging in the crevice, and ready at any moment to

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fall. The echo of the voice or the sound of a hammer might have brought it down. One of the miners touched me, without speaking, and pointed to the rock. I stepped quietly out of the way, with a sensation like sea-sickness.

A *campaña*, or "caving-in," is not so dangerous an affair, however, as might be imagined. Before the roof comes down—more especially when the strata above are horizontal, or moderately inclined—the mine gives out a sound, quivering and grumbling; each timber prop—set close to its fellow—begins to sigh and struggle against the roof like a weary Hercules. The crash comes on slowly. A wind blows out of the mine; the miners run to the main gallery, which is always secure, and a sound is heard for a few moments, not loud, but awfully significant of the forces at work.

After the flight of the Rosas family, in 1831, the Gatal was neglected, and the galleries fell to decay; but recently they have been cleared, and are now worked with considerable results. The works are placed, as usual, upon the brow of a steep hill, perhaps 300 feet above the general table-land of the district. Penetrating the flank of this eminence is a subterranean conduit, or water-drift, called by the miners a *taladro*. The entrance of the mine is certainly not less than 200 feet perpendicularly above the mouth of the *taladro*. Out of this runs all the natural drainage of the mine, and the excess poured into it during the rainy season. The drain penetrates horizontally and upward to the galleries, with which it is connected by wells, or shafts, sunk in the remote interior. This *taladro* is estimated to have cost the Rosas $30,000, when labor under an arbitrary government was far less expensive than at present. American miners would have incurred an outlay of at least $100,000 in the boring of this tunnel, and without it the Gatal mine would be comparatively valueless. There are several mines in the *mineral* of Santa Lucia drained in the same manner. *Taladros* are the principal expense in silver mining. Without them the only resource would be a powerful steam-pump, and it is for this reason that all the mines of the department are opened on heights, which gives an opportunity for subterranean drainage. Farther to the north, on the summit of the hill, is a *lumbrera*, or air-hole, which must have been equally expensive, as it penetrates to the lower galleries.

As we rode over the country many places were pointed out to me by my companions where silver veins had been traced; and there is no doubt that a net-work of silver penetrates all the mountains of this district. It will always be impossible to estimate the amount of silver contained in these hills, but it is not saying much to affirm that the present waste and wear of silver in arts and commerce might be readily supplied from them.

Having filled a sack with the glittering ore of the Gatal, I mounted with the rest, and we



TALADRO, OR DRAIN.



TANATERO—ORE CARRIER.

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INDIAN SILVER MINER.

turned our faces homeward. At the roadside I saw a mound of not less than 1000 tons of refuse, or medium ore, mingled with rubbish, too poor for transportation by mules to the mill. This will yield $20 or $30 to the ton, and can be had for the asking. Señor Ferrari assured me that he does not raise more than half a ton a day from the Gatal, employing ten workmen. This daily half ton gives full employment to his mill, and yields an average of 12½ *marcs*, equal to 100 ounces of silver. A *marc* is worth $9 of good coined money in Tegucigalpa. There is not a mine in Santa Lucia which does not *average* four *marcs* to the quintal of 500 pounds. The native miners, nearly all of them out of employment, haunt the old mines, and by a rude smelting process, in earthen pots, obtain buttons of crude silver, worth intrinsically about $1 the ounce. These are every day brought into Tegucigalpa, and sold to the retail traders at a large discount. This is one source, and at present the principal one, of the silver carried from Belize and San Miguel to London.

While riding in company with a friend in the vicinity of Tegucigalpa, I happened upon a group of Indians near the entrance of a deserted mine. It was a gloomy cavern in the side of the hill, overhung with aged trees. An old woman, with a couple of naked children, was boiling a pot over a fire of pine-knots. The father of the family, with a bar of iron in his hands, stood at the entrance of the cavern, waiting until the strangers should pass by. Several masses of very rich ore lay at his feet. Wishing to see this primitive metallurgist at work, I alighted, and remained awhile in the shade observing the process. A bag of copper dollars and a few words of encouragement were all that was required to induce him to begin again for me. He entered the low drift, creeping on his hands and knees, and soon the muffled blows of the bar announced that he had discovered a mass of ore by the twilight of the mine. In half an hour, or less time, he came out, dragging behind him in a sack about twenty pounds of the shining *brosa*. The man and woman then selected each a flat stone, and began pounding the ore, which was thus gradually reduced to the condition of a gravelly dust. The fire, meanwhile, was fed largely by the children; a smaller earthen pot, holding a portion of the *brosa*, was set deep in a bed of coals. The wood was piled over it, sulphureous vapors escaped, and when the whole had burned fiercely awhile and fallen to ashes, our son of Tubal Cain drew forth the pot and turned out upon the ground a mass of gray, black, and red slag and ash, out of which I drew with a stick a button of red-hot silver, weighing, perhaps, two ounces. For this button I gave the miner a silver dollar, and he seemed well satisfied with the price, which was less than half its value in the market. These wandering miners form a considerable portion of the country population. Their occupation yields them a meagre subsistence. With them also rests the knowledge of many rich veins in the recesses of the mountains, to which they resort at certain seasons, transmitting the secret through many generations. It is, however, only the best ores that can be treated in such a primitive fashion, and the loss is excessive.

The riches of this wonderful region are not

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confined, however, to the precious metals. Lead in the form of sulphuret is almost too common to attract attention, more especially in the *mineral* of El Plomo, the ores of which are a mixture of lead and silver, the former in so large a proportion as to make them unprofitable by the native methods of working.

The hill called "El Chimbo," two leagues S.S.W. from the city, is a mass of copper dust. The surface of this hill must have been once a solid rock of copper pyrites (sulphuret), now decayed and converted into a blue rotten-stone. While standing on the side of the hill I kicked away the sod with the heel of my boot, and turned up the copper earth in lumps like potter's clay. From a quantity of this clay, which was carried home for me by the *mozo*, I washed out clean grains of native copper. The entire hill seemed to be composed of it. Here, then, are thousands of tons of pure copper to be had for the washing, and a waterfall near by to do it with.

Tegucigalpa should have been called Arguropolis—the Silver City—since there is none other in the world so well entitled to the name. Its grand cathedral, massive public buildings, and well-paved streets testify to its former wealth and prosperity. Many of its private dwellings must have been occupied by men of vast wealth and aristocratic habits; but the day of these has gone by, and never will return. *Non bis in idem*—the same fortune will not twice happen to the same people. The Spanish race are outworn; their own servants have thrown down the tools, and now they sigh for us to come and help them.

Las Minas de la Plata, *San Juan de Cantaranos*, *La Mineral de Guascaran*, where there is a mine now in operation yielding silver; *La Mineral de Plomo*, where, in any part of the district, ten or twelve feet of digging uncovers flat layers of argentiferous ores conforming to the strata; *Villa Nueva*, *Santa Lucia*, with its six grand mines in a circle of less than twelve miles diameter; *Yuscaran*, with nine valuable mines, all well situated and drained, and from one of which, the Guayavilla, $500,000 was taken in four months during President Ferrara's administration; *Cedros*, on the road to Olancho, where the silver is pure in threads; *San Antonio*, where there are vast horizontal layers of ore, yielding native silver, only a few yards beneath the surface, where $16,000 was taken out from Señor Gardela's mine (the *Veta Azul*) in ten days, and where the *Mairena* mine, in the years 1804–1808, yielded an immense fortune to its proprietors; all these *minerales* lie open to the enterprise of Americans, who have the good-will of the government and the proprietors, to introduce machinery and the best methods of extracting the ore.

In the year 1805 Señor Mairena, with a portion of the proceeds of his own, the Mairena mine, built a church in San Antonio, at a cost of $600,000, and, at the feast of dedication, when the edifice was completed, threw away



BREAKING ORE.

thousands in pieces of silver among the crowd. In 1816 the mine which yielded such enormous wealth was abandoned, all the workmen having been taken for military service. The *mineral* of San Antonio, though less than a quarter of a league square, has produced millions of dollars. At present, silver is taken from it only by a few wandering miners, who get out bars worth from five to ten dollars to sell to the traders.

I found the climate very cool and pleasant during most of the time in this elevated region. Its general height above the sea, which exceeds 4000 feet, makes it temperate, and the thermometer ranges some fifteen or twenty degrees lower than on the coast. The soil and air are both favorable in the highest degree to agricultural labor, and with an industrious population it would have no occasion to import any kind of food. The dullness of the lower class of people here is only equaled by that of negroes, but they will work when they are well paid and fed. Of machinery their ideas are limited to an ox-mill, and in these days they can not even build that. The general insecurity of property since the beginning of revolutions in 1821, has so thoroughly demoralized the people that they are even afraid openly to accumulate riches. It was related to me that a German miner, who came up from Nicaragua, having discovered a good vein of silver in a recess of the mountains, began working at it in the Indian fashion, and in two seasons he had accumulated what we call in California "a pile"—several thousand dollars—which he hid carefully away in the shrubbery of a cañon or gorge. He made periodical journeys to the nearest settlement—twenty miles distant

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—for provisions. At length, grown weary of his solitary life and the danger attending it, he went down to San Miguel, on the Pacific, and persuaded a merchant of that place to go with him and assist in the removal of the treasure. Such incidents are entirely possible, and of the many that were related to me, I have no doubt a good number were truly told. Three adventurers from Nicaragua, in the same manner, going up into the mountains, lighted on a cinnabar mine, and, working all by themselves, carried off seven or eight thousand dollars in quicksilver before the proprietors discovered them.

I will endeavor, before closing this article, to give my readers a rough description of the various metallurgic processes now in use in Honduras; but before doing this I must make sure to place on record the history of an enterprise undertaken some years ago in Yuscaran—the exploration of the celebrated Guayavilla mine.

The causes of the decay and neglect of silver mining in Honduras are not perceived by Americans only. My esteemed friend, the elder Lozano, whose knowledge of silver mines exceeded that of any person I have met, was truly sensible of the faults and misfortunes of his countrymen in their political and mining economy. His death, during my absence in Olancho, deprived me of many advantages; but I took the precaution during my first visit to note down several conversations with him, and to procure all the information which the time permitted.

"My countrymen," he would say, "have gained many things by throwing off their allegiance to Spain; but they have also deprived themselves of great benefits by not establishing a firm and lasting government."

"Why, then," I asked, "have you not cultivated a good understanding with powerful and well-governed nations—Great Britain for example, or France? Have not they always shown a willingness to trade with you, and to develop the wealth of your mines?"

"Their intentions," he replied, "may have been good, but their efforts have not resulted favorably. I do not know why they are so unlucky, unless it be that their manner of treating our people has been too arbitrary, and too openly selfish. They think it necessary always to terrify and overawe us; or perhaps, as in the case of Nicaragua, instead of cultivating just and friendly relations, their agents have aggressed and trampled upon us at every opportunity. We are not the less sensible of injustice because we are weak. Besides that, Señor, they carry too much away with them. *We wish those who develop the mines to remain with us, and give us a portion of the benefit.*"

"And have all these enterprises proved unsuccessful?"

"By no means. Mr. Bennett's management of the Guayavilla mine in Yuscaran was eminently successful, for a time. That, you know, was broken up by a revolution."

"I should like to hear more about it."

"Mr. Bennett was at one time the partner in business of your consul, Señor Follin, at Omoa. A very intelligent gentleman is Señor Follin, who has rendered eminent services to Honduras. Well, as I was saying, Bennett went afterward to Omoa, and died there, I have been told, in 1847. He came to Tegucigalpa in 1838, and re-opened the Guayavilla mine in Yuscaran, near by here, with Cornwall miners, who were sent for from England; coarse, quarrelsome men, hard-headed brutes, but good miners—very good miners, Señor; and I wish Señor Ferrari and I had a hundred of them. Long before this, the Guayavilla mine had been worked. Previous to the year 1821—the year of revolution—Tegucigalpa was a rich capital, and the mining business made us all rich, prosperous, and proud. When the two factions, the Conservatives and the Democrats, began their civil wars, now happily terminated by President Cabañas, each in its turn seized upon the miners and pressed them into the army. The estates were confiscated, the foreign and Spanish proprietors driven out of the country. Industry fell dead. There was no capital, no credit, no exchange. Confusion, misery, and distrust prevailed, and extinguished even avarice and ambition, passions in which we are not deficient, Señor. The export of silver fell off to less than half a million.

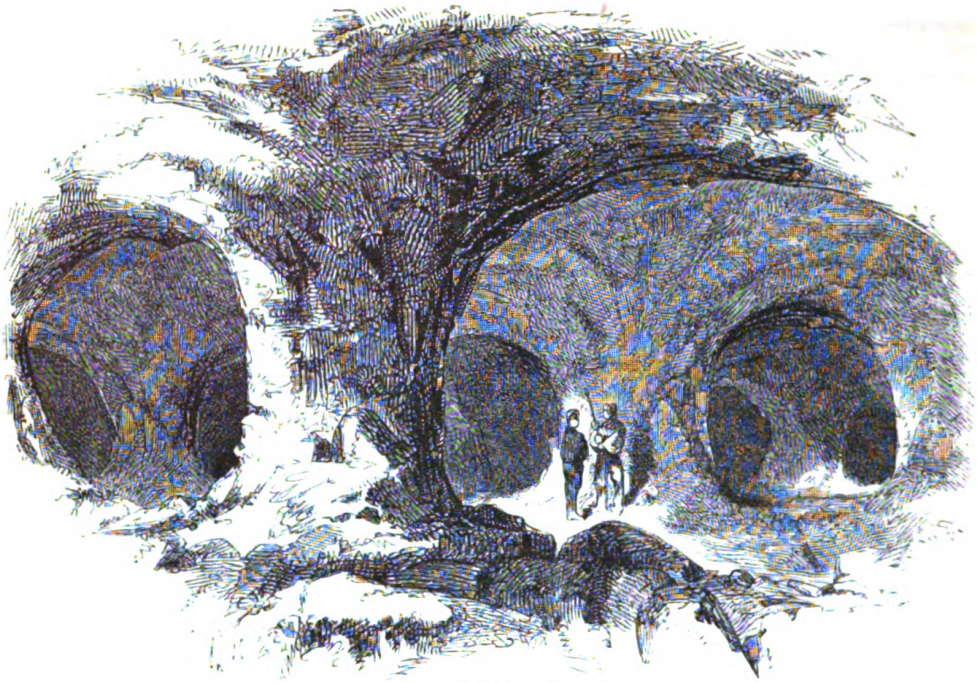
"At length, after seventeen years of distrust and inactivity, Mr. Bennett made his appearance, and we were again delighted with the sound of business and the dawn of better days. Many citizens of Honduras joined Mr. Bennett and his English associates, and the Guayavilla mine was re-opened. Its wealth in silver exceeded all expectation. The Cornish and native miners, paid weekly their regular wages, worked with energy and skill. Thousands of tons of rich ore, yielding one hundred and even five hundred dollars to the ton, were rapidly taken out. The stamping-mills, furnaces, and quicksilver machines, were soon erected and in full operation. Provisions in abundance poured in from the country. Every body in Tegucigalpa began to smile and look happy. Trade revived. The women bought luxuries, and enjoyed themselves. People danced and sang, and made jollifications, and all this quarter of Honduras was in a tumult of pleasure and prosperity. Every one was benefited and no one was jealous. Oh! Señor Guillermo," said the old man, pausing to draw a deep sigh in the midst of his narration, "if your countrymen, los Americanos del Norte, that great and happy people, would but come here and renew those good old times, how rich and happy we should become!"

The old gentleman paused to roll a fresh cigarito; then waving it gracefully in the air, he said,

"Do you believe, Señor, that the great railroad from Omoa to the Pacific will ever be built?"

"Certainly," I replied, "Señor Lozano, it will be finished; and, more than that, the mines will be re-opened by my countrymen."

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CAVERNS IN THE GUAYAVILLA MINE.

"Ah, I am too old to see such happiness; is not this country a beautiful piece of earth?"

"But the Guayavilla mine," said I; "proceed, Señor."

"Well, as I was saying, the mine yielded enormously. Nothing like had been ever heard of before. The ore was often found coated over with threads of pure silver, and pieces yielded fifty per cent. Enormous ovens were constantly filled with it, from which streams of silver poured away day and night. Government, partially interested, gave us every help. All the proprietors and stockholders were enriched. No enterprise of industry ever yielded better or more constant returns. The fame of the mine extended even to England. The silver was shipped to that country through Belize. Here was a forcible illustration of the value of foreign labor, skill, and capital, in Honduras. I used to see the workmen paid off in lines, commencing at noon on Saturday, and not ending until dark."

"This prosperity had an end, however," said I.

"Yes, Señor, *la fatalidad del pais*, the curse of the people—revolution, killed it all. Ferrara, the murderous instrument of the aristocratic faction (*Serviles*), was elected by fraud to the presidency; property confiscated; rich men murdered, or driven away; all respectable and honest people banished; all affairs reversed and ruined. A gentleman of Guatemala, a large proprietor of Guayavilla stock, dying, the property went into the hands of his brother, a lawyer of the lowest character in the party of Ferrara. Hitherto the Guayavilla mine had been comparatively exempt from the outrages of the Servile faction. This was owing to the influence of foreigners, principally Englishmen, and some members of the faction of Ferrara who were interested in the property. The lawyer of Guatemala, Señor Don Philipe Janrégui, defrauded the heirs of his brother; and because he knew that at the close of Ferrara's administration he would be compelled to restore the property, resolved, meanwhile, to make the best of it.

There is a law which prohibits the removal of those natural columns of rock and ore which support the roof and arches of a mine. In the Guayavilla mine they were solid ore of immense value. President Ferrara was bribed by Señor Janrégui to procure a repeal of the law. Others of the owners agreed; the pillars were taken down, and in four months yielded more than half a million in pure silver; but the next rainy season the roof fell in, and the mine was ruined. The long galleries became choked with stones, timber, and mud; the machinery went to wreck, and the foreign proprietors, after expostulating in vain with Ferrara, abandoned the enterprise in disgust."

"The mine, then, is still in ruins?"

"Yes, a mere mud pit. The heirs recovered their property when Cabañas came in; but they have no capital."

"Señor, it is my opinion that my countrymen will re-open the Guayavilla mine."

"*Bueno!* if they will! Our department is full of silver veins. I will show you."

The old gentleman then took a pencil and, still retaining the inevitable cigarito, sketched with a trembling hand a rude map of the silver localities, or *minerales* of the department.

"Here," said he, "is coin for the world;

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forty good mines, known to be rich, and which have already yielded great sums with little labor. Veins, as yet unopened, intersect every mountain from base to summit. I have marked out the *minerales* for you thus. Each has its group of mines. Many are already drained, and require but a small outlay to be made productive. We offer great riches to your countrymen, Señor Guillermo."

"They are a careful and considerate people," I replied; "and though they well know that it is a part of their future business to supply the world with *silver*, as well as with *ships*, *food*, and *gold*, they will not enter rashly upon these works. They wish to know before they undertake. Americans are not like some other nations I could speak of, who throw millions into the sea to catch a few poor little fish."

"That is right—I approve. But you shall be the first to inform them; they will believe you."

It remains only before closing this very meagre and, I fear, unsatisfactory abstract of my information regarding the silver region of Tegucigalpa, to add a few paragraphs explanatory of the metallurgic processes in use here for extracting the ore. In my report to the Honduras Mining and Trading Company, I have explained these methods at large, and with the assistance of Mr. Hewston's analysis of the ores, have given an estimate of the capital required to open new mines, and to clear out and work the old ones. This latter I believe to be much the best policy for those who engage in silver-mining in this region with a limited capital.

Mines are located upon high ground, as near as possible to the verge of a hill, to afford opportunity for drainage. It struck me that the American method of opening a mine at the foot of the hill, and making the entrance serve the double purpose of a drain and a level for ore-cars, would be far more profitable than the labor of *tanateros*. The ore and the water would then run out through the same channel by force of gravitation.

Ox-mills are in use in several parts of this region. They are slow and unserviceable. As mill-dams are too apt to be carried away by the vast torrents of the rainy season, small steam-engines, fed with pitch-pine, which is abundant, would be more manageable, and save a great expense in carrying the ore to the mill, as a steam-engine can be placed any where, even in the mine itself, if desired.

The Spanish year has one hundred feast-days, during which there is no labor. This is one-third of the time lost. A little discreet management, such as paying double wages a few times to those who will work, aided by a good understanding with the priests, would soon break down this custom. The example of a few foreign miners will also have a great effect.

The ore, ground to a paste by the rolling stones attached to the horizontal shaft, or cross-beam, of the ox or water-mill, flows out in mud through a set of seives, which retain the coarser particles, and settles in a huge stone vat. This paste is shaped into cakes of 100 pounds each, mixed with a quantity of salt, to detach the sulphur during the baking process. The heat of the ovens is very great. The burnt powder contained pure silver, separated and diffused. It is spread out on a stone floor and sprinkled with quicksilver, showered down from above through seives. This forms an amalgam. The amalgam is washed out and heated in iron retorts, which sublimes the mercury and leaves the silver in solid buttons. The mercury is condensed in cold receivers, but a great deal is lost in the dust of the burnt cakes.

Another method is to roll the baked ore with water, pieces of iron, and mercury, in barrels, revolving by machinery. Ores which contain a great deal of lead are burnt, so as to drive off the sulphur, and melt the lead and silver together. The lead is then burnt out by a steady blast of hot air. This is the ordinary "cupellation." All the operations of roasting, smelting, and "cupellation" are sometimes performed in one process by a powerful blast-furnace.

Quicksilver is, of course, in great demand; but the mines of quicksilver ore (cinnabar), though near at hand, are not worked for want of knowledge.

Germans would be probably the best operatives to employ on these mines, under American direction. They do not expect high wages, and are faithful to their engagements.

The ratio of profit in first-class silver mines is from $60 to $70 of gross receipts for $30 of outlay—an excellent return; but this is by the Mexican method of working, with a few German improvements. In American hands the profits should be doubled. That valuable cinnabar mines should remain unworked, within less than thirty miles of Tegucigalpa, is a fact that precludes the necessity of answering the usual question of overshrewd and ignorant people, "Why, if these mines exist, have they not been worked by those who own them?" To have acquired and to possess a good estate is the virtue and fortune of the Spaniard and of all his descendants; not to know how to draw from it a good revenue is his fault and his evil destiny.

COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

"I am for bombarding all the exclusive Asiatics, who shut up the earth, and will not let me walk civilly and quietly through it, doing no harm, and paying for all I want."—SYDNEY SMITH.

SECOND VISIT.

AFTER Commodore Perry's first satisfactory visit to Japan, he returned to China in order to secure a thorough refitment of his ships, and to obtain such an accession to his squadron that he might present himself for the second time in the Bay of Yedo, with so formidable a force that the Japanese should be persuaded, however reluctantly, to accede to the rational demands of the United States. While the Commodore was disposed to proffer the hand

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VIEW OF THE BAY OF YEDO.

of friendship, he was also determined to show that he had the power to strike, so that the Japanese, if disinclined to become friends, might fear to be enemies. A respectful hearing he was resolved to have; this he believed his country fully entitled to, and this he knew, with the force at his command, he could secure.

It was originally the intention of Commodore Perry to have delayed his second visit until the spring of 1854, but finding that some Russian and French government vessels were moving suspiciously in those Eastern seas, and fearing that their purpose was to proceed to Japan, and to forestall the proposed American negotiations, he determined to anticipate their manœuvres. The Commodore, accordingly, left Hong Kong in the middle of January, in the steamer *Susquehanna*, accompanied by the *Powhatan*, which had lately arrived from the United States, the *Mississippi*, and the storeships the *Lexington* and *Southampton*, and arrived at Napa, in Loo-Choo, on the 21st of January. Here he remained two weeks, and sailed again with the three steamers, on the 6th of February, for the Bay of Yedo; the sailing ships the *Macedonian*, *Vandalia*, *Lexington*, and *Southampton* having been dispatched five days previously for the same place. The Commodore directed his course, on leaving the harbor, to the southwest of Loo-Choo, with the hope of falling in with the *Saratoga* man-of-war, which had been expected to arrive from Shanghae and meet him at Napa. The three steamers had hardly stood out to sea when they fortunately fell in with the long-looked-for ship, which was ordered to proceed immediately to the rendezvous in Yedo Bay.

With smooth seas and prosperous winds, the steamers made a rapid run, and on the fifth day after their departure from Napa, in Loo-Choo, arrived off the mouth of the Bay of Yedo. A severe blow from the northward and eastward forced the vessels, however, to keep during the night under the lee of the island of Oho-Sima, in order to avoid the violence of the gale. The next day, however, opening more favorably, the three steamers stood up the bay. The outlines of the coast were recognized from the recollections of the previous visit, but a great change had come over the face of the landscape in consequence of the difference of season. The precipitous bluffs of Cape Sagami rose bleakly in the wintry atmosphere on the left, and the irregular coast of Awa, some twelve miles away on the right, showed dim and blue in the distance. The summit of Mount Fuzee-Yama peered high above the island of Niphon, and was now, with the surrounding mountains, completely clothed in a winter mantle of snow. The rich verdure of the land had lost its cheerful summer aspect, and looked withered, bleak, and sombre. The abundant vegetation of the valleys was stripped of its foliage, and the bare trees swayed to and fro in the wintry wind which swept through them. Along the shores every where thronged the villages and towns, which looked desolate and exposed in comparison with their former appearance of rural comfort

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when nestling in the full-leaved groves of summer.

On the steamers closing in with the shore on the left, as they advanced up the bay, two square-rigged vessels were observed, apparently at anchor, within a bight of the land in the neighborhood of Kama-Kura. They were soon discovered to be the *Macedonian* and *Vandalia*, the former of which had got aground by mistaking the bearings of the coast, and was now being assisted by her consort, which had gone to her relief. With the aid of the steamers the *Macedonian* was soon relieved from her perilous position, but as the day was far advanced, the whole squadron, including the *Lexington*, which had arrived during the evening, anchored for the night.

Next morning (February 13th) the three steamers, the *Powhatan*, *Mississippi*, and *Susquehanna*, with the *Lexington*, *Vandalia*, and *Macedonian* in tow, moved up the Bay of Yedo, sailing in a line ahead. With the experience of the navigation acquired on the previous visit, there was no occasion for the ships to feel their way cautiously as before, and they now confidently advanced up the magnificent bay. As the squadron doubled the promontory of Uraga, and passed the old anchorage abreast of the town, a large number of government boats, with their athletic oarsmen sculling vigorously, and their little striped flags fluttering in the wind, pushed off to intercept the ships as on the previous visit. The squadron, however, moved on majestically without altering its course a line, or lingering a moment in its speed, until the anchorage was reached. The place in which the vessels came to anchor was the appointed rendezvous, termed on the previous visit the "American Anchorage," and where the *Southampton*, having arrived in advance of all the ships, was now found moored. The three steamers and four ships presented a formidable force. Such a vigorous manifestation of power on the part of a far-remote nation, within the very centre of Japan, and at the distance of only an hour's sail from the capital, must have greatly impressed the secluded Japanese with the wonderful energies and resources of the United States, and their own utter powerlessness to cope with them.

The "American Anchorage" is situated on the western side of the Bay of Yedo, in the bight embraced within two bold headlands, about twelve miles distant from each other. The position of the squadron was thus less than a dozen miles from the capital of Yedo itself, and at about the same distance up the bay from the town of Uraga, which had been the scene of the interview during the previous visit on the reception of the President's letter. Although the winter is not very severe in that part of Japan, the climate of which is similar to that of Carolina, yet there was a very apparent change of season in the aspect of the country, as, in fact, in the temperature of the atmosphere. The thermometer in the month of February did not often indicate a degree of cold less than 38°, but frequent blustering winds, prevalent fogs and rains, and occasional snow storms, made the weather chilly and uncomfortable. The surrounding country, in spite of the groves of ever-green pines, had a wintry look, and the vegetation even in the sheltered valleys was comparatively bare, while the distant hills and mountains were covered with snow. The island that had been called Perry's, which had presented such a picturesque appearance with its verdant groves during the summer, now lay within sight of the squadron comparatively winter-stricken, with many of its trees stripped of their foliage by the winds and frost, and with the fort which crowns the summit of the rising ground more plainly visible. The villages of Otsu and Torrigaske, within the bend of the bay, about a mile distant from the anchorage, now but partially sheltered by the pines, stood out, with the staring surfaces and sharp outlines of their peaked-roofed and unpainted boarded houses, more distintly defined.

Two of the government boats had followed in the wake of the squadron as it moved up to its anchorage, and the ships had hardly let go their anchors when the boats came alongside the flag-ship *Susquehanna*. The Japanese officials on board desired to see the Commodore, but as he was still determined to preserve a strict exclusiveness, and only present himself officially to the highest dignitaries of the empire, they were refused admission to the *Susquehanna*, and were directed to the steamer *Powhatan*. Here they were received by Captain Adams, when the members of the Japanese deputation were officially announced by their names, titles, and offices. The chief dignitary was Kurakawa Kahie, and his subordinates were two interpreters, who were recognized as those who had officiated on a former occasion, and three gray-robed individuals, who seemed to be making excellent use of their eyes and their note-books, and turned out to be *Metske Devantigers*—literally cross-eyed persons, or those who look in all directions—whose function was that of spies or reporters. Upon being admitted to an audience, the Japanese interpreters explained that the object of the visit of the deputation was to prevail upon the Commodore to move his ships to Uraga, where, as they stated, there were some high dignitaries appointed by the Emperor to meet the Americans. The Commodore had, however, resolved not to go back to Uraga, and Captain Adams so stated to the Japanese, who, however, insisted that the proposed interview, for the reception of the answer to the President's letter and for the arrangement of a treaty, must be held there, in accordance with the imperial command. They then were told that if the Japanese Commissioners would not consent to meet the Commodore at a point opposite to his present anchorage, he would move his ships further up the bay, and even to the capital itself, if it should be deemed necessary.

Day after day the Japanese officials repeated

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VIEW OF YOKUHAMA.

their visits, and pertinaciously insisted upon the Commodore's going to Uraga, while he resolutely and emphatically reiterated his refusal. The Japanese, finding that the Commodore was not to be moved from his fixed resolve, at last yielded the point, and, giving up Uraga, appointed Yokuhama, a place much higher up the bay, for the proposed interview with the Commissioners. Ten days, however, had been spent in fruitless negotiations, and the Commodore had put his threat into execution of moving his ships toward Yedo, and had approached so near to the capital that the striking of its night-watches could be distinctly heard, before the Japanese dignitaries had shown any disposition toward concession.

Yokuhama is one of the numerous villages which succeed each other in an almost uninterrupted series along both sides of the Bay of Yedo, from the sea to the capital. It is situated at the head of what the Americans have called Treaty Bay, and is distant about nine miles from Yedo. The Japanese having hastily erected a temporary wooden building on the shore near the village, and the Commodore having anchored his squadron, consisting of three steamers and six sailing vessels, so as completely to command the position, the conference took place on the 8th of March.

The Americans proceeded in large numbers to the shore, and having formed an imposing procession, with their officers, marines, and sailors in uniform, and their bands playing, escorted the Commodore and his suite to the entrance of the building. There was less military display on the part of the Japanese than there had been on the occasion of the reception of the President's letter. There were, however, numerous groups of pikemen, musicians, and flag-bearers, in showy costume, with their coats emblazoned with armorial bearings, arrayed on either side of the approach. They were principally the retainers of the princes who were members of the Commission appointed to confer with the Commodore, and were only present to add to the show of the occasion. The building itself was tricked off with streamers and banners, and draped in front with a curtain, upon which was painted the arms of the Emperor, consisting of three clover-leaves embraced within a circle. Striped canvas was stretched on either side of the building for a long distance, and barriers were erected to keep off the multitude of Japanese who thronged about with eager curiosity.

The Commissioners had been observed from the ships to come down from the neighboring town of Kanagawa, at an early hour, in their state barge. This was a large and gayly-painted vessel, which, with its pavilion rising high above the hull, had very much the appearance of a Mississippi steamboat. White streamers floated from tall flag-staffs, variegated drapery adorned the open deck above, and a huge silken tassel fell from the prow nearly to the surface of the water. A fleet of row-boats towed the barge opposite to the landing, and the Commissioners then disembarked, while the crews of the thousand Japanese craft in the bay prostrated themselves as the dignitaries passed to the shore.

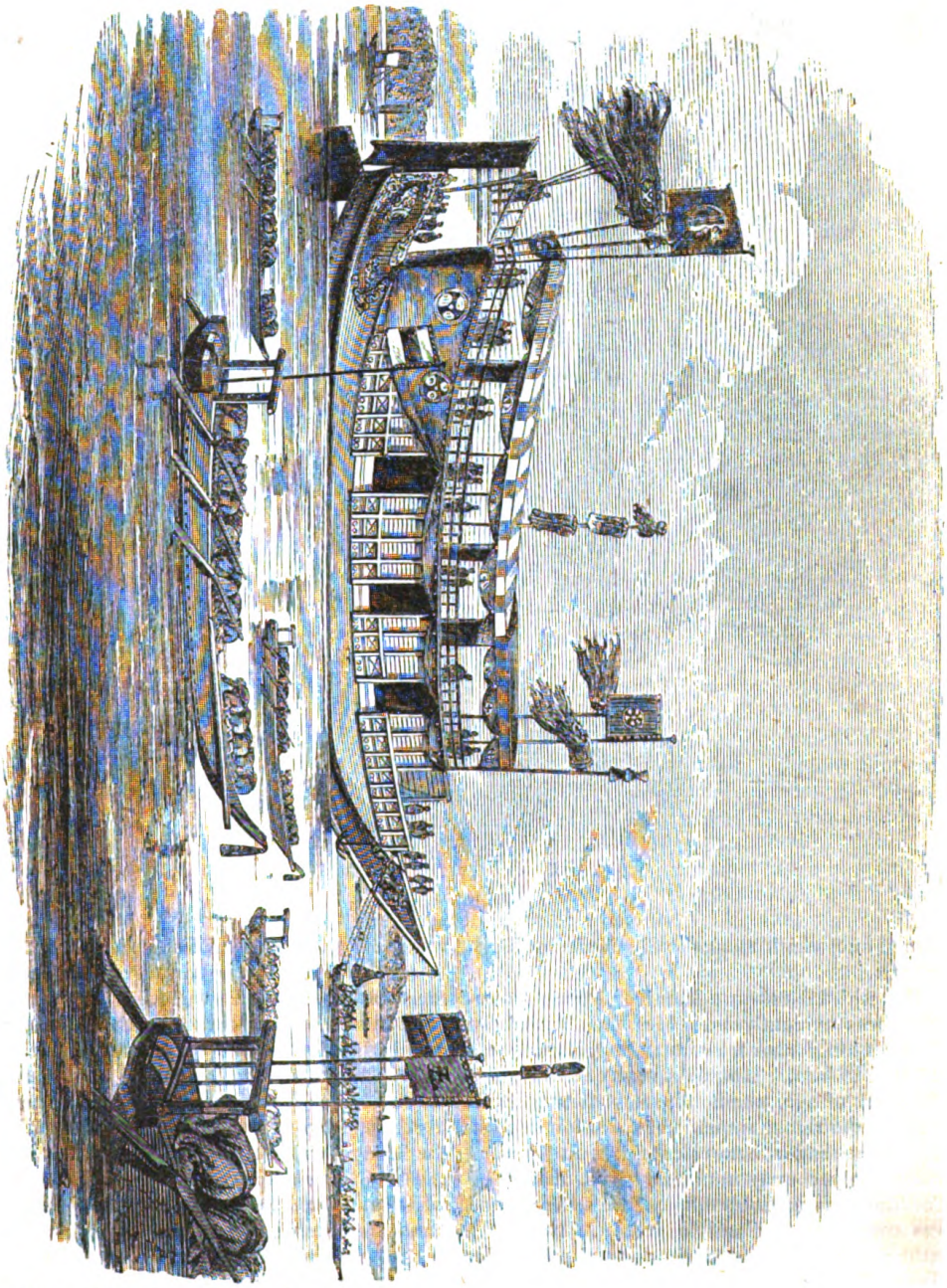
The apartment into which the Commodore and his officers first entered was a large hall, arranged in a similar manner to that at Gorihama. Thick rice-straw mats carpeted the floor; long and wide settees, covered with a red cloth, extended along the sides, with tables, spread with the same material, arranged in front of them. The windows were composed of panes of oiled paper, through which a subdued and mellow light illuminated the hall, while a comfortable temperature was kept up—for, although the spring, which is early in Japan, had already opened, the weather was chilly—by copper brasiers of burning charcoal, which, supported upon lacquered wooden stands, were freely distributed about. Hangings fell from the walls adorned with paintings of trees and representations of the crane, with its long neck, in every variety of strange involution.

The Commodore and his officers and inter-

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preters had hardly taken their seats on the left, the place of honor, and the various Japanese officials, of whom there was a goodly number, theirs on the right, when the five Commissioners entered from an apartment which opened through an entrance at the upper end of the hall. As soon as they came in, the subordinate Japanese officials prostrated themselves on their knees, and remained in that attitude during their presence.

The Commissioners were certainly august-looking personages, and their long beards, their grave, but courteous manners, and their rich flowing robes of silk, set them off to the highest advantage. Their costume consisted of an under-garment somewhat similar to the antique doublet, and a pair of very wide and short trowsers of figured silk, which are characteristic of rank, while below, their legs were encased in white cotton socks, laced to some distance above the ankles. The socks were so contrived that the great toe was separated from the other four for the passage of the band which was attached to the sandal, and joined another from the heel at the ankle, where the two were tied together. Over the doublet and trowsers a loose gown of embroidered silk, somewhat of the shape of the clerical robe, with loose sleeves, was worn. This was secured to the waist, in which were thrust the two swords, a large and



COMMISSIONERS' BARGE.

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JAPANESE NOBLES.

a small one, which mark the dignitaries of higher rank.

Hayashi-dai-gaku-no-Kami, or Prince Counselor, was evidently the chief member of the Commission, for all matters of importance were referred to him. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, was handsomely formed, with a grave and rather saturnine expression of face, though he had a benevolent look, and was of exceedingly courtly manners. Ido, Prince of Tousima, was probably fifty, or thereabout, and was corpulent, and tall in person. He had a rather more vivacious expression than the elder Hayashi. The third, and youngest of the princes was the Prince of Mimi-Saki, who could hardly be much beyond forty years of age, and was far the best looking of the three.

Udono, who, though not a prince, was a man of high station, and was known by the title of Mimbu-Shiyeyu, or Member of the Board of Revenue, was a tall, passable-looking man, but his features were prominent, and had much of the Mongolian cast. The fifth and last one of the five Commissioners was Matsusaki Michitaro, whose rank and title were not discovered. His precise business in the Commission it was difficult to fathom; he was always present at the conference, but took his seat constantly at

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rather a remote distance from the other dignitaries, on the further end of the sedan. By him, there was—continually crouched upon his knees—a scribe, who was constantly employed in taking notes of what was passing. Matsusaki was a man of sixty years of age at least, had a long, drawn out, meagre body, a very yellow, bilious face, and an uncomfortable, dyspeptic expression, which his excessive short-sightedness did not improve, for it caused him, in his efforts at seeing, to give a very wry distortion to a countenance naturally not very handsome.

Moryama Yenoske was the principal interpreter who officiated on the occasion. As soon as the Commissioners had taken their seats, Yenoske took his position, on his knees, at the feet of Hayashi the chief, and humbly awaited his orders.

The crouching position in which an inferior places himself when in the presence of his superior in rank, seems very easy to a Japanese, but would be very difficult and painful for one to assume who had not been accustomed to it. The ordinary mode pursued is to drop on the knees, cross the feet, and cock up the heels, with the toes, instep, and calves of the legs brought together into close contact. Sometimes it is a mere squatting down, with the soles firm upon the ground, the knees bent, and the body crouched low. Yenoske was quite an adept in these manœuvres, as were his coadjutors, and especially the Prefect Kura-Kawakahei, who who was one of the subordinate functionaries present during the conference.

The Commissioners, after a momentary silence, spoke a word to the prostrate Yenoske, who listened an instant with downcast eyes, and then, by a skillful manœuvre, still upon his knees, moved toward the Commodore's interpreter, and having communicated his message, which proved to be merely the ordinary compliments, with an inquiry after the health of the Commodore and his officers, returned, with an appropriate answer, to his former position. An interchange of various polite messages having been thus borne backward and forward for several minutes, through the medium of the humble but useful Yenoske, refreshments, consisting of tea in porcelain cups, of cakes, and some confectionery, served on lacquered trays, were handed round.

It was now proposed by the Commissioners that an adjournment should take place to another room. Accordingly, the Commodore having consented, he, accompanied by the captain of the fleet, his two interpreters, and secretary, was conducted into another and much smaller room, the entrance to which was only separated from the principal hall by a blue silk flag, ornamented in the centre with the embroidered arms of Japan. On entering, the Commissioners were found already seated on the right, they having withdrawn previously to the Commodore, and arranged themselves in rank upon one of the red divans which extended along the sides of the apartment. The Commodore and his party took their seats on the left, and business commenced — the Commissioners having preliminarily stated that it was a Japanese custom to speak slowly.

The chief Commissioner now handed the Commodore a long roll of paper, which proved to be an answer to the President's letter delivered on the previous visit at Gori-hama, in July. After some conversation in regard to the negotiations under consideration, the meeting broke up, and the Commodore and his escort returned to the ships. Several prolonged conferences ensued, and the treaty was not finally agreed upon and signed until the 31st of March, 1854.

Business being over, there was now an opportunity for an interchange of courtesies, and for a friendly hobnobbing between the Americans and the Japanese, to which the latter, with all their supposed exclusiveness and reserve, were by no means indisposed. The Commodore had provided himself with a variety of presents for the Emperor and the Japanese dignitaries, and now took occasion to deliver them. He accordingly sent the telegraph apparatus and the diminutive railway on shore, and the American sailors, aided by the Japanese, were soon busy in putting them in working order. In addition to these there was a liberal supply of books, Colt's pistols, Champagne, whisky, and perfumery. The Japanese were not to be outdone in generosity, and, accordingly, had provided a quantity of articles of the manufacture of their country as return gifts. These consisted of rich brocades and silks, chow-chow boxes for carrying provisions, tables, trays, and goblets, all made of the famous lacquered ware; of porcelain cups, pipe-cases, umbrellas, and various specimens of the Japanese wardrobe. There was one article which deserves mention, as it is a universal accompaniment of all presents; it consisted of a bit of salt-fish, wrapped in sea-weed, and tied in an envelope of paper.

The presents having been duly arranged in the Treaty House at Yokuhama, the Commodore and his officers were invited by the Japanese Commissioners, on a certain day, to receive them. After the ceremony of the reception of the various gifts displayed on the occasion, the Commodore prepared to depart, when Prince Hayashi said that there was one article, intended for the President, which had not yet been exhibited. The Commodore and his officers were accordingly conducted to the beach, where one or two hundred sacks of rice were pointed out, piled up in readiness to be sent on board the ships. As such an immense supply of substantial food seemed to excite the wonderment of the Americans, who were naturally aghast at the idea of conveying such a stock of Japanese rice to the remote distance of the White House—and, moreover, loading themselves with so much coal for Newcastle — the interpreter, Yenoske, remarked that it was always customary for the Japanese, when bestowing presents, to include a certain quantity of rice.

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WRESTLERS (FROM AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE PICTURE).

While contemplating these substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, and puzzling themselves with all sorts of impossible contrivances for storing them away on their arrival at Washington, in Mr. Pierce's quarters, and speculating upon the possible effects of a prolonged diet of rice upon the warlike characteristics of the President's kitchen cabinet, the attention of the Commodore and his party was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who came tramping down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the Japanese princes, who keep them for their private amusement and for public entertainments. They were twenty-five in all, and were men enormously tall in stature and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume—which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whose service each belonged—revealed their gigantic proportions, in all the bloated fullness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before the astonished spectators. Some two or three of the huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of these, and paraded himself with conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was brought especially to the Commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The Commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The Commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the enormous neck, which fell, in folds of massive flesh, like the dew-lap of a prize-ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt, expressive of his flattered vanity.

They were all so immense in flesh, that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost directly set upon their bodies, with only folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the mere deposition of fat; for although they were evidently well-fed, they were not less well exercised and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. All the sacks weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds a piece, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not each carry two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground themselves and adjusting it, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, kept turning repeated somersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had

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been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather.

After this preliminary display, the Commissioners proposed that the Commodore and his party should retire to the Treaty House, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves were most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and undressing. While at rest, they were ordinarily clothed in richly adorned robes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. After the performance with the sacks of rice, their servitors spread upon the huge frames of the wrestlers their rich garments, and led them up to the Treaty House.

A circular space of some twelve feet in diamater had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building; while in the portico divans covered with red cloth were arranged for the Japanese Commissioners, the Commodore, his officers, and their various attendants. The bands from the ships were also present, and enlivened the intervals during the performance with occasional stirring tunes. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two opposing parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at each other, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting-books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators.

The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds, presented themselves. They came in, one after the other, from behind the screens, and walked with slow and deliberate steps, as became such huge animals, into the centre of the ring. Here they ranged themselves, one against the other, at a distance of a few yards. They stood for a while eying each other with a wary look, as if both were watching a chance to catch their antagonist off his guard. As the spectator looked on and beheld these overfed monsters, whose animal natures had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them, glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a savage nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human creatures, and to persuade himself he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood.

They were, in fact, like a pair of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their look and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing, as it were, with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their massive palms or under their stalwart shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another and watching each movement, and in a moment they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox. The equilibrium of their monstrous persons was hardly disturbed by the encounter, the effect of which was but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had flung their brawny arms about each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, with all their strength, to throw their antagonist. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated faces swelled up with gushes of red blood, which seemed almost to burst through the skin, and their huge bodies palpitated with savage emotion as the struggle continued. At last, one of the antagonists fell with his immense weight upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, he was assisted to his feet and conducted from the ring.

The scene was now somewhat varied by a change in the kind of contest between the two succeeding wrestlers. The heralds, as before, summoned the antagonists, and one having taken his place in the ring, he assumed an attitude of defense, with one leg in advance as if to steady himself, and his body, with his head lowered, placed in position as if to receive an attack. Immediately after, in rushed the other, bellowing loudly like a bull, and, making at once for the man in the ring, dashed, with his head lowered and thrust forward, against his opponent, who bore the shock with the steadiness of a rock, although the blood streamed down his face from his bruised forehead, which had been struck in the encounter. This manœuvre was repeated again and again, one acting always as the opposing and the other as the resisting force, and thus they kept up this brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood, and the flesh of their breasts rose in great swollen tumors from the repeated blows. This disgusting exhibition did not terminate until the whole twenty-five had successively, in pairs, displayed their immense powers and savage qualities. From the brutal performance of the wrestlers, the Americans turned with pride to the exhibition to which the Japanese Commissioners were now in their turn invited, of those triumphs of civilization—the telegraph and the railroad.

To celebrate the occasion of the signing of the treaty, invitations to dinner were exchanged between the Commodore and the Japanese Commissioners. The American feast was to

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come off first, and accordingly on the day appointed the *Powhatan* was made resplendent, with all her streamers flying, and all the spare bunting tastily hung in fanciful devices about the decks and shrouds. A large number of officers from the various ships, in full uniform, gathered to assist as hosts during the festival, and the marines and sailors were dressed up and grouped in the most effective manner. As the Japanese party was to be large and composed of different ranks, it was found necessary to spread two tables, one in the cabin for the High Commissioners, and another on the quarter-deck, beneath the awning, for the minor officials and subordinates. The Japanese guests arrived in due time and in great numbers, there being no less than seventy in all, and were received with salvos of artillery from the various ships, and a cheerful burst of music from the bands.

The five Commissioners were conducted to the cabin, where they were entertained by the Commodore and several of his superior officers. Yenoske, the interpreter, was also allowed, by special favor, to eat and drink in the august presence of his superiors, but only at a side table, where, however, he showed, though inferior in dignity, that he was at least equal, if not superior, in appetite to his betters. The Commodore had long intended to give this banquet provided a successful result to his negotiations should justify such a conviviality, and had accordingly kept in reserve half a score of bullocks, a large supply of Shanghae fowls, and a flock of sheep or so, for the occasion. These, together with the ordinary cabin stores of *patés*, preserved game, various delicacies, and the unlimited resources of the Commodore's French cook, served to spread a feast that was not only substantial and abounding, but choice and appetizing. Wines, liqueurs, and other more potent drinkables, of course, abounded, and were by no means the least appreciated by the guests. The sweetness of the maraschino found great favor with the taste of the Commissioners, while its strength did not seem to raise any serious objection, although its effect was very perceptible. The Japanese dignitaries, with the exception of Hayashi-no-Kami, who ate and drank sparingly, proved themselves excellent trenchermen and "fair drinkers." The jovial Mimi-Saki was soon lost to all sense of Japanese reserve, and passed rapidly, under the combined influence of Champagne, maraschino, and Monongahela whisky, through all the gradations of bacchanalian delight, until he reached the stage of maudlin affection, which he demonstrated rather inconveniently by embracing his host, and very seriously damaging a new pair of golden epaulets.

The party on deck, which was much larger and more miscellaneous in rank and character, in the mean time, had become very uproarious, after having made way with unlimited supplies of solid food and numberless bowls of punch. Nor were the Japanese satisfied with what they so copiously and indiscriminately appropriated to their present appetite, but loaded their persons with provision for the future. The Japanese have a practice of carrying away with them portions of the feast where they have been guests, and whenever the Americans were entertained by them, they were expected to do likewise. Each Japanese carries in a pocket within the breast of his robe, a supply of paper for the various purposes of a pocket handkerchief—for he has no other—of taking notes, and of wrapping up the remnants of a feast. To the dinner succeeded an Ethiopian entertainment, got up by the sailors, and negro minstrelsy proved its catholicity of interest by being received by the Japanese with the same "unbounded applause" as in Broadway.

A few days subsequently the Commodore and his officers were invited to a return feast by the Japanese Commissioners. The banquet was spread in the Treaty House, in the principal hall of which were arranged narrow benches covered with red crape. The tables were the same as the benches, and were raised to a convenient height for eating by a square lacquered stand placed before each guest. The guests having taken their seats, in accordance with their rank, the Commodore and his suite being conducted to the dais where the Commissioners presided as hosts, and the other Americans being arranged along the tables in the lower apartment, the feast, after some preliminary compliments, began. A number of servitors at once thronged in, bearing upon lacquered trays several earthen cups. These contained a thick soup, which was accompanied by a supply of soy, or some other condiment. Soup succeeded soup, and soup followed soup again, which seemed to be the staple article of the entertainment. There was but little difference of taste distinguishable by an American palate in these various dishes, and most of them seemed to have fresh fish as a chief constituent, large portions of which floated in the thick liquid. Between the services of soup, various sweetened confections and an abundant supply of gingerbread and other cakes were handed round, while the silver vessels which contained the national drink of sakee—a kind of whisky distilled from rice—were kept diligently replenished. The sakee cups are mere thimbles in capacity, like those of Loo-Choo, but the Japanese have acquired by practice such a facility in filling and emptying them, that they evidently lose nothing for want of larger goblets. Toasts and healths were passed, and the whole assemblage soon became happy and friendly. At the end of the dinner, a dish containing a boiled craw-fish, a piece of fried eel, and a square-shaped, jelly-like pudding was served to each guest, with the explanation that he was to carry those articles with him, or that they would be sent after him, as in fact was done. The Japanese dinner, however, had left no such agreeable impressions upon the Americans that they cared to have any memorials to perpetuate its taste or memory.

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Japanese diet seemed particularly meagre in comparison with American fare, and soup, however desirable in its proper place, was found to be but a poor substitute for a round of beef or a haunch of mutton. The Prince of Tous-Sima, who had the character of being, like Talleyrand, not only an expert diplomatist but a finished gourmand, had brought all the resources of his own kitchen, under the immediate superintendence of his far-famed cook, to bear upon the dinner, and yet the result was by no means satisfactory to a vigorous nautical appetite.

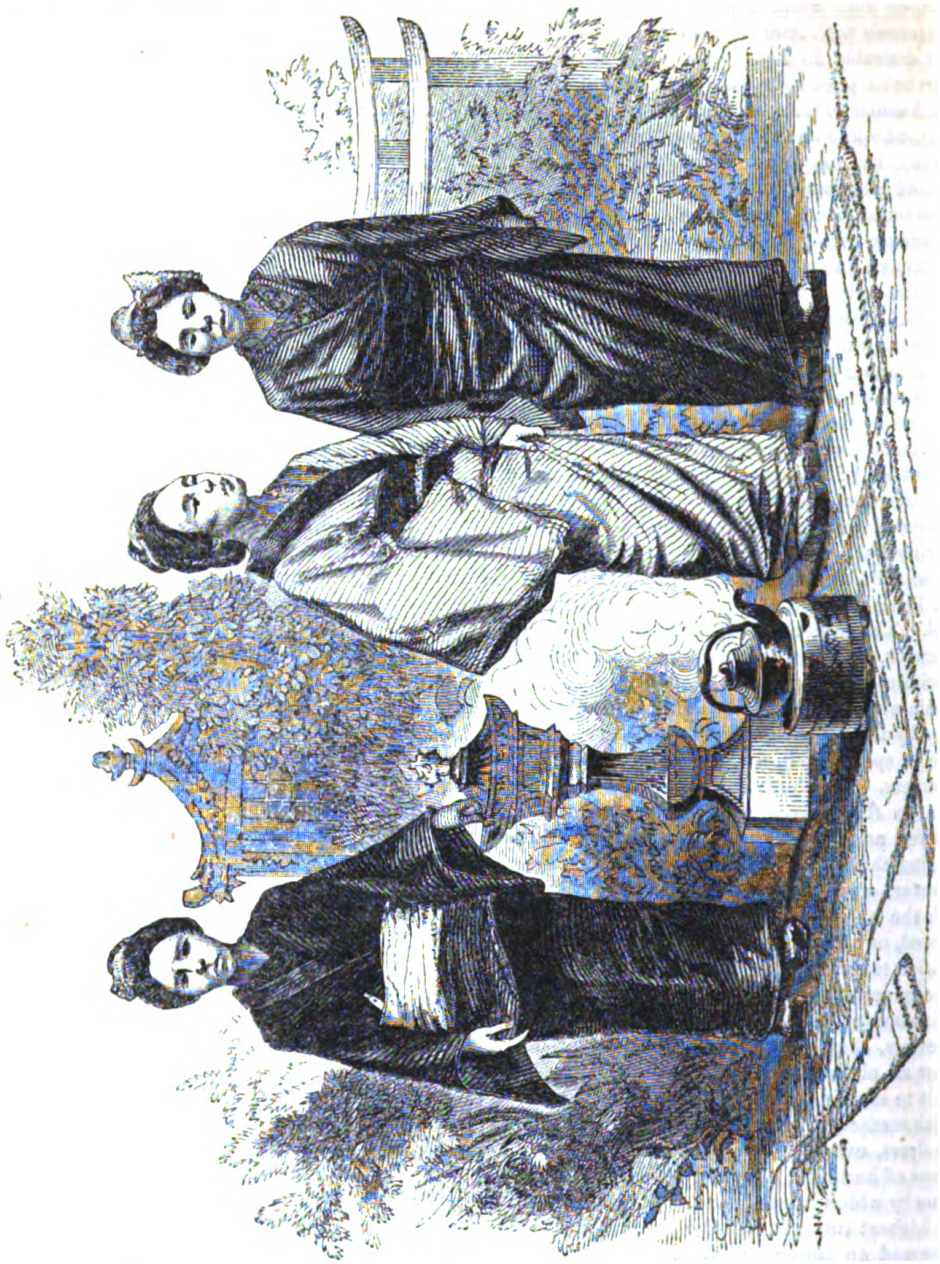
The Commodore had now been nearly two months in the Bay of Yedo, most of which time had been spent in negotiations preliminary to the formation of the treaty. Although during this period there was but little opportunity, in consequence of the jealous interposition of the authorities, of having much intimate intercourse with the people, there were, notwithstanding, occasional opportunities of observation of their peculiarities. After the negotiations had terminated, the Commodore insisted upon the privilege being granted to his officers of visiting the land. This was accorded, but under severe restrictions, limiting the visits of the Americans to within certain fixed limits, and the Japanese people were so strictly watched on these occasions by the police and spies, that they did not dare to speak with, and hardly to look at, the strangers. In obtaining water and other supplies, in the conveyance of the presents back and fro, and putting up the telegraph, and arranging the miniature railroad, the Americans, however, were necessarily brought in contact with the natives. The common people always showed, on these occasions, a very friendly disposition toward their visitors; and although they were generally reserved about themselves and their country, as if constrained by fear of their superiors, they showed an intense curiosity to know all about the United States. It was difficult to satisfy their exceeding inquisitiveness, which seemed to be particularly directed toward the dress, every article of which they were desirous of handling and finding out the English name by which it was called. A button excited the highest interest, and the present of one was esteemed an immense favor. Their curiosity about the woolen clothing and the buttons of the Americans may be accounted for from the fact of the Japanese not having either.

The Japanese are naturally social, and freely mingle in friendly intercourse with each other. Woman, too, participates in the enjoyments of society with no more restriction than with us. Evening parties are common to both sexes, where, as in the United States, the friendly cup of tea is handed round, and the company is enlivened by the usual gossip and amusements, such as music and card-playing. It is the jealous watchfulness of the government alone which prevents the people from the exercise of their natural companionable disposition in a friendly communion with foreigners. Polygamy does not prevail in Japan as in other Oriental countries, and the natural effect is a high appreciation of the female sex, and a reverence for the domestic virtues. Little was seen of the women; but the Commodore, on one occasion, had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a circle of Japanese ladies, a visit to whom is pleasantly described in the narrative published by the Government—a work from which we have condensed several descriptions for this article. After having been entertained at the Treaty House with the usual refreshments, the party (consisting of several American officers in company with the Commodore) set out on their walk, attended by Moryama Yenoske, the chief interpreter, and several of the Japanese officials. A circuit embracing some five miles was the extent of the field of observation, but this gave an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, several of the villages, and large numbers of the people. The early spring, in that temperate latitude, had now much advanced, and the weather, though never very severe, had become more warm and genial. The fields and terraced gardens were carpeted with a fresh and tender verdure, and the trees, with the full growth of renewed vegetation, spread their shades of abounding green foliage in the valleys and on the hillsides of the surrounding country. The camelias, with the immense growth of forty feet in height, which abound every where on the shores of the Bay of Yedo, were in full bloom, with their magnificent red and white blossoms, which displayed a purity and richness of color and a perfection of development unrivaled elsewhere.

As soon as a village or hamlet was approached, one of the Japanese attendants would hurry in advance, and order the women and the rabble to keep out of the way. The Commodore spoke to the interpreter, and took him to account, particularly for dispersing the women. Yenoske pretended that it was entirely for the benefit of the ladies themselves, as their modesty was such that it could not withstand the sight of a stranger. The Commodore did not believe a word of this, and plainly told Yenoske so. The imputation, though it expressed a doubt of his truthfulness, did not offend the interpreter, but was rather taken as a compliment to his duplicity, which is one of the most cherished accomplishments of a Japanese official. Yenoske promised that at the next town, where some refreshments had been ordered, the women should not be required to avoid the party. Accordingly, on entering this place, every one, man, woman, and child, crowded out to see the strangers.

The Commodore and his officers were conducted to the house of the mayor or chief magistrate of the town. This dignitary, with great cordiality, met and welcomed them to the hospitalities of his establishment. The interior was quite unpretending, consisting of a large room, spread with soft mats, lighted with oiled-paper windows, hung with rudely-executed cartoons, and furnished with the usual red-colored

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JAPANESE LADIES OF DISTINCTION.

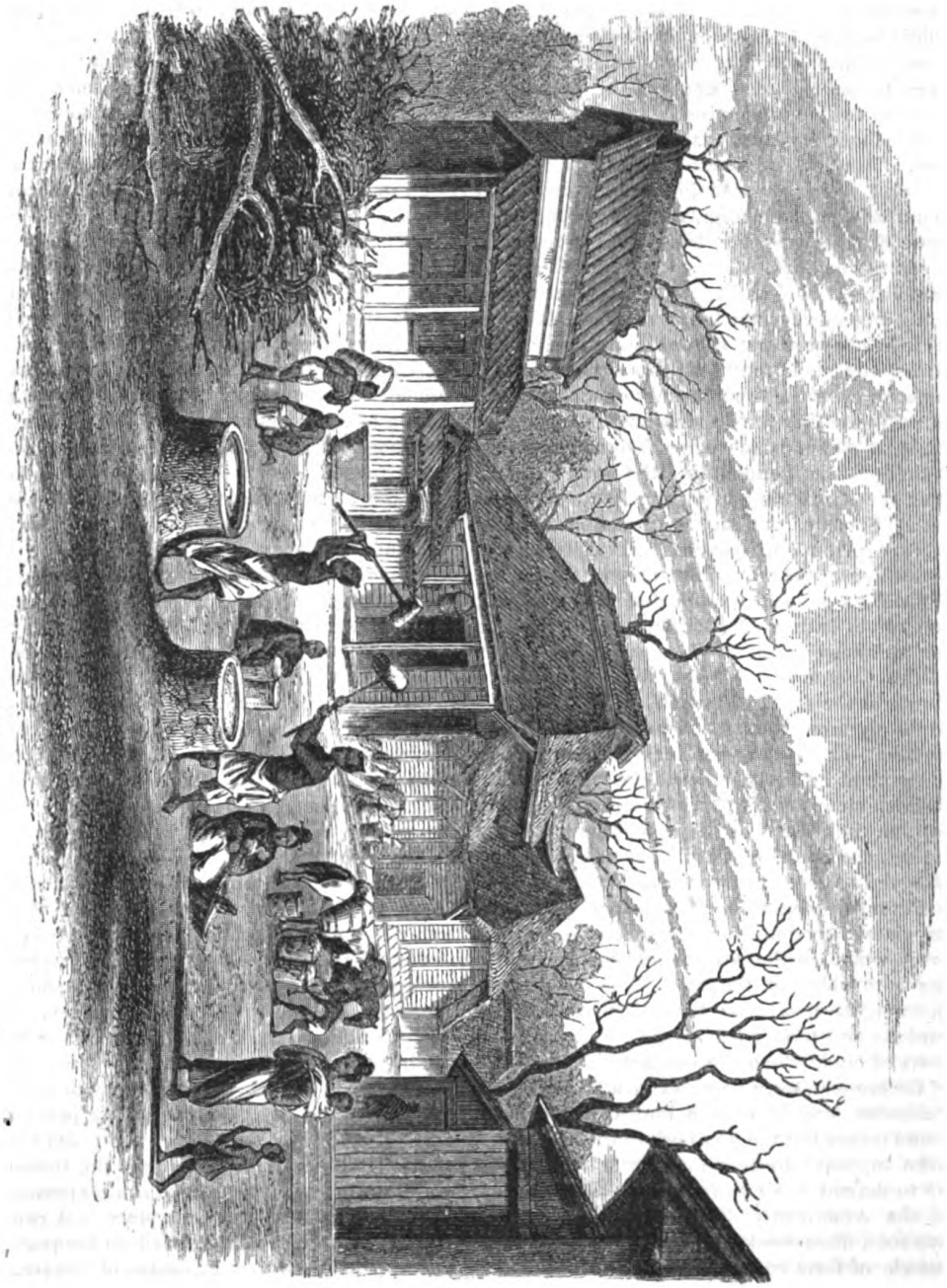
benches. The wife and sister of the town official were present, crouched on their knees in one corner of the apartment, and smiled a timid welcome to the visitors. These women were bare-footed and bare-legged, and were dressed very nearly alike, in dark-colored robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy, or, at any rate, appeared so in their ungraceful drapery; but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were very much indebted to their eyes, which were black as well as their hair, that was fastened up at the top of the head like that of the men, although not shaved in front. As their "ruby" lips parted in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth set in horribly corroded gums. The married women of Japan enjoy the exclusive privilege of dyeing their teeth, which is done with a mixture of urine, filings of iron, and sakee, termed *ohagur* or *camri*. This compound, as might be naturally inferred from its composition, is neither pleasantly perfumed nor very wholesome. It is so corrosive that, on applying it to the teeth, it is necessary to protect the more delicate structure of the gums and lips, for the mere touch of the odious stuff to the flesh burns it at once into a purple, gangrenous spot. In spite of the utmost care the gums become tainted, and lose their ruddy color and vitality. We should think that the practice

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was hardly conducive to connubial felicity, and it would be naturally inferred that all the kissing must be expended in the ecstasy of courtship. This compensation, however, is occasionally lost to the prospective bridegroom, for it is not uncommon for some of the young ladies to inaugurate the habit of blacking the teeth upon the popping of the question. The effects of this disgusting habit are more apparent from another practice, which prevails with the Japanese as with our would-be civilized dames—that of painting the lips with rouge. The ruddy glow of the mouth brings out in greater contrast the blackness of the gums and teeth.

The worthy mayor had some refreshments prepared for his guests, consisting of tea, cakes, confectionery, and the never-absent sakee. With the latter was served a kind of hot waffle, made apparently of rice-flour. The civic dignitary himself was very active in dispensing these offerings, and he was ably seconded by his wife and sister, who always remained on their knees in presence of the strangers. This awkward position of the women did not seem to interfere with their activity, for they kept moving about very briskly with the silver sakee-kettle, the services of which, in consequence of the smallness of the cups, being in constant requisition.

As the officials no longer interfered with the



VILLAGE OF YOKUHAMA.

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Japanese, there was a good opportunity of observing them, though hurriedly, as the Commodore and his party were forced to return early to the ships. Every where a scene of busy activity met the eye, in the towns, the villages, the fields, and the farm-yards. Some laborers, up to their knees in water, were hoeing the lands, artificially overflowed for the culture of the rice; some were pounding the grain into flour with their heavy mallets; and others were busy lading their pack-horses with baskets and bags of meal for the market. The only idlers were the mothers, and the babes they bore in their arms or carried upon their backs. The inferior people, almost without exception, seemed thriving and contented, though hard at work. There were signs of poverty, but no evidence of public beggary. The women, in common with many in various parts of over-populated Europe, were frequently seen engaged in field-labor, showing the general industry and the necessity of keeping every hand busy in the populous empire. The lowest classes even were comfortably clad, being dressed in coarse cotton garments of the same form, though shorter, than those of their superiors, being a loose robe just covering the hips. They were, for the most part, bare-headed and bare-footed—the women being dressed very much like the men, although their heads were not shaved like those of the males, and their long hair was drawn up and fastened upon the top in a knot or under a pad. In rainy weather the Japanese wear a covering made of straw, which being fastened together at the top, is suspended from the neck, and falls over the shoulders and person like a thatched roof. Some of the higher classes cover their robes with an oiled-paper cloak, which is impermeable to the wet. The umbrella, like that of the Chinese, is almost a constant companion, and serves both to shade from the rays of the sun and keep off the effects of a shower.

The Commodore had resolved to obtain a glance at the far-famed capital of Yedo, and accordingly moved his squadron so near to that city that, had it not been for one of those fogs so frequent in Japan, he would have obtained a distinct view. Enough, however, was seen to confirm the reports of the immense size of the capital, the houses and buildings of which were observed to cover many miles of land. These, however, seemed to be merely peaked-roofed, unpainted wooden houses, such as are found every where in the villages and towns thronging both sides of the bay. The country in the neighborhood was highly cultivated with gardens and terraced fields, and the projecting spurs of land, which are characteristic features of the scenery, were crowned with fortifications. Palisades, stretched for a long distance, were found protecting the approach to the harbor, but were supposed to be temporary structures put up to defend the city from the possible attack of the Americans. The Commodore's naval eye soon discovered that the capital, with all its parade of forts and palisades, could be readily made to yield to a few steamers of a light draught of water and a heavy armament; but as he was in the most friendly disposition, after the concession of the treaty, toward the Japanese, he was not inclined to test their weakness or to display his own power. The Japanese authorities were, however, in great trepidation, and earnestly protested against the Commodore's sail up the bay, and were much relieved when he considerately turned round to his old anchorage without mooring in face of the capital.

The Commodore having dispatched all his business in the upper part of the Bay of Yedo, took his departure, with the two steamers, the *Mississippi* and *Powhatan*. The steamer *Susquehanna* had been sent to China, the *Saratoga* to the Sandwich Islands, *en route* to the United States, with Captain Adams, bearing to Washington the new treaty, the *Macedonian* to the Bonin Islands, and the other ships to Simoda, where Commodore Perry followed them with his steamers on the 18th of April, 1854, and arrived in that port on the afternoon of the same day.

Among the more important concessions of the treaty, was the opening of the two ports of Simoda and Hakodadi to American vessels, and the Commodore was accordingly desirous of visiting these places, and making a thorough investigation of their facilities for the purposes intended. Moreover, certain details for the regulation of American intercourse, subordinate to the treaty, were yet to be agreed upon; and it was arranged that the Commissioners should meet the Commodore, for the purpose, at Simoda, after he had paid a preliminary visit to that place and Hakodadi.

Simoda is on the island of Niphon, and is situated on the southern end of the promontory of Idzu, near the mouth of the lower bay of Yedo. The town lies low—whence its name of Simoda, the Japanese word for low field—on a plain where the valley, that extends back between the hills, opens to the bay. The surrounding country presents the usual aspect of the scenery of the Gulf of Yedo, where alternate hills and valleys, richly cultivated, with terraced fields and gardens, succeed each other, bounded in the distance by a range of mountains, the loftiest summits of which were, in the month of April, covered with snow. A number of conical rocks and islands, here and there darkly shaded with groves of pine, project above the surface of the water of the harbor, and show the characteristic marks of volcanic agency. The town itself looks paltry enough, with the usual small, unpainted houses, but the eye is compensated by the richness and beauty of the surrounding landscape. The fleet of junks and other Japanese craft gathered about the mouth of the river, which flows through the town and empties into the harbor, give some appearance of commercial activity to the place. A considerable trade, in fact, is carried on between Simoda and the interior, by means of this stream,

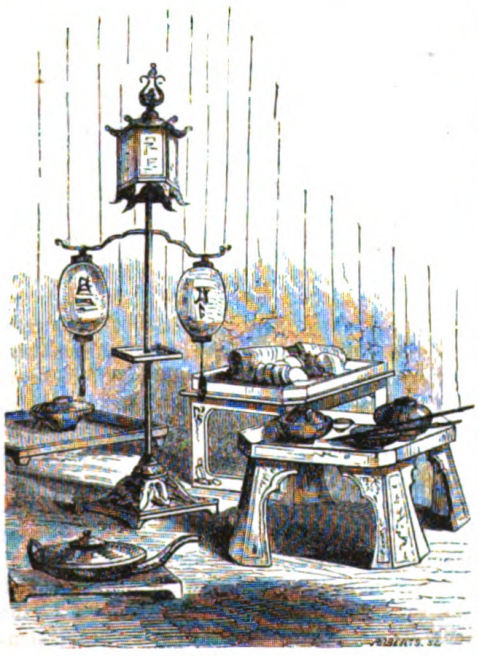
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which waters a valley populous with villages and rich with highly-cultivated farms.

Simoda is regularly built, with streets of about twenty feet in width crossing each other at right angles. Their condition surpasses any thing in our own country, being well paved, supplied with gutters and sewers, and kept thoroughly clean. The houses are small, and slightly constructed; some of them, in fact, are only thatched huts. There are a few stone houses, inhabited by the wealthier people, but most of the dwellings are first built up with a frame-work of bamboo, and then covered with a mud which, on exposure, becomes dry and impermeable to the wet. The surfaces of the houses have generally a curious checkered appearance, from being scored with narrow white mouldings, which cross each other. The roofs are covered with red earthen tiles, and project in front toward the street, where they are supported by posts. Between the posts there are movable shutters, or screens, made of oiled paper, and encased in a frame-work of wood. There are no glass windows, but occasionally there are mica ones, although paper is generally the material used. The screens are removed in the day time, allowing of free access below the projecting roofs, where, in the shops, the coarser articles for sale are displayed. The interior of the houses is composed of a platform raised about a foot from the ground, and is closed in with oiled-paper casements, and subdivided into compartments by movable screens of the same material. This platform is used for all possible purposes—for eating and drinking, trading and working, receiving visitors, entertaining friends, and sleeping at night, the movable partitions allowing it to be divided into a variety of small apartments, or opened into one large one.



BOILING THE POT.



HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS.

The furniture is exceedingly scanty. The floors are spread with mats of a uniform size of three feet by six, prescribed by law. These are made of rice-straw, and are so neatly put together that the apartments seem to be carpeted by a single uniform covering. As the ordinary practice of the Japanese is to kneel and crouch, and not sit, they have little occasion for seats or chairs, yet benches or divans, and a kind of camp-stool are sometimes seen. The common people generally crouch down in a sitting posture, while kneeling is affected by the would-be genteel. There are no beds, but a Japanese at night reclines upon the mat-spread floor, covers himself with an additional mat, and props up his head with a wooden block. There are no tables, but small lacquered stands of about a foot in height are used instead. One of these is placed at meals before each person, and he takes his tea, sips his sakee, or eats his soup from it, as he crouches on the floor. The household utensils are few and simple, consisting of a supply of wooden chop-sticks, an occasional earthen spoon, a few china bowls, some lacquered cups, and the ubiquitous tea-kettle. The kettle is of earthen-ware or of bronze, and sometimes, but rarely, of silver, and is always kept boiling over the charcoal fire, which burns in the centre of the apartment, where square

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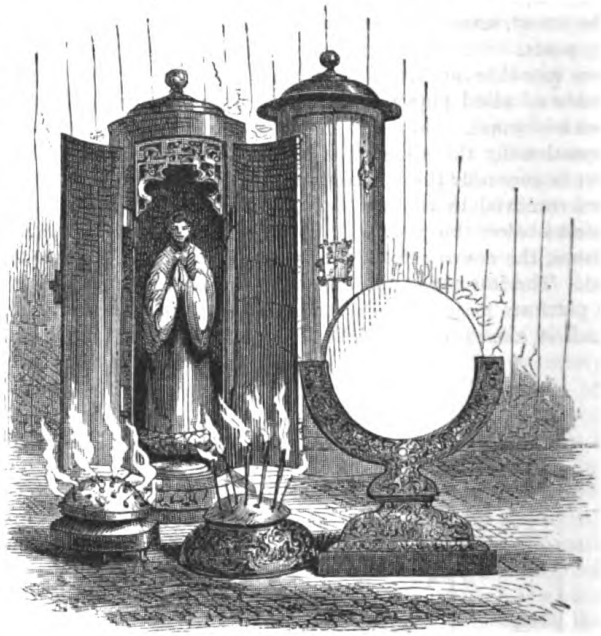
holes, lined with tiles and filled with sand, are made for the purpose. The tea is a universal article of consumption, and is infused, as in China, in each cup as it is wanted, and drank without sugar. The native sakee, which is a potent liquor, not unlike whisky, divides with the beverage "that cheers but not inebriates" the honors of a general appreciation. On the arrival of a guest, he is expected to accept of either tea or sakee, or of both. The chief meal of the day consists mostly of three dishes—hot stewed fish, of the consistency of a thick soup; cold fish, garnished with grated radish; and a heterogeneous compound, where hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves, are found mixed with fish, shrimps, and dried sea-weed. These are served up in covered bowls, and are always accompanied by two cups—one containing soy, in which the contents of each dish are dipped before being eaten; and the other sakee, which is used universally by all classes. The cooking is simple, and ordinarily performed over the charcoal fire in the sitting-apartment, though in the more imposing establishments there are kitchens in the rear of the house for the purpose.

Some of the wealthier people have suburban villas on the outskirts of the town. These are surrounded with walled gardens, which are laid out in the Chinese style, with fish-ponds, containing gold fish, miniature bridges, pagoda-like summer-houses, and private chapels or shrines. Dwarf fruit-bearing and shade trees, and beds of gayly-variegated flowers, camelias, chrysanthemums, and other choice varieties, adorn these retreats of the well-to-do Japanese citizen. The same simplicity of construction and scantiness of furniture generally characterize these as the more humble dwellings. There is greater spaciousness, however, in the apartments, and sometimes more regard to ornament. The cornices of the rooms occasionaly show carvings of wood which would have done credit to Grinling Gibbons, and the oiled-paper panels are not seldom adorned with paintings of birds, among which the sacred crane is a favorite subject, and with landscapes much superior to the gaudy frescoes of our Fifth Avenue palaces, and not surpassed by many of the pictures which hang from their showy walls. The various household utensils, too, in the better houses, are often of handsome pattern and skillful workmanship. The lacquered stands upon which food is served are gracefully carved, and very highly polished with the famous Japanese lacquer; the lanterns, which are of paper, are sometimes adorned with pictures, and supported upon well-executed bronzed branches; and the china tea-pots and cups are beautifully painted and enriched with gilt.

Simoda, like all flourishing towns, has its accommodations for travelers, but these differ little from the ordinary residences. The names of visitors are always recorded, as with us, but somewhat more conspicuously, being registered in large letters upon the door-posts in the street. The arrival of distinguished travelers is announced by the display of their coats-of-arms, in full emblazonry, in front of their stopping-places.

The people of Simoda have temples and shrines enough to entitle them to the character of being religious, although they are justly suspected of not being the most moral people in the world. It is true that they have nine Buddhist temples, several Sintoo ones, and innumerable shrines perched upon the mountain tops and hid away in the groves. It is no less true, however, that they have public baths in which the sexes indiscriminately wash and sport themselves, and a popular literature equally unreserved and demoralizing with this disgusting practice.

The temples are the most imposing structures in Simoda. Their general construction is similar to that of the houses, but their size is much larger and their ornaments more elaborate, there being often richly-carved architraves and cornices. The buildings are of wood, and covered with tiled roofs, which project in front, where they are supported upon wooden pillars, polished with lacquer. The interior is spread with mats, and has its shrines, its idols, its candlesticks, and its pictures. Gongs, drums, rattles, and other noisy musical instruments, bear an important part in the worship, and some of these are no less remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship than for the vileness of the music they produce. At the door of each temple there is a straw rope connected with a bell



SHRINES AND CANDLESTICKS.

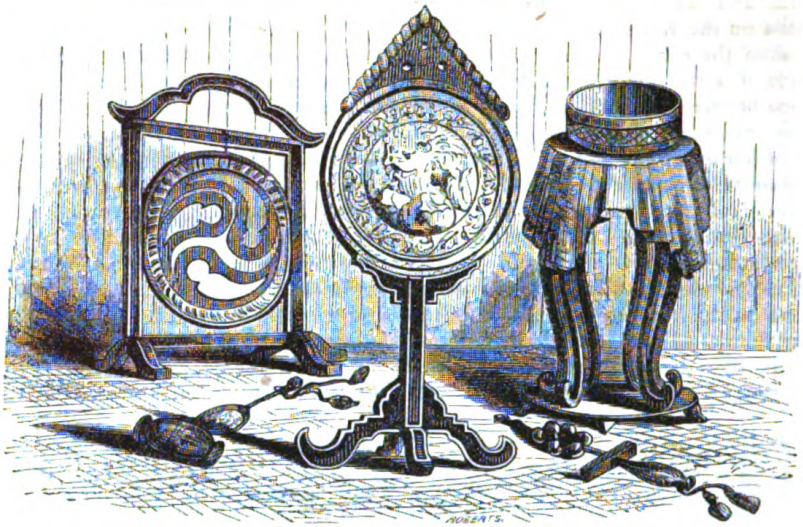
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and a drum, and the former is pulled and the latter beaten on the arrival of a devotee, in order to awaken the deity to a consciousness of the presence of a worshiper. There is a great resemblance between the shrines, images, and some of the ornaments of the Buddhist temples and those of our own Christian establishments; and a visitor to a religious edifice in Japan might almost fancy that he was within the dominion of his Holiness the Pope himself. The abounding offerings of bits of paper, bouquets of flowers, copper cash, and long queues, which are hung up on the walls or heaped before the idols, show the devotion of the people. Occasional boxes, like those which appeal to our charity in some of the old European cathedrals and churches, are seen; but when it is learned that the inscriptions on them often read, "For Feeding Hungry Demons," the Christian's benevolence will be proof against the appeal, unless he is as tender-hearted as Uncle Toby, who had a good word, and no doubt an obolus, for even the devil himself. The temples are generally situated in the outskirts of the town, on sites chosen evidently for their picturesqueness of position. Wide avenues, bordered with spreading pine-trees, lead to them, and the surrounding grounds are adorned with beds of flowers, artificial lakes, and miniature bridges. To each temple there is attached a burial-ground, where monumental stones are erected, as with us, to the memory of the dead. Inscriptions record the names of the



BUDDHIST TEMPLE AND BURIAL-PLACE.

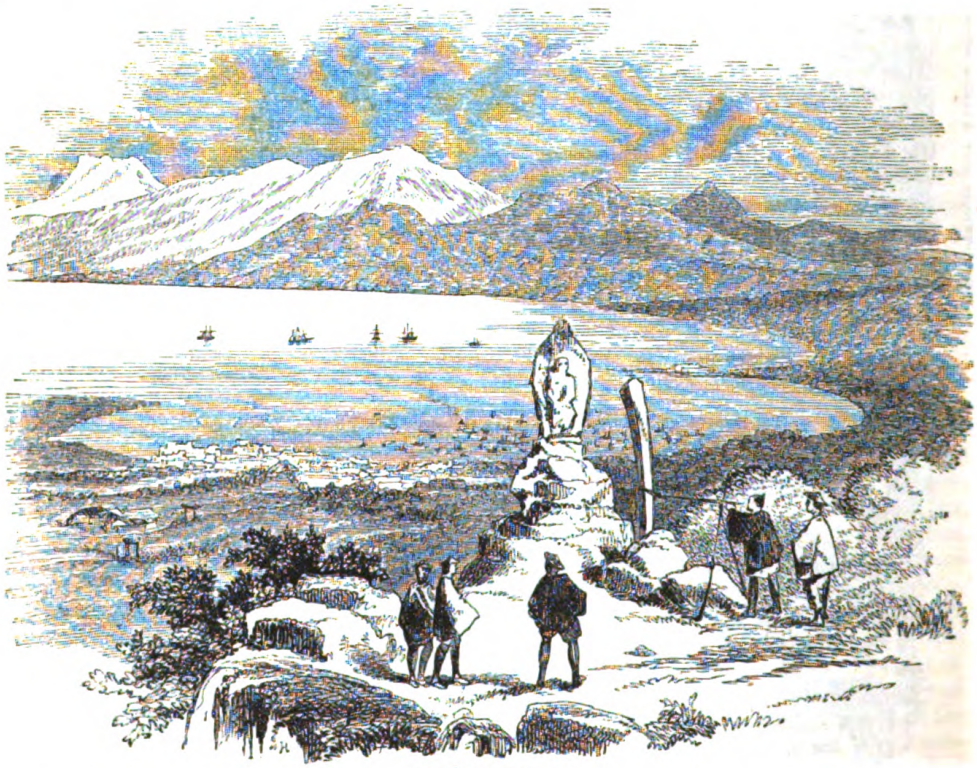
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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF WORSHIP.

deceased and their virtues, among which, the good work of having recited thousands of volumes of the canonical books is often recorded as entitling the departed to the "heavenly felicities of Buddha."

The Commodore, on his arrival at Simoda, was met with the usual obstructions, on the part of the authorities, to that freedom of intercourse which it was his desire to establish between the Americans and the Japanese. No sooner did one of the ship's officers land with the purpose of visiting the town, than he was surrounded by a squad of the native officials, who perseveringly clung to his steps wherever he moved. The people were beckoned away at his approach, and the shop-keepers ordered to shut up their shops and hide themselves from observation. This, however, was soon changed for the better through the resolute protests of the Commodore, who insisted that the treaty entitled the Americans to different treatment. One of the temples—for their establishments are not exclusively devoted to spiritual purposes—was appropriated, after repeated demands, as a place



VIEW OF HAKODADI.

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of resort for the Americans, and the Japanese tradesmen soon gladly availed themselves of the permission of their superiors to sell their lacquered cups, their chow-chow boxes, and pipe-cases to the strangers. There was a good deal of difficulty at first in regard to the currency, but it was finally adjusted in a manner that ought to have been satisfactory to the Japanese, for they received the American dollar at a valuation of at least 50 per cent. less than its real worth. The laws of the Japanese are very strict in regard to the money of their own coinage, which is forbidden to be sent out of the country under the penalty of death. A full set of their coin of all denominations was, however, given by the Commissioners as a present to the Commodore. Though the Americans were allowed to select the articles wanted in the shops, the receipt and payment of them were made through the authorities alone, so jealous did the government seem to be of all commercial transactions between its subjects and foreigners. The treaty did not, as some eager American traders have claimed, guarantee the privilege of commerce with the Japanese; though it might be reasonably inferred that that instrument would lead, under a judicious policy, to future negotiations by which such a privilege might be secured. The treaty was one of amity, and was a formal surrender, on the part of Japan, of its absurd national exclusiveness. This important change of policy was due to the energetic conduct of Commodore Perry, whose service is proudly recognized by his country, and appreciated by all civilized nations, each of which equally shares in the benefits. The eagerness with which France, England, and Russia hurried to obtain from the Japanese treaties like that secured by Commodore Perry for the United States, is a striking proof of the great value at which it is estimated.

The Commodore remained three weeks at Simoda, during which the harbor was diligently surveyed, and the ships supplied with water and fresh provisions, of which an abundant quantity of fish, fowls, eggs, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables, was obtained. There was, however, no beef to be procured, as, although there are cattle at Simoda, they are only used as beasts of burden, and their flesh, in accordance with the religious doctrines of the people, is not eaten.

Early in the morning of the 13th of May, the two steamers, the *Powhatan* and *Mississippi*, sailed for Hakodadi. After coasting for three days along the shores of Niphon, and so close to the land that the terraced fields and the thronging villages were clearly visible, the steamers, on the fourth morning, sailed into the straits of Sangar, which divide Niphon from the northern island of Yesso. In a few hours the ships *Macedonian*, *Vandalia*, and *Southampton*, which had preceded the Commodore, were seen at anchor amidst an immense fleet of junks, to the northward of a low isthmus which stretches out from the main-land, and terminates in a peninsular mountain some twelve hundred feet in height. At the base of this mountain lies the town of Hakodadi, with its houses and temples, extending along the shore, and distributed among the groves of trees which shade the acclivity. The lofty mountains, with their summits covered with snow, looked gloomy in the distance, but the harbor, populous with its many hundred junks, the expanse of the straits crossed and recrossed by the numerous vessels plying between the towns on the opposing coasts, and the cultivated slopes of the hills, with the rice and other grain ripening in the sun, gave a cheerful aspect to the scene.

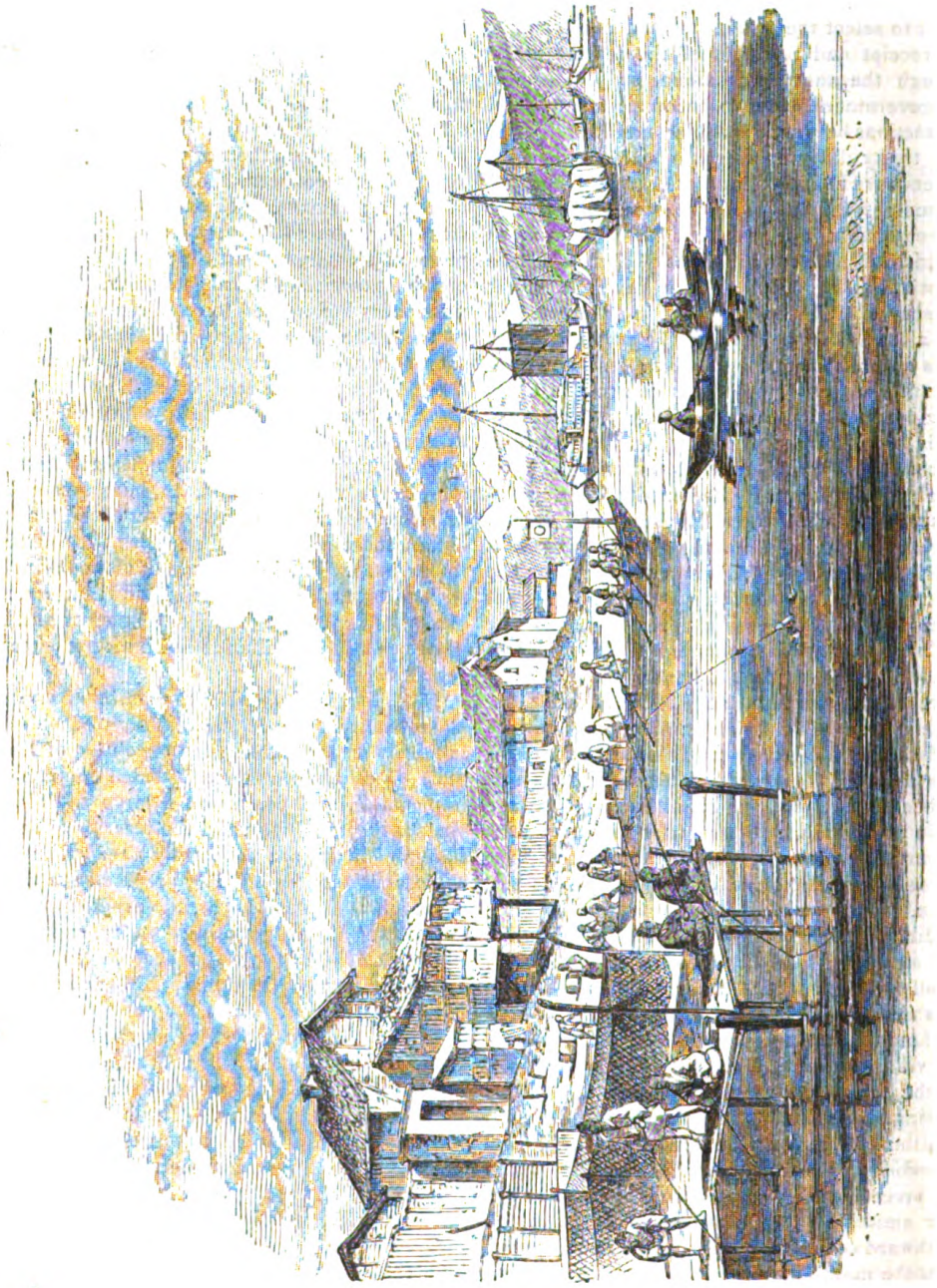
Great consternation was produced among the people of Hakodadi by the arrival of the American squadron in their waters. The inhabitants were seen to hurry out of the town with their backs and their horses loaded down with goods and valuables; and as soon as the steamers came to anchor, some of the Japanese officials pushed off and boarded the ships. They showed marks of great anxiety on their arrival, and asked, with very evident concern, the purpose of the visit of the Americans. Upon being told that a treaty had been made, they expressed much surprise, and declared that they had been kept in entire ignorance of the negotiations. The Commissioners had agreed to send a representative to meet the Commodore at Hakodadi, but no such personage had arrived. In the mean time the Commodore insisted upon the same privileges as had been reluctantly conceded to him at Simoda. After a long delay and a series of tedious daily negotiations, the Americans were allowed to visit the land, to have possession of several temples of resort on shore, and to obtain those articles and supplies they desired to purchase. The inhabitants of Hakodadi were soon reassured, and, returning to the town, resumed their routine of daily occupation, and became gradually familiarized with the presence of the strangers.

Hakodadi is situated in the straits of Sangar, at the south of the Island of Yesso, of which it is the largest town, with the exception of Matsmai. It is a place of considerable commercial importance, and carries on a large trade with various ports in Japan and the interior of Yesso. Fleets of junks are constantly engaged in carrying dried and salted fish, prepared sea-weed, charcoal, and deers'-horns, the products of Hakodadi and the neighboring country, and bringing back rice, sugar, tea, tobacco, silks, cloths, lacquered ware, cutlery, and whatever else there may be a market for in the town and in the interior. During the short stay of about two weeks of the American squadron, over a hundred junks sailed from Hakodadi for various southern ports in Japan. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in occupations connected with the water, and are either merchants, sailors, or fishermen. The bay and harbor abound in excellent fish, in salmon, salmon-trout, flounders, herrings, and in clams, crabs, and muscles. The ships were always sure of large draughts

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with their seines, and were thus never without a supply of excellent fish of all varieties. The fishermen were daily out in the bay with their nets; and groups of idlers, with their rods and lines, never failed to gather about the piers to pass the day in angling, as they squatted over the water and patiently waited for a bite.

Hakodadi is large, containing several thousand houses, which extend in a main avenue for a mile or more along the sea-shore, with cross-streets which ascend a short distance up the acclivity of the lofty hill at the base of which the town is built. The houses are similar in construction to those of Simoda, but have one peculiarity which strikes the stranger at first sight. On the front of the gable of each building, which, like that of the Dutch houses, faces the street, there is always a wooden tub wrapped in straw and filled with water. By the side of the tub there is a broom, which is kept there in readiness, in case of fire, to sprinkle the roof with, and protect it from the sparks. It would appear, from the careful provision against conflagrations, that there was great anxiety on this score. Along the streets every where, in addition to the tubs on the tops of the houses, there are wooden cisterns conveniently placed in all parts of the city; and, moreover, the town is as well-supplied with fire-engines as New York. These engines, though in appear-

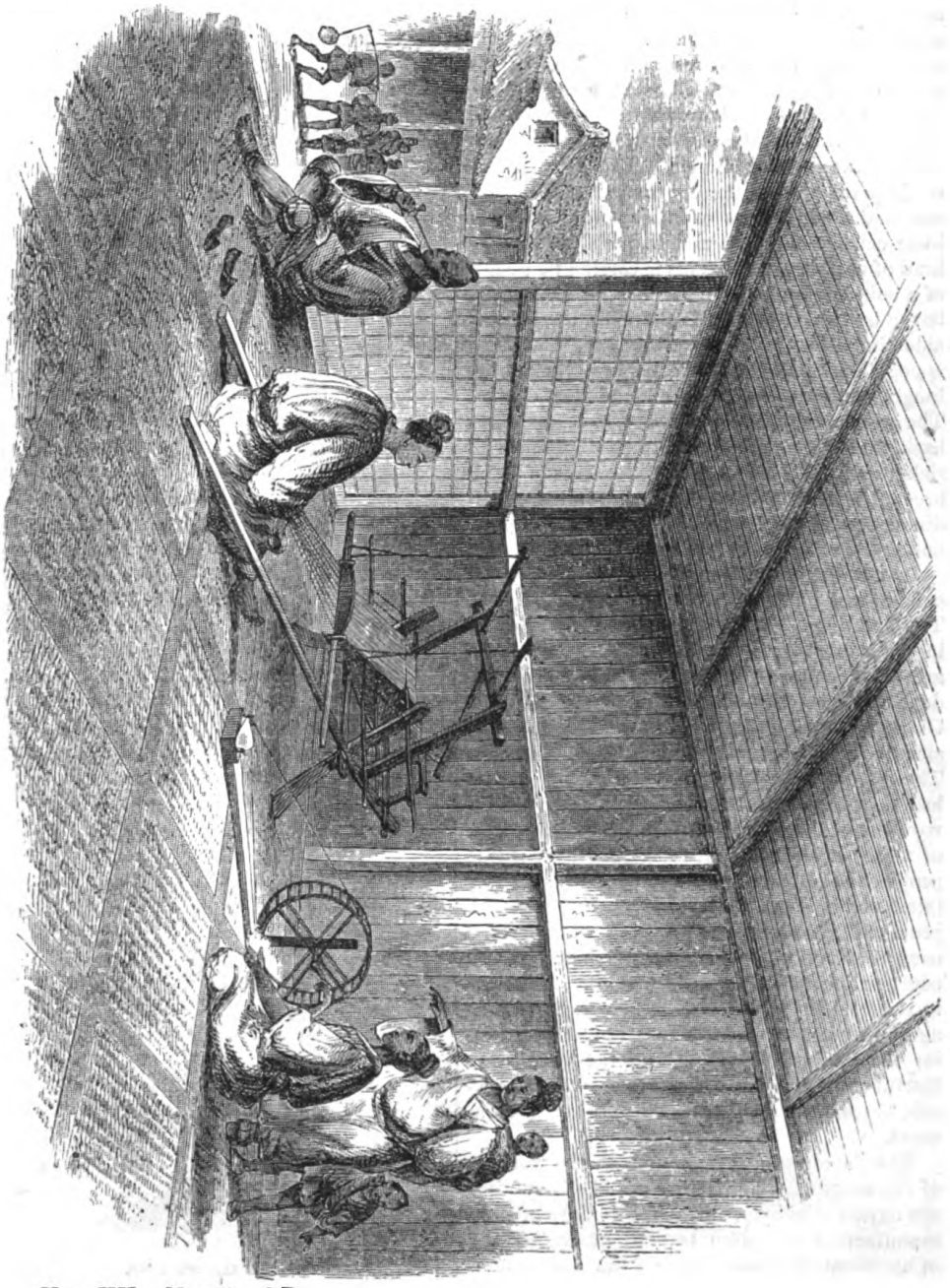


FISHING AT HAKODADI.

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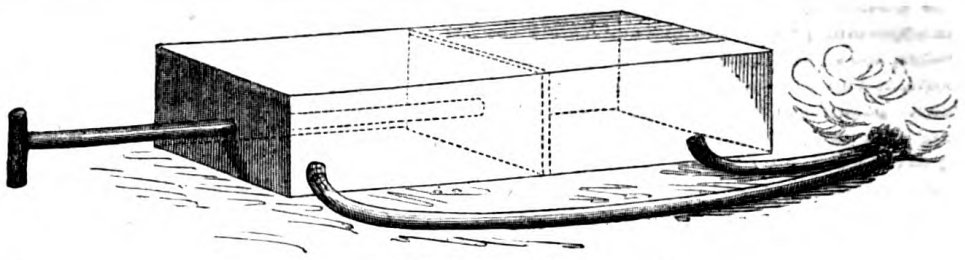
ance something like our own, are deficient in the important part of the machine called the air-box, and consequently are spasmodic in their efforts, and do not eject a continuous stream of water. Alarums, made of thick pieces of wood, hung upon posts, which are struck on the breaking out of a fire, are found at every corner, and watchmen, stationed in sentry-boxes, are always on the alert, by day and night. The streets of Hakodadi, like those of most Japanese towns, are subdivided into various wards by means of picket-gates, which cross from side to side, and are closed after dark. These several wards are so many separate communities governed by an alderman, who is called, in the Japanese language, an Ottona. This official is responsible for the condition of that part of the city under his administration, and each Ottona is held answerable for the bad conduct of his coadjutors —an extent of responsibility which would be quite insupportable in the corrupt municipal governments of our Christian country. The system apparently works well, for Hakodadi is perfectly well-ordered, being always quiet, clean, and wholesome.

The stillness of the town was very impressive to those accustomed to the din and turmoil of a city like New York, for example. There was none of the hum and apparent confusion of a place in the busy excitement of daily business



WEAVING.

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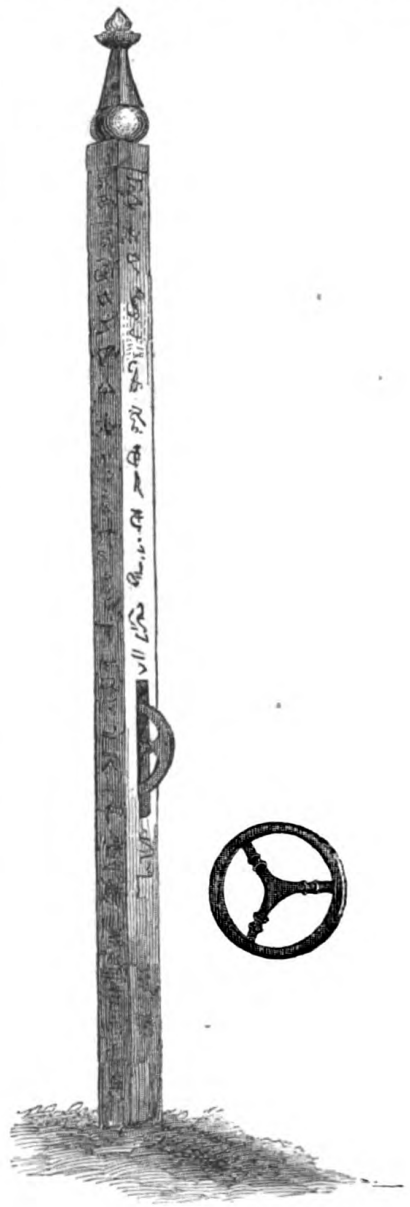


BLACKSMITH'S BELLOWS.

and pleasure. Hakodadi, though evidently carrying on a large trade—for the harbor, with its numerous junks and fishing-boats, presented a stirring scene—showed no outward marks of activity in the streets. There are no public market-places, and all business is carried on silently within the stores and shops. It is true, long trains of pack-horses, loaded down with goods, occasionally trot through the streets, but there are no wheeled carriages or carts to disturb the general silence. The *kago*, which is a square box, to the contracted capacity of which the suppleness of a Japanese back or knee can alone accommodate itself, is the only kind of carriage used. This is carried by means of a couple of poles, like those of a sedan-chair, borne by two men, and is the most uncomfortable kind of conveyance conceivable. The kago is occasionally made very ornamental when belonging to the wealthier and higher classes. The greater dignitaries generally travel on horseback, and their animals are often adorned with rich trappings. The Japanese horse is of small breed, but of a compact form, with delicate tendinous limbs, and is active, spirited, and of good bottom.

In a large town like Hakodadi, there are, of course, many engaged in the mechanical arts. The building of junks is carried on extensively in yards bordering the harbor. These vessels are seldom more than a hundred tons in burden, and are constructed very much like the Chinese junks. Canvas is, however, used instead of the bamboo as in China, for the sails. The Japanese are timid navigators, and never lose sight of the land, if possible, in their various voyages. Although, from the insular character of their country, they are naturally a maritime people, the government—so resolute is its isolated policy—has forbidden, for hundreds of years, all direct communication with foreign countries under the penalty of death. The construction of the junks is regulated by law as to size and form, so that, with their small tonage and open sterns, they are unfit to encounter the storms of the sea, and the people are fearful of venturing, in their ill-constructed vessels, beyond the limits prescribed by the government.

The Japanese are familiar with the working of the metals. Their jewelers and silversmiths are expert workmen, and the specimens of their manufacture are often tasteful in design and of excellent workmanship. Of the coarser metals copper is much used, and, as with us, for sheathing and bolting their vessels, and for the manufacture of various cooking and other household utensils. Iron is less frequently employed, and with great economy. It is seldom that their implements are entirely composed of



PRAYING MACHINE.

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this metal, it being usual to make them of wood, and merely tip them with iron. The blacksmiths work, as with us, with a charcoal fire and a bellows. The latter, however, is peculiarly made, being a box with a piston working horizontally, and two holes at the side for the issue of the blast. Coopering is an important trade at Hakodadi, where immense quantities of fish are salted and packed for exportation in barrels. These are made of staves, and hooped as with us, but their form is peculiar, being somewhat conical in shape. The neatness of finish of the wood-work of the houses, proves the carpenters skillful workmen, and the cabinet-ware often inlaid, richly adorned, and covered with the exquisite lacquer polish, is unsurpassed by the finest *marqueterie* of Paris. Weaving and the manufacture of coarse cotton clothing are carried on in almost all the houses by the women, who use looms constructed very much like those familiar to our own people. In the higher arts the Japanese deserve a rank much beyond any Oriental nation. The carvings in wood with which many of the better houses and most of the temples are adorned, show an exact knowledge of form, particularly of that of familiar objects of nature, such as birds, fish, and flowers, and a skill of hand in the cutting almost perfect. In the Japanese paintings and drawings there is the freedom that belongs to great manual dexterity, and a correctness of outline which proves a close observation of nature. Some specimens of the illustrated books brought to this country by the Commodore, establish the fact hitherto denied, that the Japanese, unlike the Chinese, are familiar with the principles of perspective. These works also show, in their drawings of the human figure and of the horse, a well-directed study of the anatomy of form in its external developments.

The Japanese are great readers, and popular romances issue from their presses with the frequency of cheap novels with us. Their books are printed by means of wooden blocks, and it is said that they have separate type of the same material, while printing in colors, which is an art just beginning with us, but has been long practiced in Japan. Their paper is made of the bark of the mulberry and of other woods, and presents a good surface for the reception of the type, but is of so thin a texture that the printing is confined to one side only. The leaf of each book is accordingly double, with two blank surfaces inclosed within. A general system of public instruction extends its influence throughout the empire, and the commonest people can read and write.

The prevailing religions of the Japanese are Buddhism and Sintooism. The former, however, is the favorite form of worship, and all its ceremonies are carefully observed. Sculptured statues of Buddha abound every where, in the temples, in the roadside chapels, and in the shrines, which hang upon the acclivities of the hills, or lie hid away among the pine groves. The devotion of worshipers is shown in the bits of paper, the copper cash, the bouquet of flowers, and in the long queues of hair which are found offered up in great abundance. The Japanese have reached that perfection of religious formalism—machine praying. At Hakodadi certain posts were observed conveniently placed for the use of the pious passer-by. These were inscribed with prayers, and at a convenient distance from the ground were attached wheels, which worked on axles, passing through the posts. For each turn of the wheel the devotee is supposed to obtain credit in heaven for one of the inscribed prayers, and such is the facility acquired by some whose religious education has not been neglected, and whose pious diligence has been exemplary, that they succeed in spining off the whole liturgy of the post in a single whirl.

The higher classes of the Japanese are supposed to be imbued with a wide philosophical skepticism, and to regard the religion of their country merely as a state institution. They are tolerant of all forms of worship but that of the Christian, which, since the interference of the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries, two hundred and fifty years ago, with the policy of the government, has been strictly excluded from Japan. The Americans, however, regularly per-



AMERICAN BURIAL-PLACE.

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formed the Christian worship on board their ships, while floating within Japanese waters, and several of the sailors who died were buried in Japan with the usual ceremonies of our religion. The authorities, in fact, appropriated, both at Simoda and Hakodadi, places of interment for the American Christians.

The Commodore awaited more than two weeks the arrival of the expected representative of the Japanese Commissioners, who was to meet him at Hakodadi. After frequent conferences with the local authorities and the agent of the Prince of Matsmai, the Commodore, finding that no final arrangements could be made in regard to the limits and other details regulating the opening of Hakodadi to American intercourse, found it necessary to defer all further consideration of the subject until his return to Simoda. Just, however, as the squadron was about to sail, a Japanese functionary arrived from the court at Yedo, but as he did not seem to be fully authorized to act, his visit was received and considered as one purely of ceremony. On the 3d of June the Commodore sailed for Simoda, where he arrived on the seventh. The Commissioners were found there in readiness for negotiation, which was entered upon at once, and resulted, after a good deal of tedious diplomacy, in the agreement of certain regulations subsidiary to the treaty. These had reference particularly to the boundaries within which the Americans were to be confined in their visits to Hakodadi and Simoda, and to certain pilot and port arrangements essential to the navigator.

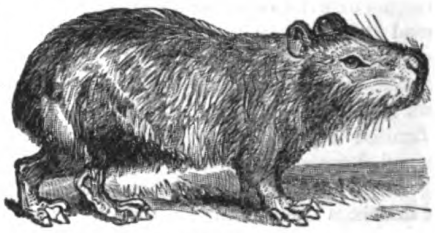
On the 28th of June, 1854, the Commodore took his final departure from Japan in the steamer *Mississippi*, accompanied by the *Powhatan*, and directed his course homeward, by the way of Loo-Choo and China. The sailing ships were dispatched to various places of destination in the East. On the arrival of the steamers at Hong-Kong, Commodore Perry took passage in the English steam-packet for India, thence by the Red Sea to Europe, and thus to the United States.

THE GNAWERS.

SPECIMENS of the rodentia, or gnawing animals, are familiar to every one in the destructive rat, the playful squirrel, and the harmless rabbit. The order is remarkable for intelligence, and has furnished our households with their greatest pests, as well as their most favored pets.

The peculiarity of the rodentia consists in having on each jaw two long, flat, and slightly curved teeth, which ingeniously work upon each other in such a way that they are kept sharp like chisels, and are used for cutting the bark and wood of trees, the hard shells of the different kinds of nuts, and, in some instances, the softer metals, such as tin and zinc. The constant labor which these teeth perform would rapidly wear them away if they were not constantly replenished from the roots, so that as fast as the upper surface is worn off, they are pushed forward from below, and thus kept continually upon a cutting edge and in their true position. If, however, an accident happens to these teeth, and those on either jaw have no corresponding ones to grind upon, and thus keep them at a proper length, they rapidly assume the form of tusks, and, if coming from the lower jaw, will curl upward over the lips, and finally produce such a deformity as to cause the animal's death.

The rat and the mouse, so familiar as household nuisances, are the most destructive, so far as man's interests are concerned, of all the gnawing animals, and therefore occupy so large a space in the history of civilized society, and so well deserve a chapter by themselves, that their eventful history will be reserved for a future occasion, while we proceed for the present to treat of other less known members of the family.



THE CAPYBÁRA.

The capybára, a native of South America, is the largest of the rodentia, and from its size and coarse hair might, upon superficial examination, be mistaken for a half-grown pig. It is a solitary, harmless being, living upon grass, vegetables, and fruits, and is rarely seen in the daytime even amidst its most favorite haunts. If alarmed, it retreats to the water for protection. The inhabitants of the country where it is found esteem the animal a great luxury, and the jaguar pursues it with never-tiring industry. The guinea-pig, also a native of South America, and always so great a pet among children, is a miniature specimen of the capybára.



THE AGOUTI.

The agouti is found in Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay. It is about the size of the rabbit, and resembles that animal in its habits. As a destroyer of sugar-cane, it is looked upon as a great pest by the planters. When pursued, it runs for a short time with rapidity, then endeavors to conceal itself from sight; if unsuccessful, it suffers capture without any other protest than a plaintive cry.

The jerboa is a native of Egypt, and is about

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THE JERBOA.

the size of the common rat. It resembles in form the kangaroo of Australia, and like that animal, is remarkable for leaping, or rather flying over the plain, for so rapid are its movements that the swiftest greyhound is unable to overtake it.



THE CHINCHILLA.

The chinchilla is an inhabitant of cold countries, and is covered with the long, soft fur called after its name, and once so much esteemed as an article of dress. In its form we have the common characteristics of the squirrel and rabbit.



THE HAMSTER.

The hamster is native to the Valley of the Rhine, and burrows in the ground the same as a rabbit. It not only devours immense quantities of corn in summer, but by the aid of two pouches, one on each side of the jaw, manages to lay up incredible stores for winter use, its rich magazine of provisions being sometimes seven feet deep. It is a brave little animal, and will attack any thing, man or beast, that comes near its property. Rats, mice, lizards, birds, and even the helpless of its own kind, fall before its ravenous appetite. Its skin is of some value, but the hunter often finds its depository of food the greatest consideration, for in a single one has been found provision sufficient to last a peasant's family a month or more. The dwelling of the hamster, says an imaginative writer, is the perfect image of the social household and the cordial understanding of civilized married couples. The male and female at first get along harmoniously in pillaging the public in general, discord, as in civilization, only coming at the moment of dividing the spoils. The male, delighted to use the labor of his wife in filling the storehouse, the moment winter sets in, attempts to drive her from the conjugal abode. Obliged to run before superior strength, she appears to leave forever, but digs a sideway, and thus enjoys the treasure. So far the practice is too true of many latitudes, but the fanciful theorist locates his ideas and himself in France, when he adds, "The female does more, she obtains the assistance of a comrade, and the two, profiting by the torpor of the gorged husband inside, strangle and eat him, and thus set up housekeeping over his remains." The Archbishop of Mayence, so says an old German legend, bought up all the corn of the surrounding country, and stored it in his castle, situated upon one of the many beautiful islands in the Rhine. The famine he thus occasioned extended not only to the human inhabitants, but reached the greedy hamsters. Scenting the treasure of the wicked bishop afar off, they joined together in great multitudes, swam across to his palace, and in one night devoured him from off the face of the earth.

The porcupine, widely scattered over the world, unlike the rest of its family, is remarkably slow in its movements, and never attempts to get out of the way of an enemy: nature, however, has protected it from attack by covering its body with an impenetrable coat of mail, bristling with bayonets; but for this, its helplessness would soon cause it to be exterminated by the lynx and the cat. This harmless animal has been the subject of much fabulous exaggeration. It can not project its quills from its sides, as arrows from a bow, as some historians have gravely asserted; and, in spite of Shakspeare's insinuation to the contrary, it is not fretful in its disposition, for if left to its solitary haunts, no animal of the forests is more happy in the enjoyment of its humble life. Its quills vary from six to fourteen inches in length, and are much esteemed, both by savage and civilized people, for various useful purposes to which they can be applied. The Indians, particularly of Canada, by arts peculiar to themselves, dye these quills of various brilliant colors, and use them for the most attractive yet rude ornamentation of their moccasins, war-belts, and tobacco-pouches. As weapons of defense, they protect the animal from the prowess of the grizzly bear, as well as from the fox and minx. Audubon mentions meeting with a lynx that was dying from the effects of a number of these quills sticking in its mouth; for they are so nicely barbed on the ends that they constantly work into the flesh after they have made an entrance. This animal lives upon the bark of trees, and

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THE PORCUPINE.

it seldom leaves one that it has selected for food until it strips trunk and limbs of their covering. So destructive are they on forest vegetation, that a small number will make a neighborhood appear as if it had been scathed with fire—one porcupine, in a single winter, destroying a hundred trees.

The hare and the rabbit so much resemble each other in their outward appearance, that they are often confounded together even by close observers; they differ, however, very widely in their individual characteristics. The hare is a timid, lonely creature, and will sit for hours without moving, crouched in what is termed its *form*. The rabbit, on the contrary, is lively and frolicsome, delighting to pop out from its burrow into daylight, bask for a few moments in the clear sunshine, and then, as if in very joy and capriciousness, throw its heels into the air, and suddenly sink into the ground and out of sight. The hare, when pursued, trusts to his speed for safety; the rabbit, on the contrary, rushes into his burrow as the only secure place of refuge. The nest of the hare is of the rudest construction, a few sticks and dried leaves spread upon the cold ground being all that is deemed necessary. The rabbit burrows in the earth, his nest is lined with the softest substances, the mother plucking the longest and softest materials from her own body to give its sides the proper protection and warmth. The young of the hare, at their birth, are covered with fur, and are capable of running with swiftness, have their ears erect, and their eyes perfect. The young of the rabbit are naked, their eyes are shut, their ear-flaps closed, their bodies feeble, and for some time they are entirely dependent upon their parent for support. The hare and the rabbit are both very prolific, bringing forth several litters annually; but for this, they are so harmless and incapable of self-defense, and have so many enemies, that the races would soon become exterminated.

The rabbit shows no particular intelligence, and in its wild state, if it misses its burrow, it is easily killed, and the hunt, though short, affords immense sport for the exercise and amusement of juvenile hunters. As the rabbit generally runs into some hollow log, or hole in a stone wall, the boys pull him out by the screw of the ramrod, in the same way that they do hemp wadding from the barrel of their gun. No animal, the dog excepted, is more altered by domestication than



THE RABBIT.

the rabbit, and from its attractive appearance has become deservedly a favorite. Yet all the varieties of the tame rabbit are shown to have sprung from the common wild stock, from their constant tendency to return to the original form and appearance. Harmless as the rabbit is to its captors, they are remarkably quarrelsome among themselves, and apparently subject to gusts of uncontrollable passion. Their most effective method of doing injury is to spring up and strike their opponent with their hind feet, and this is done with such effect that not only the "fur flies," but injuries are sometimes inflicted of quite a serious nature.

The existence of the hare is a perpetual series of anxieties and terrors—of machinations and stratagems. Its eye, which is so placed that it can see, without moving the head, what is going on in its rear as well as in front, is never entirely closed even in sleep, while its speed of foot, its size considered, surpasses that of all other animals. Its intelligent efforts to escape its enemies, are worthy of all praise, and have ever been the theme of eulogy among admiring sports-



THE HARE.

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men, while its habits in this respect vary with every disposition of soil and climate. The least accident in the surface of the earth, a fresh-dug pit, a land slide, a tree felled by an ax or the storm, are all observed by the hare, and suggest new means of concealment. It clears its accustomed road to its lair of every rough blade of grass that will tear off its fur, and thus betray its haunts, often making this excess of caution its ruin, for the schoolboy and the poacher spread their treacherous snares in the habitual passage, and the fox and the weasel watch them to secure their prey.



OVERGROWN TEETH OF A RABBIT.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

Squirrels are among the most interesting inhabitants of the woods; and they are familiar to every one, because very numerous and easily tamed. The chisel-like teeth of the squirrel are remarkable among all the gnawers for their sharp, penetrating character, for they will in a moment chip off the flinty end of a hickory nut, and split it down the side with the precision of a penknife. The whole race, with one or two exceptions, inhabit the thick woods, and live and thrive upon the abundant seeds and nuts so peculiar to our forests. At times they become so abundant in certain sections of our country as to be a scourge to our farmers; then they will disappear, and hardly one will be met with in their favorite haunts. This is to be accounted for, no doubt, by the strange peculiarity the squirrel has, in common with many other wild animals, of periodical migrations. On such occasions the squirrels move forward in immense droves, and nothing can stop their onward progress. Much as they dislike water, and in a wild state they never quench their thirst except by lapping the dew-drops from the leaves, yet in these migrations they show their energy by boldly swimming the widest rivers. On such occasions thousands are drowned and killed, yet the host moves on, accumulating as it advances. In their train comes the wild turkey, and finally, at the close of the season, the black bear brings up the rear, showing that the God of nature inspired these creatures to seek new homes in the distant wilderness.



THE SQUIRREL.

The familiar colors of these little animals are black, red, and gray; the varieties, however, differ very little except in size, the habits of all being very similar. The gray squirrel is the most common, and seems to possess in an eminent degree the power of self-preservation, for while other kinds disappear before the rifle and the ax, the gray squirrel will still be found in families and groups, maintaining itself in the vicinity of the farm and plantation-house, and sometimes growing comparatively tame by association with human beings. This squirrel differs from other kinds in building a nest of twigs and leaves in the forked branches of a high tree, which it occupies in the summer months, abandoning it in the fall for the more secure retreat in the hollow of the trunk.

The first thrilling joys of the boy-hunter are associated with the pursuit of the squirrel. Full of life, rejoicing in the blessings of a holiday, armed with a trusty fowling-piece, and perhaps —oh, joy of joys!—accompanied by some favorite and mischievous dog, no triumphs of manhood equal this first essay into the woods—this first consciousness of awakening power called forth as the doomed victim, following the musical echo of the just discharged weapon, comes dashing down from its airy abode and falls dead upon the ground. Then there is the excitement of the contest of wit—the squirrel instinctively dodges on the opposite side of the tree occupied by the tyro sportsman, and, by persevering in this course, will often baffle the inexperienced hunter; anon, the cunning creature will skip nimbly into some high branches, out of the reach of shot, and bark and chatter in derision at his enemy below; else, not badly frightened, will extend himself along some horizontal branch, and rely upon his gray coat to make his body undistinguishable from the surrounding mass. At this moment the hunter's eye, quickened by experience, will discover the ruse, and, with palpitating heart—with almost suffocating excitement, will "fire away," and bring down the prize.

The Western hunter—who uses nothing but the rifle, and scorns to shed the blood of an animal so insignificant and harmless as the squirrel—in the very spirit of chivalry introduced the method of *barking the tree*, and thus killing the game without any apparent wound. This is done by noticing the resting-place of the ani-

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mal, and firing underneath it and into the bark, the concussion instantly suspending the beating of the heart, and blowing the dead body from the limb as if projected upward by exploding powder. Some hunters, even more expert, have killed their game by firing across the nostrils of the animal, and thus depriving it of breath, in the same way that a cannon-ball has been known to kill a soldier by passing in the immediate vicinity of his head.

Squirrels are possessed of great power, and the development of their muscles is unsurpassed for beauty and perfection. They leap from tree to tree with surprising agility, and, when hotly pursued, will, if necessary to effect their escape, drop themselves from tremendous heights to the ground, and then make off with inconceivable rapidity to the next favorable clump of trees that may stand in their path. Their claws are long and slender, and the nails are very acute and greatly compressed; they are thus enabled to grasp the smallest twigs, and seldom miss their hold. If this should happen to be the case, they have an instinctive habit of grasping in their descent the first object which may present itself, or, if about to fall to the earth, they spread their legs and bodies out in the manner of the flying squirrel, and are thus enabled to reach the ground without injury.

The squirrel is almost as provident as the ant, and, in the proper season, occupies all of its leisure time in industriously storing up food for winter. It has well-stocked graneries in the neighborhood of its nest, either in some hollow tree or crevice in the rocks. The quantities sometimes stored away are represented as enormous, one depository containing perhaps a bushel of hickory, beech, and chestnuts, together with acorns, chincapins, grains, etc. It is supposed that these collections are not made by one individual, but by several who join together for the general good.

Although the squirrel is so common in captivity, yet it is difficult to find an authentic case of its producing young in such a situation. We had a friend, some years ago, who became possessed of a couple of very young gray squirrels; they were carefully raised, and in time became so tame that they were permitted to run at random about the verandas and adjoining rooms, always returning, however, to their cage at night. In their perambulations one day they leaped from the gallery into the limbs of a cherry-tree that grew close to the house, and nothing could exceed their display of joy as this new world of life broke upon them. Gradually they abandoned their prison and formed themselves a bed in the cherry-tree, where they slept at night, took their gambols, but came to the house regularly for their food. The succeeding spring the family were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the pets, bringing with them their tiny but playful young ones, which followed their parents boldly into the dining-room, skipped merrily about upon the tables and chairs, and seizing upon the bread crumbs and other luxuries in their reach, mounted upon their hind-legs, and, with comical gravity, turned the choice bits about in their little hands, and then consigned them to their mouths. These squirrels grew up in a semi-wild state, and their progeny gradually extended over the neighborhood.



THE BEAVER.

The beaver is the most interesting of all the rodentia, and possesses so much intelligence, and is so remarkable in its habits, that it has ever been the subject of the most intense interest to naturalists. This animal was once familiar to European rivers; a few are still to be found upon the Rhone and Danube, but, while they resemble the American representative in anatomical structure, and are believed to be identically the same animal, yet their intelligence is in no way superior to the musk-rat, and their lodges nothing but burrows in the river banks. It is said that Buffon, when he first heard of the American beaver, and comprehended its superior talents as an architect and engineer, became very much excited, and expressed the sentiment that he would rather see a beaver village than any collection of palaces in Europe.

The teeth of the beaver are remarkable for their strength and sharpness, and in cutting wood, the chips it leaves are precisely such as are made by a carpenter when he uses a chisel; in fact, the Indians set these teeth in a rude handle, and by their assistance carve a variety of ornaments, and manufacture household utensils. The imbrocated tail serves as a trowel; the fore-paws have the intelligence and power of a hand; with these appliances, so imperfect compared to the facilities possessed by man, this wonderful animal performs extraordinary tasks of labor, builds houses larger and more perfect than the Laplander's hut, and erects immense dams through streams of running water, upon the most scientific principles of the engineering art.

The houses are composed of a mixed mass of wood, stones, and mud, the whole ingeniously wrought together so as to form a solid mass of great strength and firmness. After the structure is finished, which is sometimes twenty feet in diameter, it is covered over annually with

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plaster, which is put on smooth, as if done by a mason's trowel; but as the beaver always works in the night, how this fine finish is accomplished has never been clearly ascertained. The entrance to these lodges is under the water, and placed so low that when the water freezes the door-way will be below the ice. The nests are placed in galleries running round the sides of the building, the centre being unoccupied. Most generally a number of families occupy the same lodge.

The object of the dam is to raise the water, so that the ice of winter and the heats of summer will not deprive them of a plentiful supply. Their form differs according to the demand of circumstances. If the current runs strongly, the dam is made to curve against the current, so that the fall occasioned by it resembles the horse-shoe of Niagara; but when the current is light, the dam is placed in a straight line across the stream. At the first construction a dam is sometimes three hundred yards in length, and from eight to ten feet high, with a base of twelve feet, the whole work gracefully narrowing toward the top. When it happens that a colony has uninterruptedly continued its labors for many years—and each member under all circumstances works on the dam every day—the structure becomes of gigantic size, seeds of the birch and other trees fall upon it, branches of the willow catch on its sides, and, in time, pleasant groves spring up filled with singing birds, and the whole assumes the appearance of a natural bank, rather than the original work of animal industry.

The beaver is proverbial for being a hard worker, nevertheless there are some drones—always males, by the way—which refuse to labor, and are therefore driven from the settlement. These idlers scrape a hole in a neighboring bank, and associate together, picking up a living as best they can. They seem to be particularly unpopular among the females, and are by them snubbed and ridiculed with impunity.

In catching the beaver the Indians storm their houses in winter, and watching their "retreating holes," kill them as they attempt to escape. The trapper on the contrary takes them, as his name implies, in traps, a manner, however, which requires the most patient labor, love of solitude, consummate skill, and the most intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal. The hunter desiring to set his trap, selects a steep, abrupt spot in the bank of the creek, near the beaver settlement, which he only approaches in a canoe or by cautiously wading up the stream; for the beaver is so sagacious that he readily discovers the presence of man, and shuns any thing that is contaminated by his touch. Having chosen a spot suitable for the purpose, the hunter excavates with his canoe paddle a place sufficiently large to hold the trap, and in such a way that, when the machine is set, it will be three inches under the water. Two feet above the trap is a stick three or four inches in length, stuck into the bank, on the end of which is placed a minute quantity of perfume, made by mingling the fresh castor of the beaver with an extract from the roots and bark of the spice-bush, of which they are excessively fond, and can smell at a great distance. The animal, in his desire to reach the aromatic charm, swims to the steep bank, and in his attempt to climb up necessarily comes in contact with the trap. In the struggle to get away the beaver usually drowns, but instances have been known of their cutting off the imprisoned limb, and thus making their escape.

In the life of that remarkable hunter and Rocky Mountain guide, Jim Beckwith, we find the following interesting reminiscences of this animal: "When hunting the beaver in the streams among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, I have sat for hours to watch their proceedings when preparing to build their lodges. I have known them to fell cotton-wood trees seven and a half feet in circumference; and they always make choice of a tree having an inclination toward the stream they propose to employ it upon. The selection made, a number set to work upon its trunk, gnawing it with their four sharp teeth, while one retires to a distance to watch the tree, and give warning to those employed upon it when it threatens to fall. He keeps his eye fixed constantly upon the tree top, until he sees it begin to waver; this is the time to call his fellows out of danger, and he brings his flat tail down upon the ground with a rap which is distinctly heard by all. Recalled by this summons, the laboring beavers lose no time in retreating to their chief, where they await in silence the action of the tree. If its motion steadies, and it is found that it is not sufficiently gnawed away, one or two return, and renew their labors upon the trunk until again summoned away as before. They then watch it from their secure point of observation until it cracks and snaps, and finally falls; and if it falls in the required direction they all burst out into a jabbering of applause, reminding one strongly of boys at a ship launch.

"The tree felled, they again return to it, and examine it from root to branch, and then fall to work in lopping the limbs and reducing them to a suitable length for their use.

"The first steps they take in the construction of their dam is to drive their piles, which are generally willows; these they plant in the bed of the stream at proper distances apart. When a sufficient number are thus secured, they commence weaving in the filling, using for the purpose the twigs and lighter branches of the tree they have felled; and weaving it so closely as to render it almost, and in some cases entirely, impassable to the water, without the addition of any other material. They then proceed to fill in their compact wall with the application of a superincumbent mass of materials, using gravel, mud, clay, stones, or whatever comes first to hand, until it is rendered as stable and firmly set as any wall built by a mason of hewn stone.

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"Their material is carried to the brink of the stream on their broad tails, and if reason does not guide them in the performance of this work, it is some innate intelligence that would answer very well the purpose. They select the place where the material best suited to build with is to be obtained: some of the party then expand their tails to their utmost limit, while others scrape on with their fore-paws a tail-load of the building material—pressing it down and smoothing its surface as handily as a workman would do it; while these are being similarly loaded by others in the rear of them. Their load received, they advance with it to the dam, dragging their laden tails carefully over the ground; when they discharge the burden on the surface of the dam, and return to the quarry for more. This process is continued until the superstructure is completed. The water is never suffered to flow over the surface of the dam, but sluices are left, at certain intervals, sufficient to afford a channel for the egress of the superfluous accumulation, thus preserving the surface from damage by the passage of the stream. These dams are built for the protection of their store-houses, where they preserve their winter's provision; which consists of limbs of the cotton-wood tree, willow, pine, and other kinds of wood. When the bark is peeled, which they use for food, they bind it up in a bundle, and sink it before their dams to protect it from the winter frost; and from this they draw their supply to satisfy their daily wants. I have sometimes seen their dams swept by an extreme pressure of water; but I never saw them dissolve to pieces; they still hold together in the shape of basket-work, even when torn from their hold.

"The beavers build their lodges according to the size of their families, which is done in the following manner: They burrow a hole in the superstructure of their dams down to high-water mark, which serves them for their winter residence. For the summer they have more airy quarters, by weaving a conically-shaped lodge over the top of their cellar, formed of wood, and put together in the same manner as they built their dams; again interweaving willows and other brush, and then plastering their walls with a compost of clay and mud, until it is rendered perfectly air-tight. Their lodges are kept as free from dirt and all kinds of litter as the most tidy housewife could desire; every particle of chip or waste matter being cleaned out immediately after a meal, which all partake of together, having no second table for servants or children.

"Their beds are all placed round the sides of the lodge, one bed for every pair. These beds are composed generally of dry moss, and have a clean and comfortable appearance. They are exemplary in their matrimonial relations, the male scrupulously adhering to his female partner, as probably the maintenance of a larger family might be found inconvenient, since the gnawing down trees for their support is rather a laborious occupation. The usual increase is two at a time; and when the young are sufficiently grown to provide for themselves, and their lodges grow inconveniently crowded, the males all migrate together, leaving the females, with their offspring, in undisturbed possession of their homes. If a beaver dies in the lodge, they all remove from it and build another.

"The beavers, when domesticated, make very interesting pets; they are apt to be mischievous, but are remarkably sagacious, and can be taught almost every thing. Mr. M'Kenzie had a couple of tame ones at Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. He raised several acres of corn one season, the sprouts or suckers of which his men used to pull off to feed the horses with. One day, when the corn was well tassled out, there came on a heavy rain, and the *water flowed in rivulets down the furrows of the corn-field.* During the rain-storm the two beavers were out in the field all day, and returned home just before night, bemired all over and tired to death. My friend, who was a broad-spoken Scotchman, broke out in a perfect rage at seeing his pets so dirty, and bade them repair to the river and wash themselves. They slunk away to obey his behest, and then quietly crawled into their beds. Shortly afterward a laborer came in from the field to say that the men had been cutting up more than an acre of corn for their horses, and M'Kenzie went forth, in a great rage, to scold his 'dom'd Frenchmen' for their waste. On examination, however, it was discovered that the corn had been cut with sharp teeth instead of sharp knives, and the truth then came out: Betty and Billy had been hard at work all day in building dams, and had *stopped up every furrow for over a mile in extent.*

"It is piteous to see the little ones after their mother has been caught; their cries can scarcely be distinguished from those of a child, and they wander disconsolately about in search of their missing parent. The trappers frequently take pity on them, and carry them into camp, where they feed them on bark chips and other dry vegetable diet. I presume it was a day of great rejoicing among the beaver tribe when French silk hats were first introduced into general use, as their pelts were then so little called for that it did not pay to trap them. There is not one trapper engaged in the business now where formerly there would be fifty or more. It is a rule with mountaineers that beaver skins are of the very best quality until the leaves of the trees become as large as the ears of the beaver, after which time the fur becomes coarse and comparatively valueless.

"Naturalists, I believe, have always overlooked the fact that the fore-feet of these animals are open clawed like those of the dog, while the hind-feet are webbed."

The beaver in captivity, as has already been noticed, soon becomes tame, and is a very amusing animal, but hard to keep confined; for by his powerful teeth no ordinary woodwork of our

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habitations stops his progress from one place to another. Although the beaver is thus powerful with his teeth, felling sometimes trees of immense size by cutting them asunder near the butt, yet in eating a potato they will skin it with a precision that could not possibly be obtained by the human hand or by the blade of the most delicate knife.

Of one of these animals sent to England we have the following interesting account: "On his arrival in England he was in a most pitiable condition. Good treatment soon restored him to health, and kindness made him familiar. When called by his name 'Binny,' he generally answered with a little cry, and came to his owner. The hearth-rug was his favorite haunt, and thereon he would lie stretched out, sometimes on his back, sometime on his belly, but always near his master. The building instinct showed itself immediately after he was let out of his cage, and materials were placed in his way for its gratification. His strength was wonderful even when half grown. He would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle between his teeth so that its head rested over his shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction until he arrived at the point where he wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first, and two of the largest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other sides projecting out into the room. The open places he filled up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, boots, books, sheets, clothes, dried turf, and any thing portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably, and he would often, after his work, sit up over against it, appearing to consider its fitness for the purposes designed. These pauses were sometimes followed by a change in the arrangement; sometimes no alteration was made. After he had completed what turned out to be his *dam*, he began another 'improvement' at a little distance off, taking advantage of the legs of a table for the uprights of what he designed to be his lodge, which he soon covered up with dried turf, hay, cloth, coal—in fact any thing he could pick up. Having completed his nest, he would sit near it and comb out his fur with the claws of his hind-feet. Binny generally carried small light articles between his right fore-leg and his chin, walking on the other three; large masses which he could not grasp readily with his teeth he pushed forward, leaning against them with his right fore-paw and chin. He never carried any thing on his tail, which he was fond of dipping in water: so long as it was wet he never drank, if it became dry, he seemed feverish, discontented, and would drink a great deal. Bread, milk, and sugar formed the principal part of Binny's food, but he was excessively fond of succulent fruits and roots; altogether he was a very entertaining little creature, and shed new light upon the varied character of the wonderful works of the creation."

MARTHA WYATT'S LIFE.

THERE are strange varieties of character in this round world of ours, unsuspected by the casual observer, even unappreciated by intimate friends; persons whose force and fire are kept down by the even and strenuous pressure of social circumstance, till the strength recoils upon itself with deadly power, and the unseen flame consumes its own dwelling-place with a true Smithfield fury.

Such a person was Martha Wyatt, an old schoolmate of mine at Shelton Academy. To most people she seemed a quiet, intelligent girl, pale and plain, with peculiarly cold manners; the only unusual thing about her being a rare smile that, once in an age, flashed across her face, and lit its colorless lines with the vivid splendor of lightning. She was nothing in any way to Shelton people, for her family consisted only of her father, her mother, and herself; were neither rich, poor, nor odd; and had no near relatives or particular friends out of the village. Gossip lost its foothold in such commonplace ground, and curiosity died of starvation. If ever any remarks were made about the Wyatts, they were generally a commiseration of Martha's feeble health, and a wonder as to what ailed her—for she never was tangibly ill, only weak and languid. Nor did I know her better; for though we had a school-girl friendship during the last year or two I lived in Shelton, she kept her reserve intact, so far as concerned her own thoughts and feelings, according to me rather the support of her advice, and the common-sense quiet of her exterior character, as became an older and more staid person. I have only since appreciated how old she must have been in feeling, so steadily to resist the overflow of an impulsive and hopeful character like mine, and to value, as I could not then, the smile which woke for me oftener than for any other creature. She had one very singular habit, as I knew long after. In any unusual excitement of thought or feeling she was in the habit of writing long letters to the only intimate friend she ever had, who had long been dead.

I transcribe three of these letters to complete my story, premising that they were addressed to Emily Barnes, who, at the date of the first one, had been lying three years in the grave-yard of Shelton church, with clove pinks and a sweet-briar growing over the record of her name and age on the little brown head-stone.

LETTER FIRST.

SHELTON, *June 5th*, 18—.

DEAR EMILY—I promised, you know, long, long since, to tell you if ever I was in love. I do not think I should have made the promise if I had supposed such a thing would happen to me; yet it is now a relief to keep it, since I made it, and to-night I am sitting, late as it is, by my open window, trying to begin. It is needless to tell you why I hover round the subject so long—you know why, for you did it once. Emily, it is no secret to you that I have not a happy, even a peaceful home; we are poor here, with that

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worst poverty, the deadly struggle of pride and want. If only the world were a true, honest, self-sufficing world, where we need never have one needless ornament, but lived our lives by their actual measure, and despised shows, contented with the beauties that are in the reach of every man, how much real anguish, how much wear and tear of feeling might be saved; what pitiful subterfuges, what sickness, exhaustion, and cowardice, mental and moral, what useless struggles, what starvation of the soul to deceive in the body!

All these things dishearten and distress me, not only in their abstract insincerity and hollowness, but because they occasion discontent and bitter words in their daily routine. In such circumstances, how natural I should long for love—the elixir of young life, the alchemist's stone, that gilds all—how doubly natural that I should also make up my mind that I must some day love hopelessly. My plain face, my cold manner, my dreaming mind—what charm lay in these to attract any man I could love? My consciousness was prophetic; it is even so!

I can not stop to think where I first saw Adam Brooke, for I had seen him often before I knew him. I began to know him in Plymouth, where I was spending a day with your mother. He came in to tea, and walked over home with me in the evening, and that night I heard his name all night. It was—is—so strange! He was very kind to me—devotedly so; and kindness was new to me from a man and a stranger. Handsome he was not, but Saxon blood shone clear in his keen northern eye and bright brown hair, and he had a Saxon heart—cool, steadfast, yet not a little crafty, and self-controlled to the verge of hardness. I saw him often after that first time, and we became true friends; more was impossible, less I would not have; and I loved, love, shall love him! This sounds painfully school-girlish—sentimental; yet never was I farther from either phase. I knew with unwavering certainty what I did, to what I was coming. I knew he could not and would not love me, but I had foreseen that fate afar off, and I only went a step to meet it. There was a time in our earliest acquaintance when I might have ended it, and been what I was before it began, but I would not. I thought, in my self-sufficientness, that any thing was better than the life of weary pain and exhausting endeavor that I led. I would have a place of rest, a little sleep, if it was the precedent trance of mortal anguish—and I had it!

I do not know how long this bliss of feeling lasted—whether weeks or months went by. If I were to name it with any definiteness I should say it was all October—a time of lingering sunshine, golden, misty days; unearthly brightness on the world and its creatures, all softened, sublimed, made tender by the unspoken consciousness of winter at hand. My mother noticed a new strength in my slow steps, a deeper tint on my cheek, a fresher light in my eyes, wondering what had done me such good, and comforting herself with a new prospect of peace and cheer in a hitherto dull and sullen horizon. I had found the Fountain of Youth, and drank with insatiable lips. If you were here to speak, you would ask me why I loved Adam Brooke, and I could not tell you; it is a mystery to myself. I believe in fate—not fatalism. Perhaps it was because he treated me with care and tenderness, neither of which had visited me before from any but my mother. Perhaps it was that shadow of the primeval curse that gives every man a power over some woman not to be defined or analyzed—the divine and natural power of rule and subjection. I know I had never understood it before I felt it. I could have lain on the turf and felt his horse's hoofs trample over me, could it serve or save him, with inexpressible satisfaction. And yet he did not love me, nor did I yet ask love. Absorbed in the delight of my own overflowing and abundant emotion, I neither required nor expected its return. What was I, that this crown and glory should descend upon me? I wheeled and fluttered about the lighted torch, knowing well that it did not burn for me, content to bask in its light; not yet scorched, agonized, dying.

For two or three years this went on. Daily I learned to admire Mr. Brooke's character, or thought I did; daily I depended more and more upon his affection and aid. He rendered me a thousand little kind services that should have been done by a relative, had I possessed one. He taught the Bible class to which I had always belonged, and added to his height in my eyes the farther elevation of so sacred an office; while he raised me intellectually nearer and nearer his own level, and fed heart and mind alike till they achieved a fearful and tropical growth—all the greater for the outward pressure I was forced to lay upon them of silence and coldness.

Once only I came near betraying myself. I was walking home from church with him, as I often did—for our way home was the same for half a mile, through Isham's Lane—and in that green, silent path we had many a talk over the sermon and the day's lesson; but that day we were silent—it was too warm to breathe unnecessarily—and as we went through the trees, every ray of sunshine that fell on us where a branch was lost from the thick shadow, burnt like a stream of fire; and just where one fell, I discerned the glitter of a snake coiled in the worn foot-track. One thought only possessed me: I knew that a rattlesnake had been killed in that wood the week before—for so unusual a thing was proclaimed on the house-tops in Shelton—and I felt suddenly sure that this was the creature's mate; all this thought was but a moment's flash. I grasped Mr. Brooke's arm, drew him back as if he were a child, stepped before him, and touched the snake with my foot, never remembering it could harm me. It did not stir; it was dead; and a common striped snake at that. Mr. Brooke stepped aside, and, with a laugh, asked what he had done to be sent behind me in that way; and as he spoke,

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saw the snake. He turned fairly round, looked in my face for a moment with his keen, penetrating eyes that I could not meet, and said, slowly,

"You thought it was a rattlesnake?"

"Oh, no, it is not!" said I, affecting to misunderstand him; "it is only a striped snake!"

He did not speak again, but stooped and picked a wild rose-bud from the bushes beside us, and put the stem in his lips; so he could not well say more, even to bid me good-by when our roads parted, and I don't know that he ever thought of the affair again. After a time his manner toward me changed, or I changed in my own; I can not separate one possibility from the other, but I began to be miserable. I had not asked myself any question as to the climax of this unresisted passion or its end. I had breathed it in as a man consumed with painful disease inhales the deadly sweetness of the drug that quiets alike nerve and pulse. I was unhappy; love was joy, rest, life; why should I not love, and enjoy my delicate, intellectual theories of an unrequited, self-forgetful passion, that asked no food for its support save its own tender overflow? I forgot that God had made me a woman; now this fact returned to me with awful force. I began to die, having lived; to hang on the sound of Adam Brooke's voice, the intonation of his words, the idlest speech he uttered in laughter or jest, for some other meaning than he expressed, some concealed significance that should guage his feeling toward me, and show how much or how little I was in his eyes, to his heart; and no mother ever trembled over her first-born with so speechless a rapture as I over the faintest shadow of affection, the most minute suggestion of interest or approval. I was like the man with the muck-rake in that world-wide treasure of Bunyan's; and I never wearied with the toil, strong in false hope.

Then came a bitterer phase. I grew mad with jealousy; my reason left me to be the prey of such pitiful suspicions, such wild surmisings, such distortions of the commonest act, the most unmeaning word, that I could scarce believe in my own identity. I had supposed myself generous, high-minded, charitable; but now this vain conceit fled. I would have condescended to the most palpable meanness to gain certainty; I would have been invisible to have dogged Adam Brooke's footsteps, watched his eye, heard his voice, and brought my fate to its culmination in despair or hope. I received from him no help; self-poised, he went on his own way blind to the storm he had created—happily for me, blind.

How tired I am of writing all this! The moon glitters tranquilly on the silver poplar leaves, wherein a soft south wind whispers and shivers: all the world sleeps but me; and the awe of night, the mysterious, melancholy splendor of a waning moon, that casts its weird shining over earth and sky, soften to tenderness the hard and feverish beatings of my heart. How sad life is! how helpful the certain tread and all-consoling crown of death! I have loved and lived! Emily, Emily! Thekla did more—she died; that is, at least, left. Soon I will write the rest. MARTHA.

LETTER SECOND.

20th July, 18—.

DEAR EMILY—I have a few hours now to write you, and I take up the dreary little history where I left it. So far as those three first years I had idealized and adored Adam Brooke; now I began to know him. Whether pain had rendered my eyes clear-sighted, or the more self-centred growth of my passion taught me to appreciate the same element in his nature, I can not tell. One thing is certain, I began to know him as he was — a real, hard-natured, strong-willed man; selfish, at times cruel; not practically high-minded, noble, or generous; merely a refined, cultivated, intelligent, and moderately kind-hearted man, who did not love me. Did that cure me? Not the least! I loved him more than ever; with more reality and fervor, more unchangeable and utter affection. He was at my side now, mine by all the affinities of human nature and human weakness—all the dearer, all the more loved, and I all the more miserable; with the cup trembling at my lips, and the water dripping past them. I hoped, prayed, and breathed for him; my life flowed out before him with unhesitating freedom. If I knew myself above the common range of women in thought or feeling, I was glad for his sake. I wore his favorite colors; read the books he praised; copied, as far as my own strongly-individual nature would permit, the women he admired; crushed down my faults by the strong hand; fed my virtues with the angelic food of his approval, and moulded myself after his mind, vainly hoping, longing thereby to reach his heart. I think at this time he began to perceive something of my feeling toward him. Certainly he knew I was attached to him, even as a friend and pupil, with unusual warmth; and he grew, by nice modulations of manner too gradual for any eye but that of love to perceive, cold, polite, repressive; his eye kindled no longer with tenderness or sympathy; he escaped from my care and attention in such a way as to make me smile, even through the pain his manœuvres excited, though the smile was more bitter than tears.

I could not suffer as I did, day after day, and month after month, the alternations of exquisite anguish with uncertain hope, and not show the effects of such excitement physically. My health, never of that robust type which characterizes many country girls, failed by slow and unmarked degrees. I could not eat; my food was utterly tasteless and insipid; nothing could tempt the languid forces of life to recruit themselves in this way, and soon I could not sleep. Then began a slow fever that consumed me with torturing thirst, and a total weariness not to be expressed, inasmuch as its climax was a restlessness only like that which I have seen pre-

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cede death. Oh, how I longed and prayed to die! how I sat whole days by the small window of my room, my dull eyes weakly streaming with continuous tears, and gathered all the remaining energies of life to plead with God for its removal! yet I like to think now I never failed to add one clause to the prayer—"If it be Thy will." I was at least submissive.

As I grew so ill, of course my mother's fears were excited; she insisted on calling in a physician, but he could make nothing of my case, left a tonic, talked of dyspepsia, and went his way. I knew there was but one remedy left me, rather one alleviation—a diversion of my almost monomaniac mind from its solitary subject of thought, and I tried most thoroughly to do something to that end; but here came in the retaliative force of nature, weaker than the soul that had "o'er-informed" it—the body refused its aid. I could not exert myself, for I had no strength, and I fell back into a worse state than before. About this time my father was taken ill with a low fever; of course there was much for me to do, both for him and for my mother. This helped me in a measure, though it wore me out physically; but I have lived to learn that there is no time when a woman is utterly helpless to those who are utterly cast on her help. After three months' sickness my father died. His death produced no material change in our circumstances, except that my mother had only an annuity to depend on, and it became necessary that I should do something to support myself, in order to lay up a small sum yearly for future need. After a time of rest and preparation I succeeded in obtaining the post of teacher in our North District School, and entered on my duties the first week in April with twenty-five scholars. I was only too glad to have found a situation at first, and one so near my mother as not to separate me from her except through the day; but as time wore on, I found my strength and patience scarcely sufficient for my place. I was weak in mind and body, irritable, excitable, over all wretched, and life grew daily a more irksome burden. The natural tastes of my character rose up one by one from their long suppression to mock me in their starveling shapes. I was born indolent, luxurious, artistic. I had a love of all beauty set firmly among the radical traits of my nature; and an adaptativeness to every refinement of luxury and fastidious delicacy of art, that made me instantly more at home in the most careful appliances of a splendid house than I could be among the substitutions and rudenesses of a farm-house. I was a sybarite transmigrated into a New England country-school ma'am! The contact of the two was—not pleasant.

After I had taught school six months, in the October vacation came my tempting. I had gone over to Plymouth to spend a week with your mother, Emily. I had not seen Adam Brooke for two months; he was away on some business; and while I was resting my overstrained faculties in the quiet of dear Plymouth, I met one day a Mr. Hayton, from B——, who was also visiting in the village, and we were introduced to each other at a little tea-party given by Mrs. Smith, the minister's wife. After that we met often; for he staid in Plymouth till the middle of November, and after I returned, contrived to find business in Shelton every other day. Mr. Hayton was a refined, intelligent, and wealthy man, widowed, some five years before I saw him, of a wife he adored. I have never since known a man who so fully commanded my esteem and my regard as he did when I learned to know him. A thorough gentleman in heart and manner, he added to this a true artist's perception of beauty, and a generous overflow of feeling and action toward any suffering he saw or suspected. Every thing about him and his belongings was perfect in its way. He read as your true book-lover reads, every thing; and shared his literary possessions with any one of like taste most gladly and untiringly. How he came to like me I can not tell or imagine; I only know that I was surprised and terrified when the conviction flashed upon me as an inevitable truth. I well remember the day: it was a bright Saturday in the Indian Summer of early November. Mr. Hayton had driven over to bring me a new book that I had expressed a wish to see, and in the conversation which followed his arrival, was singularly confused and hurried, and once took from the closed book a letter, which he was about to offer me, but, startled by a footstep on the porch, he crushed it in his hand, and seizing his hat, left me. I sat a moment silent, and then the truth came into my mind like a sudden light. I can not deny that I was for an instant flattered and consoled, but only for an instant; my reason returned with unsparing vividness, and reproved me bitterly. I had led a man, my friend most truly, to the very painful and false position of an encouraged lover whom I did not love.

Conscience acquitted me of intentional wrong in this; but still I felt most deeply and keenly what I must yet make him feel. I must not only lose, but wound my friend, and lower myself in his memory. He would think of me only as a heartless, cold-blooded creature, scarce worthy of a woman's name. Then began a harder struggle. Some insidious voice, that was neither reason nor conscience, intruded its whispering counsel in my ear. Why should I not marry him? My mind, recoiling at first, returned to look at the idea. He was all I could ask in character; good, gentle, and cultivated; not too forcible, but all the more tender and affectionate for that. Besides, he was rich—I was weak and poor. A little rest, a ceasing of daily anxiety, quiet, care, how they would restore my own health, strengthen the inelastic springs of life within, and enable me to shake off the sluggish pain of a broken spirit. And my mother—how I could build around her latter days the strong help and consolation of my own prosperity, and obtain for her the thousand nameless weapons with which gold fights time,

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and renews the youth of its possessors. She would be at ease, I better, and he happy. That was the last and strongest argument. He loved me, I knew, well and truly. I looked forward to the time when he should suffer at my hands a little of the pain I had known. I remembered his desolation in his widowhood; we were both bereft as it were—should we not console one another? And my mind went on in the misty sunshine of possibilities. I thought of an elegant, quiet home, my new strength and peace, my mother's joy, my husband's love. Ah! the dream went. I was free, for the tempter overpassed his power. I—I, with every living, glowing, rapturous pulse in my nature poured out as lavishly as the waters of a great river before another man—I, who was not my own, but as much belonging to Adam Brooke as his heartbeats—*I* had dared to contemplate the possibility, the chance of a life-long lie—an utter hypocrisy of soul and body! I was dumb with indignant self-contempt. I was abased to the dust before my own imaginings. I hated and despised my momentary vision with the morbid horror of an oversensitive and unhappy mind, till a paroxysm of quick, hot tears, like a sudden shower, cleared my inner atmosphere, and I went about my usual evening tasks very weak, very humble, but also very glad to know myself again—to feel my soul yet stainless in the integrity of its love, all hopeless as it was.

I must sleep now. The cool night-air kisses my burning eyes like a regretful spirit, and I hear in my thoughts the echo of that old Gregorian chant you and I learned of our singing-teacher. How consoling the grand harmonies of music become when time and suffering interpret their meaning to us! Good-night! for I desire to sleep in that sound. MARTHA.

LETTER THIRD.

DEAR EMILY—I feel that in my last letter I gave you but an inadequate idea of the temptation offered to me. I did not, indeed, care to be too frank—to admit the possibility of such a temptation touching me with any prospect of success, any inducement to dally with it for a moment. Yet it was too true. I had no present sweetness in life, no prospect of any future; I had a worn and aching physical nature, daily taxed to its extent; and I was all the time anxious for my mother: could I be human and not tempted momentarily by a hope so flattering? However, the struggle was but momentary; yet so earnest as to leave with me a bitter sense of shame at my own weakness, and a more enlarged charity for the thousand cases of convenient matrimony I had hitherto derided and despised.

But now nothing was left except to save Mr. Hayton the mortification of a refusal. To this end I devoted all my energies, since it was the only atonement I could make for the wrong I had unconsciously done him. I have heard it said that no woman can help knowing that a man loves her early enough for her to repel his affection before he commits himself openly. This may be true of most women, not of me. I had trained myself for years to think of such a thing as a man's loving me as an impossibility. I had dallied with no day-dreams of this nature—neither hope nor doubt disturbed the blank certainty of my consciousness—and, though I loved Adam Brooke with that force and entireness that seem almost to constrain, by the sympathetic powers of feeling, a recognition and a return, yet I know if he had loved me my first solitary feeling would have been dumb surprise. I was not equally astonished at the discovery I made of Mr. Hayton's affection for me, because I did not love him. Still I was sincerely surprised and more grieved, and I began in that very hour to devise measures for his good. Here opportunity favored me, as she favors ever her seekers. Every time Mr. Hayton called for the next week I was not at home, and my mother could not see him, and this from circumstances I did not control. The first time he met me I was walking in Isham's Lane, coming home from church, with Adam Brooke, who had returned but the day before from a long absence and joined me as usual. I think Mr. Hayton intended to meet me in that lane, as it was out of his way to Plymouth, and seeing him coming, I had time and chance to turn my face toward Mr. Brooke, in a little more earnest conversation than before, and, as it were, let go of my heart, so long held firmly, and permit its living, palpitating glow to suffuse every feature and glorify the plainness of my dark, dull face. This Mr. Brooke could not see, occupied in surveying the stranger in so unwonted a path, while Mr. Hayton saw that only—feeling rather than seeing the slight, preoccupied bow I granted him. His face I remember ever since—it was full of regret, a little tinged with contempt for me. From that I augured well. Not a year after he married a very lovely woman, far above me in personal graces and accomplishments; and, I doubt not, he is happy enough to have forgiven me entirely.

After that, I had no further temptation. Adam Brooke left Shelton in a month for the West. We had a singular parting, or it seemed so to me; possibly observers would have thought it simply blunt or unfeeling. It was Christmas night that he came to say good-by: there was a bright fire on the hearth in our little front room, and I was there alone, for mother had not left her room that day from a severe cold. I knew Mr. Brooke was going away, for he had told us in the Bible class on Sunday that he should not meet with us again, and this was Tuesday. I believe I was sewing when he came in, for he pulled off his gloves in such haste as to tear one, and asked me to mend it, saying he should like some of my sewing in Oregon to remember my quick fingers by; and I, jesting as pain jests, said he must remember me without any bribe; but I mended the glove. We talked an hour of the idlest and most indifferent matters, and then he rose to go. How tightly then I held the reins of my mad impulse! How I set

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my teeth in the nervous effort to stifle the ache that possessed me to throw myself into his arms, and die there of shame and rest. I was terrified at myself, and subdued outwardly to such calm as is only wrought by the antagonism of a tempest working within: I held out my hand to him; it was cold and rigid, and the touch seemed to sting him, for he, too, subdued a start as he took it, but he folded his own over it and looked into my face with an expression I would have given my soul to see, yet dared not meet. I looked away, up at a rude engraving of the ascending Madonna that hung upon the wall; in that moment of agony, the dead climax of anguish, I noted every line and spot upon that picture, I measured its satisfied calmness with my own pulseless quiet. I saw myself, the alien and the seeker; set beside her, the home-coming, the fulfilled. I saw every thing except the living face before me. I felt nothing but the firm, equal pressure that inclosed my hand; and all this was but a few seconds: he dropped my irresponsive fingers with a light sigh, said "good-by," and left me—to a double winter—to a treble night! I shall not tell you what I did when the door closed behind him. I do not know—there I was, and there I staid, till some faint light crept in at the window from a new day. I rose then from the hearth, put away the fallen hair from my face, and crept to my pillow beside mother, who had not waked or missed me, and I slept one feverish hour, till the welcome drudgery of school and the day forced me through a routine without whose steady and inevitable requirements I might, possibly, have sentimentally died of that incredible ailment—a broken heart.

I remember very little about that winter; we lived through it, and in the spring a distant relative of my mother's, an elderly lady, possessed of some small property, desired to come and board with us, having an attachment to Shelton as her birth-place, and all her ties elsewhere having mouldered away one by one. In her society my mother found the little excitement necessary to render her silent life agreeable while I was away, and soon after spring came in I was offered a situation in Tennessee, at a much better compensation than I received in Shelton. I accepted the offer, as much for that reason as because I hoped a milder climate might strengthen my faltering life, and change of scene so entire give a new direction to the ever-recurring thoughts that preyed upon me day by day with no respite and no mercy. Also—let me confess that last and weakest foible—I should be nearer that farthest West. I was too weak to do battle with so vague an indulgence of feeling as this, when there were real and practical reasons for acceptance. So it is in Tennessee that I write to-day. I do not know that I am better; sometimes my life gives a flash of the old fire, but rarely. My duties here are all labor; the children I undertake to teach are rough, insolent, and neglected in every way; possibly, with health and strength, I might mould the untempered metal into some serviceable shape, but it is too hard work for a weary and lifeless person. I shall do my best for the year I am pledged to stay, and then return, how gladly, to my mother, and—home—ah! my home! it is not there. I know when the sunset glows broad and red over the low horizon that it rises upon my real home—but I have lost it; yet there is one other: "a rest remaineth to the people of God," and I have learned lately to be His; too late to serve here, except in the service of submission, but never too late to love. I think, perhaps, I am going back to Shelton to die, and I am not sorry to think so, for even in the strength of my new faith I dread life; my mother is cared for by her relative and will never want; for whom else am I needed to live? I shall die unknown to Adam Brooke, though my soul calls him night and day with the desperate cry of death in the wilderness—alone. Yet it is better so; his cool affection for me would suffer to know the fire I have trodden through. I shall die happy that he did not know I have loved. MARTHA WYATT.

This was the last of her letters. Martha returned from her year's life in Tennessee utterly worn out. No physician could discover any thing about her definite enough to cure; no nursing, however skillful and unwearied, seemed to restore her. I, myself, asked Dr. Brotherton, a gray-headed, kind old man, who had been the village doctor since my childhood, what ailed her.

"My dear," said the Doctor, "she is worn out. I can not tell how or where, but she has had some great suffering, and she is like ashes after a fire; of course, we can not cure her. Poor child! poor child! she must have suffered very much!"

At the time of Martha's return I was living in Shelton, after a long absence, and gladly renewed my old acquaintance with her. Time and its suffering experiences had quieted my natural character into a more sympathetic seriousness, and gradually this strangely reserved girl opened her heart to me during the long hours that I sat by her sofa, and the nights that I watched with her. After many months of languor and exhaustion, but little severe pain, the spirit that had lived so vivid a life leaped and flashed on its cold hearth-stone, and forsook the ashes of its consumed tenement forever. It was just moonrise when Martha Wyatt died; the full glory of the red harvest moon shone through an open window upon her white, moveless features; the sighing autumn wind lifted up and down the locks of her black hair; and one great moth, left in some sheltered corner of the undisturbed sick-room after its peers were dead of the frosts, flapped its wings slowly out into the leaf-scented air, and sailed upward through the moonshine; was I superstitious to think it her freed soul?

She left a little package of papers for me, which contained these three letters, long since

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promised to me, and a brief outline of some little things she wished attended to, but would not mention to her mother, lest they should add another drop to the cup all ready to overflow. Among other matters, she desired me to receive and open any letters that might come to her from Tennessee, as the arrears of her salary were still due from her employer there, and she directed that I should take those arrears into my own hands, give a receipt for them, and devote a certain proportion to erecting a plain headstone above her grave in the church-yard. I explained to Mrs. Wyatt this arrangement, so far as my receiving of the letters was concerned, and in consequence, some ten days after Martha's funeral, she sent over to me a letter, having a very unintelligible post-mark, and I unhesitatingly opened it. A dried wild rose-bud fell out, and fluttered to the ground. I read the first few lines before I saw my mistake; but it was a mistake so natural Martha herself could not have blamed me. That letter was from Adam Brooke, and began: "If I did not know you to be the most patient, tender, and faithful of women, as well as the dearest in the world to me—" So far I read, and then turned to the signature. I re-sealed the letter carefully, and returned it to the post-office, appending to the original direction simply the word "Dead." I acknowledge now that I was altogether cruel and wrong to have done that, but I was full of indignation at the cold and self-regardant affection that could introvert itself so long and give no sign. I determined that Adam Brooke should feel the full force of those terrible little words, "too late." I only repented, when on my return after a long absence from Shelton, having in the mean time received her dues from Tennessee, I went on the first evening after my arrival to visit her unnoted sleeping-place. To my utter astonishment, the long slants of June sunshine fell upon a shaven turf, green as emerald, and gilded a shaft of pure marble, broken off abruptly, on whose base were inscribed these words (followed by her name and death-date): "God requireth that which is past." I desired no further pain for Adam Brooke, whose hands had written his own epitaph upon his heart's final sleep in her grave.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

EVER since Diedrich Knickerbocker put forth his famous history, the popular conception has represented a Dutchman as a ponderous individual, with broad-brimmed hat, voluminous doublet, and nether garments innumerable; smoking a perpetual pipe, fond of ease, and specially averse to giving or receiving hard knocks.

Quite different from the Dutchman of that pleasant romance is the Hollander of true history. Here he is pictured as wrenching a home from the jaws of the ocean; making that ocean his tributary; building up free institutions amid the morasses; defending them against kings, and lords, and priests; setting the first example in modern times of successful resistance to arbitrary power in the most unequal contest ever waged upon earth; and leading the van in the long series—not yet concluded—of popular revolutions. The Hollanders were the pioneers in the great march of human progress and republican liberty.

It was fitting that the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic should be first worthily written by an American. In our veins flows blood kindred to that which has made the soil of the Netherlands sacred to freedom. We are the heirs of the Dutch republicans. William of Orange, not less than Washington, toiled for us. The story of the seven United Provinces of Holland is full of warning and instruction for the two-and-thirty United States of America. Sectional jealousy, and disunion of States that had stood side by side in the great agony, left half complete the noble work that had been begun in Holland. May the gods avert the omen! Let us learn wisdom as we follow our countryman in tracing the origin of the Dutch people, and the rise of the Dutch Republic.

For unknown ages, of which history takes no note, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt had deposited their slime around the sand-banks flung up by the stormy Northern Ocean, forming a wide morass, in which here and there appeared muddy islands, overflowed by every rising of the rivers or swelling of the sea. "Whether the region be land or water," so writes the Roman historian, "one hardly knows. The wretched inhabitants dwell in huts pitched on the sand-hills or built on stakes. When the sea rises they look like vessels floating on the waves; when it falls, they seem to have suffered shipwreck." The country well deserved the name which it subsequently acquired and still bears—*Holland*—that is, the *Hollow*, or *Low Land*. Human industry was in time to render this the richest portion of Christendom.

In the heart of this region, the Rhine—double-armed, as the poet styled it—separates into two main branches, inclosing an island between them and the sea. About a century before Christ, a great inundation drove out or drowned the Celtic inhabitants of this island. Soon after, a civil war broke out among the Teutonic tribes dwelling in the great German forest. The weaker party, driven out, journeyed westward in search of new homes until they reached this vacant Rhine island. All traces of the inundation had passed away. The land looked fair in its robe of summer green. They resolved to make it their home, naming it "*Bet Auw*"—the "*Good Meadow*." The Romans transformed the name into *Batavia*, calling the inhabitants *Batavi*. They and their kin spread from this centre over the northern parts of the Hollow Land, while the southern portion remained in possession of the Belgæ and other Celts. This partition of the land has lasted through all subsequent wars and migrations. Teutons in the north and Celts

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Harper and Brothers.

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in the south, dwelt and still dwell, side by side, scarcely intermingling. Holland is Teutonic, Belgium is Celtic, to this day. In this fact lies the key to the history of the Netherlands. All history, in its ultimate analysis, is the history not of king and laws, but of races.

Teutons—or, to give them the name by which they are best known, Germans—and Celts were both savage enough, yet with a difference. Both were of huge stature, with brawny limbs, light hair, and fierce blue eyes. The Celt was fond of gay attire and showy trinkets; the German went almost naked, his sole ornament being an iron ring about his neck, and this he discarded when he had slain an enemy in battle: he had become a man and would put away childish things. The Germans formed a military democracy; the Celts were clannish, and in servile subjection to their chiefs. The religion of the Celts was ceremonial, sensuous, and, in a rude way, imposing; that of the Germans was austere, simple, and, in a rude way, spiritual. The German was chaste and continent; the Celt was lewd and lascivious. Permanent marriage was almost unknown to the Celt; the German had but one wife, whom he honored, in his rude way. Herein lies, perhaps, the distinctive characteristic of the Teutonic family. They have an instinctive perception of the worth of woman—that she is not a plaything, or an idol, or a slave, but a mate. In whatever other race this feeling exists it is the product of Christianity. The German had it while yet a pagan.

Each race had and has characteristics for good and evil which the other lacks. The nature of the one is hard, persistent, inflexible—Protestant. That of the other is eager, impressible, sensuous—Catholic. The union of both is essential to our highest ideal of humanity. Once it seemed that this union of races was to be effected in the Netherlands. In the fiery furnace of Spanish persecution they seemed about to be fused together politically and socially. But this consummation was not to take place then; perhaps never in the Old World. It seems to have been reserved for this New World of ours to give birth to a new race, composed mainly of Teutonic and Celtic elements.

The Low Lands became absorbed in the Roman empire, and the Batavi furnished the choicest soldiery of the Imperial legions. Then the Empire grew feeble. The great migration of nations began. From the far slopes of the Altai Mountains appeared strange races in Europe. The hordes in the rear pressed those in the van upon the devoted south. The old civilization went down, trampled like seed into the soil by rude feet. Then came centuries of chaos, which we name the Dark Ages. A new civilization at length sprung up from the bloody soil, marked by one distinguishing feature: Christianity has supplanted Paganism. Its centre is Gaul, and it goes forth thence conquering—to the Netherlands as elsewhere.

Charles the Hammer crushes the Saracens at Tours, and carries his arms to the mouths of the Rhine. Charlemagne completes the conquest of the Batavi, or the "Free Frisians," as they are now called; yet leaves them to be ruled by their old laws, which declare that they shall be free so long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands.

In the wreck and partition of the Empire of Charlemagne, the Netherlands fall now to the French King, and now to the German Emperor; sometimes they belong practically to neither. The sword is law, and whoso has the power takes the land. Dukedoms, marquisates, countships, and the like, are founded, of which we note but this, that the last Carlovingian monarch, surnamed the "Simpleton," bestows Holland, then a hook of barren sand and half-submerged morass, upon Count Dirk, whose descendants, father and son, hold their place for four centuries, then die out, and their heritage passes over to the Counts of Hainault. Of these the male line becomes extinct in 1417, and Hainault and Holland are heired by the fair and luckless Jacqueline, famous in song and story, who is dispossessed by her bad cousin Philip of Burgundy, surnamed "the Good."

So the great Dukes of Burgundy waxed greater. Charles the Bold, the son of Philip, determines to transform his ducal coronet into a regal crown. He tries to outwit the crafty Louis XI., and to conquer the indomitable Swiss. He is foiled in both attempts. Louis is too cunning, and the Swiss are too brave for him. He is routed at Morat and Granson, defeated and slain at Nancy. Louis clutches at his Burgundian dominions, while the Netherlands adhere to his daughter Mary, whom they give in marriage to Maximilian of Austria, soon to be Emperor of Germany. Their son, Philip the Fair, born Sovereign of the Netherlands, weds the mad Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, of whom is born, in the year of our Lord 1500, Charles, thus by birth King of Spain, Count of Holland, Marquis of Brabant: by the grace of the Pope and the sword of his conquistadors Lord of the New World; and by election Emperor of Germany. Charles V. held sway, real or titular, over wider realms than were ever gathered under a single sceptre. The Netherlands were hardly perceptible on the map of his dominions. Though the country of his birth, he cared little for them except as the main source of his revenues.

There is a history of a people as well as of princes. Through all these changing dynasties the national character of the Flemings—as the Netherlanders are now called—had developed itself in one direction. First came the power of the sword, dividing the land among the nobles, great and small. Next arose to view the ecclesiastical power, sometimes adverse to the people, but oftener hostile to the nobles. Wisdom entered into contest with brute force. Underlying these, and mightier than either, was the power of Industry. The people were at work. They levied tribute alike upon the ocean and the land which they had won from it. No sea-

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men were as bold as those of Holland; no merchants were as enterprising as those of Antwerp; no soil was cultivated like that of Flanders; no artisans were as skillful as those of Brabant. The Flemings actually earned more than they spent. So wealth accumulated. The gold of Mexico, the silver of Peru, and the silks and spices of the East found their way to that corner of the land fenced from the sea by dikes and embankments. Upon the rivers arose cities and towns full of stormy, toiling, vigorous life. Burghers entered into alliance with burghers to curb the arrogance of their feudal chiefs. They win charters from their lords, sometimes by force, sometimes by cunning, sometimes by gold. They defend their privileges against the swords of dukes and counts, and the craft of bishops and abbots. A brewer of Ghent treats on equal terms with the Plantagenets three centuries before the Huntingdon brewer mounted the throne of the Stuarts. If fortune sends them a strong lord they yield for a while; but when a weak one arises, they regain their old privileges and demand new ones. The earliest charter on record dates in 1217. Before the close of the century the towns elected their own magistrates, and had a voice along with the nobles in the provincial assemblies. There was turbulence and tumult and uproar enough; but these were a manifestation of life; and the uproar of freedom is better than the quiet of slavery.

In spite of manifold checks and reverses, the wealth and power of the Estates increased during the Burgundian era. When the corpse of Charles the Bold was found stripped and frozen in a pool of blood after Nancy, the Estates would not allow his daughter to wed Maximilian until she had, for herself and her successors, solemnly given her sanction to the "*Groot Privilegie*"—the Great Charter—by which all the rights which they had slowly acquired were formally recognized.

Nowhere in that day, scarcely any where in our own, have so many rights been secured to the people as the Flemings claimed under the "Groot Privilegie." Natives of the country only could hold office; no offices were to be farmed out; cities and provinces should hold assemblies at will; and no ordinance of the sovereign should be valid if it conflicted with privileges of a city. No taxes could be imposed without the consent of the Estates; the sovereign must in person "request" all supplies; and no city should be bound to contribute toward a grant to which it had not agreed. The sovereign could not make war without the consent of the Estates; should he do so, they were absolved from contributing to defray its expenses. The power of regulating the coinage was taken from the monarch and vested in the Estates. The power of the purse was thus in their hands, and all history shows that this, sooner or later, involves the possession of all civil and military power.

For a while, indeed, the Great Charter was worth less than so much blank parchment. Maximilian refused to acknowledge it. Bruges and Ghent and Ypres tried in vain to enforce it, and were compelled to beg pardon on their knees, and pay a round sum by way of punishment. Charles V. wholly ignored it, and the terrible "humiliation of Ghent" warned the provinces to beware how they insisted upon their chartered rights. Yet the "Groot Privilegie" still lived in men's memories; and to it the great-grandsons of those who won it appealed for justification when they threw off the authority of the great-grandson of her who had granted it. They threw themselves for justification upon the written law. Behind this they never thought of going. It was reserved for a later day, and for other builders, to found a state upon the self-evident rights of man, lying far back of all written law—rights which no sovereign can give or take away. Yet let us not undervalue those old narrow parchments upon which the founders of the Dutch Republic based their right to throw off the yoke of Spain. They were weights of priceless value by which oppressed mankind impeded the march of despotism.

Despot though he was, Charles V. knew the importance of cherishing the industry and commerce of the Netherlands. Thence came half his revenues, while Spain and the New World furnished only a tenth each. The Netherlands were then the richest and most intelligent portion of Europe. Next after Paris and London Antwerp was the most populous city in Christendom, while it far exceeded either in beauty and wealth. The population of Brussels and Ghent and Bruges exceeded that of any English or French city except the capitals. Each town and province was famous for some special product. There were no cloths like those of Lille; no tapestry like that of Brussels. Antwerp was the commercial emporium and banking-house of Europe. The morasses of Holland and Zealand were converted into the richest meadow-lands. The Dutch had learned how to catch and cure herrings, and found in their countless shoals wealth greater than that of Mexico and Peru. Lawrence Coster (the Sexton) of Harlem invented movable types, and thus furnished the fulcrum for the lever with which Luther was to move the world.

The Reformation made early and rapid progress in the Netherlands; and Charles set himself vigorously at work to suppress it. As early as 1520 he issued his first "placard," or proclamation, against the heretics. This was repeated with increased vigor at different times during his reign, until in 1550 it took the form of the sanguinary edict, whose attempted enforcement by Philip was, as we shall see, the occasion of the revolt of the Netherlands. He also established an inquisitorial tribunal, which was hateful in itself, and still more so because the popular mind identified it with the terrible Spanish Inquisition. Indeed, if we are to credit the accounts of grave contemporary historians, none of whom place the victims of the Flem-

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ish Inquisition during the reign of Charles at less than fifty thousand, while some double the number, it fully equaled in practical atrocity that of Spain.

Persecutor though he was, Charles was no blind fanatic, like his son and successor. He opposed the Reformation because his keen eye detected the political tendencies of heresy. He never hesitated to sacrifice his religious principles to his political interests. He waged war against the Pope with as little scruple as against Francis or Solyman. He signed the Peace of Passau establishing the equality of the Protestant and Catholic faiths in Germany, while he burned those suspected of heresy in Spain and the Netherlands. Lutheran preachers proclaimed the Word before his German regiments, while Flemish peasants were burned at the stake or buried alive for attending Calvinistic worship.

The end tries the work; and we may now pronounce the long reign of Charles to have been a failure. He left Spain weaker than he found it. He was unable to transmit to his son after him the Imperial crown of Germany which had been held by his father before him. France had risen with renewed strength from the fearful overthrow of Pavia. In vain had Charles crushed the Germanic Protestants at Muhlberg, for red-bearded Maurice of Saxony afterward foiled him in intrigue, defeated him in battle, and suffered him to escape captivity only "because he had no cage fitting for such a bird."

Charles had deliberately pitted himself against the spirit of the age, and had found it too strong for him. He felt that there was nothing left but to retire from the field with imposing dignity, and resign the contest to other hands. Hence his famous abdication in 1555.

Swift should have written the Convent Life of Charles. The second Charlemagne at the end of his career might almost have stood as the original of the immortal picture of the *Struldbrugs*. He was an old man at fifty-five—exhausted by toil and care and gluttony. He was a martyr to gout and asthma, and dyspepsia and gravel. He was crippled in every limb. Almost toothless, his heavy Burgundian lower jaw protruded so far that he could scarcely mumble out his words intelligibly, or masticate the food which his eager appetite craved and his feeble stomach refused. In his retirement at Yuste he played the statesman and politician, keeping up a show of managing affairs of state which he had pretended to abjure. For the rest, he spent his days in gormandizing sardine omelets, Estremadura sausages, eel-pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, and quince sirups, washed down with iced beer and Rhenish wines—paying the forfeit of his indulgence by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb; writing long dispatches, listening to long sermons; flagellating his poor old body for the good of his poor old soul; urging on the inquisitors to renewed activity, and exhorting his son and successor to cherish the Holy Office as the instrument for extirpating heresy; "and so"—thus he concludes his dying admonition to Philip—"shall you have my blessing, and the Lord shall prosper you in all your undertakings."

Philip needed no such prompting. All the energies of his sluggish nature were concentrated into a dull but determined hatred against heretics and heresy. Charles distrusted them on political grounds, Philip hated them with religious bigotry. But his hatred took its character from his own peculiar temperament. It was cold, bitter, and unrelenting. He might postpone the execution of his purpose to uproot heresy; he might creep toward it by tortuous ways; but he never lost sight of it. It lay in his mind as a fixed idea, a settled principle, an unwavering determination.

One of his earliest measures was to re-enact the edict of 1550. But an unlooked-for occurrence compelled him for a while to postpone its strict execution. Sorely against his will he became involved in a war with the Pope and with France, and he required the subsidies of the rich Netherlands to enable him to keep his armies on foot. The war lasted four years. The skill of Alva at length brought it to a successful close in Italy, and the victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines laid France prostrate before him.

Philip was now at liberty to return to his beloved Spain, and from a safe distance to devote all his energies to the prosecution of his favorite scheme. In August, 1559, he assembled the Estates of the Netherlands, and presented to them as regent his illegitimate sister, Margaret of Parma. The King could not speak the language of the country, and smooth-tongued Antony Perronet, Bishop of Arras, soon to be known and hated as Cardinal Granvelle, acted as his mouth-piece. He expatiated upon his master's unbounded love for his Flemish subjects, asked for a large subsidy, and concluded by announcing that the Regent had orders rigidly to enforce the laws against heresy, in consideration of which God would undoubtedly vouchsafe all manner of blessings to her and his subjects.

The Estates responded in courtly style. Their lives and their wealth were at the disposal of his Majesty; but his Spanish troops were unendurable. They prayed that these might be withdrawn. The King smothered his wrath, returned a conciliatory answer in the main, but repeated that the burning and strangling of heretics should go on. He then took his departure from the Netherlands, never to return.

He landed in Spain on the 8th of September, having narrowly escaped shipwreck. To evince his gratitude for his preservation, a month after he attended a grand *auto da fé*, at which thirteen distinguished heretics were burned alive. "How can you permit me to be burned?" asked the noble young Carlos de Sessa. "I would carry the fuel to burn my own son were he as wicked as you are," was the savage response.

Among the council who were to assist Mar-

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garet, the most prominent were the Count of Egmont, the Prince of Orange, and the Bishop of Arras.

Lamoral, Count of Egmont, was one of the most brilliant of the gay Flemish nobles. His military talents were of a high order. The victory of Saint Quentin was gained by his bravery and conduct, though Philip piously chose to attribute it rather to the ghostly aid of Saint Laurence, upon whose day it was gained, and in whose honor he built the magnificent palace of the Escorial, the ground-plan of which represented the gridiron upon which the saint suffered martyrdom. Egmont also gained the victory of Gravelines, which led to the peace of Cateau Cambresis, the most humiliating treaty to which France had submitted since Agincourt. He was a fervent Catholic and a zealous royalist; but his brilliant services could not atone for the brief and faint opposition which, under the influence of William of Orange, he offered to the execution of the royal purpose.

William of Orange was the grand centre about which the history of his country was soon to revolve. The richest of all the nobles of the Netherlands, he had been early taken by the Emperor into his own household. Though his father was a Protestant, William was thus brought up in the Catholic faith. Charles soon discovered the rare genius of the lad, and suffered him to be present when the gravest affairs of state were discussed. His inviolable secrecy early gained for him the sobriquet of "the Silent," by which he is known in history. Before he had fairly reached man's estate, he was appointed to the head of the army on the French frontiers. When Charles read his act of abdication, it was on the shoulder of William of Orange that he leaned for support. He was now a young man of seven-and-twenty, gay in manner, genial in humor, profuse in his expenditure, and liberal in sentiment. Catholic though he was, no heretic in peril of sword and fagot could have been more earnestly opposed to religious persecution. Already he had excited the suspicion of Philip, who had a dim instinctive feeling that he was to be the great obstacle in the way of the execution of his scheme of destruction, though he little suspected that the Silent One was even now in possession of the great state secret of a secret league between the French and Spanish monarchs for the extirpation of heresy and heretics in both their dominions. To the Prince also the eyes of the Estates and citizens were even now turning, almost unconsciously, as their future champion and leader.

The real administration of the Netherlands was confided to Granvelle. The King could not have found a more dextrous or unscrupulous instrument. He was a wonder of learning. At the age of twenty he spoke seven languages. At twenty-three he was named Bishop of Arras. At twenty-six his eloquence at the Council of Trent won him the favor of Charles V., who appointed him Councilor of State. He retained his credit under Philip. Bold, resolute, plausible, he ruled the slow and hesitating Philip under the show of the most profound submission. He insinuated his own ideas into the mind of his master so adroitly that the King verily believed them to be the suggestions of his own profound genius.

Philip and his minister were now at leisure to set about their work. The day of indulgence was past. The edict of 1550–55 should now be rigidly enforced. It was directed against all who should print or write, buy or sell, or give or have in possession any heretical writing; who should attend any heretical meeting; who, being laymen, should dispute upon matters of faith, or read or expound the Scriptures; who should openly or secretly teach or entertain any heretical opinions whatsoever. It embraced thoughts and opinions, as well as overt acts. All persons convicted of any of these heinous crimes were to be executed with fire unless they recanted; in which case they were to be —not pardoned—but simply beheaded, if men, or buried alive if women. In either event their property was to be confiscated to the crown. All persons suspected of heresy should be summoned to make public abjuration; and if they afterward fell under suspicion, though not proven guilty, they should be considered as relapsed heretics, and suffer accordingly.

Suborners and informers were encouraged by every motive that could be drawn from hope of reward or fear of punishment. A certain portion of the property of a convicted heretic was to be paid to the informer. Pardon was assured to any one who had been present at heretical assemblages, on condition of betraying his fellow-worshipers. Every person who knew of a heretic and failed to denounce him, or to point out his hiding-place, if concealed; or who should give food, or fire, or clothing, or shelter to a heretic, should himself undergo the extremity of punishment to which the offender himself was liable. No judge or official should alter or moderate the penalties prescribed by the edict. And to shut every possible avenue for mercy, it was further provided, that any person who should presume to petition the king or any one in authority, in favor of a condemned heretic, should be thenceforth incapable of holding any office, civil or military, and should be otherwise punished at the royal discretion.

A large increase in the spiritual machinery of the country was necessary to insure the fulfillment of this terrible edict. There were in the whole Netherlands but four bishoprics, and these were subject to foreign archiepiscopal jurisdiction. It was evident that this was insufficient to supply the spiritual wants of the people, and an augmentation, independent of any inquisitorial object, was manifestly desirable.

At the request of Philip a papal bull was issued for an increase in the number of bishops. "The harvest," so said the bull, with profane mockery of the words of peace, "is plentiful, but the laborers are few;" as though inquisitors

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were the laborers whom the Lord of the Harvest was to be implored to send into his field. Three archbishoprics were therefore to be constituted, under which were comprised fifteen bishoprics. The new prelates were to be appointed by the king, subject to the confirmation of the Pope.

Thus far, on the face of the measure there was nothing objectionable, except that by the constitution of the provinces which Philip had twice sworn to maintain inviolate, he was expressly prohibited from making any increase in the clerical power. But the sting was in the tail. Each bishop was to appoint nine prebendaries, two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors, to aid him in the detection and punishment of heretics.

To do Granvelle justice, this was no scheme of his devising; and he opposed it as long as he dared, although the archbishopric of Mechlin, which was to be the primacy of the Netherlands, was reserved for him. But his opposition was based upon selfish grounds. It was better, he said, to be one of four, than one of eighteen; and besides, the revenues attached to the archbishopric were less than those of the bishopric of Arras, which he must give up. Several rich benefices were added to his see, and he withdrew his opposition, and entered heart and soul into the measure; he was therefore justly held responsible for it.

It was foreseen that the scheme of blood would be distasteful to the Netherlands; and that the aid of the Spanish troops might be required to secure its enforcement. So too the Estates had foreseen, and hence their urgent demand that the troops should be withdrawn. Here was the first point of attack. The demand for the removal of the troops was pressed with such vigor that the Government thought it best to yield, and they were sent away.

This concession availed little. The Inquisition was the real object of hatred. At the head of the opposition was William of Orange. Granvelle was too wise to quarrel about words. He was quite willing that some other word should be substituted in the edict for Inquisitors. But neither Prince nor people were to be duped by this paltry juggle. They opposed not the name, but the thing, and Granvelle as its chief supporter.

Orange, Egmont, and Horn wrote to the King, denouncing Granvelle, and demanding his removal. Philip faltered, quibbled, and above all delayed. He demanded specific charges. If one of the nobles would come to Spain, he would confer with him about the matter. Accompanying this reply was a letter to the Regent, advising her that this was but a pretext to gain time.

Granvelle meanwhile showed no lack of nerve or capacity. He confronted the nobles with a haughtiness equal to their own. They refused to attend the Council. He took all important business into his own hands. The Regent herself became a mere cipher. The nobles pressed their demands more and more strenuously. The state of affairs grew alarming. The Estates were in the interest of Orange. The public exchequer was bare. When the Regent asked for money she was met by a demand for the convocation of the States General —that ominous cry which two centuries later heralded the outburst of the French Revolution. Government was fast drifting upon bankruptcy, the rock upon which so many despotisms before and since have been wrecked.

But above all and through all was the demand for the dismissal of the Cardinal. Strong as he was in the confidence of Philip he grew alarmed. The Estates and nobles were against him. The Regent was beginning to waver. He had done his best to carry out the royal plan; but the success had fallen short of their expectations. Heretics multiplied in spite of burnings and beheadings. The inquisitors were sadly thwarted by the remissness of the magistrates. Doleful were the Jeremiads interchanged between King and Cardinal. "There are but few of us left in the world who care for religion," wrote the King, and from this text he preached a homily upon the necessity of zeal in ferreting out the heretics. The Cardinal replied that there was no need of ferreting; they were known by the thousand; adding, with grim levity, "Would that I had as many doubloons in my purse as there are open and avowed heretics." Now and then there was a word of good tidings for the royal ear. A preacher was burned, or something of the kind. But what did it all avail while the governors of the provinces were so slack? This one would not aid the inquisitors; that had eaten meat in Lent; while this other openly declared that it was not right to shed blood for matters of faith. "For the love of God, and the service of our holy religion," he adds pathetically, "put your royal hand to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, 'Help, Lord, for we perish.'"

For four years the Cardinal kept his place. The nobles urged his dismissal, and declared, in courtly phrase, their determination to abandon their posts if he was retained. Margaret urged the King to yield, for she could not carry on the government without them. Granvelle at length petitioned for leave to retire. Philip took long to consider, and at length came to a characteristic decision. To Granvelle he wrote directing him to ask the Regent for permission to leave the country for a short time, on pretext of visiting his mother. He directed Margaret to grant his request, but at the same time to write to himself, asking for his approbation of the step which he had just directed her to take. To the nobles he replied, directing them to resume their seats in the Council, and adding that the affair of the Cardinal was not decided. All these dispatches were prepared at the same time. Truly Philip was a master of the arts of kingcraft.

After the departure of the cardinal, Margaret undertook to carry on the government herself.

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She was worthy to be a sister of Philip. She lacked his ferocious bigotry; but showed to the full all his duplicity and shallow cunning. Men said that it was not in vain that she had been a pupil of Ignatius Loyola. At first she seemed inclined to be guided by the counsels of William, and professed a deadly hatred toward the Cardinal.

But Philip, in dismissing his "second self," had in no wise wavered in his designs against heresy. The Council of Trent had now closed its long session, and Philip ordered that its decrees should at once be proclaimed and enforced in the Netherlands. Margaret was equally afraid to obey or disobey. As a middle course, Egmont was to go to Spain and lay before Philip a statement of the affairs of the provinces. William insisted that he should be instructed to demand that the whole system of persecution should be abandoned, and that the decrees of the Council should not be enforced. It was all in vain. Egmont was amused and flattered, and sent home with vague promises of amelioration. But with him came dispatches to the Regent, enjoining more energy in the inquisitors, and imposing new punishments upon the heretics. Instead of being burned in public they should be drowned in prison. And especially the decrees of the Council should be proclaimed and enforced.

Margaret laid these dispatches before the Council. Some of the members were in favor of further delay. But William calmly said that the orders were too explicit to admit of doubt. There was now no alternative except submission or rebellion. There can be little doubt that the "Silent" had by this time made up his mind which course was inevitable. But for the present he kept his own counsel. As the proclamation was prepared, he coldly said, "Now we shall see the beginning of a mighty tragedy."

A great cry of wrath and indignation arose from the Netherlands as the ultimate decree went forth. At one swoop their religious liberty and their civil privileges were gone. The prosperity of the country was founded upon its comparative civil freedom. It was this that had made Antwerp and Bruges and Ghent and Brussels and Amsterdam what they were. The barriers which had been built up between the citizens and arbitrary power were all thrown down. It was not merely that a man might be burned for reading a tract by Luther, or doubting the real presence in the eucharist. But all security was gone. The ordinary pursuits of life were suspended. The hand of the artisan ceased to ply its craft. The hum of traffic ceased in Antwerp, the arm of industry was paralyzed in Ghent. Low murmurs of wrath were heard. Insurrectionary placards covered the walls, inflammatory pamphlets snowed down in the streets. It was not in vain that Lawrence the Sexton had invented printing. So in doubt and gloom and darkness closed the year 1565.

The year 1566 was the last year of peace which any man then living in the Netherlands was to see. It was a stormy time, and Margaret tried to set her sails to every breeze. Early in the winter a document was drawn up by which the signers bound themselves to resist the inquisitorial system, in every possible shape and form, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other to the utmost extremity. The signers were soon numbered by hundreds and thousands. They soon undertook an open demonstration. A large body met at Brussels and presented a petition to the Regent, embodying the substance of these demands. Margaret was alarmed, and gave them vague promises of compliance; though one of her Council told her not to fear the beggars (*Gueux*). There was some truth in the sarcasm; not a few were young nobles of broken fortune and scanty hopes. But they must celebrate their fancied victory by a sumptuous banquet. The wine flowed freely, and they were gayly discussing a name for their confederacy. Some one repeated the jest of the councilor. "Ha!" said Brederode, their leader, a drunken, reckless young noble. "They call us *Gueux*—beggars. Let us accept the name. We will fight against the Inquisition, and for the king, though we wear the beggar's wallet for it. Hurrah for the *Gueux!*" The jest took. "Hurrah for the *Gueux!*" resounded through the hall. The wooden bowl of a mendicant was brought in, and deep draughts were quaffed from it to the health of the *Gueux*. The new party had found a name which was to be famous for ages; for in whatever language the history of the revolt was written, it was known as the "War of the *Gueux*."

This and no more was accomplished by this league of the "Compromise." Orange stood aloof from the movement. He foresaw that these were not the men by whom the Netherlands were to be saved.

Hitherto the Reformers had held their meetings only in the deepest privacy and in the dead of night. But now spring had hardly given place to summer, before heretical preaching in the full day and in the open air prevailed through the land. Through the long summer days thousands thronged and trooped together, armed with swords, pikes, arquebuses, scythes, and pitchforks, to listen to the preachers of the new faith. Some of these preachers were lowly men, who sought in rude phrase to utter the truths that burned in their hearts. Not a few were ignorant and turbulent declaimers. But there were others of higher pretensions. Monks who had forsaken their cloisters, priests who had renounced their tonsure, inveighed against the corruptions of the orders they had abandoned and ridiculed the doctrines they had abjured. Fiery Huguenots came from France; the keen disciples of Calvin from Geneva. There was Francis Junius, famed to our day as a profound theologian, who had preached while the fires that were burning his brethren flashed through the windows of the room. There was

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the fiery Provençal, Peregrine La Grange, who galloped up on horseback to the place of assembly, and fired a pistol as signal that service was to commence. There was Ambrose Wille, with a price on his head, declaiming on the bridge of Ernonville to a congregation of twenty thousand; assuring them that if he was slain, there were better than he to fill his place, and fifty thousand men to avenge him. There was Peter Gabriel, once a monk, whose fragile body seemed unable to contain his ardent spirit, preaching for four hours in the fervid midsummer noon; then hurrying away, for he must travel all night to reach the place where he was to speak next day.

Thus was it throughout all the Netherlands. What could the Regent do? She orders the magistrates to suppress the gatherings. They reply that it is too late. The heretics are armed, and their meetings are military camps. She orders out the militia of the guilds. They have all gone to the meetings. She tries public prayers and processions; but spiritual weapons are of no avail. She has no troops upon whom she can rely, and no money to enlist new bands. Oh, for those grim Spanish veterans whom we foolishly dismissed three years ago. We might have known that we should need them. They would have swept away these undisciplined throngs like chaff. So they would, and yet shall; but not yet.

A perplexed Regent truly. Meanwhile, she will temporize. She will invoke the aid of the Prince of Orange to allay the tumult. She will promise much, and in the mean time send to Philip asking for instructions, for troops, for money, and most of all for his personal presence. Surely the King's name is a tower of strength.

A new whirlwind broke over the land, brief but terrible. The Netherlands were full of churches, and the churches were peopled with images which had once been sanctified by popular veneration. They were now but symbols of a hated worship, and upon them fell the storm of popular fury. It was August, the season when the great festival of the Assumption is celebrated. According to custom the image of the Virgin was borne through the streets of Antwerp, but not to receive its wonted reverence. "Molly, Molly (*Maykin, Maykin*), 'tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you!" was shouted after it. The ceremonies were cut short, and the image was taken back to the Cathedral, and deposited behind the iron railing of the choir. Next day and the day after curious crowds came to peep at and insult it. Some one raised the cry "*Vivent les Gueux.*" An old woman who sold tapers at the door was scandalized, and in shrill tones inveighed against the insulters of the image. Gibe begat gibe. Blows followed words. The magistrates made some feeble attempt to check the tumult, and then like sage Dogberry's they left the church, and advised the populace to follow their example.

It was the hour of evening mass. As if by concert, the crowd raised the words of a psalm in the native tongue. In a moment a gang seized the statue of the Virgin, tore its gorgeous robes to tatters, and broke the image into a thousand pieces. Then they fell upon the other images and the sacred paintings. The rich robes were flung over the beggars' rags; the consecrated bread was profanely devoured; the sacramental wine quaffed to the health of the *Gueux;* the sacred oil smeared over their clumsy shoes. It was a wild, a brutal drama, enacted on that midsummer night in the stately church of Our Lady at Antwerp, and in thirty other churches in the city. Let us derive what consolation we may from the fact that the rage was directed exclusively upon temples and pictures and statues. These were destroyed and mutilated by thousands; but not a man nor woman nor child was harmed. Those nobler statues "made in the image of God," that holier temple, "which are ye," was unprofaned. When history writes down the crimes which she has to record, perhaps she will reckon an *auto da fé*, or the burning of a witch, or the sacking of a town, as worse than the Antwerp iconoclasm.

From Antwerp the fury spread in every direction. It lasted but a little more than a week. In Flanders alone four hundred churches were sacked. The number in all the provinces no man knows. It is worthy of note that in Valenciennes the "tragedy" was enacted on Saint Bartholomew's day. Not many years were to elapse before that day was to be otherwise famous.

At first it seemed that this outbreak had secured the religious freedom of the land. The Regent was paralyzed with fear and anger. Not less indignant were all true patriots and Reformers. Margaret took counsel with the Prince and others, and in view of the alarming state of affairs an agreement was entered into, on the 25th of August, between the Regent and the leaders of the League, that liberty of worship should be allowed wherever it had been established, and that the confederates would abandon the League, and assist in maintaining the public tranquillity. The Prince of Orange exerted himself to preserve the public peace; Egmont signalized himself by the severity with which he pursued and punished the image-breakers.

Margaret had written to Philip an account of the League, and the banquet of the *Gueux* early in April. An embassy had also been sent to him urging him to abolish the Inquisition, mitigate the severity of the edicts, and grant an unconditional pardon to all offenders. It was July before the King came to a decision. He sent back word that he would so far yield as to suffer the papal inquisition to be superseded by that of the bishops, and permit the Regent to assure a free pardon to those who had been compromised by the League; but that the decision about the other matters must be reserved for further consideration. But hardly was the ink dry with which this permission was written,

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before he summoned a notary and made a solemn declaration that he did not consider himself bound by the authorization of pardon. He also wrote to the Pope that as the Inquisition had been established by His Holiness, its promised suspension was invalid unless sanctioned by him. This, however, was to be kept a profound secret.

When tidings came to Philip of the image-breaking his wrath blazed out for a moment. But he soon suppressed all manifestations of it while he slowly revolved a project for the most tremendous vengeance ever wreaked by monarch upon a people.

The dispatches of Margaret were worthy of the sister of Philip. She said that, sick in body and soul, she had by the Accord of the 23d of August promised pardon to the confederates, and granted liberty to the heretics to continue to hold worship in places where they had already established it. These concessions were to be valid until the King, by and with the advice of the States General, should otherwise ordain. But she added, she had given this consent simply in her own name, not in that of the King. That consequently he was in no wise bound, and she hoped he would have no regard to her promise.

In the Netherlands a reaction soon followed the folly of the confederates and the outrages of the iconoclasts. Egmont, who had been secretly counted upon to head the opposition, went over heart and soul to the royal side, and succeeded in raising troops to garrison the cities within his government. Valenciennes alone refused, and was besieged. Some ill-considered attempts were made to relieve it by raw troops raised upon the spur of the moment. These were easily defeated and dispersed by the regular soldiers. The citizens meanwhile stoutly defended themselves for a while. It was evident that the tide was setting strongly in favor of the government. Margaret was now as much elated as she had been depressed a few months before. She demanded that every functionary in the land should take a new oath of allegiance, pledging himself to obey all orders of the government, without limitation or restriction. Hardly a man refused. Orange spurned the demand. He would never disgrace himself by a blind and unconditional pledge; and offered to throw up all his appointments. His services could not yet be dispensed with, and the resignation was not accepted. He set himself coolly down to watch the progress of events. As a last service to the government, he succeeded in preventing a civil conflict in the streets of Antwerp. "God save the King!" he cried, for the last time on the 15th of March, 1567.

A week after, Valenciennes surrendered with the single stipulation that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared, and the city should not be given up to sack. The pledge was ill-observed. The franchises of the city were revoked; the soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants, whom they robbed and insulted at will; the principal citizens were thrown into prison, and their goods confiscated; hundreds of heretics were put to death by the sword and the halter. But the punishment of Valenciennes was only a foretaste of that which was in reserve for the whole country; for Philip had now matured his plan of vengeance, had selected his executioner; and the Duke of Alva was already preparing to assume the government of the Netherlands.

The triumph of the Regent was complete. By tacit consent the fate of the malcontents had hung upon the issue of the struggle at Valenciennes. No further opposition was made to the reception of royal garrisons; the heretics were crushed; the land was prostrate. The Prince of Orange withdrew to his estates in Germany to await the course of events. A last interview took place between him and Egmont. The Prince knew that not only his own death-warrant but that of his friend was signed in Spain, and urged him to withdraw from his impending fate. Egmont was sure that his early services and his recent devotion to the King would more than atone for his fault in opposing the Inquisition. He had put down field-preaching in his government; he had punished the image-breakers with unsparing severity; he had led the regiments, who were blindly devoted to him, to the siege of Valenciennes. "The King is good and just," said he, "and I have claims upon his gratitude." How much greater would have been his confidence had he known that letters were even then upon the way to him from Philip commending the course he had taken, and thanking him for his exertions. But William knew that he had to do with a master who might forget a service, but never forgave an injury. "You will be the bridge," he replied, "which the Spaniards will destroy as soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." And so the friends parted never to meet again.

Margaret lost no time in availing herself of the turn which affairs had taken. The privileges which had been granted to the heretics by the "Accord" were at once annulled. The new religion was banished from the cities. The conventicles of the heretics were broken up; the churches which they had begun to build were torn down, and from their timbers scaffolds were constructed upon which their teachers were hung. Hardly a village in the land was so small as not to furnish a crowd of victims. A great emigration from the country began. Every one who was able fled, and the property of the fugitives was confiscated. Those who had in bravado called themselves *Gueux* found that they were now beggars indeed.

In May the Regent issued a fresh edict on her own account. By it all heretical ministers and teachers were sentenced to be hung; all persons in whose houses heretical conventicles had been held were to be hung; parents who suffered their children to receive heretical baptism were to be hung; those who should act as sponsors were to be hung; those who sang

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heretical hymns at funerals were to be hung; those who bought or sold heretical books were, after the first offense, to be hung. Margaret doubtless anticipated that the King would fully approve of this edict. It showed that she had quite as little regard for her pledged word as she wished him to have. She was sadly disappointed. She had wholly failed to understand her brother. Philip wrote to her that she had done wrong in issuing such an edict. It was illegal, unchristian, and must be at once revoked. It sent only to the gallows criminals who should be condemned to the stake. But it now mattered little how mild or how severe Margaret might be. Her successor was already on his way, charged with the full execution of the vengeance which Philip had been so long maturing. She had been always tyrannical, often treacherous, sometimes cruel; but men soon learned to look back upon her administration with regret, when it was exchanged for the horrors that characterized the government of the Duke of Alva.

Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, was a man and a general after Philip's own heart. He was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. His early career had been marked by romantic valor, and in middle life he could be prompt and daring enough when occasion demanded, as was shown by his famous passage of the Elbe at Mühlberg. But as he declined into the vale of years, the romantic elements in his character disappeared, leaving only the hard iron nature of the man remaining. He aspired to be a consummate general rather than a bold commander. His military profession was a means not an end. He studied it as a Jesuit studies casuistry, or as a lawyer pores over precedents and statutes. He had none of the fiery enthusiasm which risks all upon the fate of a single action. A Marlborough, or a Frederick, or a Napoleon, would have annihilated him in a week. But his slow and methodical tactics were never opposed to the rapid combinations of a great military genius; and he was justly regarded as the greatest captain of his day. His battles were won by delay rather than by fighting. No taunts from an enemy, no eagerness of his troops ever forced him into battle. No great captain ever performed so few brilliant exploits, yet no one was ever more uniformly successful in his campaigns. His very vices were of a hard, ungenial sort. He was cruel, not luxurious, avaricious, not debauched. His early hatred against the Moors, who had slain his father, was in course of time transferred into hatred still more bitter against the heretics. He was an inquisitor in mail. Stern, implacable, unbending, he was feared rather than loved by the troops whom he led to victory. The pencil of Titian has handed down to after ages his lineaments, and has so stamped the man upon the canvas as almost to supersede the task of analyzing his character. No enthusiasm lights up that stern brow; no weakness relaxes the iron lines of that rigid mouth; no gleam of pity shines from those haughty eyes. From the first he had counseled the severest measures for repressing revolt and heresy in the Netherlands. Long ago, when Ghent had shown signs of insubordination, he had urged Charles, with a grim play upon words, "to crush Ghent like a glove (*gant*)." And now, after years of delay, he was sent thither to work his own will. In the three years of his administration he won for himself immortal infamy. So long as the world stands the name of Alva will be a synonym for unrelenting cruelty and ferocious bigotry.

No resistance, it was presumed, could be attempted against the forces which Alva was to take with him to the Netherlands. The great armies of ancient and modern times were then unknown in Europe. The revenues of no monarch enabled him to keep a large standing army on foot. But little wealth had accumulated; and the pay of a few thousand men for a few months exhausted the treasury of a kingdom. The army with which Alva was to crush all opposition in the Netherlands numbered barely ten thousand men. It was, however, a select body, made up from the picked regiments of those indomitable bands which had given to Charles V. the supremacy in Europe. They were all men trained to war, at a time when war was a distinct profession. These were to be led from Italy, where they were to rendezvous, across the Alps, through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, along the very route—though in a reverse direction—by which, according to tradition, the great Carthaginian burst into Italy. It was a wonderful march—over rocky heights, through dense forests, and along perilous defiles. As the route led them within a few leagues of Geneva, the Pope wished Alva to turn aside and destroy that nest of heretics and apostates. But the Duke refused. His mission of vengeance was to the Netherlands; and till that was accomplished, he would seek no other victims. The strictest discipline was enforced during the perilous march. There were towns to be sacked and booty to be won in the Netherlands. But on the march thither no marauding was allowed. In only one instance was the order disobeyed. In passing through Lorraine three of the Spanish troopers seized a couple of sheep from a flock. This was brought to the knowledge of Alva, and the culprits were sentenced to be hung. The intercession of the Duke of Lorraine availed only to secure the pardon of two. The victim, appointed by lot, was executed upon the ground.

In August, 1567, the army entered the Netherlands. The inhabitants had a sure presentiment of the horrors that awaited them. In spite of the edicts that had been promulgated against emigration, every one who saw a possibility of escape from the doomed land thronged across the frontiers. In a few weeks a hundred and twenty thousand of the most industrious and wealthy inhabitants crossed the borders, and bore with them to other lands their indus-

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try and such of their wealth as they could secure. The foreign merchants deserted the great marts of commerce; half the houses in Ghent were empty; the towns became as still as though stricken by the plague. Deputations from the cities met the Duke, bidding him a trembling welcome, and deprecating his anger. He gave cold and guarded replies, which might mean any thing or nothing. He well knew how hollow was the welcome, and he cared nothing for the hatred of which he was the object. "I have tamed men of iron in my day," he said, "and shall I not easily crush these men of butter? Here I am—so much is certain—whether I am welcome or not is to me a matter of little consequence." Among the foremost to meet the Duke was Egmont. His reception at first was cold; but Alva soon remembered that he had a part to play for a few days, and became cordial and affectionate, passing his arm confidentially over the stately neck which he had already devoted to the headsman.

Upon his arrival at Brussels Alva at once assumed the virtual command in the country, to the sore grief and displeasure of Margaret, who thought it hard that she should be superseded after having so thoroughly pacified the country, and established the royal authority more firmly than ever before. But her remonstrances were unheeded by Philip, and the Duke proceeded to the execution of the work that had been marked out for him. Garrisons were placed in the principal towns to crush all resistance and overcome all opposition.

Thus, in the early days of September, the prologue was closed, and the curtain fell. In a few days it was to be raised upon the opening scenes of that great tragedy which William of Orange had foreseen. "When the curtain is again lifted," says Mr. Motley, "scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage, and insane cruelty, both in the cause of the Wrong and the Right, will be revealed in awful succession—a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer, such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events."

In another paper we propose to follow our author in his graphic details of the scenes of this great tragedy, of which William of Orange is the hero and the victim.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

I.

IN the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three, two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory-house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many, consisting only of two wretched little bedchambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already-named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it had ever come to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its ever having been more wealthy or populous than it then was; but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a stately income of nearly ninety pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory, nor frequent visits to his parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwelling-place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaird hill. And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments I have described—fitted them up with a cart-load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighborhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books, and maps, and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height, with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active, and inquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a

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stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his pocket, and a canvas-bag slung over his shoulders, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighboring hills; while Winnington Harvey, arming himself with a green gauze net, and his coat-sleeve glittering with a multitude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket-book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away: not so the more fortunate naturalist; with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the neatest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

"What a dull occupation yours is!" said Winnington one night, "compared to mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing forever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow it in its meandering, happy flight—"

"And kill it—with torture," interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

"But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune—"

"And that justifies you in putting it to death?"

"There you go with your absurd German philanthropics; though, by-the-by, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and, above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen-chest quite filled; and when you are married to her—"

"Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue. How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing." Arthur sighed as he spoke.

"How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?"

"When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect."

"I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand," said Winnington Harvey, with a changed tone. "She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; but if you have to wait till fortune comes—"

"She will wait also, willingly and happily. She has told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved any thing else. I love you too, Winnington, for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement."

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones, and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

"Don't be alarmed, Winnington," said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. "I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The genii of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess."

"With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing."

"A seat on my right hand, whenever I sit down to my banquets."

"Good! That's a bargain," said Winnington, laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science—in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil. His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to —— College, Oxford. Here he had made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey; and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Mainfield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend, with no fortune but her unequaled beauty, and a fine, honest, open, and loving disposition, which made an impression on Arthur,

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perhaps, because it was in so many respects in contrast with his own.

For some weeks their mode of life continued unaltered. Study all the day, geology and natural history in the evening. Their path led very seldom through the village of Combe-Warleigh; but, on one occasion, having been a distant range among the wilds, and being belated, they took a nearer course homeward, and passed in front of the dwelling-house of the Squire. There was a light in the windows on the drawing-room floor, and the poetic Winnington was attracted by the sight.

"I've read of people," he said, "seeing the shadows of beautiful girls on window-blinds, and dying of their love, though never knowing more of them—wouldn't it be strange if Squire Warleigh had returned, and with a daughter young and beautiful, and if I saw her form thrown clearly like a portrait on the curtain, and—"

"But there's no curtain," interrupted Arthur. "Come along!"

"Ha, stop!" cried Winnington, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Look there!"

They looked, and saw a girl who came between them and the light, with long hair falling over her shoulders, while she held a straw hat in her hand; her dress was close-fitting to her shape, a light pelisse of green silk edged with red ribbons, such as we see as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

"How beautiful!" said Winnington, in a whisper. "She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?"

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing toward the window.

"A nice enough girl," said Arthur, coldly; "but come along, the old woman will be anxious to get home, and, besides, I am very hungry."

"I shall never be hungry again," said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. "You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view."

"Good-night, then," replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I can not tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

"Well!" he inquired, "have you found out the unknown?"

"All about her—but for Heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?"

"I thought you were never to be hungry again."

"It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated forever. Here's to Ellen Warleigh!" He emptied the cup at a draught.

"The Squire's daughter?"

"His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that desolate house."

"He will set about repairing it, I suppose," said Arthur.

"He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it," replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

"He has an immense estate," said Arthur, almost to himself. "Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres."

"Of heath and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, he was extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder if she's fond of butterflies," he added; "it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together."

"Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth."

"What a wise fellow you are," said Winnington, "about other people's affairs! How many hundreds a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane."

"But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty," said Arthur, with a laugh. "The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings."

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the Papilio had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long. What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick! and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins which was called the stable with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him quite in a careless manner of the family's return.

"I have done it," he said, when he got home again, late at night. "I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was so charming a creature before; and, Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gauze net, and has a very good

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collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late the night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed."

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

"You look very much ashamed of yourself," said Arthur, "and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with our object in coming here."

"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; "what right had you, Sir, to make any offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She sha'n't have one—I'll burn them first."

"Arthur!" said Winnington, astonished. "What is it that puts you in such a passion? I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her; but I will apologize, and never ask you again."

"I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle," said Arthur, resuming his self-command. "I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume; besides," he said, with a faint laugh, "they are all about metallurgy and mining."

"I told her so," said Winnington, "and she has a great curiosity to see them."

"You did!" again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. "You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which. You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read old Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine."

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

"I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning," he said; "from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in every thing; your energy, your talent, your acquirements. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, womanly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again." He was going out of the room.

"I did not mean what I said," said Arthur, in a subdued voice. "I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?"

"Ay, if you killed me!" sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand. "I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world."

"That's not much," said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; "and never will be, if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve."

"You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own," said Winnington, gayly. "I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So, shake hands, and good-night."

"But Ellen is not to have my books," said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. "I wouldn't lend you for an hour," he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, "no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself."

II.

August and September passed away, and October had now begun. Arthur avoided the Warleigh's as much as he could; Winnington was constantly at their house. The friends grew estranged. But, with the younger, the estrangement made no difference in the feeling of affection he always had entertained for Arthur. He was hurt, however, by the change he perceived in his manner. He was hurt at his manifest avoidance of the society of the Squire and his daughter. He was hurt, also, at the total silence Arthur now maintained on the subject of his cousin Lucy. He saw her letters left unopened, sometimes for a whole day, upon the table, instead of being greedily torn open the moment the straggling and uncertain post had achieved their delivery at the door. He was hurt at some other things besides, too minute to be recorded; too minute perhaps to be put into language even by himself, but all perceptible to the sensitive heart of friendship such as his. With no visible improvement in Arthur's fortune or prospects, it was evident that his ideas were constantly on the rise. A strange sort of contempt of poverty mingled with his aspirations after wealth. An amount of income which, at one time, would have satisfied his desires, was looked on with disdain, and the possessors of it almost with hatred. The last words Winnington had heard him speak about Lucy were, that marriage was impossible under a thousand a year. And where was that sum to come from? The extent of Lucy's expectations was fifty—his own, a hundred—and yet he sneered at the Warleighs as if they had been paupers; although in that cheap country, and at that cheap time, a revenue of three hundred pounds enabled them to live in comfort, almost in luxury.

Winnington took no thought of to-morrow, but loved Ellen Warleigh, with no consideration of whether she was rich or poor. It is probable that Ellen had no more calculating disposition than Winnington; for it is certain her sentiments toward him were not regulated by the extent of his worldly wealth—perhaps she did not even know what her sentiments toward him were—but she thought him delight-

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ful, and wandered over the solitary heaths with him in search of specimens. They very often found none, in the course of their four hours' ramble, and yet came home as contented as if they had discovered an Emperor of Morocco on every bush. Baulked in their natural history studies by the perverse absence of moth and butterfly, they began—by way of having something to do—to take up the science of botany. The searches they made for heath of a particular kind! The joy that filled them when they came on a group of wild flowers, and gathered them into a little basket they carried with them, and took them back to the manor, and astonished Mr. Warleigh with the sound of their Latin names! What new dignity the commonest things took under that sonorous nomenclature! How respectable a nettle grew when called an urtica, and how suggestive of happiness and Gretna Green when a flower could be declared to be cryptogamic.

"See what a curious root this piece of broom has," said Winnington, one night, on his return from the manor, and laid his specimen on the table.

Arthur hardly looked up from his book, and made some short reply.

"It took Ellen and me ten minutes, with all our force, to pull it up by the roots. We had no knife, or I should merely have cut off the stalk; but see, now that the light falls on it, what curious shining earth it grows in, with odd little stones twisted up between the fibres! Did you ever see any thing like it?" Arthur had fixed his eyes on the shrub during this speech. He stretched forth his hand and touched the soil still clinging to the roots—he put a small portion to his lips—his face grew deadly pale.

"Where did you get this?" he said.

"Down near the waterfall—not a hundred yards from this."

"On whose land? On the glebe?" said Arthur, speaking with parched mouth, and still gazing on the broom.

"Does Warleigh know of this?" he went on, "or the clergyman? Winnington! no one must be told; tell Ellen to be silent; but she is not aware, perhaps. Does she suspect?"

"What? what is there to suspect, my dear Arthur? Don't you think you work too much?" he added, looking compassionately on the dilated eye and pale cheek of his companion. "You must give up your studies for a day or two. Come with us on an exploring expedition to the Outer fell to-morrow; Mr. Warleigh is going."

"And give him the fruits of all my reading," Arthur muttered angrily, "of all I learned at the Hartz; tell him how to proceed, and leave myself a beggar. No!" he said, "I will never see him. As to this miserable little weed," he continued, tearing the broom to pieces, and casting the fragments contemptuously into the fire, "it is nothing; you are mad to have given up your butterflies to betake yourself to such a ridiculous pursuit as this. Don't go there any more—there!" Here he stamped on it with his foot. "How damp it is! the fire has little power."

"You never take any interest, Arthur, in any thing I do. I don't know, I'm sure, how I've offended you. As to the broom, I know it's a poor common thing, but I thought the way its roots were loaded rather odd. Ellen will perhaps be disappointed, for we intended to plant it in her garden, and I only asked her to let me show it to you, it struck me as being so very curious. Come, give up your books and learning for a day. We must leave this for Oxford in a week, and I wish you to know more of the Warleighs before we go."

"I am not going back to Oxford," said Arthur; "I shall take my name off the books."

Winnington was astonished. He was also displeased. "We promised to visit my aunt," he said, "on our way back to college. Lucy will be grieved and disappointed."

"I will send a letter by you—I shall explain it all—I owe her a letter already."

"Have you not answered that letter yet? it came a month ago," said Winnington. "Oh! if Ellen Warleigh would write a note to me, and let me write to her, how I would wait for her letters! how I would answer them from morn to night."

"She would find you a rather troublesome correspondent," said Arthur, watching the disappearance of the last particle of the broom as it leaped merrily in sparkles up the chimney. "Lucy knows that I am better employed than telling her ten times over that I love her better than any thing else—and that I long for wealth principally that it may enable me to call her mine. I shall have it soon. Tell her to be sure of that. I shall be of age in three days; then the wretched driblet my guardian now has charge of comes into my hands; I will multiply it a thousand-fold, and then—"

"The palace will be built," said Winnington, who could not keep anger long, "and the place at your right hand will be got ready for the resident physician—who in the mean time recommends you to go quietly to bed, for you have overstrung your mind with work, and your health, dear Arthur, is not at all secure."

For a moment, a touch of the old kindness came to Arthur's heart. He shook Winnington's hand. "Thank you, thank you," he said, "I will do as you advise. Your voice is very like Lucy's, and so are your eyes—good-night, dear Winnington." And Winnington left the room; so did Arthur, but not for bed. A short time before this a package had arrived from from Hawsleigh, and had been placed away in a dark closet under the stairs. He looked for a moment out into the night. The moon was in a cloud, and the wind was howling with a desolate sound over the bare moor. He took down the package, and from it extracted a spade and a pickax; and, gently opening the front door, went out. He walked quickly till he came to the waterfall; he looked carefully round and

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saw a clump of broom. The ground from the rectory to this place formed a gentle declivity; where the river flowed there were high banks, for the stream had not yet been swelled by the rains, and he first descended into the bed, and examined the denuded cliffs. He then hurried toward the broom, and began to dig. He dug and struck with the pickax, and shoveled up the soil—weighing, smelling, tasting it, as he descended foot by foot. He dug to the depth of a yard; he jumped into the hole and pursued his work—breathless, hot, untiring. The moon for a moment came out from the clouds that obscured her. He availed himself of her light, and held up a particle of soil and stone; it glittered for an instant in the moonbeam. With an almost audible cry he threw it to the bottom of the excavation, and was scrambling out when he heard a voice. It was the drunken shoemaker returning from some distant merry-making. He lay down at the bottom of the hole, watching for the approaching footsteps. At a little distance from the waterfall the singer changed his path, and diverged toward the village. The song died off in the distance.

"That danger's past," said Arthur, "both for him and me. I would have killed him if he had come nearer. Back, back," he continued, while he filled up the hole he had made, carefully shoveling in the soil—"no eye shall detect that you have been moved." He replaced the straggling turf where it had been disturbed, stamped it down with his feet, and beat it smooth with his spade. And then went home.

"Hallo! who's there?" cried Winnington, hearing the door open and shut. "Is that you, Arthur?"

"Yes; are you not asleep yet?"

"I've been asleep for hours. How late you are. Weren't you out of the house just now?"

"I felt hot, and went out for a minute to see the moon."

"Hot?" said Winnington. "I wish I had another blanket—good-night." Arthur passed on to his own room.

"If he had opened his door," he said, "and seen my dirty clothes, these yellow stains on my knees, these dabbled hands, what could I have done?" He saw himself in the glass as he said this; there was something in the expression of his face that alarmed him. He drew back.

"He is very like Lucy," he muttered to himself, "and I'm glad he didn't get out of bed."

Meantime Winnington had a dream. He was on board a beautiful boat on the Isis. It seemed to move by its own force, as if it were a silver swan; and the ripple as it went on took the form of music, and he thought it was an old tune that he had listened to in his youth. He sat beside Ellen Warleigh, with his hand locked in hers, and they watched the beautiful scenery through which the boat was gliding—past the pretty Cherwell, past the level meadows, past the Newnham woods—and still the melody went on. Then they were in a country he did not know; there were tents of gaudy colors on the shore, and wild-eyed men in turbans and loose tunics looked out upon them. One came on board; he was a tall, dark Emir, with golden-sheathed cimeter, which clanked as he stepped on the seat. Winnington stood up and asked what the stranger wanted: the chief answered in Arabic, but Winnington understood him perfectly. He said he had come to put him to death for having dared to look upon his bride. He laid his grasp on him as he spoke, and tore him from Ellen's side. In the struggle Winnington fell over, and found himself many feet in front of the fairy boat. The Arab sat down beside Ellen, and put his arm round her waist, and then he suddenly took the shape of Arthur Hayning. The boat seemed to flutter its wings, and come faster on. Winnington tried to swim to one side, but could not. On came the boat, its glittering bows flashed before his eyes—they touched him—pressed him down: he felt the keel pass over his head; and down, down, still downward he went, and, on looking up, saw nothing but the boat above him; all was dark where he was, for the keel seemed constantly between him and the surface, and yet he heard the old tune still going on. It was a tune his cousin Lucy used to play; but at last, in his descent through the darkened water, he got out of hearing, and all was silent. The music had died away, and suddenly he heard a scream, and saw Ellen struggling in the water. He made a dart toward her with arms stretched out—and overturned the candle he had left on the table at the side of his bed.

III.

Winnington's visits to the manor grew more constant as the day of his departure drew near. Early in the morning he passed through the village, and entered the dilapidated house, and only issued from it again, accompanied by Ellen, to pursue their botanical pursuits upon the hills. Had he ever told her of any other pursuit in which he was engaged? Had he gone in a formal manner, as recommended in the "True Lover's Guide," to the father, and demanded his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? Had he displayed to that careful gentleman the state of his affairs, and agreed on the sum to be settled during the marriage upon Ellen as pin-money, and as jointure in case of his death? No; he had never mentioned the state of his heart to Ellen, or of his affairs to Mr. Warleigh. He had spoken, to be sure, a good deal about the future; his plans when he had taken his degree; the very street he should live in when he entered into practice, and somehow all these projects had reference to some one else. He never seemed to limit the view to himself; but in all his counselings about the years to come, he was like the editor of a newspaper, or the writer of a ponderous history, and used the dignified "We." We shall have such a pretty little drawing-room, with a great many roses on the paper, a splendid mirror over the mantle-

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piece, and a piano—such a piano! against the wall. Who was included in the We? Ah! that was a secret between him and Ellen; and I am not going to play the spy, and then let all the world know what I have discovered. It seemed as if the father was included too; for there was a charming little room laid aside for a third individual, with a nice low fender and a nice warm fire, and a nice pipe laid all ready for him after dinner, and some delicious tobacco procured from a patient of Winnington, a distinguished merchant in the Turkey trade, and kept in a beautiful bag of blue silk, which Ellen had sewed up with her own hands, with gold tassels, astonishing to behold.

"And we must have a spare bedroom," he said; "it needn't be very large for my sister—she's not very tall yet, and a little crib would do."

"But Dulcibel will grow," said Ellen; "she's now seven, and by the time she requires the room she will be—who can tell how old she will be then, Winnington?"

"I can. She will be ten at most."

"I think," said Mr. Warleigh, "you had better bring her here: we can get Joe Walters to patch up another room; and, with a prop or two under the floor, even the ball-room might be safe to occupy."

"Oh! no, father: the floor is entirely fallen in; and, besides, the ceiling is just coming down."

"And London is such a noble field for exertion," said Winnington; "and if I have a chance, I will so work and toil, and write and make myself known, that I shall be disappointed if I am not a baronet in ten years—Sir Winnington Harvey, Bart."

"A very modern title," said Mr. Warleigh, "which I hope no one I care for will ever condescend to accept. My ancestors had been knights of Combe-Warleigh for six hundred years before baronetcies were heard of; besides, as those pinchbeck baronies are only given to millionaires, where are you to get a fortune sufficient to support the dignity?"

A sudden flush came to Winnington's face. "I should like to owe every thing to you, Sir; and, perhaps—perhaps, there will be enough for any rank the king can give."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Warleigh, with a laugh, "you are a great deal more hopeful even than I was at your time of life. Ah! I remember what day-dreams we had, Ellen's mother and I—how we expected to restore the old name, and build up the old house—"

"I'll do both, Sir!" cried Winnington, standing up. "I feel sure there is a way of doing so; I have thought much over this for a week past, and before I go I'll prove to you—"

"What? Has a ghost come from the grave to point out some hidden treasure?"

Winnington was still standing up in the excitement of the new idea which filled his heart. He was just going to reply when a sudden crash alarmed them. Ellen screamed, and fled to Winnington for safety. The sound shook the whole house. At first they thought some of the outer wall had tumbled down. A cloud of dust soon filled the room, and nearly blinded them.

"It is the ball-room ceiling," said Mr. Warleigh, as if struck with the omen. "The house is ruined beyond repair, and some time or other will bury us all in its fall. Young man, I advise you to get out of its way; for it will crush whatever stands near it."

The interruption gave Winnington time to think, and he resolved not to make Mr. Warleigh the confidant of his hopes. That night he took his leave. It was the last night of his residence in the rectory, but he was to return next short vacation. The parting was long, and it was late when he got home. Arthur was busy writing. He had given up his geology for the last week, and seldom moved out of the house; he looked up as Winnington came in, but said nothing in welcome.

"I'm glad to find you up," said Winnington, "for I want to talk to you, Arthur, and take your advice, if you are not busy."

Arthur laid aside the pen, and covered the sheet he was writing with blotting-paper.

"About Ellen, I suppose?" he said; "love in a cottage, and no money to pay the butcher. Go on!"

"It is about Ellen," said Winnington; "it is about love—a cottage also, probably—but not about poverty, but wealth, rank, magnificence!"

"Ha! let us hear. You speak with sense at last—you'll give up this penniless fancy—you'll hate her in a month when you find yourself tied to penury and obscurity."

"But I sha'n't be tied to penury and obscurity; I tell you she is the greatest heiress in England, and it is I who will put her in possession of her wealth. It is this right hand which will lift up the vail that keeps her treasures concealed! It is I who will hang pearls about the neck that would buy a kingdom, and plant the diamonds of India among her hair—and all from her own soil!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech upon the listener. He sat upright upon his chair; his lips partly open, his face as pale as ashes, and his eye fixed upon the enthusiastic boy.

"And you! you, dear Arthur, you shall help me in this—for your German residence gave you a knowledge of the appearances of a mineral bed—you have studied the subject here, for I have watched your experiments. I know this estate is filled with ore; but how to work it, Arthur—how to begin—how to smelt—to clear—to cast! these are the things you must help me in; Ellen will be grateful, and so shall I."

"Shall you? You be grateful for what?"

"For your aid in bringing into practical effect the discovery I have made of the vast mineral resources with which all Combe-Warleigh is filled. You'll help us, Arthur—for Lucy's sake! for my sake! for all our sakes! won't you!"

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"How have you made this discovery?" said Arthur, in a calm voice.

"Do you remember the night you burned the broom-plant? I thought nothing of it at the time, but in the morning when I came down, the old woman was clearing out the grate. I stopped her, and grubbed about among the ashes; and see what I found! a piece of solid metal, perfectly free from earth! See, here it is! How lucky I was to make the discovery! It will make Mr. Warleigh richer than if his lands were filled with gold."

The face of Arthur grew almost black.

"I was of age," he said, "four days ago, and made an offer to Mr. Warleigh's agent for the manorial rights and heath-lands of his estate—which he is bound to accept, for I give the sum they ask."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Winnington, starting up; "have you the heart to ruin the right owners of the soil?"

"By this time they have sold it; they are deep in debt."

"But they shall not! No; this very moment I will go back to the manor and tell Mr. Warleigh what I know; he will not fulfill the bargain made by his attorney."

"Oh! no, you won't," said Arthur, knitting his brows; I have toiled and struggled for many years for this, and you think I will now submit to beggary and disgrace, to see the wealth I have worked for formed into shape, called out of nothing into glittering existence, heaped upon another, and that other a dotard whose fathers for a thousand years have been treading on countless riches, and never heard the sound—the sound that reached my ears the moment I trod the soil. It shall not be!"

Winnington looked at the wild eye of his companion. A suspicion again came into his mind of the state of Arthur's brain. He tried to soothe him.

"But perhaps, after all," he said, "we may be both mistaken. It is very likely the friendliest thing I could do to hinder you from buying these unprofitable acres. If your expectations are deceived, you will be utterly ruined, and what will you do?"

"A man can always die," replied Arthur, sitting down; "and better that than live in poverty."

"And Lucy—?"

"Forever Lucy! I tell you, Winnington, that when you look at me you grow so like her, that I almost hate the girl, as if the blow you strike me with just now were struck by her."

"I strike no blow. I merely say that Lucy would give you the same advice I do. She would not wish to grow rich by the concealment of a treasure, and the impoverishment of the rightful owner."

"The rightful owner is the man to whom the treasure belongs," said Arthur, not bursting forth into a fresh explosion as Winnington expected, the moment his speech was uttered.

"And if the bargain is concluded, the lands are mine."

"Not all?"

"No. I leave them the rich fields, the pasture ground in the valley, the farm upon the slope. I am modest, and content myself with the useless waste; the dreary moor, the desert hill. It is, in fact, making Mr. Warleigh a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds, and with that he can give his daughter a portion, and rebuild his old ruin, with a wing in it for his son-in-law; and the remaining five hundred of my stately fortune (that wretches should be found so low as to exist on two thousand pounds!) will erect a crushing-mill, and dig to the first lode. Then—then," he continued, as the picture rose to his imagination, "the land will grow alive with labor. There will be a town where the present hamlet shivers in solitude upon the wild. There will be the music of a thousand wheels, all disengaging millions from the earth. There will be a mansion such as kings might live in, and I—and I—"

"And Lucy?" again interposed Winnington.

"Ay! and Lucy—when I have raised the annual income to ten thousand pounds—I could not occupy the house with less."

Winnington looked upon his friend with pity. He sat down and was silent for some time. There was no use in continuing the conversation. "You seem to forget," he said, at last, "that I go to-morrow to Oxford."

"So soon?" said Arthur, with a scrutinizing look. "You didn't intend to go till Saturday."

"I shall have a few days longer with my family. I want to see Dulcibel, who is home from school; and besides," he added, with some embarrassment, "I don't find our residence here so pleasant as it used to be. There was a time," he said, after a pause, "when it would have broken my heart to leave you; but now—"

There was a tremble in his voice, and he stopped.

"And why?" said Arthur. "Whose fault is it that there is a change?"

"Ah! mine, I dare say. I don't blame any one," replied Winnington, checked in the flow of feeling by the coldness of Arthur's voice. "You will have your letter for Lucy ready. I shall start before you are up; so you had better let me have it to-night."

"There is plenty of time. I don't go to bed till late. I will walk ten or twelve miles with you on your way to the post-wagon. The exercise will do me good."

"I start very early, for the wagon leaves for Exeter at ten in the morning. I have sent on my trunk by the shoemaker's cart. I have taken leave of—of people who have been kind to me, and shall walk merrily across the moor. It is only fifteen miles."

"I shall see you as far as the Hawsleigh Brook," said Arthur; "that is, if you don't object to the company of a friend. And why should we quarrel?"

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Winnington took the offered hand. "I knew your heart could not be really so changed," he said, "as you tried to make it appear. You are ill, Arthur, your brain is too much excited. I will not let you get up so early, or take such exercise. It will put you into a fever. Let me feel your pulse, and you can owe me my first fee."

The pulse was galloping; the cheek alternately flushed and paled.

"This is beyond my present skill," said Winnington, shaking his head. "You must apply to the nearest doctor for advice."

"You are very kind, my dear Winnington, as you always are; but I don't think medicine will be of much avail."

"But you will see the doctor?"

"Whatever you like," replied Arthur, now quite submissive to his friend's directions.

"And you will write to Lucy, quietly, soberly. She'll be alarmed if you give way to your dreams of wealth," said Winnington.

"And Aladdin's Palace and the salary?" replied Arthur, with a smile. "Well, I will be as subdued as I can, and the note shall be ready for you in time."

He took the pen as he spoke, and commenced a letter. Winnington looked at him, but more in sorrow than in anger. There was something in the pertinacious offer of Arthur to accompany him which displeased him. "He watches me," he said, "as if afraid of my whispering a word of what I know to the Warleighs. I shall reach London in time, and carry a specimen of the ore with me." The clock struck one. "You don't seem very quick in writing, Arthur. Perhaps you will leave the letter on the table. I am going to bed."

"No—just five minutes—and tell her, Winnington—tell her that I am unchanged; that riches, rank, position—nothing will alter my affection—"

"And that you will come to see her soon?"

"Yes; when I have been to London."

Winnington started. "And when do you go there?"

"In two days. I will come to Warwickshire on my return—perhaps before you have gone back to Oxford."

"Ah! that will put all right! That will be a renewal of the old time."

"Here's the letter; put it carefully away. I have told her I am unchanged. You must tell her so too."

Winnington shook his head, but said nothing. They joined hands.

"And now," said Winnington, "farewell. I didn't think our parting would be like this. But remember, if we should never meet again, that I never changed; no, not for a moment, in my affection to you."

"Why shouldn't we meet again? Do you think me so very ill?" inquired Arthur.

"I don't know. There are thoughts that come upon us, we don't know why. It wasn't of your health I was thinking. But there are many unexpected chances in life. Farewell. You sha'n't get up in the morning."

They parted for the night. Arthur, instead of going to bed, looked out upon the moor. A wild and desolate scene it was, which seemed to have some attraction for him, for which it was difficult to account. When he had sat an hour —perhaps two hours, for he took no note of time—in perfect stillness, observing the stars, which threw a strange light upon the heath, he thought he heard a creaking on the rickety old stairs, as of some one slipping on tiptoe down. He stood up at his window, which commanded a view of the top of the wooden porch. Stealthily looking round, as if in fear of observation, he saw a man with a lantern cautiously held before him emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He turned off toward the left. Over his shoulder he carried a pickax and a spade. They shone fitfully in the light. He passed down the declivity toward the waterfall, and then disappeared.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the old woman, on coming to her daily work, found the door on the latch. On the table she saw a note, and took it up stairs. She knocked at Arthur's door.

"Come in," he said. "Is that you, Winnington? I shall get up in a moment."

"No, Zur, the young gentleman be gone, and I thought this here letter might be of conzequence."

Arthur took the letter, and, by the gray light of dawn, read as follows:

"I am going to leave you, dear Arthur, and feel that I did not part from you so kindly as I wished. I don't like to show my feelings; for in fact I have so little command of them, that I am always afraid you will despise me for my weakness. I will give your messages and your letter to Lucy. I will tell her you are coming soon. Even now the dawn is not far off, and I am going before the hour I told you; for I will not allow you, in your present state of health, to accompany me to Hawsleigh. It is to London I am going. Oh! pardon me for going. I think it my duty to go. You will think so too, when you reflect. If they are surprised at my absence (for I may be detained), explain to them where I am gone. I should have told you this last night, but did not dare. Dear Arthur, think kindly of me. I always think affectionately of you.—W. H."

"He should have signed his name in full," said Arthur, and laid the letter under his pillow. "To London—to the attorney—with specimens of the ore. I shall get to town before him, in spite of his early rising."

There was a smile upon his face, and he got up in a hurry.

"He can't have been long gone," he said to the old woman, "for the ink he wrote with was not dry."

"I thought I saw him as I came," she replied, "a long way across the heath; but p'raps it was a bush, or maybe a cow. I don't know, but it was very like him."

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After breakfast he hurried to the village. The drunken shoemaker was earning a farther title to that designation, and was speechless in bed, with a bandage over his head, which some one had broken the night before. The money Winnington had paid him for carting his luggage was answerable for his helpless condition. There was no other horse or vehicle in the place. So, moody and discontented, Arthur returned, put a shirt in each pocket of his coat, and proceeded on foot to Hawsleigh. He arrived there at one o'clock. The post-wagon had started at ten. The shoemaker had carefully instructed the driver to convey Winnington's luggage to Exeter; and as he only jogged on at the rate of four miles an hour, and loitered besides on the way, he was not to wait for his passenger, who would probably walk on a few miles, and take his seat when he was tired.

There was no conveyance in Hawsleigh rapid enough to overtake a vehicle which traveled even at so slow a pace as four miles an hour with the advantage of three hours' start; and once in the coach at Exeter, there was no possibility of contending with such rapidity of locomotion. It would take him to London in little more than five days.

Arthur, however, discovered that a carrier's cart started at three o'clock for the village of Oakfield, twelve miles onward on the Exeter road. He was in such a state of excitement and anxiety to get on, that rest in one place was intolerable; and though he knew that he was not a yard advanced in reality by availing himself of this chance, as after all he would have to wait somewhere or other for the next morning's post-wagon, he paid a small fee for the carriage of a few articles he hastily bought and tied up in a bundle, and set off with the carrier. He seemed to be relieved more and more as he felt nearer to the object of his journey. With knitted brow and pressed lips he sat in the clumsy cart or walked alongside. The driver, after some attempts at conversation, gave him up to his own reflections.

"A proud fellow as ever I see," he muttered, "and looks like a lord. Well, he shouldn't travel by a cart if he didn't speak to cart's company."

The cart's company increased as they got on. Women with poultry-baskets, returning from the neighboring hamlets and farms; stray friends of the proprietor of the vehicle who were on their way to Oakfield; and at last little village children, who had come out to meet the cart, and were already fighting as to who should have the privilege of riding the old horse to the water when he was taken out of the shafts; it was a cavalcade of ten or a dozen persons when the spire of the church came into view. Arthur still walked beside them, but took no part in the conversation. There seemed something unusual going on in the main street as they drew near. There was a crowd of anxious-faced peasantry opposite the door of the Woodman's Arms; they were talking in whispers and expecting some one's arrival.

"Have ye seen him coming, Luke Waters?" said two or three at a time to the carrier.

"Noa—who, then?"

"The crowner; he ha' been sent for a hour and more."

"What's happened, then? Woa, horse!"

"Summat bad. He's there!" said a man, pointing to the upper window of the inn, and turning paler than before; "he was found in Parson's Meadow—dead—with such a slash!" The man touched his throat, and was silent.

Arthur began to listen. "Who is it? does any one know the corpse?"

"Noa; he were a stranger, stripped naked all to the drawers—and murdered; but here's the crowner. He'll explain it all."

The coroner came, a man of business mind, who seemed no more impressed with the solemnity of the scene than a butcher in a shop surrounded by dead sheep. A jury was summoned, and proceeded up stairs. A few of the by-standers were admitted. Among others Arthur. He was dreadfully calm; evidently by an effort which concealed his agitation. "I have never looked on death," he said, "and this first experience is very terrible."

The inquest went on. Arthur, though in the room, kept his eyes perfectly closed; but through shut lids he conjured up to himself the ghastly sight, the stark body, the gaping wound. He thought of hurrying down stairs without waiting the result, but there was a fascination in the scene that detained him.

"The corpse was found in this state," said the coroner: "it needs no proof more than the wounds upon it to show that it was by violence the man died. But by whose hands it is impossible to say. Can no one identify the body?"

There was a long pause. Each of the spectators looked on the piteous spectacle, but could give no answer to the question. At last Arthur, by an immense exertion of self-command, opened his eyes and fixed them on the body. He staggered and nearly fell. His cheek became deadly pale. His eyeballs were fixed. "I—I know him!" he cried, and knelt beside his bed. "I parted from him last night: he was to come by the wagon from Hawsleigh on his way to Exeter, but left word that he was going to walk on before. He was my brother—my friend."

"And his name?" said the coroner. "This is very satisfactory."

Arthur looked upon the cold brow of the murdered man, and said, with a sob of despair,

"Winnington Harvey!"

The coroner took the depositions, went through the legal forms, and gave the proper verdict—"Murdered; but by some person or persons unknown."

It was a lawless time, and deeds of violence were very frequent. Some years after the perpetrators of the deed were detected in some other crime, and confessed their guilt. They had robbed and murdered the unoffending traveler,

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and were scared away by the approach of the post-wagon from Hawsleigh. Arthur caused a small headstone to be raised over his friend's grave, with the inscription of his name and fate. Callous as he sometimes appeared, he could not personally convey the sad news to Winnington's relations, but forwarded them the full certificate of the sad occurrence. It is needless to tell what tears were shed by the unhappy mother and sister, or how often their fancy traveled to the small monument and fresh turf grave in the churchyard of Oakfield.

IV.

When thirty years had elapsed, great changes had taken place in Combe-Warleigh. It was no longer a desolate village, straggling in the midst of an interminable heath, but a populous town—busy, dirty, and rich. There were many thousands of workmen engaged in mining and smelting. Furnaces were blazing night and day, and there were two or three churches and a town hall. The neighborhood had grown populous as well as the town; and a person standing on the tower of Sir Arthur Hayning's castle, near the Warleigh waterfall, could see, at great distances, over the level expanse, the juttings of columns of smoke from many tall chimneys which he had erected on other parts of his estate. He had stewards and overseers, an army of carters and wagoners, and regiments of clerks, and sat in the great house; and from his richly-furnished library commanded, ruled, and organized all. Little was known of his early life, for the growth of a town where a man lives is like the lapse of years in other places. New people come, old inhabitants die out, or are lost in the crowd; and very recent events take the enlarged and confused outline of remote traditions. The date of Sir Arthur's settlement at Warleigh was as uncertain to most of the inhabitants as that of the siege of Troy. It was only reported that at some period infinitely distant, he had bought the estate, had lived the life of a miser—saving, working, heaping up, buying where land was to be had; digging down into the soil, always by some inconceivable faculty hitting upon the richest lodes, till he was owner of incalculable extents of country, and sole proprietor of the town and mills of Combe-Warleigh. No one knew if he had ever been married or not. When first the population began to assemble, they saw nothing of him but in the strict execution of their respective duties; he finding capital and employment, and they obedience and industry. No social intercourse existed between him and any of his neighbors: and yet fabulous things were reported of the magnificence of his rooms, the quantity of his plate, the number of his domestic servants. His patriotism had been so great that he had subscribed an immense sum to the Loyalty Loan, and was rewarded by the friendship of the King, and the title that adorned his name. And when fifteen more years of this seclusion and grandeur—this accumulation of wealth and preservation of dignity—had accustomed the public ear to the sound of the millionaire's surname, it was thought a natural result of these surpassing merits that he should be elevated to the peerage. He was now Lord Warleigh, of Combe-Warleigh, and had a coat of arms on the panels of his carriage, which it was supposed his ancestors had worn on their shields at the Battle of Hastings. All men of fifty thousand a year can trace up to the Norman Conquest. Though their fathers were hedgers and ditchers, and their grandfathers inhabitants of the poor-house, it is always consolatory to their pride to reflect that the family was as old as ever; that extravagance, politics, tyranny, had reduced it to that low condition; and that it was left for them to restore the ancient name to its former glory, and to re-knit in the reign of George or William the line that was ruthlessly broken on Bosworth Field. Lord Warleigh, it was stated in one of the invaluable records of hereditary descent (for which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by the distinguished editor, Slaver Lick, Esquire), was lineally descended from one of the peerages which became extinct in the unhappy wars of Stephen and Matilda. It is a remarkable fact, that in a previous edition, when he was only a baronet, with a reputed income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, the genealogy had stuck at James the First. But whether his ancestry was so distinguished or not, the fact of his immense wealth and influence was undoubted. He had for some years given up the personal superintendence of his works. Instead of extracting dull ore from the earth, he had sent up dull members to the House of Commons, got dull magistrates put upon the bench, and exercised as much sovereign sway and masterdom over all the district as if he had been elected dictator with unlimited power. But there is always a compensation in human affairs; and the malevolence natural to all people of proper spirit lying in the shade of so preponderating a magnate, was considerably gratified by what was whispered of the depressed condition of his lordship's spirits. Even the clergyman's wife—who was a perfect model of that exemplary character—looked mysteriously, and said that his lordship never smiled—that a housemaid who had at one time been engaged in the rectory, had told her extraordinary things about his lordship's habits; about talks she had heard—the housemaid—late at night, in his lordship's library, when she—the housemaid—was mortally certain there could be no person in the room but his lordship's self; how she—the housemaid—had been told by Thomas the footman, that his lordship, when dining quite alone, frequently spoke as if to some person sitting beside him; when he—Thomas—had sworn to her—the housemaid—that there was no person whatever at table with his lordship, no, not the cat; and then, she—the clergyman's wife—added, as of her own knowledge, that at church his lordship never listened to the sermon; but after apparently thinking deeply of other things,

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hid himself from her observation, and pretended to fall asleep. How sorry she was to say this, she needn't remark, for if there was a thing she hated it was tittle-tattle, and she never suffered a servant to bring her any of the rumors of the place; it was so unlady-like; and his lordship had been such an excellent friend to the church—for he had made an exchange of the wretched old glebe, and given a very nice farm for it in the vale of Hawsleigh, and had built a new personage-house where the old manor-house stood, and was always most liberal in his donations to all the charities; but it WAS odd, wasn't it? that he never saw any company—and who could he be speaking to in the library, or at dinner? Dr. Drowes can't make it out: he was never asked to the Castle in his life; and tells me he has read of people, for the sake of getting rich, selling their souls to the ——. Isn't it dreadful to think of? His lordship is very rich, to be sure; but as to selling his soul to ——! Oh! it's a horrid supposition, and I wonder Dr. Drowes can utter so terrible a thought.

But Dr. Drowes had no great opportunity of continuing his awful innuendoes, for he was shortly appointed to another living of Lord Warleigh's in the northern part of the county, and was requested to appoint a curate to Warleigh in the prime of life, who would be attentive and useful to the sick and poor. To hear, was to obey—and the head of his College in Oxford recommended a young man in whom he had the greatest confidence; and Mr. Henry Benford soon made his appearance and occupied the personage-house. He was still under thirty years of age, with the finest and most delicately cut features consistent with a style of masculine beauty which was very striking. He was one of the men—delicate and refined in expression, with clear, light complexion and beautiful soft eyes—of whom people say it is a pity he is not a girl. And this feminine kind of look was accompanied in Henry Benford by a certain effeminacy of mind. Modest he was, and what the world calls shy, for he would blush on being presented to a stranger, and scarcely ventured to speak in miscellaneous company; but perfectly conscientious in what he considered the discharge of a duty; active and energetic in his parish, and with a sweetness of disposition which nothing could overthrow. He had a wife and two children at this time, and a pleasant sight it was amidst the begrimed and hardened features of the population of Combe-Warleigh to see the fresh faces and clear complexions of the new-comers.

A great change speedily took place in the relations existing between pastor and flock. Schools were instituted—the sick were visited—a weekly report was sent to the Castle, with accurate statements of the requirements of every applicant. Little descriptions were added to the causes of the distress of some of the workmen—excuses made for their behavior—means pointed out by which the more deserving could be helped, without hurting their self-respect by treating them as objects of charity; and, in a short time, the great man in the Castle knew the position, the habits, the necessities of every one of his neighbors. Nothing pleased him more than the opportunity now afforded him of being generous, without being imposed on. His gifts were large and unostentatious, and as Benford, without blazoning the donor's merits, let it be known from what source these valuable aids proceeded, a month had not elapsed before kinder feelings arose between the Castle and the town—people smiled and touched their hats more cordially than before, when they met his lordship as he drove through the street; little girls dropped courtesies to him on the side of the road, instead of running away when they saw him coming; and one young maiden was even reported to have offered his lordship a bouquet—not very valuable, as it consisted only of a rose, six daisies, and a dandelion—and to have received a pat on the head for it, and half a crown. Lord Warleigh had had a cold every Sunday for the last year and a half of Dr. Drowes's ministrations; but when Benford had officiated a month or six weeks he suddenly recovered, and appeared one Sunday in church. His lordship generally sat in a recess opposite the pulpit, forming a sort of family pew which might almost have been mistaken for a parlor. It was carpeted very comfortably, and had a stove in it, and tables and chairs. In this retirement his lordship performed his devotions in the manner recorded by Mrs. Drowes—and when the eloquent Doctor was more eloquent than usual, he drew a heavy velvet curtain across the front of his room, and must have been lulled into pleasing slumbers by the subdued mumble of the orator's discourse. On this occasion he was observed to look with curiosity toward the new clergyman. All through the prayers he fixed his eyes on Benford's face—never lifting them for a moment—never changing a muscle—never altering his attitude. His hair, now silver white, fell nearly down to his shoulders, his noble features were pale and motionless. Tall, upright, gazing—gazing—the congregation observed his lordship with surprise. When Benford mounted the pulpit—when he was seen in black gown and bands, and his clear rich voice gave out the text, suddenly his lordship's face underwent a strange contortion—he rapidly drew the curtain across the pew and was no more seen. The congregation were sorry that their new clergyman, who had apparently pleased the patron by his reading, was not equally fortunate in the sermon. The preacher himself was by no means offended. He knew Lord Warleigh was too clever a man to require any instruction from him, and he went on as usual and preached to the poor. In the vestry he was laying aside his official costume when the door opened; his cassock was off, his coat was not on, he was in his shirt sleeves, and the great man came in. Benford was overwhelmed with confusion. He had

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never spoken to a lord before—his face glowed as if on fire. With compressed lips, and his eyes fixed more than ever upon the discomfited curate, the old man thanked him for his discourse. "I am Lord Warleigh," he said, "I have received your weekly statements as I desired—they are excellent—come to me for an hour to-morrow. I shall expect you at eleven." Before Mr. Benford had recovered his composure, his lordship had gone.

"He is very kind," said the curate, when he related the occurrence to his wife, "but I don't like him. His hand was like cold iron—I felt as if it had been a sword—and what a nuisance it is he found me in such a dress."

But Mrs. Benford, also, had never seen a lord, and was devoted to the aristocracy. "His lordship is very kind, I am sure, to have asked you to the Castle. None of the doctors have ever been there, nor any of the attorneys."

"That's only a proof," said Benford, a little tickled, it must be owned, with the distinction, "that his lordship is in good health and not litigious; but I shall judge of him better to-morrow."

"He has many livings in his gift," said Mrs. Benford, thoughtfully.

"And is most liberal to the poor," chimed in her husband.

"What a handsome man, he is!" said the lady.

"A fine voice," said the gentleman.

"Truly aristocratic. He is descended from Otho the Stutterer."

"And yet I don't like him. His hand is like a sword." With which repeated observation the colloquy ended, and Benford proceeded to the Sunday School.

How the interview went off on the Monday was never known. Benford was not a man of observation, and took no notice of the peculiar manner of his reception, the long gaze with which Lord Warleigh seemed to study his countenance, and the pauses which occurred in his conversation. He was invited to return on Tuesday; on Wednesday; and when the fourth visit within the week was announced to Mrs. Benford, there was no end of the vista of wealth and dignity she foresaw from the friendship of so powerful a patron.

"And he has asked me to bring the children, too. His lordship says he is very fond of children."

"What a good man he is!" exclaimed the wife. "They'll be so delighted to see the fine things in the house."

"The girl is but three years old and the boy one. I don't think they'll see much difference between his lordship's house and this. I won't take the baby."

"What? Not the baby? the beautiful little angel! Lord Warleigh will never forgive you for keeping him away."

But Benford was positive, and taking his little girl by the hand he walked to the Castle and entered the library. His lordship was not within, and Benford drew a chair near the table, and opened a book of prints for the amusement of his daughter. While they were thus engaged a side door noiselessly opened, and Lord Warleigh stepped in. He stood still at the threshold, and looked at the group before him. He seemed transfixed with fear. He held out his hand and said, "You—you there, so soon?—at this time of the day? And she! —who is she?"

"My lord," said Benford, "I came at the hour you fixed. This is my little daughter. You asked me to bring her to see you. I hope you are not offended."

"Ah, now, I remember," said his lordship, and held out his hand. "I see visitors so rarely, Mr. Benford—and ladies—" he added, looking with a smile to the terrified little girl who stood between her father's knees and gazed with mute wonder on the old man's face—"ladies so seldom present themselves here, that I was surprised, but now most happy—"

He sat down and talked with the greatest kindness. He drew the little girl nearer and nearer to himself; at last he got a volume from the shelf, of the most gorgeously colored engravings, and took her on his knee. He showed her the beautiful birds represented in the book; told her where they lived, and some of their habits; and pleased with the child's intelligence, and more with the confidence she felt in his good-nature—he said, "And now, little lady, you shall give me a kiss, and tell me your pretty little name."

The child said, "My name is Dulcibel Benford," and held up her little mouth to give the kiss.

But Lord Warleigh grew suddenly cold and harsh. He put her from his knee in silence; and the child perceiving the change, went tremblingly to her father.

"A strange name to give your child, Mr. Benford," said his lordship.

"I'm very sorry, indeed, my lord," began Mr. Benford, but perceived in the midst of the profoundest respect for the peerage, how absurd it would be to apologize for a Christian name.

"You have a son, I think; what name have you given him?"

"His name is Winnington, my lord—an uncom—"

"What?" cried Lord Warleigh, starting up. You come hither to insult me in my own room. You creep into my house, and worm yourself into my confidence, and then, when you think I am unprepared, for you—"

"As I hope to be saved, my lord—I give you my word, my lord—I never meant to insult you, my lord," said Benford; "but since I have had the misfortune to offend your lordship I will withdraw. Come, Lucy Mainfield. She has three names, my lord, Dulcibel Lucy Mainfield. I'm sorry she didn't tell you so before."

"No—don't go," said Lord Warleigh, sinking into his chair; "it was nothing; it was a sudden pain, which often puts me out of temper.

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Is the little girl's name Lucy Mainfield? You won't come back to me again, will you, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes, my lord—Lucy, go to his lordship—he will show you the pictures again." Benford pushed her toward Lord Warleigh. But the girl blushed and trembled, and wouldn't go. She clung to her father's hand.

"Don't force her," said the old man, in a mournful tone. "I knew she wouldn't. But you won't go in anger, Lucy? Benford, you'll forgive me?"

"Oh, my lord," said the curate, immensely gratified, and sat down again.

"Are these family names, Benford?" inquired his lordship carelessly, but still looking sadly in Dulcibel's glowing face.

"Yes, my lord. Dulcibel was my mother's name, and her brother's name Winnington Harvey. You have heard, perhaps, of his melancholy fate? He was murdered."

"You are Winnington Harvey's nephew?" said Lord Warleigh.

"Yes, my lord, and they used to say I was very like him."

"Who?—who used to say so? your mother, perhaps. Is she alive?"

"Both father and mother died when I was three years old. My grandfather in Yorkshire brought me up. It was dear old cousin Lucy, who died when I was twelve—Lucy Mainfield."

"She dead—is she?"

"Oh, yes, my lord, and left me all the little money she had. She used to say I was very like my uncle."

"And did she tell you any particulars of his end?"

"No, my lord. She spoke very little of the past. She had been very unhappy in her youth—a disappointment in love, we thought; and some people said she had been fond of Uncle Winnington; but I don't know—his fate was very horrible. He had been down in Devonshire, reading with a friend, and was killed on his way home."

"And you never heard the friend's name?"

"No. Cousin Lucy never mentioned it; and there was no one else who knew."

"And how do you know his fate?"

"It was in the coroner's verdict. And do you know, my lord, he is buried not far from this."

"Who told you that?" said Warleigh, starting up, as if about to break forth in another paroxysm of rage. "Who knows any thing about that?"

"Cousin Lucy told me, when I was very young, that if ever I went into the West I should try to find out his grave."

"And for that purpose you are here; it was to discover this you came to Warleigh?" His lordship's eyes flashed with anger.

"Oh, no, my lord; it is only a coincidence, that's all; but the place is not far off. In fact, I believe it is nearer than cousin Lucy thought."

"Go on—go on," cried Lord Warleigh, restraining himself from the display of his unhappy temper. "What reason have you to think so?"

"The map of the county, my lord. Oakfield does not seem more than twenty miles off."

"And your uncle is buried there?"

"Yes, my lord. I think of going over to see the grave next week."

"I wish you good-morning, Mr. Benford," said Warleigh, suddenly, but very kindly. "You have told me a strange piece of family history. Good-morning, too, my little dear. What! you won't shake the old man's hand? You look frightened, Lucy. Will you come and see me again, Lucy Mainfield?" He dwelt upon the name as if it pleased him.

"No—never," said the little girl, and pushed Benford toward the door. "I don't like you, and will never come again."

Benford broke out into apologies, and a cold perspiration: "She's a naughty, little child, my lord. Dulcibel, how can you behave so? Children, my lord, are so very foolish—"

"That they speak truth even when it is disagreeable; but I expected it, and am not surprised. Good-day."

Soon after this a series of miracles occurred to Mr. Benford, which filled him with surprise. The manager of the bank at Warleigh called on him one day, and in the most respectful manner requested that he would continue to keep his account, as heretofore, with the firm. Now, the account of Mr. Benford was not such as would seem to justify such a request, seeing it consisted at that moment of a balance of eighteen pounds seven and fourpence. However, he bowed with the politeness which a curate always displays to a banker, and expressed his gracious intention of continuing his patronage to Messrs. Bulk and Looby, and the latter gentleman, after another courteous bow, retired, leaving the pass-book in the hands of the gratified clergyman. He opened it; and the first line that met his view was a credit to the Reverend Henry Benford, of the sum of twelve thousand six hundred pounds! On presenting the amazing document to the notice of his wife, that lady at first was indignant at those vulgar tradespeople, Bulk and Looby, venturing to play such a hoax on a friend of Lord Warleigh. This was now the designation by which her husband was most respectable in the eyes of his helpmate; and somewhat inclined to resent the supposed insult, Benford walked down to the bank and came to an explanation with both the partners in the private room. There could be no doubt of the fact. The money was paid in to his name, in London, and transmitted, in the ordinary course, to his country bankers. In fear and trembling—and merely to put his good luck to the test—he drew a check for a hundred and twenty pounds, which was immediately honored; and with these tangible witnesses to the truth of his banker's statement, he returned to the parsonage and poured the guineas in glittering array upon the drawing-room table. All attempts to discover the source of his riches

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were unavailing. Messrs. Bulk and Looby had no knowledge on the subject, and their correspondents in town were equally unable to say.

Then, in a week after this astounding event, a new miracle happened, for Mr. Looby again presented himself at the rectory, and requested to know in whose names the money which had arrived that morning was to be held.

"More money!" said Mr. Benford; "Oh, put it up with the other; but really," added the ingenuous youth, "I don't think I require any more—"

"It isn't for you, Sir, this time," said Mr. Looby.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mr. Benford, and with perfect truth.

"It's for the children; and if you will have two trustees, the funds will be conveyed to them at once."

Benford named two friends; and then, quite in a careless, uninterested manner, said, "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Mr. Looby, "in the five per cents.—which are now at a hundred and two—say, twenty thousand four hundred pounds, if we sell at once. Our broker is Bochus of Crutched Friars."

Miss Dulcibel was an heiress, and Master Winnington an heir! The funds were to accumulate till they were eighteen and twenty-one respectively, with two hundred a year for the maintenance and education of each.

Then, in a fortnight more, came a gentleman whom Benford had never seen before—a little, fat, red-faced man, so choked up in a white neckcloth that it was evident he was determined to look like a clergyman or perish in the attempt. He introduced himself in a gracious manner, and said he was a clerical agent.

"More money?" inquired Benford, who now seldom saw any stranger without suspecting that he had just returned from paying large sums to his name at the bank.

"No, Sir, not money," replied the agent.

"Oh! that's odd," said Benford; "then, may I ask what your business is with me?"

"It is, perhaps, better than money," replied the little fat man, with a cough which was intended to represent a smile. "Sir Hildo Swilks of Somerset has heard of your great eloquence, Mr. Benford."

"Sir Hildo is very good," said Mr. Benford, modestly; "plain common sense is what I aim at—"

"The truest eloquence," rejoined the clerical agent; "the rest is nought but 'lather and umbrellas,' as Pope says. He has also heard of your kindness to the poor, your charity, and many other good qualities, and he has done himself the honor to present you to the valuable living of Swilkstone Magna; it is a clear income of eight hundred a year, with a good parsonage-house, and two packs of hounds within—but, perhaps, you don't hunt, Mr. Benford—ah! very right; it is very unclerical—the bishops ought to interfere. 'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,' as Thomson says, or fox as I say."

"You have proofs, I suppose?" said Benford, thinking it just possible that the plethoric gentleman before him might be an impostor about to end with asking the loan of a pound.

"Here is the presentation, Sir, all ready, signed and sealed; you have nothing to do but go to Wells—his lordship will institute you any day you like."

The only other remarkable thing connected with this incident is, that about this time Sir Hildo Swilks paid off a mortgage of eight or nine thousand pounds, as if fortune had smiled on his benevolent action in favor of Mr. Benford.

But, in the mean time, all intercourse between the curate and the noble had ceased. The business of the parish was transacted by letter as before; and it was only when the rector of Swilkstone Magna thought it his duty to announce his approaching departure that he determined to go up to the Castle and wait on Lord Warleigh in person. Lord Warleigh was ill—he could see nobody—he kept his room; and the confidential gentleman, who dressed in plain black, and spoke in whispers, couldn't name any day when his lordship would be likely to admit Mr. Benford.

"Is he very unwell?" said the rector; "for if his lordship will not receive my visits as a neighbor, perhaps he will not object to seeing me in my professional character as a visitor of the sick."

"We dare not tell his lordship he is ill, Sir; your presence would alarm him too much; as it is, he is terribly out of spirits, and says curious things—he never was fond of clergymen."

"Mention my request to him if you have the opportunity. I don't wish to go without taking leave."

The man promised, though evidently with no expectation of being able to comply with the request, and Benford returned to communicate to his wife that the animosity of the great man continued.

"And all because poor little Dulcibella said she didn't like him. It was certainly very foolish in her to say so to a lord; but she knows no better."

"He can't bear malice for a mere infant's observations," said Benford. "But I have some strange suspicions about his lordship which I would not divulge for the world except to you. I fear his lordship drinks." He almost shuddered as he said the horrid word.

"Drinks!—a nobleman!"—exclaimed Mrs. Benford: "impossible!"

"I don't know," replied the rector of Swilkstone. "He looked very odd and talked in a queer way, and fell into passions about nothing. I am not sorry, I assure you, to be going away. I told you from the first I did not like him. His hand felt as cold as a sword."

"I never felt his hand," said Mrs. Benford, in so sad a voice that it was pretty clear she

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regretted the circumstance very deeply. "But we shall probably be more intimate with that excellent man Sir Hildo. He is only a baronet to be sure, but his title is older than Lord Warleigh's. How good in him to give you the living merely from the good reports he heard of your character!"

It was now autumn. The middle of October was past, and an early winter was already beginning to be felt. The preparations for removal were completed, and on the following day the Parsonage was to be deserted, and possession of the new living entered upon. It was nine o'clock: the night was dark and windy; a feeble moon glimmered at intervals through the sky, and added to the gloom she could not disperse. Mrs. Benford retired to her room, as they had to rise early in the morning. Benford was sitting with his feet on the fender, looking into the fire, when he heard a knock at the front door. It was opened by the maid, and soon he perceived steps in the passage; a tap came to the door of the parlor.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," and a figure entered the room. Benford looked round amazed. The stranger stood near the door, and fixed his eyes on Benford's. Wrapped up against the cold, but with the cloak now drooping on his shoulders; with his hat still on his head, and his hand resting on a long staff, stood Lord Warleigh, pale, ghastly, with lips distended, and uttering not a word.

"Your lordship!" exclaimed Benford, springing up. "What, in Heaven's name, has brought your lordship here, on this dreadful night, so ill as you are?"

"Speak low," said Lord Warleigh. "I've come to you—to see you again; to compare your features with— Help! set me down; my head grows giddy."

Benford helped him into a chair, drew it near the fire, and chafed his hand between his palms.

"Can you touch it without a shudder?" said Lord Warleigh. "Don't you feel that it is not like other people's hands?"

Conscience kept Benford silent; he ceased to rub the hand, and let it fall.

"There! again he interferes!" said the old man, in a broken voice. "I see him lifting your hand away."

"Who?" said Benford. "There's no one here."

"There is. There is some one here who has never left my side for fifty years. Nothing will soothe him, nothing will drive him away. At feasts he sits on my right hand; alone, he sits opposite and stares into my face. Now he smiles—how like you are!"

"Your lordship is very ill. Have you sent for Dr. Jones?"

"No—don't talk of doctors. I tell you they can do no good. I've come to you to-night. I couldn't bear the room I sat in—there were voices in it, and people all round me. He was there, and spoke to me of Aladdin's Palace and his salary as physician. Haven't I paid his fees to his relations? But that's not sufficient. Well, more—I will pay more. *He* shakes his head, and perhaps it is enough—"

"I do not know what your lordship alludes to, but I beg you to be composed."

"Listen!" said old Lord Warleigh. "It was not HIS body—it was a stranger; and the thought came into my head to call the sufferer him. It lulled suspicion. I saw his sister, his mother, his cousin. They all seemed to have found me out. When I touched their hands, they drew them away. I was a pariah—a leper. No one looked kindly on me. When I spoke of our engagement, she turned away her head. When I said that when I had three thousand a year I would claim her promise, she said to me, 'Arthur, if you had millions in your purse, I would not wed you now.' I saw Ellen. I told her of his fate. She was silent and looked into my eyes. I knew she saw my soul as it lay trembling, struggling, trying to hide itself under the shadow of that great fact. She pined and pined, and her father's heart broke; and I was rich—I was Sir Arthur Hayning—I was Lord Warleigh, and what am I now?"

"You are Lord Warleigh, my lord. I beseech you to be calm."

"But you won't ask me to go back to the Broombank—it was there I built the castle. The library is above the very spot where the plant grew with the metal in its roots. I won't go there, for to-night—to-night is the anniversary of the time. The lantern shone upon the heath; the pickax was plying in the hole; there was a heap of earth thrown out, and six, eight, ten feet down, the busy laborer was at work; the spade was on the heaped-up soil—I saw it flash in the light of the lantern as it flew into the air; its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and forever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I leveled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I can not go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand; and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candles had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face, growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's descrip-

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tion of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an arm-chair, with the fitful flames of an expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities—of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms, of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; lawyers flourished; and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe-Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sank where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface, they came to a skeleton, a lantern, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archæological Society, proving with certainty that the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide of the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; being a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

THE STORY OF KARS.

THE lion of the Eastern war has been Sebastopol; but it will be strange if a long period of time elapse before people see that neither in political importance nor in historic interest can the struggle in the Crimea vie with that at Kars. We have heard less about the latter because Kars is isolated; because there were no daily mails to announce the hopes or the despondency of the garrison; because the whole of Turkey in Asia is a comparatively unknown country; because Pelissier and Gortschakoff had their thousands where Mouravieff and Williams had hundreds. For all this, the fight of Sebastopol was decidedly less dramatic than that of Kars. Until the last moment, at the former place, it was all sledge-hammer work with heavy cannon; the only point of interest was whether a great ball or a ragged lump of shell would chance to hit this or that unconscious person, or so many hundred or thousand like unconscious persons, or not. At Kars it was a pictorial life-struggle from the beginning. It was with a thorough consciousness of their own weakness, and solely in reliance on the arrival of help, that the Kars garrison resisted; and the record, day after day, of their protracted hopes and their disappointments, of their haggard despair, and their angry surrender at last, is one of the most thrilling war-stories we have. Sebastopol, too, taken by the Allies, will be given back, and all will be forgotten; but whatever becomes of Kars, it will be no easy matter to build up once more—in the midst of an anti-Moslem population—a system which led to its most disastrous fall.

Thirty or forty years ago Kars was the stronghold of an independent Deribey, named Selim. He defied the Sultan, pillaged Persians, Kurds, and Georgians; led the life of a royal freebooter. At least a score of times the Sultan tried to subdue or make away with him. Open attacks Selim, in his castle, surrounded by a country without military roads, contemptuously defied; secret assassins he always detected and punished without mercy. After many years of struggles, the Sultan compromised matters by offering him the Pashalik of Kars. The net effect of the compromise was that Selim now sent an annual tribute to Constantinople. Otherwise he lived as before, robbed and levied tribute as he pleased; slept in armor, and allowed no one but his tried attendants to approach his person. At his death, one of his sons, a new man from Constantinople with a firman from the Sultan, and a descendant of an old Deribey named Kutchuk, were all rival candidates for the Pashalik. The man from Constantinople was quickly frightened into resigning and making his escape out of the country. Selim's son, Ahmed Pacha, then turned his attention to his remaining rival. Kutchuk scarcely ever stirred from his residence, and kept an armed band of faithful followers constantly on guard. After a time, however, this life of incessant watchfulness wearied him out, and he fled to Erzeroum.

Ahmed was not satisfied. Kutchuk was rich and respected; he might still harbor designs on the Pashalik, and find men at Erzeroum to execute them. Ahmed sent his brother to Erzeroum to solicit Kutchuk to return, promising him every guarantee for his safety. The wary chief was unmoved; his life had been threatened, he would not risk it again. To the reiterated representations of Ahmed, at last, was joined a written bond from the chief Armenian banker at Erzeroum, by which the latter became security for the Pasha, and on the strength of

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this Kutchuk returned. The rest of the story is soon told. Kutchuk was invited to dinner by his rival: after the meal he was civilly informed, with expressions of sympathy, that the Sultan had ordered his arrest. Hurried off on a horse too lame to admit of any chance of escape, he was conveyed to a village a few miles distant, and lodged in the best room of the village; cushions and bedding were brought him for his comfort, and every attention was paid him by his escort. As usual with the Turks, he lay down on the cushions after dinner, and soon fell asleep. The moment he began to snore, the cavasses who accompanied him stole softly to his bedside, plucked the cushions from under him, and smothered him.

Ahmed has been succeeded by other Pashas, appointed by the Porte, all of whom grow rich in their office, while the province sinks lower and lower in poverty and vice year after year. The old systematic forays upon neighboring villages have ceased, but kidnapping is, or was, until lately, the chief occupation of the greater part of the male inhabitants. Kurds, Daghestanlis, Lazis, Karapapaks, and nearly all the other wild tribes which people the neck of land between the two seas, make a business of stealing each other's children for sale to the slave-traders. Some are more enterprising traders in this line than others; the Lazi are the most daring and successful, but each tribe does its little possible.

The Lazi slave-hunts used to be famous. When a razzia was resolved upon, the chief sent word to all the leading families of the tribe to rendezvous at a certain point. The gathering usually took place in winter, and at the full moon. When all was ready, and a sufficient force armed and provisioned, a descent was made upon a devoted village, every house broken open, fathers and brothers killed, and whatever resistance was encountered overpowered. Each hunter then seized and bound a young boy or girl, and hurried off with his prey to the mountains. Sometimes, when the winter was unusually severe, or any unforeseen accident happened, the stock of provisions would be exhausted before the slave-mart was reached; in this case the hunters starved themselves in preference to their prizes. A couple of days' hunger might make a considerable difference in the value of these; whereas a stout Lazi might deprive himself of a meal for several days without feeling it.

The Russians have done something to suppress this traffic; and now that the maritime powers have so large a stake in Turkey, they have dictated several firmans to the Sultan on the subject. But the kidnapping goes on nearly as briskly as usual; and to this day a Lazi is never seen without a coil of rope at his back, "to tie a Ghiaour when he is caught," as they say, though the religion of their captives is the last thing they think of.

The province of Erzeroum, with a fine soil, a wholesome climate, and a population about equal to Massachusetts (exact figures can not be given, for the Turks are too proud to allow a correct census to be taken), is a fine illustration of the effects of Turkish rule. In the vicinity of Kars fine forests are standing, large enough to supply timber to all the shipyards and carpenters in Turkey for many years; but the law forbids it to be cut. In many districts valuable mines have been opened. Fifteen hundred years ago these mines were considered so valuable that the Emperor Theodosius built Kars and Erzeroum to protect them. Now the mines are worked by Government; the peasants are forced to give their labor at a penny a day, and, lest they should starve, the farmers in the neighborhood are compelled to sell their corn much below its market value. In such dread of Government exaction do the people live, that when a corrupt official wants to make money, he will travel to a village, wander about in the neighborhood for a few days, and then announce that he has found a mine, congratulating the villagers on the promise of wealth from this new resource. A meeting of villagers is sure to be held directly, and a deputation is sent to the official to ask him how much he will take to say nothing about the mine; his price is paid, and the villagers rejoice at having escaped the development of their supposed mineral wealth.

The history of the coal mines, which have recently been opened near the ancient village of Heraclea on the Black Sea, is quite analogous. Twenty years ago, an English engineer discovered their value, raised a company to work them, and offered an enormous sum to the Sultan for the privilege of mining the coal. The Divan discussed the proposal, and decided at last that it was quite impossible that the company could afford to give so much for a mere mining right; there must be some political scheme at the bottom of the project; so the Englishmen were baffled, and a party of Belgian engineers hired by the Porte to examine the mines. The Belgians at once perceived their capacities and began to work them; but they met with such intolerable annoyances—the Government sometimes stopping the whole work for weeks together rather than vote twenty dollars for candles or tools—that they abandoned it in disgust. Shortly before the war it was resumed by an Englishman; and now the mines bid fair to supply the Black Sea and the Levant with coal.

Turkish navigation is on a par with Turkish industry. Trebizond ought to be a sea-port of the first class; it was once a flourishing city. For four hundred years, till quite recently, it has been a mere fishing village. Before the treaty of Adrianople, the Turks allowed no foreign consuls in their Black Sea dominions; when the Russians extorted from them permission to establish consulates at Trebizond and the other ports, good Mussulmans said that their glory had departed. They did what they could, however, to keep up their reputation. During winter, no Turkish vessel ventured out of port.

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When, in 1831, an English ship sailed in December from Constantinople to Trebizond, the Turkish captains were overwhelmed. They called a council, and unanimously decided that the devil had prompted the Frank, and that he would be drowned on the way. As he was not drowned, but, on the contrary, made a profitable voyage, and returned safely with a shipload of goods and passengers, the captains met again to take counsel on so unparalleled an event.

"Praise be to God!" cried an ancient mariner, after much discussion, "I think I have got at the secret of the Frank's success: it is rum—they drink rum, and then they can do any thing. Mashallah! you don't know what rum is: let us drink rum and we shall beat these infidels."

"God forbid!" said another old tar; "wine is forbidden by the prophet of God—may God grant him peace and salvation! and by drinking it we should become eaters of swine even as the Franks—may God curse them!"

The ancient mariner replied that rum was not wine. This being satisfactorily proved by the evidence of a rum-dealer, a cask of the precious liquor was purchased, and a Turkish ship, freighted therewith, set sail in mid-winter. The day after they had sailed they were hailed by a Greek skipper, who found every soul on board dead drunk, and the ship quietly drifting ashore.

The existence of quarantines has doubtless injured the Armenian provinces very seriously. They were forced on the Turks by the ignorant prejudices of foreign nations, and now they afford too convenient berths for idle pashas to be abolished. In many places a fee satisfies the official, and the inconvenience is avoided; but where no fee is offered, or the authorities happen to be in a vigilant humor, travelers are shut up for ten days at a time, and any thing like an extensive trade is wholly out of the question.

The most successful merchants of the interior towns are the foreign consuls. Very few of these are natives of the country they represent; the American consuls are generally Levantine Jews. Armed with the authority of their Government, they are magnates scarcely inferior to the pashas; the more dreaded as very few of those who have to deal with them are rightly informed as to the extent of their power. A person of experience, after residing several years in Armenia, gave it as his opinion that a very short isolation in the interior drove any consul mad. They acquire all the vices of the pashas; and, having very little dread of punishment before their eyes, become the greatest tyrants in the Turkish dominions. Instances are not wanting in which British consuls have been among the best customers of the Lazi slave-hunters; and have even resorted to still less justifiable means of supplying the harem which they doubtless deferred to Eastern usage in adopting.

Their chief business is affording protection to Christians; who, notwithstanding all the firmans we have heard so much of, are still persecuted by the Turks whenever they have an opportunity. The recent cases of the two Mussulmans who were executed for becoming Christians, are fresh in every one's memory. It is not at all improbable that similar cases are much more frequent than is suspected in Christendom.

Notwithstanding the Sultan's firman, which discreetly ordered that the "information" (not the oath) of Christians should be received in courts of justice, their evidence is commonly rejected in the Pashalik of Erzeroum. Quite recently an Armenian was swindled by a Turk of a sum of money. The Armenian appealed to the Mehkémé; his adversary met him there, and swore on the Koran that he had not received value for the money. The Court refused to take the evidence of the Armenian or his witnesses, as they were not followers of the Prophet. Happily for him there happened to arrive at the place, shortly afterward, a British officer, whose ire was roused by his story. He begged the Pasha to summon the Mehkémé, as he had a communication to make to them. When they met the Englishman appeared, and after taking coffee, and smoking as usual, he asked the Mollah—a sleek, clean-looking man, with an immaculate turban, and a sanctified appearance—whether he had not been appointed to administer justice to the Sultan's poor subjects? The Mollah, in a nervous way, said he believed he had. "Then," said the Englishman, turning fiercely upon him, "how dare you oppress these people because they are Christians? How dare you rob and plunder them when the nations of their faith are pouring out their blood in your service?" Continuing in this strain, while the members of the council cowered and lied at every pause in the Englishman's speech, he called in the Armenian, made him give his evidence, and did not leave the council till he had been paid his money, and the Pasha had solemnly ordered that the Turk should "eat stick."

The Protestant world was violently agitated some time since by the indignities offered to Protestant funerals by the Government of Spain. But what shall be said of Asiatic Turkey, where Christians are begrudged any burial at all, and their bodies are only allowed to be laid under the sod when their relations have obtained from the Cadi a permit, which is couched in the following terms?

"We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcase of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.

"El Said Mehemet Faizl.

"A. H. 1271. Rejib 11, *March* 29, 1855."

This certificate is given by Dr. Sandwith in his interesting book on the Siege of Kars; a work upon which we are drawing largely for information.

Such being the treatment of the Christians in Turkey, it is not at all surprising that they were to a man in favor of Russia in the war.

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Every Armenian prayed for the success of Mouravieff. Many who were in the Turkish army took the first opportunity of deserting to the Russians, and giving them information against their own countrymen. Not that they lacked patriotism. One is quite affected by the account of the interview between General Williams and the Christians of Kars. Williams appealed to them to aid in the defense of the place, and promised them perfect equality of rights with the Mussulmans. The aged archbishop started up and cried, with tears, "Oh! English Pasha, we are your sacrifice. We will work, dig, fight, and die for you; since we are no longer dogs, no longer Ghiaours, but, though Christians, fellow-citizens and free men." And most faithfully did they fulfill their promise. But still, as between the Turk and the Muscovite, every Christian in Turkey is on the side of the latter; nor indeed, being sane, could he prove otherwise.

According to all accounts the prime cause of the decay of Erzeroum, and all the other Turkish provinces both in Asia and Europe, is the systematic dishonesty which pervades every branch of the Turkish service. From his first start in life to his greatest elevation the official Turk lives, moves, and has his being by corruption. Lying and cheating are the only accomplishments he ever learns; they are all he needs. He begins by being the favorite—often the slave—of some Pasha high in authority; from him he gets an office or a rank in the army or navy. From thence he buys every step. There are Jew usurers at Constantinople who control more pashaliks than any member of the Divan. It is usual to use the word intrigue to designate the system by which patronage is distributed at Constantinople; but it is far too mild for the reality. The extent to which the buying and selling of rank and power—and, as a necessary consequence, peculation and extortion — are carried on at Constantinople, is without parallel even in the history of the Roman or Greek empires, and may fairly surpass the belief of Americans.

Recent experience has furnished a few striking examples.

In January, 1854, Ahmed Pacha, only known to fame as having been severely beaten by the Russians in a skirmish at Akiska, was appointed Mushir, or commander-in-chief, of the army of Kars. He had, of course, bought his appointment. When he arrived at Kars he found some 35,000 men under arms. His first, his only thought was how to plunder them. Huts were wanted; he got the money for them, and stuffed the men into the burrows and underground hovels of Kars, which were soon so crowded that a pestilence broke out. Warm clothing was furnished, or money to procure it; Ahmed sold what clothing came, pocketed the money, and let the army go about in rags. Ample funds were supplied for the commissariat; the soldiers absolutely starved, and the invalids who went to hospital were so reduced, and their vital powers so enfeebled, that gangrene set in before death. Before spring twenty thousand men died, and the dogs and wolves devoured their corpses. Ahmed was recalled. On his road home, in defiling through a narrow pass, one of his baggage mules slipped and fell, smashing the packages it bore, and out among the rocks rolled gold and silver pieces by the hundred.

When Kars was taken, the cry of the Turks was, "May God punish the Pashas!" A righteous cry. There is no reason to suppose that Ahmed was an exception. The entire military department was banded together in a brotherhood of fraud. General Williams found the bread furnished to the troops wholly uneatable. First the flour had been mixed with artificial substances to increase its weight and bulk. Then the bread itself was only half-baked, in order to weigh more and to save fuel. He found regiments counting, on paper, nine hundred men—for all of whom rations were drawn—when the whole actual force did not exceed five hundred. Other foreign officers, less experienced, were taken to reviews of troops, several thousand men at a time, whose fine stalwart forms and healthy look made an exceedingly favorable impression: they did not discover till long afterward that three-fourths of the men reviewed had been hired *by the day to be reviewed* by the Pashas. The real soldiers had not received a cent of pay for twenty-four months.

Dr. Sandwith tells a story which throws light on the Turkish system. Riding to Erzeroum, he discovered, quite accidentally, that a French officer had been robbed and murdered only a few hours before at a village where he stopped. His first act on arriving at Erzeroum was to acquaint the French consul, who called forthwith on the Pasha, and, after the indispensable coffee-pipes and compliments, narrated the case.

"Vai, vai!" exclaims the Pasha; "these sons of dogs are heaping dirt on my beard; but, Inshallah! I will burn their fathers and mothers; I will bring them to confusion. Leave it to me, Consolos Bey; I am responsible."

The Consul, not liking the security, insists on prosecuting the matter in person; and after long entreaties, and plain threats, extorts from the Pasha an armed force with which he sets out to the scene of the murder. There he finds that the murderer was one Kara Mahmoud, a notorious Lazi chief, who had exercised the calling of a bandit for years without interference from the pashas. Kara Mahmoud has allies in high station, Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, in whose houses he has slept since the murder: the Consul sends for them, and, finding them clearly implicated, arrests them. A Turkish officer, the Mudir of Isspir, comes to his assistance with a band of Bashi-bazouks; they scour the country, storm a village or two—every one seems to take the part of the bandit, just as we have seen in Ireland—recover the dead man's horses and a part of his baggage, but do not

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find the murderer. After a long chase the Consul returns to Erzeroum, and lays the whole case before the Pasha. He tells him that Ali Pasha and Ali Bey were at least accomplices after the fact, and proves it; he mentions that the Mudir of Isspir had given him timely aid; and he suggests, as the least the Turkish Government can do, that the former be removed from their offices and the latter promoted.

"Hai, hai!" says the old Pasha; "Inshallah! I will make the rascals eat dirt; by the holy Prophet I will! Fear not, Consolos Bey, I will leave nothing undone."

A few weeks afterward the Consul learns that his friend the Mudir has been dismissed, and Ali Bey appointed to his office.

Cowardice seems as natural to the Pashas as dishonesty. It is well known that there are no braver troops in the world than the Turks; but such poltroons as their officers it would be difficult to find out of Turkey. Many readers will doubtless remember the description given by the *Times* correspondent of the Battle of Kurekdere, where some 18,000 Russians defeated 40,000 Turks. The Turkish commander—Zarif Pasha, who had been a barber's apprentice, and had learned his strategy in the commissariat service—once got within range. A shell burst over his head. With a face white as chalk he leaped up in his saddle, screamed "Allah!" dug his spurs into his horse, and never stopped till he was far out of range. Nor was he an exception. A Hungarian, who was sent, early in the action, to the rear to bring up ammunition, was strangely surprised to find nearly every field-officer busy about the baggage. In fact, one hour after the battle had begun, there was not a general, colonel, or major of the infantry or cavalry on the field.

Of course Zarif lied. The Bashi-bazouks at Kars had a handsome Russian tent, which they called the "Two Thousand Tent." Once, it seems, while a small band of them were doing outpost duty, they watched a Russian convoy wind over the hills, two wagons lagging far behind the others; and choosing their time, they fell suddenly on these two, and, the Russians running away, captured them. In one of these wagons was a tent, which the general gave to the Bashi-bazouks as their share of the plunder. Zarif Pasha immediately sat down and wrote a dispatch to the government, announcing a complete victory over the Russian army, and the capture of two thousand tents. The dispatch was duly published in the *Jeredé Havadiss*, the Turkish official paper; and, in course of time, reached the Bashi-bazouks, who, in compliment to the inventive genius of their leader, gave to their tent the name of the Two Thousand Tent.

It was very fortunate—both for the reputation of the Turks and for the renown of Mouravieff—that the commander at Kars when the Russians crossed the frontier was Williams, and not men of the stamp of Zarif. The name of the former, who is not the only native American who has earned fame during the war, now belongs to history—every body knows him. It was in June last he arrived at Kars; found there some 15,000 half-famished, discontented troops, a swarm of pilfering imbecile Pashas, and three days' stock of ammunition. He had no cavalry, and but a small quantity of provisions. In front of him were the Russians, in great force and perfect condition, under one of the ablest generals Russia has ever produced: their intention was no secret. Twenty-eight years before Paskiewitch had contrived the plan of operations which Mouravieff was carrying out. Kars had been fortified by Colonel Lake, with some skill but in great haste; huts had been erected for the men, to save them from the danger of inhabiting the burrows in the side of the hill in which the natives mostly live. The townsmen were in good spirit, however. One of them, an old man, frankly accosts the English general with an "Inshallah, we will bring scores of Ghiaours' heads and lay them at your feet, Veeliams Pasha." The old man is discomfited by the commander's stern rebuke, and promises to spare the wounded and killed, since Veeliams Pasha has scruples on the point, but will take no pay for his services, as he and his friends "are Karslis, and fight for their religion and their harems."

A few days after the arrival of the English Commissioner, Colonel Lake and a party who have taken a ride over the hills with the Bashi-bazouks, have a hard run for it. A dark group of Cossacks winds round just in sight of them; they hardly notice it, till all at once the Bashi-bazouks set up a wild chattering, and put their horses to the gallop. The Cossacks are upon them, dealing desperate blows with sabre and lance, and not a few of the party remain on the ground. As the survivors regain the cover of the works, the Bashi-bazouks turn round fiercely and fire their pistols at the Cossacks, who are about a thousand yards off.

Just as the Russians are about to commence the siege, trouble arises. The Governor of Kars has discovered that Williams is a Ghiaour, and that no good Mussulman should obey him. Happily Williams hears the story; sends for the Pasha, and tells him his mind. The Pasha splutters out a few lies and runs away.

No one at Kars ever expected it to hold out in presence of Mouravieff's army. The only aim of the gallant defenders was to make a stand till relief should come. Dispatches were sent off weekly, almost daily, to Constantinople and to every other point where there was an officer in authority, praying for assistance. It is understood—though not officially—that General Williams wrote sixty letters to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, not one of which was ever answered. So June, July, August, and a part of September passed, the Russians drawing closer and closer round the place, the garrison slowly consuming their provisions; and men's hearts breaking from deferred hope. One day news comes that a large reinforcement is

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marching from Erzeroum. The next it is said that Omer Pasha has landed at Batoom. Time disproves all these stories, and after each disappointment the spirits of the troops sink.

At last, on the twenty-ninth September, at four o'clock in the morning, General Kmety, with his ear on the ground, recognizes the rumbling of artillery wheels and the tramp of infantry. Soon the outposts come in with the ominous whisper—The infidel is coming! A dark mass is visible in the valley moving slowly upward; a gun is fired— But we will not attempt to describe that memorable contest—already told by so many eloquent pens—the frantic and repeated charges of the Russians to the very muzzles of the guns; the intrepid coolness of Williams; the shining valor of Kmety with his light infantry; the unerring practice of Teesdale and the gunners: all this—the whole scene—is already famous, and it were a folly to attempt to mar the impression which the British newspaper correspondent's letters, copied as they have been by our own journals, have left on every memory. Suffice it to say, that after a fierce contest, which lasted from before daylight till past noon, the Russians retreated, having lost several thousand men. Turks, drunk with exultation, dance among the heaps of dead and dying; and the night, chill and cold, closes in before half the wounded are removed from the place where they fell.

Then the close siege begins again. The Russians remain quiet in their camp: Mouravieff politely sends in to the city, under a flag of truce, a bag of letters which he has intercepted, and of course opened, as in duty bound. Nor are the besieged less civil. The best houses in Kars are given to the wounded Russian officers; and when one poor fellow, half of whose face has been shot away by a grape-shot, bemoans himself, and regrets beyond measure the loss of a ring bearing the name of Eloise, instant search is made for it; it is found in the possession of a soldier and restored to its owner, who dies pressing it to his lips.

One week after the battle cholera begins to be severe in the city. Forty deaths in the hospital in twenty-four hours. Simultaneously with this visitation the stock of animal food is exhausted, and each man is put upon a daily allowance of 100 drachms of bread, and a weak soup made of flour and wheat. Rumors of aid continue to come in, and loud prayers for Omer Pasha are offered up at every bivouac fire.

Another week passes and the diet begins to tell on the troops. Some avaricious soldiers are induced, by the enormous prices of bread, to sell their rations; they soon find their way into hospital. Roots of grass are eaten eagerly by the townspeople. Round the lines the wild dogs have grown fat and sleek on the corpses, and a swarm of vultures never wanders far off.

Another week, and the glorious news arrives that Selim Pasha has landed at Trebizond with a fine, well-appointed army. He will march for Kars at once, of course. Meanwhile the hospital fills up, and as the hospital stores were supplied on the regular Turkish plan, it happens that the whole stock of a Constantinople perfumer was put into the medicine-chest—Croton oil and perfumes, by the gallon, but nothing else—there is nothing that will answer as a stimulus, which is what the men need.

More good news. The Russians are retreating, it is said. On the strength of the relief produced by this announcement, the ration of bread is reduced to eighty-six drachms per day.

November arrives, and no Selim Pasha or Omer Pasha either; and the Russians are still there. The physicians report that "an unusual number of soldiers are dying of starvation in hospital. The emaciation is wonderful, yet in most cases no diarrhea or other symptom of disease is observable. Their voices are excessively feeble, a clammy, cold perspiration pervades the body, and they die without a struggle." The surviving horses are killed to make soup.

As the cold increases, the men's sufferings increase in proportion. The sentries, benumbed and motionless, have just strength to cry "Long live the Sultan!" They are men who die, but never lose their loyalty. Another dispatch arrives, announcing the arrival of Selim Pasha within three days; but the three days pass, and no troops are in sight but the Russians. The suffering of the townspeople from hunger is intense. People lie down crying at corners of streets, and some die there. The soldiers stand sentry over the provisions, and though they can hardly stand from exhaustion, there is no instance of a soldier touching a biscuit.

As November advances the famine grows intolerable. Mothers, with gaunt faces, throw their famished children at the feet of Williams, saying, "There, take them, we can feed them no longer!" There is only seven days' provision left.

At last, on the 22d November, a dispatch arrives from an English officer with Selim Pasha to say that he, being a Turkish Pasha, will not advance. There is no hope for the Kars army but in themselves. Williams at once rides over to Mouravieff to arrange a capitulation.

The terms are known to every one. All Christendom is praising the generosity of the gallant Russian, who, when his secretary wrote, "the officers and soldiers of the regular army shall surrender themselves prisoners of war—" exclaimed, "Write here, that in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords as a mark of respect."

When Williams returned to the town and announced to the garrison that the place had capitulated, the Turkish soldiers, staggering from famine, dashed their muskets against the rocks, exclaiming, "Thus perish our Pashas, and the curse of God be with them! May their mothers be outraged!" Gray-bearded men sobbed aloud, and wished they had never been born, rather

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than see the infidel come, and the arms of the faithful fall from their hands.

When Williams left Kars, the people crowded around him, praying blessings on his head, and begging leave to go with him. He replied that he was a prisoner, and must obey orders.

The crowd watched him go, and an old man, gazing after him, exclaimed sententiously as Williams disappeared, "*Veeliams Pasha chock adam dur!*"—Pasha Williams is no end of a man!

THE SENSES.

V.—SIGHT.

THE fairest landscape and the noblest sea-view change their beauty alike with the brighter or dimmer light that illumines them in the day, and weaves strange spells over them during the twilight. When the pale rays of the moon break fitfully through dark clouds, even the most familiar scene assumes a new character; mountains loom up to unwonted heights, and buildings tower in gigantic grandeur. The early dawn reveals the fairy mists that hang in fantastic festoons over valley and hillside, following here in broad silvery bands the fanciful course of a stream, and creeping there with stealthy steps, from crag to crag, up to the mountain's summit. The landscape has changed once more; the very landmarks seem to have been removed; the streams are broader, the fields are wider, and all distances greater.

What light is in the landscape, that is the eye in the face of man. His look—the glance of his eye—is the first feature we mark in a new acquaintance, and as we become engaged and interested in our friend, we turn to it again and again, hoping, not without reason, there to read more clearly than any where else his soul's outward writing. For we feel, often unconsciously, that long ere the sound of his voice had reached our ear, long ere the words that fell from his lips can have bribed our judgment, his eye had been the beacon that led us to the still, dark waters within, where his mind dwells in silent seclusion. As the bright rays of the sun may throw floods of golden light over a dreary landscape and lend it a beauty—nay, a splendor we had never hoped for—so the eye of man also can ennoble the least attractive of features. Its glance of wrath is a flashing light, that rends from time to time the dark, silent clouds over which the thunder rolls in subdued fury, only to leave them again in deep and unfathomable darkness. The last look of the dying man is like the last ray of the setting sun, that glides gently in its farewell kiss over the world it is soon to leave—not to sink into the dark night of an eternal grave, as poor pagan Antiquity feared, but to rise brighter anew in another and a better world.

Two-fold, therefore, are the high and noble duties of our eye; it receives the finest impressions from the outer world, of which we can ever become conscious, and it gives back to the world the finest impressions from our innermost soul.

From without, it receives the ever-changing, ever-restless life of Light and Color; it measures the boundless limits of space, it guages the form and the shape of all that was made by the Lord, and reads there the signs of Man and of God. And how simple, how wondrous this almost magic power! With a tiny lens, set deep in the head, we overlook the vast house of our Father in heaven, and the great globe to which he has sent us. The whole unmeasured extent, with all its countless details, are in an instant reflected within the narrow opening of our eye! With one glance we comprehend the sublime realm of the starry host, and drink in the light of suns uncounted. But what we are so apt to forget is the now well-established fact, that the power of the eye is itself not unbounded. We can but see a plane; the eye never conveys to the mind an idea of distance or elevation. Other handmaidens of the mind must lend the sense of sight their assistance, and Touch, above all, is ever in requisition. Distances especially we learn but slowly and painfully to estimate—in fact, only to guess—by long-continued practice. The child stretches its tiny hand as confidently to the moon as if she were within reach, and the blind man whom our Saviour healed, saw "men as trees walking." The pleasure we derive from a well-painted diorama rests simply upon this inability of our eye to measure distances, where we are without means to compare novel objects with those that are more familiar. It is almost impossible to determine the distance of a bright light in a dark landscape, or on the wide ocean. Even the experienced eye is liable to be sadly deceived in regions where the usual objects are wanting that serve us as standards for a comparison. We know, in a general way, the size of a tree or a house, and thus we determine the distances in a landscape. But when we ascend lofty mountains, where the familiar pine-tree reaches but the height of perhaps twenty feet, the most massive rocks and mighty glaciers appear at first sight but small and diminutive, because we compare them, unconsciously, with the well-known trees. Who has not at times thought a midge, dancing up and down before his eye, to be a large bird high up in the air; or a church steeple afar off, a pole in a neighboring garden? Even the more acute eye of men whose life may depend on their accurate sight measures distances but by experience. The Alpine huntsman knows that the chamois is not within reach of his rifle until he can clearly distinguish both of her eyes. The riflemen of our army also learn very soon that at certain distances the buttons of their enemies' uniform are no more seen; then the pompon, and at last the epaulets on the officers' shoulders. The image reflected on our eye is not a bodily, substantial picture, but only a level surface, which our intellectual eye—the mind—must painfully learn to enliven. As distances can not be measured except by comparison—a strictly mental process—so elevation or de-

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pression also are only revealed to our sight by their shadows, and where these are too slight or entirely wanting, the eye can but give us an outline.

But there is light *in* the eye also, that has its wondrous effects and a power as yet undefined. Long ago Empedocles, the Eleate, sang with almost prophetic knowledge:

"As when a man, bent on travel, kindles his torch,
A ray of blazing fire in the stormy darkness of night;
He places it in his lantern, protected from wind and from weather,
So that against the clear sides the furious tempest is broken.
Out pours the light now and shines far into the distance,
Brightly illumines the path with unquenchable rays.
Thus also, burning in lamps of fine membrane, an unchanging fire,
Tenderly vailed, shines forth from the well-rounded eye,
Carefully walled in around by deep and crystalline waters;
Out pours the light and shines far into the distance."

Thus the eye sends out, from within, the thousand delicate changes that are ever agitating man's inner life—the noblest enthusiasm, base thoughts, or the half-smouldered glare of hidden passions. In one man it shines in the soft twilight of gentle but faithful hope; in another it flashes with lightning's speed, as high thoughts arise of a sudden, and lofty resolves are formed. Now and then only it glows with the clear, steady light of a God-loving heart and a well-balanced, high-toned mind. By the same mysterious power the eye rules in solemn silence over the masses; it punishes and comforts, it curses and blesses.

We move the eye and it measures, by a glance, the vast space around us in all directions; we move it again, and it speaks our will, uttering words not heard, and yet fraught with soothing comfort or withering scorn. The thoughtful eye drinks in the light and the radiance of the world, not for its own pleasure only, but to please its great master, the mind, within, by the varied play of nature's bright colors, and to awaken a host of sensations in our heart. It pours back again light and radiance upon the world that gave them—now bright and brilliant from wide-open orbs, now softened and subdued by the shadow of a contracted brow and drooping eyelids, thus to reflect, unwittingly or upon purpose, the changing life of the soul.

Unlike the ear, therefore, the eye is not content merely with receiving gifts from without to awaken thoughts and sensations; but it has, moreover, the power to make known what passes in the sanctuary of our mind, its finest and most fleeting impressions. It speaks, and oh, with what eloquence! when thoughts seek in vain for words, and subtle feelings can find no other expression.

The inner life of the eye, also, so little known to the general observer, has two distinct and peculiar functions. These consist in its power to receive impressions of light from without, and in its marvelous unfettered motion. The first is familiar to all, the latter is hardly ever observed in its true and essential import. Freely suspended in a well-rounded cavity, which is open in front, the eye can be turned with its axis in all directions. A number of powerful muscles, which are fastened to its circumference, obey with the speed of lightning our conscious will or an imperceptible impulse. By this admirable mechanism, the marvel even of the anatomist, we are enabled to unite the sensations of both eyes into one, to let our looks roam freely from point to point, and to lessen the effect of bright light, or to increase its power upon the eye by enlarging or contracting the pupil. This power to move so freely, so wholly unfettered, is a source of unceasing enjoyment. We move the eye, simply because the movement affords us pleasure; we enjoy it, as we follow the outlines of material objects and call them the more beautiful, the more symmetrical and pleasing the movements of our eyes are while they are tracing their profile. Thus our kind mother, Nature, has given us a standard of beauty that never fails, in the shape of the instrument itself, by which we behold it; all the laws and rules that art professes to teach, and by which the beauty of form is described, are, after all, but based upon the unconscious impressions produced on the mind by the motion of our eyes!

But the free and harmonious movements of this organ do not merely acquaint us with various forms—the beauty of colors, their happy blending, their changes from lighter to deeper shades, all lie, in like manner, in us and not without us. It is not a passing whim of fancy or of prevailing fashion among men that determines their countless variety, but the same mysterious source of life in the eye that rules also over the beauty of forms. Wearied and worn out by seeing, for a time, but one and the the same color, the eye itself calls forth others that are not without but within us. The restless activity of the eye thus comprises within its own tiny chamber the whole endless scale from bright light to utter darkness, and the whole long list of the colors of the rainbow. Even the man that never beheld the sweet light of day, though born blind, has the same power. The gates of light only are closed, but the nerve that perceives it in truth is still there. He sees not the golden rays of the sun, the soft light of the stars, or the pale, hazy sheen of the moon; he sees not the bright colors of the butterfly as he wings his way over the gay carpet of meadows, nor the last glow of the evening light, when shadows silent and solemn cover the earth, and night sinks upon the peaceful fields. But he does see light, and darkness, and color, in the gay images of his fancy. Within the closed chambers of his mind the same marvelous play of bright-colored conceptions is ever rejoicing his imagination. The faint, feeble impressions which the blind man receives by the aid of Touch, fringe his ever-closed eye with its own light and its own colors, which the sense itself

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could not borrow from outward objects. In this respect he lacks nothing. The difference is only this, that he who sees beholds light and color apparently attached to the objects around him; the blind man perceives them in the images of his fancy alone. Hence, also, the now well-known fact, that not all men are endowed alike with the power of enjoying the ever-varying change of colors. For the one, red does not exist; the other sees no blue or no purple. Recent researches have made us acquainted with the astounding result, that not only a few individual men like John Dalton, M. Sismondi, and Dugald Stewart, were thus color-blind, but that probably in one out of every fifty persons the sense of sight is defective. The inability extends mostly to red and green only, but many are equally unable to distinguish other colors. Nor is it less strange, that comparatively few women are found to be color-blind—a fact ascribed by some writers to a more careful cultivation of the sense of color in women; by others, to a more anxious concealment of the defect wherever it may be existing.

When the natural power of the eye is not so impaired, it affords us a source of the highest enjoyment. Even the simple play of light around us is pleasing beyond all other gratification afforded us by our senses. Like the other organs of our wonderful body, the eye also needs, when not completely at rest in sleep, an ever-continued activity. The arm loses its power when long borne in a sling, and the eye becomes dim and blind if long excluded from light. It seeks light with intense eagerness. The tender plant does not turn its young leaves more longingly toward the sweet light of day. When we are in utter darkness how restlessly, how painfully does not the eye wander to and fro in anxious search of a faint ray of light! With what inexpressible pleasure it greets the first star it discerns in the dark sky! The wanderer who at night sees here and there, by the wayside, a cheerful ray peep from door or window, feels no longer alone and abandoned. The pleasure we derive from fire-works rests upon the unceasing desire of the eye for light in the midst of darkness. From an over-abundance of dazzling light it shrinks with pain, but over a well-lighted landscape it glides with ever-renewed enjoyment. It watches the golden rays of a summer sun as they fall, merrily twinkling, upon the restless leaves of the forest, leap from twig to twig, chase each other down the rugged bark of the trunk, and at last gild with brightening touch here a tiny, tender moss, and there a gaunt, grim rock. Nor are the charms of a moonlit night less attractive to the observant eye when her faint, fairy shimmer lifts lofty trees and quaint gables high above the whitish gossamer light she has shed over the plain, when floods of molten silver flow together with the silent waters of a lake, or spread like a ghastly pall over a silent snow-field.

Thus here also our great Father in heaven has made the noblest of senses an ever-welling spring of joy; and as the sufferer on the sick bed drinks in with the morning light new hopes and new vigor, so all nature greets, day after day and age after age, the rising sun with an anthem of joy and thanksgiving.

The pleasure derived from colors is both more intense and more varied; it appeals not only to the senses, but even to deeper emotions. It is familiar to all that colors have a surprising effect on the lifeless parts of creation—on stones and on plants; but they affect in a much higher degree the great animal kingdom. Few animals are without their favorite color; many are strangely impressed with fear or with awe by one or the other. Red seems to exert the most powerful influence of this kind: it excites them, it irritates them, and often produces blind fury and uncontrollable madness. Turkeys are at first intimidated by red, and gradually only gather an unwonted courage, with which they express their objection. The use of small red flags in the bull-fights of Spain rests upon the same antipathy, for our horned cattle are extremely sensitive with regard to red; and in the plains of Podolia, or on the sweet meadows of the Swiss Alps, it is actually dangerous to approach grazing herds with a garment or even a handkerchief dyed in bright red. Red cows are themselves not rarely exposed to furious persecution by their intolerant sisters, who hate and despise them. Cranes are said to be equally unwilling to let any thing black approach them, but their anger is not unmingled with terror.

Even proud man is not quite exempted from such vague and mysterious effects produced by some colors. The ancients observed it, and fabled much of the wondrous influence that the colors of certain stones could have on the human soul. The violet amethyst was to them a cause of dark melancholy; while the warm glow of the ruby, and the brilliancy of the diamond, inflamed the warrior's courage to greater daring. The soothing effect of green, so grateful to the suffering eye, led them to ascribe to the soft beauty of the emerald the power to still the fiercest passions. Who among us is insensible to the pleasing impression produced by the green of meadows, or the quiet and peaceful enjoyment we derive from pure white, or the instinctive sensitiveness with which we shrink from glaring scarlet or dazzling yellow?

This close and mysterious connection of colors with the emotions of our soul is an additional proof that they exist not in external nature, but are only created by the nerves of the eye, and their strange, unexplained effect on the mind. Where there is no eye, there is neither light nor color. The causes of both, it is true, exist in nature, and are originally almost the same, but only when they touch the organs of our sense of sight they become, to our perception, light and color. Until they reach the retina—that marvel of marvels in our body—they are simply most delicate waves of that invisible ether that dwells far and near, in the

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giant sun and in the tiny atom. These waves move in prescribed lines, and with varying swiftness. Slower waves of another kind reach the ear, and there become sound. The ear has, however, its compensation in this, that we can hear nearly ten octaves, while we can see but a single one. The waves of light travel with a rapidity of which numbers convey no adequate idea to our mind. Suffice it to say that the whole difference of colors, like that of sounds, rests solely on the greater or lesser rapidity of these waves. What we call red, is the effect produced by waves that vibrate 458 billion times in the second; if they reach 727 billions they produce violet. Between these two shades lie all the other varieties of color, together with over six hundred lines of dark shadow!

Not in rapidity only, but in temperature also have colors been found to differ, and man has measured their warmth with marvelous ingenuity and great precision. Blue rays are the coldest of all—a little over sixty-four degrees—the green are warmer, the red reach up to ninety degrees, and there are others even hotter, but they can not be seen.

Sight, therefore, requires that there should be both an external cause, found in the vibrations of the ether, and a nerve that is susceptible of such impressions. Only one single nerve in the whole wonderful structure of the body of man can serve for the purpose—the retina. No optical instrument, not the most perfect eye made by art can avail us where this tiny, but indispensable instrument is not to be found, as in incurable cataract. Here lie the nerves of the eye, and here we see. For light affects even plants: all of them turn, more or less, their leaves and blossoms toward the sun, and in darkness remain pale and sickly. But this is not sight; in order to see, they would at least require nerves. It would, however, be an equal error to suppose that the nerves, by themselves, perceive light in the manner which we call seeing. A common impression prevails among men that they are exquisitely sensitive. So far from that, they are utterly without feeling. We may touch, we may pinch and irritate the nerve of sight as we choose, and it shows no reaction. The great surgeon, Magendie, in performing a difficult operation upon the eye of a woman, once pushed his sharp needle far down to the very bottom of the eyeball, and touched the nervous surface of that delicate organ. The pupils around him were amazed, but the patient moved not; and when asked about her supposed suffering, she simply replied, "It hurt not at all!" The only impression produced by such a mechanical contact with the nerve of sight is a flash of light, vague and indistinct, but no doubt in this instance most grateful to one who had been blind for a lifetime. To light, however, the retina is of exquisite sensitiveness, and even manifests its gradual decay by splendid colors and flames; by bright, brilliant images, that mock, as it were, the approaching death of the eye, conjuring up once more all its magic powers and marvelous beauties, before it is wrapt in eternal night.

Upon this tender membrane, carefully secured in the innermost recesses of the house of the eye, light paints with unceasing activity image after image. The retina thus answers all the purposes of the photographic sensitive silver plate; the pictures of all that surrounds us are reflected and engraven there in an instant, and pass away again, to make room for others. But if we fix our eye for a time upon a strongly-illumined object, we shall long retain the impression on our eye, though we turn it away, and try with an effort to seize other images. The photography deeply marked on the retina can then not so easily be effaced, and only gradually fades away from the beautiful mirror. An overwhelming flood of light is absolutely fatal. The unfortunate astronomer who forgot to place the dark glass before the ocular of his telescope, and then looked at the sun, paid with the loss of his eyesight for his momentary want of precaution.

If such are the marvelous powers of the eye in connection with what it beholds in the outer world, its own importance in the human face is not less striking, and the beautiful symmetry of all its parts surprises us even in that body that is so "fearfully and wonderfully made." The size of the whole organ, as it presents itself in the countenance, is, of course, not subject to general rules, its true beauty depending upon its harmony with the surrounding features. It must not be too large, for that is a characteristic of animals: in birds of prey the eye is larger than the whole brain, and in most of the larger mammalia it exceeds by far the proportion of the human eye. In man, therefore, very large and prominent eyes are but too apt to remind us, unconsciously though it be, of lower beings; they convey to us the idea of brutal strength and physical energy, but not of the superiority of the intellect. Nor is the other extreme more favorable in its expression; only very few animals have their vision so stinted that the eyes lie half-hidden in their small caverns, as in the mole, and then it is because they are not allowed to behold the sweet light of heaven. To the human face they are apt to give a meagre and not unfrequently painful expression; it looks as if the bright light of the soul could not break forth in its fullness from the dark prison in which it is held captive. Still there are instances known of lofty minds and high-toned tempers that shone forth with flashing light from tiny orbs, glowing in radiant light under the dark shadow of heavy, overhanging brows.

The peculiar effect produced by the size of the pupil depends on the relation its round outline bears to the white part of the eye. The nerves that obey its commands cover all the visible part of the eyeball as far as the skin appears not transparent; the more white can be seen, therefore, through the opening of the two eyelids, the more silent effect is produced

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upon the observer by the nervous surface. In animals, as in infants, the pupil is apt to be very large, and but little of the white is seen—hence their inferior expression. In the full-grown man, on the contrary, the pupil has become smaller from year to year, in proportion to the remaining part of the eyeball, and with the enlargement of the nerve-endowed white part that is visible, its influence also and its expression have constantly been increased. This preponderance of white in the eye forms thus a little observed but essential point of difference between the animal eye and that of man. Only the great painters of earlier days, like Fiesole and his whole school, followed, perhaps unconsciously, the indications given by Nature. Slightly deviating from the true proportions, they gave to their saints and angels long, well-opened eyes, with a great abundance of white and but a small dark pupil in the centre. It never fails to strike the modern observer when he sees how much thus the spiritual expression of the eye is increased and enhanced. In actual life we find, moreover, that the same proportions of a small pupil to a large eye convey to us, almost invariably, an impression of delicate sensibility and great purity, while very large pupils impress us at once with a sense of vigor and physical strength. Hence, perhaps, also the custom of ancient Greek sculptors and poets to favor their ideal gods and heroes with very large eyes, and Homer's fondness for his ox-eyed Juno and the calf-eyed Athene. The effect thus produced by the size of the pupil is still more increased by the strange and little known fact, that, in the eye of all parts of the body alone, the nerve itself can be seen, and we are allowed thus to behold here a part of the central mass of nerves concealed in the dark and otherwise inaccessible night of the brain or the spinal marrow, which science is fond of considering the home of the immortal spirit. Through the round, apparently black opening in the pupil, guarded in front by a clear, transparent membrane, we can look far back to the very curtain that separates the house of the eye from the innermost parts of man's body. There a silvery white point is discovered, and this is the nerve of sight, spread out in tiny, most delicate veins over the tissue of the retina. Here alone, therefore, the inner light of the body comes in actual contact with the outer light of the world; and thus is explained the marvelous truth that "the eye is the light of the body." And when the eye becomes dim and loses its brilliancy, the body also is darkened, and dust returns to dust.

Nor is the position of the eyes, in their relation to other features, of less importance. In lower animals, it is well known, they are placed, as it were, much at random, because there the sense of sight is, if not quite absent, at least but very imperfect. Even in insects it seems but just to emerge from the sense of touch, that performs its duties in all simpler organizations. They can probably not yet distinguish colors, and only know light and darkness, not by special perception, but simply by feeling that their organs of sight are at rest or in action. In the higher animals the eyes have almost invariably an oblique inclination toward the nose; in man alone we find them horizontal. The Mystics derive no small satisfaction from the fact that this line, crossing the straight line that divides the face perpendicularly, forms thus a genuine cross—a symbol from which they obtain strange sympathies and wondrous relations.

Portrait-painters and careful observers have noticed, however, that in most faces one eye stands a little above or below the straight line; and what is peculiar in this apparent irregularity is this, that a serious deviation results, as a matter of course, in a painful defect and disfigurement, but that a slight difference of elevation is found in almost all men distinguished by vigor of thought or unusual endowment and genius. If both eyes diverge from the strict horizontal, as is the case in whole races of men like the Chinese, the effect is very striking. Wherever an inclination of the inner corner occurs as an exception, it is said to betoken religious enthusiasm, deep piety, or cunning hypocrisy. It always gives to the glance of the eye a magnetic fixedness, and great power over others. Grief and sorrow are apt to be read in eyes whose outer corner is lower than the inner, following thus, as we have seen, the drooping outline of the mouth; but the idle dreamer and the vague transcendentalist are not less rarely characterized by the same feature.

A wide and well-opened eye was, and is still, in the East considered a feature of special beauty; the sons of the Orient admire the longing and yearning expression it gives to the countenance, and many a poor daughter of Georgia and Circassia has had her eyelids slit open in childhood to add to her beauty in time for the slave-market. The typical eye of the ancient Egyptians is almost unnaturally long and wide open; thus showing the ancient taste bequeathed to the children of our day. Even among us very narrow eyes, especially if they are short at the same time, are looked upon with little favor; it can not be denied that they give to the face a heavy and sleepy appearance.

Their proximity also is not unimportant, and eyes too far apart are almost as little liked as those that stand too near to each other. It is strange that the Jews as a nation should all be characterized by the latter peculiarity, and thus, especially in the later years of their life, assume a peculiar and not very pleasing expression. Among animals, apes are endowed in like manner, and from this derive their air of odd cunning.

What the frame is to the picture, that the eyelids are to the eye. These "gates of light" are all the more remarkable, as in the first stage of life they are jealously closed, and only after a while the delicate middle part is destroyed, and they open upon the world. In certain animals, as in dogs and cats, this latter event takes place many days after their birth, and hence

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we speak of their being born blind. They are movable shutters and blinds to the delicate windows of our body, and watchfully guard it against an excess of light and all other dangers. It is but natural that a well-shaped eye, with a brilliant glance, should not be hid behind heavy, coarse curtains, and hence we expect, in searching for beauty, lids not filled with flesh and cells of fat, but thin and transparent. The former will give to the whole face a heavy, phlegmatic expression; the latter at once prepossesses us in favor of the mind that loves light, even when sheltered for a while; and that shows its own nature in the delicate texture of all, even the more insignificant features. How important are, however, the lids already in sleep—the only part of the body, as the eye is the only sense, that shows by outward signs the rest and repose of the inward soul!

Not all nations value the beauty of long eyelashes as we do; the Chinese, by nature but scantily gifted with hair, profess to like short ones the best; and other nations go even the length of having them carefully pulled. We, on the contrary, fancy that as short, thin, or very light eyelashes give to the eye a weak and staring expression, so very long and dark lashes overshadow it well, increase its beauty, and enhance the power of its glance.

Of all the mere outward parts of the eye, the eyebrow, to which "the lover, sighing like a furnace, made a woeful ballad," are the most important. They are so significant, not on account of their own beautiful outline only, but because they form the great boundary line between the sensual region of our head below them, and the intellectual region that rises upward. It is a line formed at the upper edge of the countenance by retaining there a small part of that hair which in all animals, even those nearest to man, covers the entire face. When they are very thick, therefore, and spread out too far, they remind us instinctively of an animal nature; and in proportion as they rise in well-rounded arches, finely and delicately drawn, they convey to us a better and higher opinion. The arch, above all, is important; for the higher it reaches, the more the sensual region reaches and enters into the realm of the higher faculties of the mind, while a low, straight brow speaks of no such communion. Here also the mysterious sympathy that links feature to feature may clearly be seen; smiling lips, with slightly raised corners, are retraced above in arches that rise on the temple, but the drooping mouth of sorrow sees the eyebrow in like manner sink on the outside, and rise in the middle of the face with an expression akin to despair. The natural temper, and often repeated impressions leave, of course, their impress on this feature also, and give it a fixed position. Cheerfull and open hearts will, therefore, show open and well-raised eyebrows, while the deep and studious thinker, as is seen in Newton's face, draws them down together in his continued effort to see great truths and to fathom their depth. In restless persons of changeable temper they may even be seen, now and then, broken into a number of smaller curves, or actually scattered and torn by violent passions.

Still greater importance is to be attached to the color of the eyeball and of its pupil. The former we love to see white, full of nervous activity, and yet conveying in its spotless purity an unconscious feeling of a chaste and stainless life within. A very different impression is produced by a "subdued" white or more decided yellow. The bluish tint, so peculiar to children, and there in the order of nature, gives to grown persons an air of imperfect development or of obscured perception. We must, however, not forget that other influences may have produced these effects. As the ear stands in close connection with the organs of respiration, so is the eye in direct intercourse with those of digestion, and its yellow color is often but a sign of a disordered liver, or perhaps of a melancholy temper. If the eyeball be bloodshot, it speaks of a violent temper, as every excitement or passionate outburst causes invariably more or less serious congestions. In the end, these repeated outpourings of blood into the delicate vessels of the eye leave their traces behind, and mark the unfortunate owner with an unmistakable sign.

The color of the pupil depends, as is well known, upon the clearness and transparency of the delicate curtain that hangs immediately before the black inner curtain which forms the tiny camera obscura. The clearer it is the lighter will be the blue of the eye, which, it is claimed, shows from a certain physical clearness of form a corresponding clearness of mental vision. If the little curtain be tinged with yellow, the result of the mixture with the black behind will be an uncertain green; and if it be filled with numerous tiny blood-vessels, and hence have a reddish hue, its color will appear to us brown. In Albinos the inner pigment, so indispensable to accurate vision, is more or less wanting, and hence their inability to endure a large mass of light. As a picture in oil obtains its final and full effect only by varnish, so the eye also is ever kept moist from inexhaustible springs in its own little dwelling. From the first moment of existence to that when it stiffens forever, the indescribably delicate surface is thus kept ever fresh and brilliant. This brilliancy gives, after all, the eye its greatest effect, its most striking expression; and certainly not without reason we are apt to measure by its brightness or dullness the activity and vigor of the inner life.

This is most felt in what we call the peculiar look or glance of the eye. Every man on earth has a look that is exclusively his own. Anatomists know it not, philosophers can not explain it, but we all feel and acknowledge it humbly. It is the result of the combined expression of all the parts of the eye, which by repeated effects has at last become permanent, although each single effect can only be felt and produced

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when the eye is in motion. Thus it becomes the most characteristic feature of man—the very mirror of his inner life—the faithful interpreter of all his thoughts and feelings. By it man is bound to man in that deep and mysterious attraction which we call sympathy. We can not explain it—we can not demonstrate it; and yet there is no son of man who does not feel it, and act under its silent but irresistible influence. Now it binds with bonds of sweet love, and now it parts, at a glance, in irreconcilable aversion. Its power is all the greater the less the intellect is developed and reason itself has learned to deal with the great questions of life. Not gratitude, not weakness, but a natural bond of such sweet sympathy binds the infant to the mother. Not speculation, not necessity lead the child to form friendships; it follows an instantaneous impulse of feeling, and knows—who can tell how?—where to look for a return of his love, and where for indifference or for antipathy. The more earnestly and heavily the great duties of life are felt, the more powerfully ambition, and pride, and selfishness affect our hearts, the more we suppress these early, inexplicable feelings, and act only by "reason." The touch of true love is extinguished by the cold blast of calculation.

All that remains of it is the glance of the eye. Every great man especially has a look in his eye which nobody else can imitate; it is his exclusive right, and peculiar to him and to his eye. Nature herself has placed this sign in his countenance; it supersedes all other advantages it may possess; it overshadows all other features, and thus it can make even a Socrates handsome. But who can count, who can explain the almost infinite variety of expression? It has been said that "the style shows the man," but how much truer is this of the eye! In general we notice that when the eye is enjoying its fullest, healthiest play of muscles, it moves ever in beautiful curved lines. The free glance of the free man follows an arch that rounds itself toward heaven; the modest and bashful glance of woman follows a like arch, but inverted with downcast eyelids. Where the looks of the eye hasten hurriedly in straight lines from point to point, the uniformity of motion shows almost always a corresponding uniformity of thought, embarrassment, or even permanent dullness. A more animated glance speaks naturally of greater activity of mind, and of a higher degree of passionate excitement, while the slower motion betrays a sluggish or weary soul. But the free and playful motion of the eye may also transgress the limits of quiet beauty; if too free, it becomes sensual; if apparently uncontrolled and restless, it shows the sad rule of vile passions. Thus the cheerful glance may be changed into the fickle sport of the eye, or even degenerate into a sensual and seductive expression that strikes us, we hardly know why, with pain and with loathing.

Willing, and often well pleased, we bear the quiet but kindly look of the neighbor; but the stare, though it be but directed at a part of our dress, we can not endure. Full of rigid censure or of silent condemnation glides the firm glance of the superior from head to foot, while the eye of the envious measures by sidelong glances, in hurried haste, the size and the form of the object of his contemptible passion. The look of contempt is staring no longer; it sees far beyond, as if desirous to exclude the despised person forever from the field of vision.

How often are we struck with the eye of a highly-endowed poet or artist, who seems ever to look beyond the things of this earth into the distant future, or, as was claimed for the noble Swedenborg, into the heavenly kingdom! Youthful enthusiasm and excited fanaticism fix the look on higher regions—the groveling spirit of the covetous and the selfish is ever bound to the glebe at his feet, to the dust to which it clings with ill-placed affection.

The hoary head and the infant show alike a vague and distant look; the former is gradually and mercifully loosened from the ties that bound him to this life, and his eye turns more and more from the world around him to his immortal soul within. The child still lives in mere wondering stare, unable as yet to distinguish minute details, and confounding the near and the distant.

Thus we may read in the glance of the eye of man both what moves in passing his soul and what will determine its fate in the future. A certain look becomes fixed; the eyes, when not immediately employed for a specific purpose, return to that position in which they have been most frequently used. This so-called distance of sight, which is the habitual state of the eyes, gives the most characteristic expression to our face, and hence is of paramount importance to painter and sculptor. Men who are ever busy with the material world, whose thoughts but rarely reach beyond the cares of the day, and who in the higher world of ideas also ponder only on what is given and the nature of actual realities—such men have always a short distance of sight; the axes of their eyes are close to each other, and their pupil is narrow. But the look of the thinker, whose spiritual eye turns to explore the far distance of the past or the future, who ever seeks the infinite and not the earthly, and who from a detail, which he perceives at once, enlarges his sphere of vision in all directions—he will ever show parallel axes in his look, and he will have wide-open pupils. Who can for a moment mistake the vague look into the vacant distance of the surprised and amazed? The poet also, and the prophet, will show like features, for both forget all that is near and of this earth, earthy; their look is ever bent on the infinite.

Even the last look of the dying man, who leaves this world for a better, and before whose eyes all that surrounds him gradually fades into dim mist, shows in the same manner that his mind is in the future, and his soul no longer bent upon the things of this life.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE late Samuel Rogers, who has been called the Nestor of modern *literati*, had the good fortune to write verses at a time when there was a sort of poetical interregnum. Johnson, although little of a poet, could put strong thoughts into metrical order with great vigor. He had passed away, however, in 1786, when "An Ode to Superstition," by Samuel Rogers, was published. Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" evidently was Rogers's favorite model, also had departed. So had Shenstone, one of the feeblest of rhymesters; Gray, whose "Elegy" was quoted by our own Webster in his last moments; Akenside, who produced exquisitely modulated blank verse, feeble with its elaborate fret-work of redundant ornament; Collins, the ode-writer of his era; Smart, whose best production was composed in a mad-house; Mason, now chiefly known as the biographer of Gray; Glover, whose "Leonidas" was a bold attempt at the heroic; and Chatterton, "the wondrous boy who perished in his pride." When Rogers first published, the contemporary verse-writers were few and far between. Beattie had achieved a fair reputation by his "Minstrel," deficient though it be in incident; Crabbe had produced his earlier poems, chiefly remarkable for their promise; Hayley was spinning words into didactic feebleness; Wolcot was prostituting great talents by expending them in personal satire; the Wartons, by judicious criticism of early English literature, rather than by their own poetical effusions, were preparing the public for a great revolution in letters; Hannah More had shown her inability as a dramatic poet; Darwin was giving the final touches to his vegetable epic; Bloomfield had then only put together the first portions of his pastoral; and Burns was correcting proof-sheets as they slowly reached him from the humble press of Kilmarnock. Thus, when Rogers first challenged fame, by what is called "rushing into print," he had scarcely a living competitor worthy of regard. Crabbe, having indicated what he yet might do, had retired into the privacy of a country curate's life. Cowper, addressing himself chiefly to the religious, was not yet very widely known beyond their circle. The star of Burns, so soon to blaze like a comet in the empyrean of literature, had not then arisen.

At that time, when Rogers was already in his twenty-fourth year, Scott, Savage Landor, Southey, Wordsworth, Hogg, Campbell, Montgomery, Lamb, and Coleridge were at school. Leigh Hunt and John Wilson were infants in arms; and Byron, Shelley, Keats, with the long line of poets of the present century, were unborn. Of the leading poets whose birth dates fifty years back, Rogers survived all except Landor and Hunt.

He started in the world of letters with the great advantage of not needing to live by his pen. The son of a London banker, he could afford to indulge in the luxury of publication, by paying down a sum of money to guarantee his publisher from loss. He wrote carefully, slowly, indeed painfully. But he could select his own subject, and take time to it. He was nearly thirty when he published the "Pleasures of Memory," which introduced him to the acquaintance of Charles James Fox, and put him, in consequence, on those intimate terms with the Holland House *coterie*, which he continued to maintain almost to his last days. His wealth alone could not have introduced him to the political and fashionable circles of London Whiggery. His literary reputation was not sufficiently high to obtain such a position. But, once accepted at Holland House (we speak of the first five-and-thirty years of the present century), he was in a manner eligible for fashionable life, which then more or less affected to be literary also, and he was proud of the franchise. By degrees he gathered around him what may be called the intellectual equipments of a rich bachelor-author's domicile—rare books, fine paintings, beautiful sculpture, curiously old china, and the valuable miscellaneous articles whose possession marks the virtuoso. In fullness of time, too, as years gave him the status of age, he exercised the graceful duties of hospitality; and while select friends enjoyed his excellent dinners and exquisite suppers, his Tuesday breakfasts enabled him, in greater numbers and with less critical selection, to receive a succession of guests from all parts of the world. He was especially fond of his enthusiastic American admirers. Casually meeting one with whose writings they were acquainted from earliest youth, they were excellent listeners, and the anecdotes and remarks which his English friends had heard, over and over again, even to weariness, were novel and attractive to strangers. In England, Rogers may be said to have, even in his lifetime, settled down, as an author, into the position which his writings fairly entitle him to occupy—to have a bust rather than a full-length statue in the Temple of Fame; but he yet continues to be regarded in this country with admiration not much less than that which he excited a long time ago.

In deeds this man was kinder than in words. As the Scottish proverb says, "his bark was aye worse than his bite." He did many generous actions, without ostentation, but he was fond of saying bitter things. After he had given up authorship, he got the ambition of shining as a conversationist, and, naturally sardonic, took to satire very kindly (if we may so speak), certain that *this* would at least secure attention. This miserable ambition succeeded. Sharp sayings by Rogers got quoted in the clubs, and paragraphed in the newspapers, and he fell into the habit of being sarcastic. For several years past, when his mind became too feeble to invent, he fell into constant and annoying repetition. The reminiscences of his youth, the experiences of his manhood, the ill-natured satire of his old age, were served up

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again and again, to the distaste of those who often visited him. Strangers, meeting him once, thought him a wonderful old gentleman, overflowing with anecdotes, but friends who often heard him were tired out.

Such was the "Table-Talk," of which a volume of "Recollections" has appeared in London, from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. It appears that this gentleman, with the full cognizance and permission of Rogers, had "booked" his chit-chat for years. "From my first introduction to Mr. Rogers," says he, "I was in the habit of writing down, in all their minutiæ, the anecdotes, etc., with which his conversation abounded; and once, on my telling him that I did so, he expressed himself pleased—*the rather, perhaps, because he sometimes had the mortification of offending impatient listeners.*" In truth, the repetition of his anecdotes had become tiresome.

Johnson was fortunate in finding such a chronicler as Boswell. But Samuel Rogers was a man very different from Samuel Johnson; and Alexander Dyce following James Boswell, may be compared to small-beer coming after generous wine. The fidelity of Boswell's relation is equaled only by its freshness and spirit. The Johnsonian "Why, Sir," brings the man before you, and you read the record of his conversation with a feeling as if you had almost heard it. On the contrary, Mr. Dyce has contrived to make Rogers dull and prosy—which he certainly was not in his better days; to report his "Table-Talk" *minus* the spirit (whether of manner or sarcasm) which gave it animation. He evidently had ample opportunity of recording what he heard; the inference from his comparative failure must be that he lacked the Boswellian facility, or that his acquaintance with Rogers did not commence until the old man's "wine of life was on the lees."

Considering the times in which he lived, the persons whom he knew, the position he reached, the circle in which he moved, and the literature which had grown up around him, Samuel Rogers's personal experiences and recollections ought to have been full of interest and information. As presented through the medium of Mr. Dyce, they have been carefully filtered of much which would give them value. At least one half of the book has been forestalled—already told, and better told, in the lives of Byron, Scott, Moore, Crabbe, and other persons of note. There is no small share, also, of antique jokes of the Joe Miller family. Some few portions of the book are good—much in the proportion of Falstaff's halfpenny worth of bread to the rest of his viands. Of this smaller portion we shall string together the most readable extracts:

Of his literary efforts he says:

"The first poetry I published was the 'Ode to Superstition,' in 1786. I wrote it while I was in my teens, and afterward touched it up. I paid down to the publisher thirty pounds to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the Ode that I was 'an able writer,' or some such expression."

"People have taken the trouble to write my *Life* more than once; and strange assertions they have made both about myself and my works. In one biographical account it is stated that I submitted 'The Pleasures of Memory' in manuscript to the critical revision of Richard Sharp: now, when that poem was first published, I had not yet formed an acquaintance with Sharp (who was introduced to me by the oldest of my friends, Maltby). The beautiful lines, 'Pleasures of Memory! oh, supremely blest,' etc., which I have inserted in a note on Part Second, were composed by a Mr. Soame, who died in India in 1803, at which time he was a lieutenant in the dragoons. I believe that he destroyed himself. I had heard that the lines were in a certain newspaper, and went to Peel's Coffee-house to see that paper: there I first read them, and there I transcribed them."

"During my whole life I have borne in mind the speech of a woman to Philip of Macedon: 'I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.' After writing any thing in the excitement of the moment, and being greatly pleased with it, I have always put it by for a day or two; and then carefully considering it in every possible light, I have altered it to the best of my judgment; thus appealing from myself drunk to myself sober. I was engaged on 'The Pleasures of Memory' for nine years; on 'Human Life' for nearly the same space of time; and 'Italy' was not completed in less than sixteen years."

Mr. Dyce adds:

"I was with Mr. Rogers when he tore to pieces, and threw into the fire, a manuscript operatic drama, 'The Vintage of Burgundy,' which he had written early in life. He told me that he offered it to a manager, who said, 'I will bring it on the stage if you are determined to have it acted; *but it will certainly be damned.*' One or two songs which now appear among his poems formed parts of that drama."

Of Moore's early poems Rogers said,

"So heartily has Moore repented of having published "Little's Poems," that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them."

Here is an item which goes far to confirm the general impression (derived from his Diary) that Moore was extremely improvident and extravagant:

"Moore is a very worthy man, but not a little improvident. His excellent wife contrives to maintain the whole family on a guinea a week; and he, when in London, thinks nothing of throwing away that sum weekly on hackney-coaches and gloves. I said to him, 'You must have made ten thousand pounds by your musical publications.' He replied, 'More than that.' In short, he has received for his various works nearly thirty thousand pounds. When, owing to the state of his affairs, he found it ne-

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cessary to *retire* for a while, I advised him to make Holyrood House his refuge; there he could have lived cheaply and comfortably, with permission to walk about unmolested every Sunday, when he might have dined with Walter Scott or Jeffrey. But he *would* go to Paris; and there he spent about a thousand a year."

Among the passing notices of Moore is the following:

"Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of *praising* them for fear of *spoiling* them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than *praise*. I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter; he used always to be saying to her, 'What a *good* little girl!' and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world, and died."

Rogers has not preserved many anecdotes of Scott. Here are a couple:

"I introduced Sir Walter Scott to Madame D'Arblay, having taken him with me to her house. She had not heard that he was lame; and when he limped toward a chair, she said, 'Dear me, Sir Walter, I hope you have not met with an accident?' He answered, 'An accident, madam, nearly as old as my birth.'"

"One forenoon Scott was sitting for his bust to Chantrey, who was quite in despair at the dull and heavy expression of his countenance. Suddenly, Fuller ('Jack Fuller,' the then buffoon of the House of Commons) was announced by a servant; and, as suddenly, Scott's face was lighted up to that pitch of animation which the sculptor desired, and which he made all haste to avail himself of."

Allan Cunningham, who was Chantrey's foreman when the bust was taken, tells the story in a very different manner.

Touching the Waverley Novels:

"After dining at my house, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott accompanied me to a party given by Lady Jersey. We met Sheridan there, who put the question to Scott in express terms, 'Pray, Mr. Scott, did you, or did you not, write *Waverley*?' Scott replied, '*On my honor*, I did not.' Now, though Scott may perhaps be justified for returning an answer in the negative, I can not think that he is to be excused for strengthening it with 'on my honor.'"

Wordsworth, we are told, thought little of any poetry except his own. Scott repeated to Wordsworth and his sister "a portion of his then unpublished 'Lay,' which Wordsworth, as might be expected, did not greatly admire." Rogers said,

"I once read Gray's 'Ode to Adversity' to Wordsworth; and at the line,

'And leave us leisure to be good,'

Wordsworth exclaimed, 'I am quite sure *that* is not original; Gray could not have hit upon it.'"

Here is a plausible reason for Wordsworth's mastery of the sonnet:

"I never attempted to write a sonnet, because I do not see why a man, if he has any thing worth saying, should be tied down to fourteen lines. Wordsworth perhaps appears to most advantage in a sonnet, because its strict limits prevent him from running into that wordiness to which he is somewhat prone."

There is considerable mention of Byron in these pages, and in a kinder tone than might have been expected, when it is remembered how bitterly Byron satirized Rogers. The poem commencing

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker,"

of which Rogers was the subject, bears the date of 1818, and was first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1833. Written in Italy, it was sent to Murray in 1820, with the permissive sentence: "You have a discretionary power about showing." The circle of mutual friends who used to assemble at Murray's read the poem, and thus Rogers became aware of its existence. When it first saw the light, he made an angry complaint of Murray's perfidy. In fact, however, Byron gave a copy of the verses to Lady Blessington, at Genoa, in 1823, which she *sold* to Fraser. As originally printed, it consisted of seventy-six lines, as first written. Byron subsequently sent an additional quatrain to Murray, which comes in before the last couplet. Following the line

"Devil, with such delight in damning,"

the addition runs thus:

"That if, at the resurrection,
Unto him the free election
Of his future could be given,
'Twould be rather hell than heaven."

The letter to Murray, inclosing these lines, bears date "Ravenna, 9bre. 9°, 1820;" and, speaking of Rogers having given him some provocation, says: "Unfortunately I must be angry with a man before I draw his real portrait, and I can't deal in generals—so that I trust never to have provocation enough to make a gallery."

In the "Table-Talk" before us there is no allusion to this satire, but there is evidence, in the manner in which Byron is spoken of, that Rogers was angry with him. There is an accusation that Byron had no ear for music, and a reference to his lameness. In the "English Bards" Rogers was one of the few authors complimented, which led to his acquaintance with Byron. The following account (though more tersely told by Moore) is not without interest:

"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup?

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'No; he never took soup.' Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.' Presently I asked if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests staid till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know, what I now know to be a fact, that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a Club in St. James's Street, and eaten a hearty meat supper."

Here is more, in the same vein:

"Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers; and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet); after going home, he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning."

"In those days at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time; but the offense would lie rankling in his mind; and perhaps a fortnight after, he would suddenly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character."

"Latterly, I believe, Byron never dined with Lady B.; for it was one of his fancies (or affectations) that 'he could not endure to see women eat.' I recollect that he once refused to meet Madame de Staël at my house *at dinner*, but came in the evening; and when I have asked him to dinner without mentioning what company I was to have, he would write me a note to inquire 'if I had invited any women.'"

"My latest intercourse with Byron was in Italy. We traveled some time together; and, if there was any scenery particularly well worth seeing, he generally contrived that we should pass through it in the dark.

"As we were crossing the Apennines, he told me that he had left an order in his will that Allegra, the child who soon after died, his daughter by Miss C., should never be taught the English language. You know that Allegra was buried at Harrow; but probably you have not heard that the body was sent over to England in *two* packages, that no one might suspect what it was."

"At this time we generally had a regular quarrel every night; and he would abuse me through thick and thin, raking up all the stories he had heard which he thought most likely to mortify me—how I had behaved with great cruelty to Murphy, refusing to assist him in his distress, etc., etc. But next morning he would shake me kindly by both hands; and we were excellent friends again."

Touching Byron's burnt Memoirs, of which more than one copy yet exists, Rogers said,

"There were, I understand, some gross things in that manuscript; but I read only a portion of it, and did not light upon them. I remember that it contained this anecdote: On his marriage-night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed; and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he wakened Lady B., 'Good God, I am surely in hell!'"

From the miscellaneous Ana we select the following:

"I can hardly believe what was told me long ago by a gentleman living in the Temple, who, however, assured me that it was fact. He happened to be passing by Sir Joshua Reynolds's house when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because *the one shilling* which she had received from Sir Joshua for sitting to him as a model, had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'"

"The head-dresses of the ladies during my youth were of a truly preposterous size. I have gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat."

"Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish toward Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding?'"

"During my youth umbrellas were far from common. At that time every gentleman's family had *one umbrella*—a huge thing made of coarse cotton—which used to be taken out with the carriage, and which, if there was rain, the footman held over the ladies' heads, as they entered or alighted from the carriage."

"One morning, when I was a lad, Wilkes came into our banking-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as his representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting, Wilkes shook hands with me; and I felt proud of it for a week after. He was quite as ugly, and squinted as much as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment, walking through the crowded streets of the City, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, 'A coach, your honor?'"

"When Lord Erskine heard that somebody

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had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, 'Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.'"

"To all letters soliciting his 'subscription' to any thing, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz., 'Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very ob^{t} servant,' etc."

"Fox used to read Homer through once every year. On my asking him, 'Which poem had you rather have written, the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey?"' he answered, 'I know which I had rather read' (meaning the 'Odyssey')."

"Frequently, when doubtful how to act in matters of importance, I have received more useful advice from women than from men. Women have the understanding *of the heart*, which is better than that of the head."

"One afternoon, at court, I was standing beside two intimate acquaintances of mine, an old nobleman and a middle-aged lady of rank, when the former remarked to the latter that he thought a certain young lady near us was uncommonly beautiful. The middle-aged lady replied, 'I can not see any particular beauty in her.' 'Ah, madam,' he rejoined, 'to us old men youth always appears beautiful!' a speech with which Wordsworth, when I repeated it to him, was greatly struck."

"The Duchess of Gordon told this anecdote to Lord Stowell, who told it to Lord Dunmore, who told it to me: 'The son of Lord Cornwallis [Lord Brome] fell in love with my daughter Louisa; and she liked him much. They were to be married; but the intended match was broken off by Lord C., whose only objection to it sprung from his belief that there was madness in my husband's family. Upon this I contrived to have a *tête-à-tête* with Lord C., and said to him, "I know your reason for disapproving of your son's marriage with my daughter: now, I will tell you one thing plainly—*there is not a drop of the Gordon blood in Louisa's body*." With this statement Lord C. was quite satisfied, and the marriage took place.' The Duchess prided herself greatly on the success of this manœuvre, though it had forced her to slander her own character so cruelly and so unjustly! In fact, manœuvring was her delight."

"'Burke,' observed Grattan, 'became at last such an enthusiastic admirer of kingly power, that he could not have slept comfortably on his pillow, if he had not thought that the king had a right to carry it off from under his head.'"

"'How I should like,' said Grattan one day to me, 'to spend my whole life in a small neat cottage! I could be content with very little; I should need only cold meat, and bread, and beer—*and plenty of claret*.'"

"When a lady, a friend of mine, was in Italy, she went into a church, and knelt down among the crowd. An Italian woman, who was praying at some little distance, rose up, came softly to my friend, whispered in her ear, 'If you continue to flirt with my husband, I'll be the death of you;' and then, as softly, returned to her genuflections. Such things can not happen where there are pews."

"Lord Ellenborough had infinite wit. When the income-tax was imposed, he said that Lord Kenyon (who was not very nice in his habits) intended, in consequence of it, to lay down—his pocket-handkerchief."

"A man who attempts to read all the new publications must often do as a flea does—*skip*."

"Southey used to say that 'the moment any thing assumed the shape of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of discharging it.'"

"A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him said, 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'"

"Lamartine is a man of genius, but very affected. Talleyrand (when in London) invited me to meet him, and placed me beside him at dinner. I asked him, 'Are you acquainted with Beranger?' 'No; he wished to be introduced to me, but I declined it.' 'I would go,' said I, 'a league to see him.' This was nearly all our conversation: he did not choose to talk. In short, he was so disagreeable, that, some days after, both Talleyrand and the Duchess di Dino apologized to me for his ill-breeding."

"'Did Napoleon shave himself?' I inquired. 'Yes,' answered Talleyrand, 'but very slowly, and conversing during the operation. He used to say that kings by birth were shaved by others, but that he who has made himself *Roi* shaves himself.'"

"At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Sydney Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"Speaking to me of Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked, that in one respect he was superior to all the generals who had ever existed. 'Was it,' I asked, 'in the management and skillful arrangement of his troops?' 'No,' answered the Duke; 'it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war.'"

To the "Table-Talk" of Samuel Rogers ("banker, beau, and poet") are added anecdotes of Richard Porson, the best Greek scholar of his time, perhaps; but a man debased by habits of constant drunkenness. There is nothing in the "Porsoniana" worthy of quotation, and the pages they fill have evidently been added to eke out the size of the volume. We conclude by stating our opinion that the really good materials in the book are extremely scanty. The "Table-Talk" of Rogers is a failure.

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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XV.—MRS. FLINTWINCH HAS ANOTHER DREAM.

THE debilitated old house in the city wrapped in its mantle of soot, and leaning heavily on the crutches that had partaken of its decay and worn out with it, never knew a healthy or a cheerful interval let what would betide. If the sun ever touched it, it was but with a ray, and that was gone in half an hour; if the moonlight ever fell upon it, it was only to put a few patches on its doleful cloak, and make it look more wretched. The stars, to be sure, coldly watched it when the nights and the smoke were clear enough; and all bad weather stood by it with a rare fidelity. You should alike find rain, hail, frost, and thaw lingering in that dismal inclosure, when they had vanished from other places; and as to snow, you should see it there for weeks, long after it had changed from yellow to black, slowly weeping away its grimy life. The place had no other adherents. As to street noises, the rumbling of wheels in the lane merely rushed in at the gateway in going past, and rushed out again: making the listening Mistress Affery feel as if she were deaf, and recovered the sense of hearing by instantaneous flashes. So with whistling, singing, talking, laughing, and all pleasant human sounds. They leaped the gap in a moment, and went upon their way.

The varying light of fire and candle in Mrs. Clennam's room made the greatest change that ever broke the dead monotony of the spot. In her two long narrow windows the fire shone sullenly all day, and sullenly all night. On rare occasions, it flashed up passionately, as she did; but for the most part it was suppressed, like her, and preyed upon itself evenly and slowly. During many hours of the short winter days, however, when it was dusk there early in the afternoon, changing distortions of herself in her wheeled chair, of Mr. Flintwinch with his wry neck, of Mistress Affery coming and going, would be thrown upon the house wall that was over the gateway, and would hover there like shadows from a great magic lantern. As the room-ridden invalid settled for the night, these would gradually disappear: Mistress Affery's magnified shadow always flitting about, last, until it finally glided away into the air, as though she were off upon a witch-excursion. Then the solitary light would burn unchangingly, until it burned pale before the dawn, and at last died under the breath of Mistress Affery as her shadow descended on it from the witch-region of sleep.

Strange, if the little sick-room fire were in effect a beacon fire, summoning some one, and that the most unlikely some one in the world, to the spot that *must* be come to. Strange, if the little sick-room light were in effect a watch-light, burning in that place every night until an appointed event should be watched out! Which of the vast multitude of travelers, under the sun and the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and re-act on one another, which of the host may, with no suspicion of the journey's end, be traveling surely hither?

Time shall show us. The post of honor and the post of shame, the general's station and the drummer's, a peer's statue in Westminster Abbey and a seaman's hammock in the bosom of the deep, the mitre and the workhouse, the woolsack and the gallows, the throne and the guillotine—the travelers to all are on the great high-road; but it has wonderful divergences, and only Time shall show us whither each traveler is bound.

On a wintry afternoon at twilight, Mrs. Flintwinch, having been heavy all day, dreamed this dream:

She thought she was in the kitchen getting the kettle ready for tea, and was warming herself with her feet upon the fender and the skirt of her gown tucked up, before the collapsed fire in the middle of the grate, bordered on either hand by a deep, cold, black ravine. She thought that as she sat thus, musing upon the question, whether life was not for some people a rather dull invention, she was frightened by a sudden noise behind her. She thought that she had been similarly frightened once last week, and that the noise was of a mysterious kind—a sound of rustling, and of three or four quick beats like a rapid step; while a shock or tremble was communicated to her heart, as if the step had shaken the floor, or even as if she had been touched by some awful hand. She thought that this revived within her certain old fears of hers that the house was haunted; and that she flew up the kitchen stairs, without knowing how she got up, to be nearer company.

Mistress Affery thought that on reaching the hall, she saw the door of her liege lord's office standing open, and the room empty. That she went to the ripped-up window in the little room by the street door to connect her palpitating heart through the glass with living things beyond and outside the haunted house. That she

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then saw on the wall over the gateway the shadows of the two clever ones in conversation above. That she went up stairs with her shoes in her hand, partly to be near the clever ones as a match for most ghosts, and partly to hear what they were talking about.

"None of your nonsense with me," said Mr. Flintwinch. "I won't take it from you."

Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed that she stood behind the door, which was just ajar, and most distinctly heard her husband say these bold words.

"Flintwinch," returned Mrs. Clennam, in her usual strong, low voice, "there is a demon of anger in you. Guard against it."

"I don't care whether there's one or a dozen," said Mr. Flintwinch, forcibly suggesting in his tone that the higher number was nearer the mark. "If there was fifty, they should all say, None of your nonsense with me, I won't take it from you. I'd make 'em say it, whether they liked it or not."

"What have I done, you wrathful man?" her strong voice asked.

"Done?" said Mr. Flintwinch. "Dropped down upon me."

"If you mean, remonstrated with you—"

"Don't put words in my mouth that I don't mean," said Jeremiah, sticking to his figurative expression with tenacious and impenetrable obstinacy, "I mean dropped down upon me."

"I remonstrated with you," she began again, "because—"

"I won't have it!" cried Jeremiah. "You dropped down upon me."

"I dropped down upon you, then, you ill-conditioned man" (Jeremiah chuckled at having forced her to adopt his phrase), "for having been needlessly significant to Arthur that morning. I have a right to complain of it as almost a breach of confidence. You did not mean it—"

"I won't have it!" interposed the contradictory Jeremiah, flinging back the concession. "I did mean it."

"I suppose I must leave you to speak in soliloquy if you choose to," she replied, after a pause that seemed an angry one. "It is useless my addressing myself to a rash and headstrong old man, who has a set purpose not to hear me."

"Now, I won't take that from you either," said Jeremiah. "I have no such purpose. I have told you I did mean it. Do you wish to know why I meant it, you rash and headstrong old woman?"

"After all, you only restore me my own words," she said, struggling with her indignation. "Yes."

"This is why, then. Because you hadn't cleared his father to him, and you ought to have done it. Because, before you went into any tantrum about yourself, who are—"

"Hold there, Flintwinch!" she cried out in a changed voice, "you may go a word too far."

The old man seemed to think so. There was another pause, and he had altered his position in the room, when he spoke again more mildly:

"I was going to tell you why it was. Because before you took your own part, I thought you ought to have taken the part of Arthur's father. Arthur's father! I had no particular love for Arthur's father. I served Arthur's father's uncle in this house when Arthur's father was not much above me—was poorer as far as his pocket went—and when his uncle might as soon have left me his heir as have left him. He starved in the parlor and I starved in the kitchen; that was the principal difference in our positions; there was not much more than a flight of break-neck stairs between us. I never took to him in those times; I don't know that I ever took to him greatly at any time. He was an undecided, irresolute chap, who had had every thing but his orphan life scared out of him when he was young. And when he brought you home here, the wife his uncle had named for him, I didn't need to look at you twice (you were a good-looking woman at that time) to know who'd be master. You have stood of your own strength ever since. Stand of your own strength now. Don't lean against the dead."

"I do *not*—as you call it—lean against the dead."

"But you had a mind to do it, if I had submitted," growled Jeremiah, "and that's why you drop down upon me. You can't forget that I didn't submit. I suppose you are astonished that I should consider it worth my while to have justice done to Arthur's father? Hey? It doesn't matter whether you answer or not, because I know you are, and you know you are. Come, then, I'll tell you how it is. I may be a bit of an oddity in point of temper, but this is my temper—I can't let any body have entirely their own way. You are a determined woman, and a clever woman; and when you see your purpose before you, nothing will turn you from it. Who knows that better than I do?"

"Nothing will turn me from it, Flintwinch, when I have justified it to myself. Add that."

"Justified it to yourself! I said you were the most determined woman on the face of the earth (or I meant to say so), and if you are determined to justify any object you entertain, of course you'll do it."

"Man! I justify myself by the authority of these Books," she cried, with stern emphasis, and appearing from the sound that followed to strike the dead-weight of her arm upon the table.

"Never mind that," returned Jeremiah, calmly, "we won't enter into that question at present. However that may be, you carry out your purposes, and you make every thing go down before them. Now, I won't go down before them. I have been faithful to you, and useful to you, and I am attached to you. But I can't consent, and I won't consent, and I never did consent, and I never will consent, to be lost in you. Swallow up every body else, and wel-

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come. The peculiarity of my temper is, ma'am, that I won't be swallowed up alive."

Perhaps this had originally been the mainspring of the understanding between them. Descrying thus much of force of character in Mr. Flintwinch, perhaps Mrs. Clennam had deemed alliance with him worth her while.

"Enough, and more than enough of the subject," said she, gloomily.

"Unless you drop down upon me again," returned the persistent Flintwinch, "and then you must expect to hear of it again."

Mistress Affery dreamed that the figure of her lord here began walking up and down the room, as if to cool his spleen, and that she ran away; but, that as he did not issue forth when she had stood listening and trembling in the shadowy hall a little time, she crept up stairs again, impelled as before by ghosts and curiosity, and once more cowered outside the door."

"Please to light the candle, Flintwinch," Mrs. Clennam was saying, apparently wishing to draw him back into their usual tone. "It is nearly time for tea. Little Dorrit is coming, and will find me in the dark."

Mr. Flintwinch lighted the candle briskly, and said, as he put it down upon the table:

"What are you going to do with Little Dorrit? Is she to come to work here forever? To come to tea here forever? To come backward and forward here, in the same way, forever?"

"How can you talk about 'forever' to a maimed creature like me? Are we not all cut down like the grass of the field, and was not I shorn by the scythe many years ago; since when, I have been lying here, waiting to be gathered into the barn?"

"Ay, ay! But since you have been lying here—not near dead—nothing like it—numbers of children and young people, blooming women, strong men, and what not, have been cut down and carried; and still here are you, you see, not much changed after all. Your time and mine may be a long one yet. When I say forever, I mean (though I am not poetical) through all our time." Mr. Flintwinch gave this explanation with great calmness, and calmly waited for an answer.

"So long as Little Dorrit is quiet, and industrious, and stands in need of the slight help I can give her, and deserves it, so long, I suppose, unless she withdraws of her own act, she will continue to come here, I being spared."

"Nothing more than that?" said Flintwinch, stroking his mouth and chin.

"What should there be more than that! What could there be more than that!" she ejaculated, in her sternly wondering way.

Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed that for the space of a minute or two they remained looking at each other with the candle between them, and that she somehow derived an impression that they looked at each other fixedly.

"Do you happen to know, Mrs. Clennam," Affery's liege lord then demanded in a much lower voice, and with an amount of expression that seemed quite out of proportion to the simple purpose of his words, "where she lives?"

"No."

"Would you—now, would you like to know?" said Jeremiah, with a pounce as if he had sprung upon her.

"If I cared to know, I should know already. Could I not have asked her any day?"

"Then you don't care to know?"

"I do not."

Mr. Flintwinch, having expelled a long significant breath, said, with his former emphasis, "For I have accidentally—mind! found out."

"Wherever she lives," said Mrs. Clennam, speaking in one unmodulated hard voice, and separating her words as distinctly as if she were reading them off from separate bits of metal that she took up one by one, "she has made a secret of it, and she shall always keep her secret from me."

"After all, perhaps you would rather not have known the fact, any how?" said Jeremiah; and he said it with a twist, as if his words had come out of him in his own wry shape.

"Flintwinch," said his mistress and partner, flashing into a sudden energy that made Affery start, "why do you goad me? Look round this room. If it is any compensation for my long confinement within these narrow limits—not that I complain of being afflicted; you know I never complain of that—if it is any compensation to me for my long confinement to this room, that while I am shut up from all pleasant change, I am also shut up from the knowledge of some things that I may prefer to avoid knowing, why should you, of all men, grudge me that relief?"

"I don't grudge it to you," returned Jeremiah.

"Then say no more. Say no more. Let Little Dorrit keep her secret from me, and do you keep it from me also. Let her come and go, unobserved and unquestioned. Let me suffer, and let me have what alleviation belongs to my condition. Is it so much, that you torment me like an evil spirit?"

"I asked you a question. That's all."

"I have answered it. So, say no more. Say no more." Here the sound of the wheeled chair was heard upon the floor, and Affery's bell rang with a hasty jerk.

More afraid of her husband at the moment than of the mysterious sound in the kitchen, Affery crept away as lightly and as quickly as she could, descended the kitchen stairs almost as rapidly as she had ascended them, resumed her seat before the fire, tucked up her skirt again, and finally threw her apron over her head. Then the bell rang once more, and then once more, and then kept on ringing; in despite of which importunate summons, Affery still sat behind her apron, recovering her breath.

At last Mr. Flintwinch came shuffling down the staircase into the hall, muttering and calling "Affery, woman!" all the way. Affery still remaining behind her apron, he came stumbling

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MR. AND MRS. FLINTWINCH.

down the kitchen stairs, candle in hand, sidled up to her, twitched her apron off, and roused her.

"Oh, Jeremiah!" cried Affery, waking. "What a start you gave me!"

"What have you been doing, woman?" inquired Jeremiah. "You've been rung for fifty times."

"Oh, Jeremiah," said Mistress Affery, "I have been a-dreaming!"

Reminded of her former achievement in that way, Mr. Flintwinch held the candle to her head, as if he had some idea of lighting her up for the illumination of the kitchen.

"Don't you know it's her tea-time?" he demanded, with a vicious grin, and giving Mistress Affery's chair a kick.

"Jeremiah? Tea-time? I don't know what's come to me. But I got such a dreadful turn, Jeremiah, before I went—off a-dreaming, that I think it must be that."

"Yoogh! Sleepy-Head!" said Mr. Flintwinch, with great intensity, "what are you talking about?"

"Such a strange noise, Jeremiah, and such a curious movement. In the kitchen here—just here."

Jeremiah held up his light and looked at the blackened ceiling, held down his light and looked at the damp stone floor, turned round with his light and looked about at the spotted and blotched walls.

"Rats, cats, water, drains," said Jeremiah.

Mistress Affery negatived each with a shake of her head. "No, Jeremiah; I have felt it before. I have felt it up stairs, and once on the stair-case as I was going from her room to ours in the night—a rustle and a sort of trembling touch behind me."

"Affery, my woman," said Mr. Flintwinch, grimly, after advancing his nose to that lady's lips as a test for the detection of spirituous liquors, "if you don't get tea pretty quick, old woman, you'll become sensible of a rustle and a touch that'll send you flying to the other end of the kitchen."

This prediction stimulated Mrs. Flintwinch to bestir herself, and to hasten up stairs to Mrs. Clennam's chamber. But, for all that, she now began to entertain a settled conviction that there was something wrong in the gloomy house. Henceforth she was never at peace in it after daylight departed, and never went up or down stairs in the dark without having her apron over her head, lest she should see something.

What with these ghostly apprehensions and her singular dreams, Mrs. Flintwinch fell that evening into a haunted state of mind, from which it may be long before this present narrative descries any trace of her recovery. In the vagueness and indistinctness of all her new experiences and perceptions, as every thing about her was mysterious to herself, she began to be mysterious to others, and became as difficult to

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be made out to any body's satisfaction, as she found the house and every thing in it difficult to make out to her own.

She had not yet finished preparing Mrs. Clennam's tea when the soft knock came to the door which always announced Little Dorrit. Mistress Affery looked on at Little Dorrit taking off her homely bonnet in the hall, and at Mr. Flintwinch scraping his jaws and contemplating her in silence, as expecting some wonderful consequence to ensue which would frighten her out of her five wits or blow them all three to pieces.

After tea there came another knock at the door, announcing Arthur. Mistress Affery went down to let him in, and he said on entering, "Affery, I am glad it's you. I want to ask you a question." Affery immediately replied, "For goodness' sake don't ask me nothing, Arthur! I am frightened out of one half of my life and dreamed out of the other. Don't ask me nothing! I don't know which is which or what is what!" And immediately started away from him and came near him no more.

Mistress Affery having no taste for reading, and no sufficient light for needlework in the subdued room, supposing her to have the inclination, now sat every night in the dimness from which she had momentarily emerged on the evening of Arthur Clennam's return, occupied with crowds of wild speculations and suspicions respecting her mistress, and her husband, and the noises in the house. When the ferocious devotional exercises were engaged in, these speculations would distract Mistress Affery's eyes toward the door, as if she expected some dark form to appear at those propitious moments, and make the party one too many.

Otherwise Affery never said or did any thing to attract the attention of the two clever ones toward her in any marked degree, except on certain occasions, generally at about the quiet hours toward bed-time, when she would suddenly dart out of her dim corner, and whisper, with a face of terror, to Mr. Flintwinch reading the paper near Mrs. Clennam's little table:

"There, Jeremiah! Now! What's that noise!"

Then the noise, if there were any, would have ceased, and Mr. Flintwinch would snarl, turning upon her as if she had cut him down that moment against his will, "Affery, old woman, you shall have a dose, old woman, such a dose! You have been dreaming again!"

CHAPTER XVI.—NOBODY'S WEAKNESS.

The time being come for the renewal of his acquaintance with the Meagles family, Clennam, pursuant to contract made between himself and Mr. Meagles within the precincts of Bleeding Heart Yard, turned his face on a certain Saturday toward Twickenham, where Mr. Meagles had a cottage-residence of his own. The weather being fine and dry, and any English road abounding in interest for him who had been so long away, he sent his valise on by the coach, and set out to walk. A walk was in itself a new enjoyment to him, and one that had rarely diversified his life afar off.

He went by Fulham and Putney, for the pleasure of strolling over the heath. It was bright and shining there, and when he found himself so far on his road to Twickenham, he found himself a long way on his road to a number of airier and less substantial destinations. They had risen before him fast, in the healthful exercise and the pleasant road. It is not easy to walk alone in the country without musing upon something. And he had plenty of unsettled subjects to meditate upon, though he had been walking to the Land's End.

First, there was the subject seldom absent from his mind, the question what he was to do henceforth in life; to what occupation he should devote himself, and in what direction he had best seek it. He was far from rich, and every day of indecision and inaction made his inheritance a source of greater anxiety to him. As often as he began to consider how to increase this inheritance, or to lay it by, so often his misgiving that there was some one with an unsatisfied claim upon his justice, returned; and that alone was a subject to outlast the longest walk. Again, there was the subject of his relations with his mother, which were now upon an equable and peaceful but never confidential footing, and whom he saw several times a week. Little Dorrit was a leading and a constant subject; for the circumstances of his life, united to those of her own story, presented the little creature to him as the only person between whom and himself there were ties of innocent reliance on one hand, and affectionate protection on the other: ties of compassion, respect, unselfish interest, gratitude, and pity. Thinking of her, and of the possibility of her father's release from prison by the unbarring hand of death—the only change of circumstance he could foresee that might enable him to be such a friend to her as he wished to be, by altering her whole manner of life, smoothing her rough road, and giving her a home—he regarded her, in that perspective, as his adopted daughter, his poor child of the Marshalsea hushed to rest. If there were a last subject in his thoughts, and it lay toward Twickenham, its form was so indefinite that it was little more than the pervading atmosphere in which these other subjects floated before him.

He had crossed the heath and was leaving it behind, when he gained upon a figure which had been in advance of him for some time, and which, as he gained upon it, he thought he knew. He derived this impression from something in the turn of the head and in the figure's action of consideration as it went on at a sufficiently sturdy walk. But when the man—for it was a man's figure—pushed his hat up at the back of his head and stopped to consider some object before him, he knew it to be Daniel Doyce.

"How do you do, Mr. Doyce?" said Clennam, overtaking him; "I am glad to see you

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again, and in a healthier place than the Circumlocution Office."

"Ha! Mr. Meagles's friend!" exclaimed that public criminal, coming out of some mental combinations he had been making, and offering his hand. "I am glad to see you, Sir. Will you excuse me if I forget your name?"

"Readily. It's not a celebrated name. It's not Barnacle."

"No, no," said Daniel, laughing. "And now I know what it is. It's Clennam. How do you do, Mr. Clennam?"

"I have some hope," said Arthur, as they walked on together, "that we may be going to the same place, Mr. Doyce."

"Meaning Twickenham?" returned Daniel. "I am glad to hear it."

They were soon quite intimate, and lightened the way with a variety of conversation. The ingenious culprit was a man of great modesty and good sense; and, though a plain man, had been too much accustomed to combine what was original and daring in conception with what was patient and minute in execution, to be by any means an ordinary man. It was at first difficult to lead him to speak about himself, and he put off Arthur's advances in that direction by admitting slightly, oh yes, he had done this, and he had done that, and such a thing was of his making, and such another thing was his discovery, but it was his trade, you see, his trade; until, as he gradually became assured that his companion had a real interest in his account of himself, he frankly yielded to it. Then it appeared that he was the son of a north-country blacksmith, and had originally been apprenticed by his widowed mother to a lock-maker; that he had "struck out a few little things" at the lock-maker's, which had led to his being released from his indentures with a present, which present had enabled him to gratify his ardent wish to bind himself to a working engineer, under whom he had labored hard, learnt hard, and lived hard, seven years. His time being out, he had "worked in the shop" at weekly wages seven or eight years more, and had then betaken himself to the banks of the Clyde, where he had studied, and filed, and hammered, and improved his knowledge, theoretical and practical, for six or seven years more. There he had had an offer to go to Lyons, which he had accepted; and from Lyons had been engaged to go to Germany, and in Germany had had an offer to go to St. Petersburg, and there had done very well indeed—never better. However, he had naturally felt a preference for his own country, and a wish to gain distinction there, and to do whatever service he could do there rather than elsewhere. And so he had come home. And so at home he had established himself in business, and had invented and executed, and worked his way on, until, after a dozen years of constant suit and attendance, he had been enrolled in the Great British Legion of Honor, the Legion of the Rebuffed of the Circumlocution Office, and had been decorated with the great British Order of Merit, the Order of the Disorder of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings.

"It is much to be regretted," said Clennam, "that you ever turned your thoughts that way, Mr. Doyce."

"True, Sir, true to a certain extent. But what is a man to do? If he has the misfortune to strike out something serviceable to the nation, he must follow where it leads him."

"Hadn't he better let it go?" asked Clennam.

"He can't do it," said Doyce, shaking his head with a thoughtful smile. "It's not put into his head to be buried. It's put into his head to be made useful. You hold your life on the condition that to the last you shall struggle hard for it. Every man holds a discovery on the same terms."

"That is to say," said Arthur, with a growing admiration of his quiet companion, "you are not finally discouraged even now?"

"I have no right to be," returned the other, "if I am. The thing is as true as it ever was."

When they had walked a little way in silence, Clennam, at once to change the direct point of their conversation and not to change it too abruptly, asked Mr. Doyce if he had any partner in his business to relieve him of a portion of its anxieties?

"No," he returned, "not at present. I had when I first entered on it, and a good man he was. But he has been dead some years, and as I could not easily take to the notion of another when I lost him, I bought his share for myself, and have gone on by myself ever since. And here's another thing," he said, stopping for a moment with a good-humored laugh in his eyes, and laying his closed right hand, with its peculiar suppleness of thumb, on Clennam's arm, "no inventor can be a man of business, you know."

"No?" said Clennam.

"Why, so the men of business say," he answered, resuming the walk and laughing outright. "I don't know why we unfortunate creatures should be supposed to want common sense, but it is generally taken for granted that we do. Even the best friend I have in the world, our excellent friend over yonder," said Doyce, nodding toward Twickenham, "extends a sort of protection to me, don't you know, as a man not quite able to take care of himself?"

Arthur Clennam could not help joining in the good-humored laugh, for he recognized the truth of the description.

"So I find that I must have a partner who is a man of business and not guilty of any inventions," said Daniel Doyce, taking off his hat to pass his hand over his forehead, "if it's only in deference to the current opinion and to uphold the credit of the Works. I don't think he'll find that I have been very remiss or confused in my way of conducting them; but that's for him to say—whoever he is—not for me."

"You have not chosen him yet, then?"

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"No, Sir, no. I have only just come to a decision to take one. The fact is, there's more to do than there used to be, and the Works are enough for me as I grow older. What with the books and correspondence, and foreign journeys for which a Principal is necessary, I can't do all. I am going to talk over the best way of negotiating the matter, if I find a spare half hour between this and Monday morning with my—my nurse and protector," said Doyce, with laughing eyes again. "He is a sagacious man in business, and has had a good apprenticeship to it."

After this, they conversed on different subjects until they arrived at their journey's end. A composed and unobtrusive self-sustainment was noticeable in Daniel Doyce—a calm knowledge that what was true must remain true, in spite of all the Barnacles in the family ocean, and would be just the truth and neither more nor less when even that sea had run dry—which had a kind of greatness in it, though not of the official quality.

As he knew the house well, he conducted Arthur to it by the way that showed it to the best advantage. It was a charming place (none the worse for being a little eccentric) on the road by the river, and just what the residence of the Meagles family ought to be. It stood in a garden, no doubt as fresh and beautiful in the May of the year as Pet now was in the May of her life; and it was defended by a goodly show of handsome trees and spreading evergreens, as Pet was by Mr. and Mrs. Meagles. It was made out of an old brick house, of which a part had been altogether pulled down, and another part had been changed into the present cottage; so there was a hale elderly portion to represent Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, and a young picturesque, very pretty portion to represent Pet. There was even the later addition of a conservatory sheltering itself against it, uncertain of hue in its deep-stained glass, and in its more transparent portions flashing to the sun's rays, now like fire and now like harmless water drops; which might have stood for Tattycoram. Within view was the peaceful river and the ferry-boat, to moralize to all the inmates, saying: Young or old, passionate or tranquil, chafing or content, you, thus runs the current always. Let the heart swell into what discord it will, thus plays the rippling water on the prow of the ferry-boat ever the same tune. Year after year, so much allowance for the drifting of the boat, so many miles an hour the flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet, upon this road that steadily runs away; while you, upon your flowing road of time, are so capricious and distracted.

The bell at the gate had scarcely sounded when Mr. Meagles came out to receive them. Mr. Meagles had scarcely come out, when Mrs. Meagles came out. Mrs. Meagles had scarcely come out, when Pet came out. Pet had scarcely come out, when Tattycoram came out. Never had visitors a more hospitable reception.

"Here we are, you see," said Mr. Meagles, "boxed up, Mr. Clennam, within our own home-limits, as if we were never going to expand—that is, travel—again. Not like Marseilles, eh? No allonging and marshonging here?"

"A different kind of beauty, indeed!" said Clennam, looking about him.

"But, Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Meagles, rubbing his hands with a relish, "it was an uncommonly pleasant thing being in quarantine. wasn't it? Do you know, I have often wished myself back again? We were a capital party."

This was Mr. Meagles's invariable habit. Always to object to every thing whilé he was traveling, and always to want to get back to it when he was not traveling.

"If it was summer-time," said Mr. Meagles, "which I wish it was on your account, and in order that you might see the place at its best, you would hardly be able to hear yourself speak for birds. Being practical people, we never allow any body to scare the birds; and the birds, being practical people too, come about us in myriads. We are delighted to see you, Clennam (if you'll allow me, I shall drop the Mister); I heartily assure you, we are delighted."

"I have not had so pleasant a greeting," said Clennam—then he recalled what Little Dorrit had said to him in his own room, and faithfully added, "except once—since we last walked to and fro, looking down at the Mediterranean."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Meagles. "Something like a look out, *that* was, wasn't it? I don't want a military government, but I shouldn't mind a little allonging and marshonging—just a dash of it—in this neighborhood sometimes. It's Devilish still."

Bestowing this eulogium on the retired character of his retreat with a dubious shake of the head, Mr. Meagles led the way into the house. It was just large enough and no more; was as pretty within as it was without, and was perfectly well-arranged and comfortable. Some traces of the migratory habits of the family were to be observed in the covered frames and furniture, and wrapped-up hangings; but it was easy to see that it was one of Mr. Meagles's whims to have the cottage always kept in their absence as if they were always coming back the day after to-morrow. Of articles collected on his various expeditions, there was such a vast miscellany that it was like the dwelling of an amiable Corsair. There were antiquities from Central Italy, made by the best modern houses in that department of industry; bits of mummy from Egypt (and perhaps Birmingham); model gondolas from Venice; model villages from Switzerland; morsels of tasselated pavement from Herculaneum and Pompeii, like petrified minced veal; ashes out of tombs, and lava out of Vesuvius; Spanish fans, Spezzian straw hats, Moorish slippers, Tuscan hair-pins, Carrara sculpture, Trastaverini scarfs, Genoese velvets and filagree,

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Neapolitan coral, Roman cameos, Geneva jewelry, Arab lanterns, rosaries blest all round by the Pope himself, and an infinite variety of lumber. There were views, like and unlike, of a multitude of places; and there was one little picture-room devoted to a few of the regular sticky old Saints, with sinews like whipcord, hair like Neptune's, wrinkles like tattooing, and such coats of varnish that every holy personage served for a fly-trap, and became what is now called in the vulgar tongue a Catch-em-alive O. Of these pictorial acquisitions Mr. Meagles spoke in the usual manner. He was no judge, he said, except of what pleased himself; he had picked them up, dirt-cheap, and people *had* considered them rather fine. One man, who at any rate ought to know something of the subject, had declared that Sage, Reading (a specially oily old gentleman in a blanket, with a swan's-down tippet for a beard, and a pattern of cracks all over him like rich pie-crust), to be a fine Guercino. As for Sebastian del Piombo there, you would judge for yourself; if it were not his later manner, the question was, Who was it? Titian, that might or might not be—perhaps he had only touched it. Daniel Doyce said perhaps he hadn't touched it, but Mr. Meagles rather declined to overhear the remark.

When he had shown all his spoils, Mr. Meagles took them into his own snug room overlooking the lawn, which was fitted up in part like a dressing-room and in part like an office, and in which, upon a kind of counter-desk, were a pair of brass scales for weighing gold, and a scoop for shoveling out money.

"Here they are, you see," said Mr. Meagles. "I stood behind these two articles five-and-thirty years running, when I no more thought of gadding about than I now think of—staying at home. When I left the Bank for good, I asked for them, and brought them away with me. I mention it at once, or you might suppose that I sit in my counting-house (as Pet says I do) like the king in the poem of the four-and-twenty black birds counting out my money."

"Clennam's eyes had strayed to a natural picture on the wall of two pretty little girls with their arms entwined. "Yes, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, in a lower voice, "there they both are. It was taken some seventeen years ago. As I often say to Mother, they were babies then."

"Their names?" said Arthur.

"Ah, to be sure! You have never heard any name but Pet. Pet's name is Minnie; her sister's, Lillie."

"Should you have known, Mr. Clennam, that one of them was meant for me?" asked Pet herself, now standing in the doorway.

"I might have thought that both of them were meant for you, both are still so like you. Indeed," said Clennam, glancing from the fair original to the picture and back, "I can not even now say which is not your portrait."

"D'ye hear that, Mother?" cried Mr. Meagles to his wife, who had followed her daughter. "It's always the same, Clennam; nobody can decide. The child to your left is Pet."

The picture happened to be near a looking-glass. As Arthur looked at it again, he saw, by the reflection of the mirror, Tattycoram stop in passing outside the door, listen to what was going on, and pass away with an angry and contemptuous frown upon her face that changed its beauty into ugliness.

"But come!" said Mr. Meagles. "You have had a long walk, and will be glad to get your boots off. As to Daniel here, I suppose he'd never think of taking *his* boots off, unless we showed him a boot-jack."

"Why not?" asked Daniel, with a significant smile at Clennam.

"Oh! You have so many things to think about," returned Mr. Meagles, clapping him on the shoulder, as if his weakness must not be left to itself on any account. "Figures, and wheels, and cogs, and levers, and screws, and cylinders, and a thousand things."

"In my calling," said Daniel, amused, "the greater usually includes the less. But never mind, never mind! Whatever pleases you, pleases me."

Clennam could not help speculating, as he seated himself in his room by the fire, whether there might be in the breast of this honest, affectionate, and cordial Mr. Meagles, any microscopic portion of the mustard-seed that had sprung up into the great tree of the Circumlocution Office. His curious sense of a general superiority to Daniel Doyce, which seemed to be founded, not so much on any thing in Doyce's personal character, as on the mere fact of his being an originator and a man out of the beaten track of other men, suggested the idea. It might have occupied him until he went down to dinner an hour afterward, if he had not had another question to consider, which had been in his mind so long ago as before he was in quarantine at Marseilles, and which had now returned to it, and was very urgent with it. No less a question than this: Whether he should allow himself to fall in love with Pet?

He was twice her age. (He changed the leg he had crossed over the other, and tried the calculation again, but could not bring out the total at less.) He was twice her age. Well! He was young in appearance, young in health and strength, young in heart. A man was certainly not old at forty, and many men were not in circumstances to marry, or did not marry, until they attained that time of life. On the other hand, the question was, not what he thought of the point, but what she thought of it.

He believed that Mr. Meagles was disposed to entertain a ripe regard for him, and he knew that he had a sincere regard for Mr. Meagles and his good wife. He could foresee that to relinquish this beautiful only child, of whom they were so fond, to any husband, would be a trial of their love, which perhaps they never yet had

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had the fortitude to contemplate. But the more beautiful, and winning, and charming she, the nearer they must always be to the necessity of approaching it. And why not in his favor as well as in another's?

When he had got so far, it came again into his head, that the question was, not what they thought of it, but what she thought of it.

Arthur Clennam was a retiring man, with a sense of many deficiencies; and he so exalted the merits of the beautiful Minnie in his mind and depressed his own, that when he pinned himself to this point, his hopes began to fail him. He came to the final resolution, as he made himself ready for dinner, that he would *not* allow himself to fall in love with Pet.

They were only five, at a round table, and it was very pleasant indeed. They had so many places and people to recall, and they were all so easy and cheerful together (Daniel Doyce either sitting out like an amused spectator at cards, or coming in with some shrewd little experiences of his own, when it happened to be to the purpose), that they might have been together twenty times and not have known so much of one another.

"And Miss Wade," said Mr. Meagles, after they had recalled a number of fellow-travelers. "Has any body seen Miss Wade?"

"I have," said Tattycoram.

She had brought a little mantle, which her young mistress had sent for, and was bending over her, putting it on, when she lifted up her dark eyes, and made this unexpected answer.

"Tatty!" her young mistress exclaimed, "You seen Miss Wade?—where?"

"Here, Miss," said Tattycoram.

"How?"

An impatient glance from Tattycoram seemed, as Clennam saw it, to answer "With my eyes!" But her only answer in words was: "I met her near the church."

"What was she doing there I wonder!" said Mr. Meagles. "Not going to it, I should think."

"She had written to me first," said Tattycoram.

"Oh, Tatty!" murmured her mistress, "take your hands away. I feel as if some one else was touching me!"

She said it in a quick, involuntary way, but half playfully, and not more petulantly or disagreeably than a favorite child might have done, who laughed next moment. Tattycoram set her full red lips together, and crossed her arms upon her bosom.

"Did you wish to know, Sir," she said, looking at Mr. Meagles, "what Miss Wade wrote to me about?"

"Well, Tattycoram," returned Mr. Meagles, "since you ask the question, and we are all friends here, perhaps you may as well mention it, if you are so inclined."

"She knew when we were traveling where you lived," said Tattycoram, "and she had seen me not quite—not quite—"

"Not quite in a good temper, Tattycoram?" suggested Mr. Meagles, shaking his head with a quiet caution at the dark eyes. "Take a little time—count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

She pressed her lips together again, and took a long, deep breath.

"So she wrote to me to say that if I ever felt myself hurt," she looked down at her young mistress, "or found myself worried," she looked down at her again, "I might go to her, and be considerately treated. I was to think of it, and could speak to her by the church. So I went there to thank her."

"Tatty," said her young mistress, putting her hand up over her shoulder that the other might take it, "Miss Wade almost frightened me when we parted, and I scarcely liked to think of her just now as having been so near me without my knowing it. Tatty, dear!"

Tatty stood for a moment, immovable.

"Hey?" cried Mr. Meagles. "Count another five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

She might have counted a dozen, when she bent and put her lips to the caressing hand. It patted her cheek, as it touched the owner's beautiful curls, and Tattycoram went away.

"Now, there," said Mr. Meagles, softly, as he gave a turn to the dumb-waiter on his right hand, to turn the sugar to himself. "There's a girl who might be lost and ruined if she wasn't among practical people. Mother and I know, solely from being practical, that there are times when that girl's whole nature seems to roughen itself against seeing us so bound up in Pet. No father and mother were bound up in her, poor soul. I don't like to think of the way in which that unfortunate child, with all that passion and protest in her, feels when she hears the Fifth Commandment on a Sunday. I am always inclined to call out, at that time, Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

Besides his dumb-waiter, Mr. Meagles had two other not dumb waiters, in the persons of two parlor-maids, with rosy faces and bright eyes, who were a highly ornamental part of the table decoration. "And why not, you see?" said Mr. Meagles, on this head. "As I always say to Mother, why not have something pretty to look at, if you have any thing at all?"

A certain Mrs. Tickit, who was Cook and Housekeeper when the family were at home, and Housekeeper only when the family were away, completed the establishment. Mr. Meagles regretted that the nature of the duties in which she was engaged rendered Mrs. Tickit unpresentable at present, but hoped to introduce her to the new visitor to-morrow. She was an important part of the cottage, he said, and all his friends knew her. That was her picture up in the corner. When they went away, she always put on the silk gown and the jet-black row of curls represented in that portrait (her hair was reddish-gray in the kitchen), established herself in the breakfast-room, put her spectacles between two particular leaves of Dr. Buchan's Do-

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mestic Medicine, and sat looking over the blind all day until they came back again. It was supposed that no persuasion could be invented which would induce Mrs. Tickit to abandon her post at the blind, however long their absence, or to dispense with the attendance of Dr. Buchan: the lucubrations of which learned practitioner Mr. Meagles implicitly believed she had never yet consulted to the extent of one word in her life.

In the evening they played an old-fashioned rubber, and Pet sat looking over her father's hand, or singing to herself by fits and starts at the piano. She was a spoilt child; but how could she be otherwise? Who could be much with so pliable and beautiful a creature, and not yield to her endearing influence? Who could pass an evening in the house, and not love her for the grace and charm of her very presence in the room? This was Clennam's reflection, notwithstanding the final conclusion at which he had arrived up stairs.

In making it, he revoked. "Why, what are you thinking of, my good Sir?" asked the astonished Mr. Meagles, who was his partner. "I beg your pardon. Nothing," returned Clennam. "Think of something next time; that's a dear fellow," said Mr. Meagles. Pet laughingly believed he had been thinking of Miss Wade. "Why of Miss Wade, Pet?" asked her father. "Why, indeed!" said Arthur Clennam. Pet colored a little, and went to the piano again.

As they broke up for the night, Arthur overheard Doyce ask his host if he could give him half-an-hour's conversation before breakfast in the morning? The host replying willingly, Arthur lingered behind a moment, having his own word to add on that topic.

"Mr. Meagles," he said, on their being left alone, "do you remember when you advised me to go straight to London?"

"Perfectly well."

"And when you gave me some other good advice, which I needed at that time?"

"I won't say what it was worth," answered Mr. Meagles; "but, of course, I remember our being very pleasant and confidential together."

"I have acted on your advice, and having disembarrassed myself of an occupation that was painful to me for many reasons, wish to devote myself and what means I have to another pursuit."

"Right! You can't do it too soon," said Mr. Meagles.

"Now, as I came down to-day, I found that your friend, Mr. Doyce, is looking for a partner in his business—not a partner in his mechanical knowledge, but in the ways and means of turning the business arising from it to the best account."

"Just so," said Mr. Meagles, with his hands in his pockets, and with the old business expression of face that had belonged to the scales and scoop.

"Mr. Doyce mentioned incidentally, in the course of our conversation, that he was going to take your valuable advice on the subject of finding such a partner. If you should think our views and opportunities at all likely to coincide, perhaps you will let him know my available position. I speak, of course, in ignorance of the details, and they may be unsuitable on both sides."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Meagles, with the caution belonging to the scales and scoop.

"But they will be a question of figures and accounts—"

"Just so, just so," said Mr. Meagles, with the arithmetical solidity belonging to the scales and scoop.

"—And I shall be glad to enter into the subject, provided Mr. Doyce responds, and you think well of it. If you will at present, therefore, allow me to place it in your hands, you will much oblige me."

"Clennam, I accept the trust with readiness," said Mr. Meagles. "And, without anticipating any of the points which you, as a man of business, have of course reserved, I am free to say to you that I think something may come of this. Of one thing you may be perfectly certain. Daniel is an honest man."

"I am so sure of it, that I have promptly made up my mind to speak to you."

"You must guide him, you know; you must steer him; you must direct him; he is one of a crotchety sort," said Mr. Meagles, evidently meaning nothing more than that he did new things and went new ways; "but he is as honest as the sun, and so good-night!"

Clennam went back to his room, sat down again before his fire, and made up his mind that he was glad he had resolved not to fall in love with Pet. She was so beautiful, so amiable, so apt to receive any true impression given to her gentle nature and her innocent heart, and make the man who should be so happy as to communicate it, the most fortunate and enviable of all men, that he was very glad indeed he had come to that conclusion.

But as this might have been a reason for coming to the opposite conclusion, he followed out the theme again a little way in his mind. To justify himself, perhaps.

"Suppose that a man," so his thoughts ran, "who had been of age some twenty years or so; who was a diffident man from the circumstances of his youth; who was rather a grave man from the tenor of his life; who knew himself to be deficient in many little engaging qualities which he admired in others, from having been long in a distant region, with nothing softening near him; who had no kind sisters to present to her; who had no congenial home to make her known in; who was a stranger in the land; who had not a fortune to compensate in any measure for these defects; who had nothing in his favor but his honest love and his general wish to do right—suppose such a man were to come to this house, and were to yield to the captivation of

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this charming girl, and were to persuade himself that he could hope to win her; what a weakness it would be!"

He softly opened his window, and looked out upon the serene river. Year after year so much allowance for the drifting of the ferry-boat, so many miles an hour the flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet.

Why should he be vexed or sore at heart? It was not his weakness that he had imagined. It was nobody's, nobody's within his knowledge, why should it trouble him? And yet it did trouble him. And he thought—who has not thought for a moment, sometimes—that it might be better to flow away monotonously, like the river, and to compound for its insensibility to happiness with its insensibility to pain.

CHAPTER XVII.—NOBODY'S RIVAL.

Before breakfast in the morning, Arthur walked out to look about him. As the morning was fine, and he had an hour on his hands, he crossed the river by the ferry, and strolled along a footpath through some meadows. When he came back to the towing-path, he found the ferry-boat on the opposite side, and a gentleman hailing it and waiting to be taken over.

This gentleman looked barely thirty. He was well dressed, of a sprightly and gay appearance, a well-knit figure, and a rich dark complexion. As Arthur came over the stile and down to the water's edge, the lounger glanced at him for a moment, and then resumed his occupation of idly tossing stones into the water with his foot.

There was something in his way of spurning them out of their places with his heel and getting them into the required position that Clennam thought had an air of cruelty in it. Most of us have more or less frequently derived a similar impression from a man's manner of doing some very little thing: plucking a flower, clearing away an obstacle, or even destroying an insentient object.

The gentleman's thoughts were preoccupied, as his face showed, and he took no notice of a fine Newfoundland dog, who watched him attentively, and watched every stone too, in its turn, eager to spring into the river on receiving his master's sign. The ferry-boat came over, however, without his receiving any sign, and when it grounded his master took him by the collar and walked him into it.

"Not this morning," he said to the dog. "You won't do for ladies' company, dripping wet. Lie down."

Clennam followed the man and the dog into the boat, and took his seat. The dog did as he was ordered. The man remained standing, with his hands in his pockets, and towered between Clennam and the prospect. Man and dog both jumped lightly out as soon as they touched the other side, and went away. Clennam was glad to be rid of them.

The church clock struck the breakfast hour as he walked up the little lane by which the garden-gate was approached. The moment he pulled the bell a deep loud barking assailed him from within the wall.

"I heard no dog last night," thought Clennam. The gate was opened by one of the rosy maids, and on the lawn were the Newfoundland dog and the man.

"Miss Minnie is not down yet, gentlemen," said the blushing portress as they all came together in the garden. Then she said to the master of the dog, "Mr. Clennam, Sir," and tripped away.

"Odd enough, Mr. Clennam, that we should have met just now," said the man. Upon which the dog became mute. "Allow me to introduce myself—Henry Gowan—a pretty place this, and looks wonderfully well this morning!"

The manner was easy, and the voice agreeable; but still Clennam thought that if he had not made that decided resolution to avoid falling in love with Pet, he would have taken a dislike to this Henry Gowan.

"It's new to you, I believe?" said this Gowan, when Arthur had extolled the place.

"Quite new. I made acquaintance with it only yesterday afternoon."

"Ah! Of course this is not its best aspect. It used to look charming in the spring before they went away last time. I should like you to have seen it then."

But for that resolution so often recalled, Clennam might have wished him in the crater of Mount Etna, in return for this civility.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing it under many circumstances during the last three years, and it's—a Paradise."

It was (at least it might have been, always excepting for that wise resolution) like his dexterous impudence to call it a Paradise. He only called it a Paradise because he first saw her coming, and so made her out within her hearing to be an angel, Confusion to him!

And ah, how beaming she looked, and how glad! How she caressed the dog, and how the dog knew her! How expressive that heightened color in her face, that fluttered manner, her downcast eyes, her irresolute happiness! When had Clennam seen her look like this? Not that there was any reason why he might, could, would, or should have ever seen her look like this, or that he had ever hoped for himself to see her look like this; but still—when had he ever known her do it!

He stood at a little distance from them. This Gowan, when he had talked about a Paradise, had gone up to her and taken her hand. The dog had put his great paws on her arm, and laid his head against her dear bosom. She had laughed and welcomed them, and made far too much of the dog, far, far too much—that is to say, supposing there had been any third person looking on who loved her.

She disengaged herself now, and came to Clennam, and put her hand in his and wished

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THE FERRY.

him good-morning, and gracefully made as if she would take his arm and be escorted into the house. This Gowan had no objection. No, he knew he was too safe.

There was a passing cloud on Mr. Meagles's good-humored face when they all three (four, counting the dog, and he was the most objectionable but one of the party) came in to breakfast. Neither it nor the touch of uneasiness on Mrs. Meagles, as she directed her eyes toward it, was unobserved by Clennam.

"Well, Gowan," said Mr. Meagles, even suppressing a sigh, "How goes the world with you this morning?"

"Much as usual, Sir. Lion and I being determined not to waste any thing of our weekly visit turned out early, and came over from Kingston, my present head-quarters, where I

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am making a sketch or two." Then he told how he had met Mr. Clennam at the ferry, and they had come over together.

"Mrs. Gowan is well, Henry?" said Mrs. Meagles. (Clennam became attentive.)

"My mother is quite well, thank you." (Clennam became inattentive.) "I have taken the liberty of making an addition to your family dinner-party to-day, which I hope will not be inconvenient to you or to Mr. Meagles. I couldn't very well get out of it," he explained, turning to the latter. "The young fellow wrote to propose himself to me; and as he is well connected, I thought you would not object to my transferring him here."

"Who *is* the young fellow?" asked Mr. Meagles, with peculiar complacency.

"He is one of the Barnacles. Tite Barnacle's son, Clarence Barnacle, who is in his father's Department. I can at least guarantee on his behalf that the river shall not suffer from his visit. He won't set it on fire."

"Ay, ay?" said Meagles. A Barnacle is he? *We* know something of that family, eh Dan By George, they are at the top of the tree, though! Let me see. What relation will this young fellow be to Lord Decimus now? His Lordship married, in seventeen ninety-seven, Lady Jemima Bilberry, who was the second daughter by the third marriage—no! There I am wrong! That was Lady Scraphina—Lady Jemima was the first daughter by the second marriage of the fifteenth Earl of Stiltstalking with the Honorable Clementina Toozellem. Very well. Now this young fellow's father married a Stiltstalking, and *his* father married his cousin four times removed, who was a Barnacle. The father of that father who married a Barnacle, married a Joddleby. —I am getting a little too far back, Gowan; I want to make out what relation this young fellow is to Lord Decimus."

"That's easily stated. His father is nephew to Lord Decimus."

"Nephew—to—Lord—Decimus," Mr. Meagles luxuriously repeated, with his eyes shut, that he might have nothing to distract him from the full flavor of the genealogical tree. "By George, you are right, Gowan! So he is."

"Consequently, Lord Decimus is his great-uncle."

"But stop a bit!" said Mr. Meagles, opening his eyes with a fresh discovery. "Then, on the mother's side, Lady Stiltstalking is his great-aunt."

"Of course she is."

"Ay, ay, ay?" said Mr. Meagles, with much interest. "Indeed, indeed? We shall be glad to see him. We'll entertain him as well as we can in our humble way, and we shall not starve him, I hope, at all events."

In the beginning of this dialogue Clennam had expected some great harmless outburst from Mr. Meagles, like that which had made him burst out of the Circumlocution Office, holding Doyce by the collar. But his good friend had a weakness which none of us need go into the next street to find, and which no amount of Circumlocution experience could long subdue in him. Clennam looked at Doyce, but Doyce knew all about it beforehand, and looked at his plate, and made no sign, and said no word.

"I am much obliged to you," said Gowan, to conclude the subject. "Clarence is a great ass, but he is one of the dearest and best fellows that ever lived!"

It appeared before the breakfast was over that every body whom this Gowan knew was either more or less of an ass, or more or less of a knave; but was notwithstanding the most loveable, the most engaging, the simplest, truest, kindest, dearest, best fellow that ever lived. The process by which this unvarying result was attained, whatever the premises, might have been stated by Mr. Henry Gowan thus: "I claim to be always book-keeping, with a peculiar nicety, in every man's case, and posting up a careful little account of Good and Evil with him. I do this so conscientiously, that I am happy to tell you I find the most worthless of men to be the dearest old fellow too; and am in a condition to make the gratifying report that there is much less difference than you are inclined to suppose between an honest man and a scoundrel." The effect of this cheering discovery happened to be, that while he seemed to be scrupulously finding good in most men, he did in reality lower it where it was, and set it up where it was not; but that was its only disagreeable or dangerous feature.

It scarcely seemed, however, to afford Mr. Meagles as much satisfaction as the Barnacle genealogy had done. The cloud that Clennam had never seen upon his face before that morning, frequently overcast it again, and there was the same shadow of uneasy observation of him on the comely face of his wife. More than once or twice when Pet caressed the dog, it appeared to Clennam that her father was unhappy in seeing her do it; and in one particular instance, when Gowan stood on the other side of the dog, and bent his head at the same time. Arthur fancied that he saw tears rise to Mr. Meagles's eyes as he hurried out of the room. It was either the fact, too, or he fancied, farther, that Pet herself was not insensible to these little incidents; that she tried with a more delicate affection than usual to express to her good father how much she loved him; that it was on this account that she fell behind the rest, both as they went to church and as they returned from it, and took his arm. He could not have sworn but that as he walked alone in the garden afterward, he had an instantaneous glimpse of her in her father's room, clinging to both her parents with the greatest tenderness, and weeping on her father's shoulder.

The latter part of the day turning out wet, they were fain to keep the house, look over Mr. Meagles's collection, and beguile the time with

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conversation. This Gowan had plenty to say for himself, and said it in an off-hand and amusing manner. He appeared to be an artist by profession, and to have been at Rome some time; yet he had a slight, careless, amateur way with him—a perceptible limp, both in his devotion to art and his attainments—which Clennam could scarcely understand.

He applied to Daniel Doyce for help, as they stood together, looking out of window.

"You know Mr. Gowan?" he said, in a low voice.

"I have seen him here. Comes here every Sunday when they are at home."

"An artist, I infer from what he says?"

"A sort of a one," said Daniel Doyce, in a surly tone.

"What sort of a one?" asked Clennam, with a smile.

"Why, he has sauntered into the Arts at a leisurely Pall-Mall pace," said Doyce, "and I doubt if they care to be taken quite so coolly."

Pursuing his inquiries, Clennam found that the Gowan family were a very distant ramification of the Barnacles; and that the paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a Commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other, and had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity. In consideration of this eminent public service, the Barnacle then in power had recommended the Crown to bestow a pension of two or three hundred a year on his widow, to which the next Barnacle in power had added certain shady and sedate apartments in the Palace at Hampton Court, where the old lady still lived, deploring the degeneracy of the times, in company with several other old ladies of both sexes. Her son, Mr. Henry Gowan, inheriting from his father, the Commissioner, that very questionable help in life, a very small independence, had been difficult to settle; the rather as public appointments chanced to be scarce, and his genius during his earlier manhood was of that exclusively agricultural character which applies itself to the cultivation of wild oats. At last he had declared that he would become a Painter; partly because he had always had an idle knack that way, and partly to grieve the souls of the Barnacles-in-chief who had not provided for him. So it had come to pass successively, first, that several distinguished ladies had been frightfully shocked; then, that portfolios of his performances had been handed about o' nights, and declared with ecstasy to be perfect Claudes, perfect Cuyps, perfect phenomena; then, that Lord Decimus had bought his picture, and had asked the President and Council to dinner at one blow, and had said, with his own magnificent gravity, "Do you know, there appears to me to be really immense merit in that work?" and, in short, that people of condition had absolutely taken pains to bring him into fashion. But, somehow, it had all failed. The prejudiced public had stood out against it obstinately. They had determined not to admire Lord Decimus's picture. They had determined to believe that in every service, except their own, a man must qualify himself, by striving early and late, and by working heart and soul, might and main. So now Mr. Gowan, like that worn-out old coffin which never was Mohammed's nor any body else's, hung mid-way between two points: jaundiced and jealous as to the one he had left: jaundiced and jealous as to the other that he couldn't reach.

Such was the substance of Clennam's discoveries concerning him, made that rainy Sunday afternoon and afterward.

About an hour or so after dinner time, Young Barnacle appeared, attended by his eye-glass; in honor of whose family connections Mr. Meagles had cashiered the pretty parlor-maids for the day and placed on duty in their stead two dingy men. Young Barnacle was in the last degree amazed and disconcerted at sight of Arthur, and had murmured involuntarily, "Look here! Upon my soul, you know!" before his presence of mind returned.

Even then, he was obliged to embrace the earliest opportunity of taking his friend into a window, and saying, in a nasal way that was a part of his general debility:

"I want to speak to you, Gowan. I say. Look here. Who is that fellow?"

"A friend of our host's. None of mine."

"He's a most ferocious Radical, you know," said Young Barnacle.

"Is he? How do you know?"

"Egod, Sir, he was Pitching into our people the other day in the most tremendous manner. Went up to our place and Pitched into my father to that extent that it was necessary to order him out. Came back to our department and Pitched into me. Look here. You never saw such a fellow."

"What did he want?"

"Egod, Sir," returned Young Barnacle, "he said he wanted to know, you know! Pervaded our department—without an appointment—and said he wanted to know!"

The stare of indignant wonder with which Young Barnacle accompanied this disclosure would have strained his eyes injuriously but for the opportune relief of dinner. Mr. Meagles (who had been extremely solicitous to know how his uncle and aunt were) begged him to conduct Mrs. Meagles to the dining-room. And when he sat on Mrs. Meagle's right hand, Mr. Meagles looked as gratified as if his whole family were there.

All the natural charm of the previous day was gone. The eaters of the dinner, like the dinner itself, were lukewarm, insipid, over-done—and all owing to this poor little dull Young Barnacle. Conversationless at any time, he was now the victim of a weakness special to the occasion and solely referable to Clennam. He was under a pressing and continual necessity of looking at that gentleman, which occasioned his

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eye-glass to get into his soup, into his wine-glass, into Mrs. Meagles's plate, to hang down his back like a bell-rope, and be several times disgracefully restored to his bosom by one of the dingy men. Weakened in mind by his frequent losses of this instrument and its determination not to stick in his eye, and more and more enfeebled in intellect every time he looked at the mysterious Clennam, he applied spoons to his eye, forks, and other foreign matters connected with the furniture of the dinner-table. His discovery of these mistakes greatly increased his difficulties, but never released him from the necessity of looking at Clennam. And whenever Clennam spoke, this ill-starred young man was clearly seized with a dread that he was coming, by some artful device, round to that point of wanting to know, you know.

It may be questioned, therefore, whether any one but Mr. Meagles had much enjoyment of the time. Mr. Meagles, however, thoroughly enjoyed Young Barnacle. As a mere flask of the golden water in the tale became a full fountain when it was poured out, so Mr. Meagles seemed to feel that this small spice of Barnacle imparted to his table the flavor of the whole family tree. In its presence his frank, fine genuine qualities paled; he was not so easy, he was not so natural, he was striving after something that did not belong to him, he was not himself. What a strange peculiarity on the part of Mr. Meagles, and where should we find such another case!

At last the wet Sunday wore itself out in a wet night; and Young Barnacle went home in a cab, feebly smoking; and the objectionable Gowan went away on foot, accompanied by the objectionable dog. Pet had taken the most amiable pains all day to be friendly with Clennam, but Clennam had been a little reserved since breakfast—that is to say, would have been if he had loved her.

When he had gone to his own room and had again thrown himself into the chair by the fire, Mr. Doyce knocked at the door, candle in hand, to ask him how and at what hour he purposed returning on the morrow? After settling this question he said a word to Mr. Doyce about this Gowan—who would have run in his head a good deal, if he had been his rival.

"Those are not good prospects for a painter," said Clennam.

"No," returned Doyce.

Mr. Doyce stood, chamber-candlestick in hand, the other hand in his pocket, looking hard at the wick of his candle, with a certain quiet perception in his face that they were going to say something more.

"I thought our good friend a little changed and out of spirits after he came this morning?" said Clennam.

"Yes," returned Doyce.

"But not his daughter?" said Clennam.

"No," said Doyce.

There was a pause on both sides. Mr. Doyce, still looking fixedly at his candle, leisurely resumed:

"The truth is, he has twice taken his daughter abroad, in the hope of separating her from Mr. Gowan. He rather thinks she is disposed to like him, and he has painful doubts (I quite agree with him, as I dare say you do) of the hopefulness of such a marriage."

"There—" Clennam choked, and coughed, and stopped.

"Yes, you have taken cold," said Daniel Doyce. But without looking at him.

—"There is an engagement between them, of course?" said Clennam, airily.

"No. As I am told, certainly not. It has been solicited on the gentleman's part, but none has been made. Since their recent return, our friend has yielded to a weekly visit, but that is the utmost. Minnie would not deceive her father and mother. You have traveled with them, and I believe you know what a bond there is among them, extending even beyond this present life. All that there is between Miss Minnie and Mr. Gowan I have no doubt we see."

"Ah! We see enough!" cried Arthur.

Mr. Doyce wished him good-night, in the tone of a man who had heard a mournful, not to say despairing, exclamation, and who sought to infuse some encouragement and hope into the mind of the person by whom it had been uttered. Such tone was probably a part of his oddity as one of a crotchety band, for how could he have heard any thing of that kind without Clennam's hearing it too?

The rain fell heavily on the roof and pattered on the ground, and dripped among the evergreens, and the leafless branches of the trees. The rain fell heavily, drearily. It was a night of tears.

If Clennam had not decided against falling in love with Pet; if he had had the weakness to do it; if he had, little by little, persuaded himself to set all the earnestness of his nature, all the might of his hope, and all the wealth of his matured character on that cast; if he had done this, and found that all was lost, he would have been that night unutterably miserable. As it was—

As it was, the rain fell heavily, drearily.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LITTLE DORRIT'S LOVER.

LITTLE DORRIT had not attained her twenty-second birthday without finding a lover. Even in the sallow Marshalsea the ever young Archer shot off a few featherless arrows now and then from a mouldy bow, and winged a Collegian or two.

Little Dorrit's lover, however, was not a Collegian. He was the sentimental son of a turnkey. His father hoped in the fullness of time to leave him the inheritance of an unstained key, and had from his early youth familiarized him with the duties of his office and with an ambition to retain the prison-lock in the family. While the succession was yet in abeyance, he assisted his mother in the conduct of a snug tobacco business round the corner of Horsemonger

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Lane (his father being a non-resident turnkey), which could usually command a neat connection within the College walls.

Years agone, when the object of his affections was wont to sit in her little arm-chair by the high Lodge-fender, Young John (family name, Chivery), a year older than herself, had eyed her with admiring wonder. When he had played with her in the yard, his favorite game had been to counterfeit locking her up in corners, and to counterfeit letting her out for real kisses. When he grew tall enough to peep through the keyhole of the great lock of the main door, he had divers times set down his father's dinner or supper to get on as it might on the outer side thereof, while he stood taking cold in one eye by dint of peeping at her through that airy perspective.

If Young John had ever slackened in his truth in the less penetrable days of his boyhood when youth is prone to wear its boots unlaced and is happily unconscious of digestive organs, he had soon strung it up again, and screwed it tight. At nineteen his hand had inscribed in chalk on that part of the wall which fronted her lodging, on the occasion of her birthday, "Welcome sweet nursling of the Fairies!" At twenty-three, the same hand falteringly presented cigars on Sundays to the Father of the Marshalsea, and Father of the queen of his soul.

Young John was small of stature, with rather weak legs and very weak light hair. One of his eyes (perhaps the eye that used to peep through the keyhole) was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it couldn't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul. Poetical, expansive, faithful.

Though too humble before the ruler of his heart to be sanguine, Young John had considered the subject of his attachment in all its lights and shades. Following it out to blissful results, he had descried, without self-commendation, a fitness in it. Say things prospered, and they were united. She the child of the Marshalsea; he the lock-keeper. There was a fitness in that. Say he became a resident turnkey. She would officially succeed to the chamber she had rented so long. There was a beautiful propriety in that. It looked over the wall if you stood on tiptoe; and with a trellis-work of scarlet beans and a canary or so, would become a very bower. There was a charming idea in that. Then, being all in all to one another, there was even an appropriate grace in the lock. With the world shut out (except that part of it which would be shut in); with its troubles and disturbances only known to them by hearsay, as they were described by the pilgrims who tarried with them on their way to the Insolvent Shrine; with the Bower above, and the Lodge below, they would glide down the stream of time in pastoral domestic happiness. Young John drew tears from his eyes by finishing the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining church-yard, close against the prison wall, bearing the following touching inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of John Chivery, Sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighboring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, Amy. Whose maiden name was Dorrit, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died."

The Chivery parents were not ignorant of their son's attachment—indeed it had on some exceptional occasions thrown him into a state of mind that had impelled him to conduct himself with irascibility toward the customers, and damage the business—but they, in their turns, had worked it out to desirable conclusions. Mrs. Chivery, a prudent woman, had desired her husband to take notice that their John's prospects of the Lock would certainly be strengthened by an alliance with Miss Dorrit, who had herself a kind of claim upon the College, and was much respected there. Mrs. Chivery had desired her husband to take notice that if their John had means and a post of trust, Miss Dorrit had Family; and that her (Mrs. Chivery's) sentiment was, that two halves made a whole. Mrs. Chivery, speaking as a mother, and not as a diplomatist, had then, from a different point of view, desired her husband to recollect that their John had never been strong, and that his love had fretted and worritted him enough as it was, without his being driven to do himself a mischief, as nobody couldn't say he wouldn't be if he was crossed. These arguments had so powerfully influenced the mind of Mr. Chivery, who was a man of few words, that he had, on sundry Sunday mornings, given his boy what he termed "a lucky touch" on the shoulder, signifying that he considered such commendation of him to Good Fortune, preparatory to his that day declaring his passion and becoming triumphant. But Young John had never taken courage to make the declaration; and it was principally on these occasions that he had returned excited to the tobacco-shop, and flown at the customers.

In this affair, as in every other, Little Dorrit herself was the last person considered. Her brother and sister were aware of it, and attained a sort of station by making a peg of it on which to air the miserably ragged old fiction of the family gentility. Her sister asserted the family gentility by flouting the poor swain as he loitered about the prison for glimpses of his dear. Tip asserted the family gentility and his own by coming out in the character of the aristocrat brother, and loftily swaggering in the little skittle-ground respecting seizures by the scruff of the neck, that there were looming probabilities of some gentleman unknown executing on some little puppy not mentioned. These were not the only members of the Dorrit family who turned it to account. No, no. The Father of

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the Marshalsea was supposed to know nothing about the matter, of course; his poor dignity could not see so low. But he took the cigars on Sundays, and was glad to get them, and sometimes even condescended to walk up and down the yard with the donor (who was proud and hopeful then), and benignantly to smoke one in his society. With no less readiness and condescension did he receive attentions from Chivery Senior, who always relinquished his arm-chair and newspaper to him when he came into the Lodge during one of his spells of duty, and who had even mentioned to him that if he would like at any time after dusk, quietly to step out into the fore-court and take a look at the street, there was not much to prevent him. If he did not avail himself of this latter civility, it was only because he had lost the relish for it; for he took every thing else he could get, and would say at times, "Extremely civil person, Chivery; very attentive man, and very respectful. Young Chivery, too; really, almost with a delicate perception of one's position here. A very well-conducted family indeed, the Chiveries. Their behavior gratifies me."

The devoted Young John all this time regarded the family with reverence. He never dreamed of disputing their pretensions, but did homage to the miserable Mumbo Jumbo they paraded. As to resenting any affront from *her* brother, he would have felt, even if he had not naturally been of a most pacific disposition, that to wag his tongue, or lift his hand against that sacred gentleman would be an unhallowed act. He was sorry that his noble mind should take offense; still he felt the fact to be not incompatible with its nobility, and sought to propitiate and conciliate that gallant soul. Her father, a gentleman in misfortune—a gentleman of a fine spirit and courtly manners, who always bore with him—he deeply honored. Her sister he considered somewhat vain and proud, but a young lady of infinite accomplishments, who could not forget the past. It was an instinctive testimony to Little Dorrit's worth and difference from all the rest, that the poor young fellow honored and loved her for being simply what she was.

The tobacco business round the corner of Horsemonger Lane was carried on in a rural establishment one story high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horsemonger Lane Jail, and the advantage of a retired walk under the wall of that pleasant establishment. The business was of too modest a character to support a life-size Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a bracket on the door-post, who looked like a fallen Cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt.

From the portal thus decorated, one Sunday after an early dinner of baked viands, Young John issued forth on his usual Sunday errand; not empty-handed, but with his offering of cigars. He was neatly attired in a plum-colored coat, with as large a collar of black velvet as his figure could carry; a silken waistcoat, bedecked with golden sprigs; a chaste neckerchief much in vogue at that day, representing a preserve of lilac pheasants on a buff ground; pantaloons so highly decorated with side-stripes that each leg was a three-stringed lute; and a hat of state, very high and hard. When the prudent Mrs. Chivery perceived that in addition to these adornments her John carried a pair of white kid gloves and a cane like a little finger-post, surmounted by an ivory hand marshaling him the way that he should go; and when she saw him in this heavy marching order turn the corner to the right, she remarked to Mr. Chivery, who was at home at the time, that she thought she knew which way the wind blew.

The Collegians were entertaining a considerable number of visitors that Sunday afternoon, and their Father kept his room for the purpose of receiving presentations. After making the tour of the yard, Little Dorrit's lover with a hurried heart went up stairs and knocked with his knuckles at the Father's door.

"Come in, come in!" said a gracious voice. The Father's voice, her father's, the Marshalsea's father's. He was seated in his black velvet cap, with his newspaper, three-and-sixpence accidentally left on the table, and two chairs arranged. Every thing prepared for holding his Court.

"Ah, Young John! How do you do, how do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Sir. I hope you are the same."

"Yes, John Chivery; yes. Nothing to complain of."

"I have taken the liberty, Sir, of—"

"Eh?" The Father of the Marshalsea always lifted up his eyebrows at this point, and became amiably distraught and smilingly absent in mind.

"—A few cigars, Sir."

"Oh!" (For the moment excessively surprised.) "Thank you, John, thank you. But really, I am afraid I am too— No? Well, then, I will say no more about it. Put them on the mantel-shelf, if you please, John. And sit down, sit down. You are not a stranger, John."

"Thank you, Sir, I am sure. Miss"—here Young John turned the great hat round and round upon his left hand, like a slowly twirling mouse-cage—"Miss Amy quite well, Sir?"

"Yes, John, yes; very well. She is out."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"Yes, John. Miss Amy is gone for an airing. My young people all go out a good deal, a good deal. But at their time of life, it's natural, John."

"Very much so, I am sure, Sir."

"An airing. An airing. Yes." He was blandly tapping his fingers on the table, and casting his eyes up at the window. "Amy has gone for an airing on the Iron Bridge. She has become quite partial to the Iron Bridge of late, and seems to like to walk there better than any where." He returned to conversation. "Your

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father is not on duty at present, I think, John?"

"No, Sir, he comes on later in the afternoon." Another twirl of the great hat, and then Young John said, rising, "I am afraid I must wish you good-day, Sir."

"So soon? Good-day, John. Nay, nay," with the utmost condescension, "never mind your glove, John. Shake hands with it on. You are no stranger here, you know."

Highly gratified by the kindness of his reception, Young John descended the staircase. On his way down he met some Collegians bringing up visitors to be presented, and at that moment Mr. Dorrit happened to call over the banisters with great distinctness, "Much obliged to you for your little testimonial, John!"

Little Dorrit's lover very soon laid down his penny on the toll-plate of the Iron Bridge, and came upon it looking about him for the well-known and well-beloved figure. At first he feared she was not there, but as he walked on toward the Middlesex side, he saw her standing still, looking at the water. She was absorbed in thought, and he wondered what she might be thinking about. There were the piles of city roofs and chimneys, more free from smoke than on week-days; and there were the distant masts and steeples. Perhaps she was thinking about them.

Little Dorrit mused so long, and was so entirely preoccupied, that although her lover stood quiet for what he thought was a long time, and twice or thrice retired and came back again to the former spot, still she did not move. So, in the end, he made up his mind to go on, and seem to come upon her casually in passing, and speak to her. The place was quiet, and now or never was the time to speak to her.

He walked on, and she did not appear to hear his steps until he was close upon her. When he said "Miss Dorrit!" she started, and fell back from him with an expression in her face of fright and something like dislike that caused him unutterable dismay. She had often avoided him before—always, indeed, for a long, long while. She had turned away and glided off, so often when she had seen him coming toward her, that the unfortunate Young John could not think it accidental. But he had hoped that it might be shyness, her retiring character, her fore-knowledge of the state of his heart, any thing short of aversion. Now, that momentary look had said, "You, of all people! I would rather have seen any one on earth than you!"

It was but a momentary look, inasmuch as she checked it, and said, in her soft little voice, "Oh, Mr. John! Is it you?" But she felt what it had been, as he felt what it had been; and they stood looking at one another equally confused.

"Miss Amy, I am afraid I disturbed you by speaking to you."

"Yes, rather. I—I came here to be alone, and I thought I was."

"Miss Amy, I took the liberty of walking this way because Mr. Dorrit chanced to mention when I called upon him just now that you—"

She caused him more dismay than before by suddenly murmuring, "Oh, father, father!" in a heart-rending tone, and turning her face away.

"Miss Amy, I hope I don't give you any uneasiness by naming Mr. Dorrit. I assure you I found him very well, and in the best of spirits, and he showed me even more than his usual kindness; being so very kind as to say that I was not a stranger there, and in all ways gratifying me very much."

To the inexpressible consternation of her lover, Little Dorrit, with her hands to her averted face, and rocking herself where she stood, as if she were in pain, murmured, "Oh, father, how can you! Oh, dear, dear father, how can you, can you, do it!"

The poor fellow stood gazing at her, overflowing with sympathy, but not knowing what to make of this, until having taken out her handkerchief and put it to her still averted face, she hurried away. At first he remained stock still; then hurried after her.

"Miss Amy, pray! Will you have the goodness to stop a moment. Miss Amy, if it comes to that, let *me* go. I shall go out of my senses if I have to think that I have driven you away like this."

His trembling voice and unfeigned earnestness brought Little Dorrit to a stop. "Oh, I don't know what to do," she cried, "I don't know what to do!"

To Young John, who had never seen her bereft of her quiet self-command, who had seen her from her infancy ever so reliable and self-suppressed, there was a shock in her distress and in having to associate himself with it as its cause, that shook him from his great hat to the pavement. He felt it necessary to explain himself. He might be misunderstood—supposed to mean something, or to have done something, that had never entered into his imagination. He begged her to hear him explain himself, as the greatest favor she could show him."

"Miss Amy, I know very well that your family is far above mine. It were vain to conceal it. There never was a Chivery a gentleman that ever I heard of, and I will not commit the meanness of making a false representation on a subject so momentous. Miss Amy, I know very well that your high-souled brother, and likewise your spirited sister, spurn me from a heighth. What I have to do is to respect them, to wish to be admitted to their friendship, to look up at the eminence on which they are placed, from my lowlier station—for whether viewed as tobacco or viewed as the lock, I well know it is lowly—and ever wish them well and happy."

There really was a genuineness in the poor fellow, and a contrast between the hardness of his hat and the softness of his heart (albeit, perhaps, of his head, too) that was moving. Little Dorrit entreated him to disparage neither him-

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self nor his station, and, above all things, to divest himself of any idea that she supposed hers to be superior. This gave him a little comfort.

"Miss Amy," he then stammered, "I have had for a long time—ages they seem to me—Revolving ages—a heart-cherished wish to say something to you. May I say it?"

Little Dorrit involuntarily started from his side again, with the faintest shadow of her former look; conquering that, she went on at great speed half across the bridge without replying.

"May I—Miss Amy, I but ask the question humbly—may I say it? I have been so unlucky already in giving you pain, without having any such intentions, before the holy Heavens! that there is no fear of my saying it unless I have your leave. I can be miserable alone, I can be cut up by myself; why should I also make miserable and cut up one that I would fling myself off that parapet to give half a moment's joy to! Not that that's much to do, for I'd do it for twopence."

The mournfulness of his spirits, and the gorgeousness of his appearance, might have made him ridiculous, but that his delicacy made him respectable. Little Dorrit learned from it what to do.

"If you please, John Chivery," she returned, trembling, but in a quiet way, "since you are so considerate as to ask me whether you shall say any more—if you please, no."

"Never, Miss Amy?"

"No, if you please. Never."

"O Lord!" gasped Young John.

"But perhaps you will let me, instead, say something to you. I want to say it earnestly, and with as plain a meaning as it is possible to express. When you think of us—I mean my brother and sister, and me—don't think of us as being any different from the rest; for, whatever we once were (which I hardly know) we ceased to be long ago, and never can be any more. It will be much better for you, and much better for others, if you will do that, instead of what you are doing now."

Young John dolefully protested that he would try to bear it in mind, and would be heartily glad to do any thing she wished.

"As to me," said Little Dorrit, "think as little of me as you can; the less the better. When you think of me at all, let it but be as the poor child you have seen grow up in the prison, with one set of duties and one small field of action always occupying her; as a weak, retired, contented, unprotected girl. I particularly want you to remember that when I come outside the gate I am unprotected and solitary."

He would try to do any thing she wished. But why did Miss Amy so much want him to remember that?

"Because," returned Little Dorrit, I know I can then quite trust you not to forget to-day, and not to say any more to me. You are so generous that I know I can trust to you for that; and I do, and I always will. I am going to show you at once that I fully trust you. I like this place where we are speaking better than any place I know;" her slight color had faded, but her lover thought he saw it coming back just then; "and I may be often here. I know it is only necessary for me to tell you so, to be quite sure that you will never come here again in search of me. And I am—quite sure!"

She might rely upon it, said Young John. He was a miserable wretch, but her word was more than a law for him.

"And good-by, John," said Little Dorrit. "And I hope you will have a good wife one day, and be a happy man. I am sure you will deserve to be happy, and you will be, John."

As she held out her hand to him with these words, the heart that was under the waistcoat of sprigs—mere slop-work, if the truth must be known—swelled to the size of the heart of a gentleman; and the poor common little fellow having no room to hold it, burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry," said Little Dorrit, piteously. "Don't, don't! Good-by, dear John. God bless you!"

"Good-by, Miss Amy. Good-by!"

And so he left her: first observing that she sat down on the corner of a seat, and not only rested her little hand upon the rough wall, but laid her face against it too, as if her head were heavy, and her mind were sad.

It was an affecting illustration of the fallacy of human projects, to behold her lover with the great hat pulled over his eyes, the velvet collar turned up as if it rained, the plum-colored buttoned to conceal the silken waistcoat of golden sprigs, and the little direction-post pointing inexorably home, creeping along by the worst back-streets, and composing as he went the following new inscription for a tombstone in Saint George's Church-yard:

"Here lie the mortal remains of John Chivery, Never any thing worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, Which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted Parents."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE Kansas question, in its various aspects, has during the past month engrossed a large share of the attention of Congress. In the House two reports from the Committee on Elections have been presented in reference to the seat claimed by Messrs. Whitfield and Reeder. The report of the majority represents that the Legislature which passed the election law under which Mr. Whitfield was chosen, was imposed upon the people of the Territory by a foreign invading force, by whom the people have been kept in a state of subjection.

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It urges the necessity of a thorough investigation into all the facts in dispute, and maintains that, as the people of the Territory are the real contestants, their rights can not be prejudiced by the action of Mr. Reeder in issuing certificates of election to the members of the Territorial Legislature. The committee therefore asked to be empowered to send for persons and papers. The report of the minority of the committee urged that such a course would make the House judge not only of the qualifications of its own members, but also of those of the members of the Territorial Legislature, and consequently of the State Legislatures, which would establish a dangerous precedent. If, however, the House should determine upon making such an investigation, the end would be better attained by dispatching a commission to Kansas to take testimony, than by sending for persons and papers. Accompanying this report was a document from Mr. Whitfield, denying that Mr. Reeder had any right to be heard in the matter, as he was not a candidate at any election authorized by law; and furthermore, as the members of the Legislature took their seats under certificates from Mr. Reeder himself, acting as Governor, he is estopped from calling in question the validity of their election. These reports gave rise to a debate, protracted from the 7th to the 19th of March. A proposition was submitted by Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, to appoint a special committee of three members to proceed to Kansas, with full powers to inquire into any fraud or force alleged to have been practiced in any of the elections held since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and to make a thorough investigation into the circumstances of the troubles and outrages that have occurred in the Territory. By a vote of 111 to 81 this proposition was substituted for that submitted by the majority of the Committee on Elections; and was then adopted by a vote of 102 to 93. The committee, as finally appointed by the Speaker, consist of Messrs. Sherman of Ohio, Howard of Michigan, and Oliver of Missouri. The first two members of the committee belong to the party opposed to the Nebraska Bill, while Mr. Oliver was the choice of those in favor of it.——In the Senate Mr. Douglass presented a report in relation to Kansas from the majority of the Committee upon Territories. The report maintains that the power of Congress to organize Territorial Governments does not include the right of regulating or interfering with the domestic institutions and internal concerns of a Territory, or of imposing any other limitations upon its sovereignty than those imposed by the Constitution upon all the States. New States have therefore the right to come into the Union, with any domestic laws and institutions which do not conflict with the Constitution of the United States—which is the principle embodied in the Nebraska Bill. The report affirms that since the majority of the members of the Territorial Legislature received their commissions from Governor Reeder, the alleged illegality of a portion of the votes which were cast does not invalidate that election, nor are the acts of the Legislature vitiated by the removal of the seat of government. The measures of the Emigrant Aid Societies are animadverted upon with great severity, and the proceedings of the Free State Convention at Topeka are pronounced illegal and treasonable. The committee propose a bill authorizing the inhabitants of Kansas, when it shall appear that the population of the Territory amounts to the number (93,340) requisite to entitle them to a representative in Congress, to hold a Convention for the purpose of forming a State Government. Instead of this Mr. Seward has submitted a substitute, admitting Kansas at once into the Union as a State. Mr. Collamer presented a report from the minority of the Territorial Committee, controverting all the main points in the majority report; defending the action of the Emigrant Aid Societies; reiterating the charges of violence, fraud, and illegality in respect to the Territorial Legislature; and defending the action which resulted in the formation of the Constitution of October, 1855, and the elections held under that Constitution. The report recommends, as the easiest and most direct way of meeting all the difficulties in the case, that Kansas be at once received into the Union, with the present Constitution.——Among the leading measures now under consideration of Congress are bills for establishing a uniform system of naturalization, for building a railroad to the Pacific, for modifying the tariff, and for increasing our naval and military efficiency. This last measure is advocated mainly upon grounds wholly apart from any apprehension of immediate hostilities. Mr. Cass in speaking in favor of it, however, took the ground that the probable termination of the war in Europe would leave England with a large unemployed army and navy, which might render her less disposed for a peaceful solution of the questions in dispute between the two governments. It was therefore proper that we should not be found unprepared. He trusted that there would be no war; still there was danger, and this would not be diminished by shutting our eyes to it. He saw no reason to suppose that the English Government would recede from its position respecting the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. And even should an arbitration be proposed, we could hardly accept it, as the whole matter turns upon the meaning of the word "occupy." The treaty says that neither party shall occupy or possess any dominion in Central America, except in a single case specially provided for. If any other occupation is retained, the treaty is violated, and we know what constitutes "occupation" without resorting to the lexicographical knowledge or good offices of friend or foe.——The new Tariff Bill, introduced in the Senate by Mr. James, of Rhode Island, is designed to reduce the duties to a revenue standard. All articles of import are divided into four classes. Class A., consisting of spirituous liquors, is to pay 80 per cent. Class B., consisting mainly of articles of taste and luxury, pays 30 per cent. It includes ales, wines, iron, and manufactured goods of silk, cotton, linen, and woolen, with the exception of a few of the coarser sorts. Class C. is to be admitted free of duty. It is made up of tea, coffee, cocoa, drugs and medicines, and raw materials not produced in the United States. In order to deprive the foreign producer or merchant of any undue advantage in invoicing goods, the value of the articles is to be taken at their actual worth in the principal markets of the United States. Stringent provisions are also made against fraud. It is proposed that the new tariff, as finally modified, shall go into effect on the 30th of June, 1857.

The State Legislature (Free Soil) of *Kansas* met at Topeka, on the 4th of March, and subsequently adjourned to Lawrence. Mr. Minard, formerly of Iowa, was elected Speaker of the House. Mr. Roberts, the Lieutenant-Governor, was formerly

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of Pennsylvania. The Message of Governor Robinson, in addition to various local recommendations, goes into a detail of the history of the Territory and the state of affairs which led to the formation of the State Constitution under which the Legislature was convened. In the event of the threat of arrest against the members being carried out, he dissuades them from offering any resistance. Governor Reeder and General Lane were elected to the United States Senate. The proceedings of this body are in effect merely provisional, their validity depending wholly upon the action taken by Congress in relation to them. In the mean while spirited exertions are making both at the North and the South to push forward a large emigration to Kansas, with a special view to influence its future government. Large amounts of money and arms have been raised in New York and New England for this purpose. Two hundred Sharpe's rifles and two cannon, on their way to Kansas were seized on board a steamer going up the Missouri. They were packed in boxes, marked "Carpenters' Tools." Somehow the contents of the boxes became known, the arms were seized by a committee, who determined to hold them subject to the order of Governor Shannon. The "loading apparatus" of the rifles, without which they can not be used, had, however, been forwarded by another conveyance.——The Legislature of *Utah* has passed an Act which has been approved by Governor Brigham Young, ordering an election to be held to obtain an expression of the popular will in respect to a Convention to frame a State Constitution, preparatory to applying for admission into the Union. The revenue of the Territory, as assessed, for the past year, was $17,348 87, of which $11,069 77 were still unpaid, while the outstanding treasury warrants exceed the sum still due by about $1100, which must be met by future assessments.——At the late election in *Wisconsin*, Mr. W. A. Barstow, Democrat, was declared by the canvassers to have been chosen Governor by a majority of 157. His opponent, Mr. Coles Bashford, Republican, claimed that the canvass was fraudulent, and that he had received a majority of at least 800. He brought an action before the Supreme Court of the State in order to oust Mr. Barstow. A very complicated series of proceedings ensued, in the course of which Mr. Barstow denied the jurisdiction of the Court, and threatened to resist its orders; he also addressed a Message to the Legislature demanding aid to sustain him in this course. The Court, however, affirmed its jurisdiction, and Mr. Bashford proved that he was elected by a decided majority. Before judgment was rendered, Mr. Barstow sent in his resignation, whereupon it was claimed that the office devolved upon Mr. McArthur, the Lieutenant-Governor. The Court, disregarding the resignation, pronounced Mr. Bashford to be the legal Governor; he thereupon took possession of the executive apartments, and, as Governor, addressed a Message to the Legislature. The Senate received this document, thus acknowledging the claim of Mr. Bashford; but the House, by a vote of 38 to 34, declined to receive it, thus refusing to recognize him as Governor.——At the State election in *New Hampshire*, held March 11, the contest for Governor was very close between Messrs. Metcalf, Opposition, and Wells, Democrat, each receiving about 32,000 votes; about 2500 votes were cast for Goodwin, Whig, so that there was no election by the people. The vacancy will be filled by the Legislature, both branches of which are strongly Anti-Administration.——The Court of Appeals in *New York* has decided against the constitutionality of the seizure clause in the Liquor-Law of that State, upon the ground that it both deprives the citizen of the right of trial by jury, and takes away his property without due process of law.——The General Assembly of *Virginia* has enacted a very stringent law to prevent the carrying off of slaves. Any free person convicted of carrying away, or attempting to carry away, a slave is to be punished by imprisonment not less than five or more than ten years; to forfeit to the owner twice the value of the slave; and may besides be publicly whipped at the discretion of the jury. If a slave be found by night, without the written consent of his master, on board any vessel owned or commanded by any person not a resident or citizen of the State; or if he be carried beyond the limits of any county, on board a vessel bound without the State, it is to be presumed that he has been received on board by the master of the vessel, with the design of carrying him off. Whenever the person who carries off a slave is attached to any vessel, it is to be forfeited to the Commonwealth. The penalty for aiding or advising a slave to escape is likewise imprisonment in the penitentiary from five to ten years, with the liability to be publicly whipped as often as the jury shall direct.

We have accounts of renewed hostilities between the whites and the Indians in Florida and Texas. In California a very serious outbreak has occurred near Rogue River, where some 300 Indians are under arms. In an attack on the 23d of February twenty or thirty whites were killed, and many dwellings have been burned. Serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Crescent City. In Oregon, the disturbances are still more general. It would seem that almost the entire Indian population is in arms. The Legislative Assembly have forwarded a memorial asking for the removal of General Wool from the military command of the Territory. They allege that he has refused to furnish arms and ammunition to the volunteers, or to send the United States troops to their assistance. General Wool defends his conduct, and lays the blame of the disturbances, to a great extent, upon the white settlers.

The month over which our Record extends has been marked by an unusual number of disasters and accidents by sea and land. On the 20th of February the packet ship *John Rutledge* was struck by an iceberg and went down. The passengers and crew numbered 136 persons, who took to the boats. One of these was picked up on the 28th; but of the thirteen persons who went on board, the only survivor was Thomas W. Nye, a young sailor. The others had sunk under their sufferings and privations. The fate of the four remaining boats is as yet unknown. No tidings of the *Pacific* having yet (April 3) been received, it is presumed that she has been totally lost; the passengers numbered 45, the officers and crew 141, making 185 souls on board. Lists have been published of more than sixty vessels which have been due for a sufficient time to occasion serious apprehensions of their loss. On the 22d of March the ferry boat *New Jersey* took fire in the Delaware River between Camden and Philadelphia. Before the boat could reach the shore, the wheel-house fell in, the vessel became unmanageable, and the tide swept it away from the wharf. About fifty persons lost their

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lives. A severe earthquake-shock was felt in San Francisco, on the 15th of February, doing considerable damage to buildings. No lives were lost. A far more terrible earthquake occurred in Japan on the 11th of November, by which the city of Jeddo is reported to have been almost wholly destroyed, with a loss of life loosely stated at 30,000.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Government appears at present to be making head against the insurgents. Congress has confirmed the decree nominating Comonfort to the Presidency. The force under Uraga, stated to have amounted to six thousand men, surrendered without a blow to Iturbide near Tulancingo. Another body suffered defeat at Chantla; and the rising in Chiapas has been put down. The latest accounts represent Haro y Tamariz as closely shut up in Puebla by Comonfort, at the head of a superior force.——In *Nicaragua* the Government has annulled the Charter of the Accessary Transit Company on the ground of an alleged breach of contract in failing to construct a canal or railway from ocean to ocean, and in neglecting to make the payments stipulated in their charter. All the property belonging to the Company within the limits of Nicaragua has been seized as security for the payments demanded. The privileges of the Company, including the sole right of transporting passengers across the Isthmus, and of navigating by steam the waters of the Republic, has been granted to Edmund Randolph and his associates for the space of twenty-five years, upon condition of paying one dollar for each passenger carried across, and performing certain services to the State, and complying with certain prescribed conditions. It is reported that the Government has made a definite arrangement with Great Britain for the settlement of the Mosquito question, without regard to the United States. The Mosquito King is to be put on the same footing as other native chiefs. The reports of a projected alliance between the other States of the Isthmus against Nicaragua, are confirmed, although its extent is yet a matter of uncertainty. The Government of San Salvador has made peaceful overtures, though protesting against the presence in Nicaragua of so many foreigners. Costa Rica refused to receive Colonel Schlessinger, who had been sent as envoy from Nicaragua, and ordered him to leave the country. On the 10th of March, a formal declaration of war by Costa Rica against Nicaragua reached Granada, which was answered by a corresponding declaration. General Walker, who has recently received considerable additions to his forces, immediately set out to carry the war into the enemy's country. The Government of Costa Rica has issued an address, summoning all the States of Central America to unite and destroy the invaders from the North. A proclamation from Walker states that he was invited into the country by the Democratic party, whose principles he had endeavored to carry out; but that the Legitimists having repelled all his efforts at conciliation, war was the only alternative left. No actual encounter had taken place, up to the 21st of March.

EUROPE.

Intelligence from England relates wholly to matters of mere local interest. An attempt on the part of Government to make an innovation upon the constitution of the House of Peers, by appointing Mr. Parke, an eminent lawyer and judge, to a peerage for life, met with such strenuous opposition from the Lords, that the project was withdrawn. A motion in the Commons to open the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sunday was rejected by a large majority. A commission appointed to inquire into the alleged misconduct of the commissariat affairs in the Crimea, presented a report strongly condemning the course of a number of prominent officers. A Board of officers has been appointed to report upon this report of the commission. General Sir de Lacy Evans made a severe attack in the House upon the conduct of Lords Raglan, and Cardigan, the Duke of Cambridge, and General Simpson. Mr. John Sadlier, a Member of Parliament from Ireland, committed suicide in consequence of pecuniary frauds in which he had been for some time engaged. Covent Garden Theatre has been destroyed by fire; the loss is estimated at half a million of dollars. Mr. Dallas, the new Minister from America, has arrived in England. The apprehensions of a rupture with the United States appear to have almost wholly subsided. A dinner has been given by the Lord Mayor of London to Mr. Buchanan, in which our late minister made a highly conciliatory speech, which was received with great favor.

The negotiations at Paris are in progress: but beyond the fact of the conclusion of an armistice, nothing definite has transpired, or is likely to transpire, until the Conference has concluded its work. The general opinion is, that peace will result; but in spite of all assurances to the contrary from official sources, there is a vague apprehension that the conditions will be less favorable to the Allies than the English people demand. This apprehension is strengthened by the sudden determination to invite Prussia to take a share in the deliberations; it being considered that this power is in reality the ally of Russia. The session of the Legislative Bodies was opened on the 4th of March by the Emperor, with a speech in which he briefly reviews the events of the year. He alludes to the change in the public feeling in Europe consequent upon the successes before Sebastopol; the facility with which the late loan was negotiated; and the cordial amity between France and England, shown by the visit of the Queen to France, and the warm reception with which she was greeted. Though France had sent 200,000 men to the scene of hostilities, the war was yet merely an episode in her history, her main strength being devoted to the arts of peace. The Emperor of Russia, he says, "the inheritor of a situation which he had not brought about," had, after the honor of his arms was vindicated, shown a laudable desire to accede to the wishes of Europe for a peace. The good fortune which has heretofore attended the Emperor has been crowned by the birth of a son and heir on the 14th of March. He received the name of Napoleon-Louis-Eugène-Jean-Joseph. Elaborate preparations have been for some time made in anticipation of this event; the birth of a prince having been almost tacitly assumed. Great rejoicings have been held in Paris. The title of the prince is King of Algeria. The negotiations have put a stop to all active hostilities in the Crimea. There is considerable sickness among the troops, more especially the French.——The Sultan has issued a decree granting equal rights to his subjects of every creed. All are to be eligible to posts of honor, and to be allowed to bear arms. All insulting official designations of Christian subjects are to be abandoned.

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Literary Notices.

Sketches and Adventures in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain. By the Author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries." (Harper and Brothers.) In this record of frolicsome adventure, Mr. Charles March lives over again the scenes in which he fully verifies the old proverb of when in Rome doing as the Romans do. His tour seems to have been exclusively devoted to enjoyment. He becomes one of the people among whom he temporarily loiters, and oblivious of the fact that he is a free and virtuous republican by birth, adapts himself to the humor of the moment like a native, and thus bears away a singularly racy experience of every soil over which he wanders. At Madeira he plunges, like a wild school-boy, into the pleasures of the vintage, which reminded him of the gayeties of a New Hampshire husking. In Cadiz he became enamored of the famous national dish—the *olla podrida*—in spite of the shrugging of English shoulders at his expense. This odoriferous viand is composed of carrots, peas, carabansa beans, onions, garlic, lettuces, celery, and long peppers, with slices of beef and ham, all boiled together, and served in one dish. Mr. March compares its charms to those of virtue, with which the better you become acquainted, the more you are attached to them. The pungent garlic with which it was seasoned, and the rancid oil with which it was accompanied, became a second nature to him, so that if deprived of it for a single dinner, he thought with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day." With equal abandon, he yielded to the social enchantments of Cadiz. The beauty of the city pours itself out at the hour of vespers on the Alameda. The effect on the susceptible American was truly bewildering. It even haunted him in his dreams, and his room seemed illuminated by the bright eyes of Spanish maidens. In Andalusia he dons the Andalusian costume. Behold our Yankee adventurer in his new garb. A short jacket of olive cloth, with sleeves slashed with crimson velvet, and with pendant tassels of silver to be thrown over the shoulder—breeches of the same material, decorated with double rows of silver buttons from waist to knee—a waistcoat of broadcloth glittering with silver—and a sash of richest silk completes his astonishing outfit. Nor did he fail to act in character with his assumed position, though the color of his hair and complexion were not suggestive of Andalusia, nor his Spanish redolent of Old Castile. The reckless abandonment with which he rushes into the scenes of the passing hour gives a peculiar richness and unction to his descriptions of Spanish life. No previous traveler has painted the manners of the people with more freshness and picturesque effect. His pencil, it must be confessed, is sometimes audaciously free, and a trifle less of luxurious coloring in his portraitures of Spanish beauty would have better suited the demands of a rigid taste. Few books of modern travel, however, combine so much novel information with such an insinuating nonchalance of manner, or present the countries which they describe in such a fascinating light. The author leaves the enchantments of Spain with regrets softened by the hope of a speedy return, and his readers are almost tempted to wish that they might meet him among scenes to which he has lent the attractions of his pen.

Life of Schamyl, by J. Milton Mackie. (John P. Jewett and Co.) The main subject of this volume is the Circassian War against Russia, of whose celebrated leader, Schamyl, a minute biography is related. He was born in the year 1797, in a village called Heniri, belonging to a territory on the Caspian Sea. Of his parents no certain information exists. In the education of his boyhood, the practice of horsemanship came before the study of books. Riding and shooting with the bow, the gun, and the pistol are exercises for Circassian youth, instead of spelling the lessons of the primer and the catechism. In these athletic sports the boy Schamyl must have passed the first dozen years of his life. The society of which, on reaching manhood, he became a member was a free democracy. Previously to the establishment of his system of government, the chief of the State was the one who, by consent of the warriors of his tribe, led them against the enemy. This office continued but for a single foray or campaign. In peace, all the tribe were brothers, free and equal before the law, with no distinctions but of natural gifts. The best and bravest person was in fact a chieftain, without the formality of election; a king in authority though not in title, combining the natural and divine right to govern in his own person. The name of Schamyl appears in the annals of the Circassian war of independence some time after he had taken his place in society as a warrior of full age. He had attained the age of thirty-seven when he was first made a leader of the tribes. At that time he was a warrior no less distinguished for his masculine beauty than for his intellectual supremacy. He impressed with awe all who came into his presence. Regarding himself as the instrument of a higher power, under the immediate inspiration of Allah in all his thoughts and decisions, his manner was free from excitement, and his mind almost as impassive and impersonal as fate itself. When arrayed in the military trappings of his race, Schamyl presented a spectacle worthy of admiration: "Murat was not a gayer horseman, Bayard not a better knight, nor is the Apollo Belvidere more like a god." Such is the noble chief whose extraordinary career is narrated in the volume before us. The subject is replete with attractions, and in the hands of the author is made to assume a romantic interest. The peculiar life of the Circassians among their native mountains is described with a vividness that presents a perpetual excitement to the imagination. The pictures of fresh pastoral life in these remote fastnesses are not without a certain idyllic charm, recalling the halcyon days of Grecian antiquity. Though not forsaking the line of historic facts, the author has thrown a poetical glow around his descriptions, which often gives his narrative the fascination of a fairy tale. In this style of composition he is emphatically at home, and the present work will enhance the reputation which he has honorably won by his former brilliant productions.

A Lady's Second Journey Round the World, by Ida Pfeiffer. (Harper and Brothers.) Of all travelers from Herodotus to Bayard Taylor, for the union of quietness with energy, simplicity with shrewdness, masculine persistence with feminine curiosity, conciliatory manners with an unprepossessing exterior, the venerable Ida bears away the palm. Imagine a plain, weather-beaten, little old woman—with features showing the wear and tear of hard luck in many lands—a complexion colored with as deep a brown as that of any ancient mar-

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iner by frequent battling with the elements—a dress of rustic homeliness in all its details—a general air of earnest, but perplexed curiosity—tones of voice that betray a rough experience of practical life, rather than the culture of polished society—and the complete absence of every thing like presumption, pretense, or affectation—and you will have a tolerable picture of the renowned lady-traveler as she appeared when we took her by the hand, on her recent visit to New York. Her book is a faithful transcript of herself. It affords the best illustration that could be given of her character. Indeed, its interest depends quite as much on the sympathy it awakens with her adventurous personal career, as on the freshness or importance of its information. Ida, to external view, is always meek as a Quaker—patient, long-suffering, nonresistant—but when she gets provoked, as it must be owned she sometimes does, the fire of the flint comes out, and she shows how bravely a peaceful woman may defend herself from impertinence or insult. Her courage is equal to her perseverance, and her good common sense is a match for either. If she attempts no high flights of speculation or description in her simple narrative, she never falls into the absurd platitudes into which the Honorable Miss Murray so incontinently plunges. Errors of observation and of memory are, of course, inevitable in the record of such a widely-extended tour, but she never blunders through stupidity, and rarely, if ever, we fancy, through a verdant reliance on the myths of those mischievous wags who love to throw dust in the eyes of a conceited or silly foreign traveler.

The book commences with an account of the author's experience in London, where she arrived on the 10th of April, 1851. Her first impressions were not of the most agreeable character. She was bewildered by the busy throng of life in the crowded streets. The rush and hurry of the vehicles was as frightful to her nerves as the dire confusion of Broadway amidst a conglomeration of omnibuses. Not without a sense of gladness, as of one escaped from imminent peril, she at last found herself safe in her room. On further acquaintance with London, she misses the warm stoves to which she had been accustomed at home. The open fire-places in which the English delight are not at all to her taste. Still more does she miss the frank, open-hearted society which prevails in the south of Europe. The numerous dinners and evening parties are a poor substitute for the genial gayety of the social circle. They do not draw people together in an unconstrained, agreeable manner. She found the life of the women of the middle class especially monotonous. In this respect they present a parallel to domestic society nearer home. The good Ida complains that they are mostly alone all day, and that when their husbands return in the evening from their business they are too tired to talk, and have no love of being disturbed by visitors, but sit down in an arm-chair by the fire, take a newspaper, and now and then fall asleep. This Dutch picture of an interior has many prototypes out of London. Sunday in England was absolutely intolerable to the lively temperament of the excitable Austrian. The laws of etiquette were no less onerous.

Leaving England but with faint admiration of its people or its institutions, our traveler embarks in the month of May for the Cape of Good Hope. Her voyage was one long misery. The captain of the vessel was a regular skin-flint. The table was so meanly supplied that Ida came little short of starvation. The bill of fare was the briefest known in the annals of gastronomy. For breakfast, weak coffee without milk, and salt meat—for dinner, pea-soup and salt meat—for supper, tea and salt meat. This monotonous diet was now and then varied by a tough chicken, or an insipid lump of dough, fortified with a few stray raisins, but ham, eggs, and even cheese, were forbidden luxuries. The company was worse than the fare. The only passenger beside herself was a rude young man without education, who passed his time in smoking, whistling, bawling among the sailors, with the occasional diversion when the poultry were killed of being in at the death. The tedious voyage lasted for seventy-five days, and happy indeed was Ida to land at Cape Town. She passed four weeks there, but saw little worthy of remark. From Cape Town she proceeded to Singapore, Borneo, Batavia, Sumatra, and the wild country of the Battakers. These gentry, after becoming subject to the Dutch Government, have been obliged to renounce their favorite table delicacy of human flesh.

Previously to intrusting herself to their hospitality she received many friendly warnings of the danger of the attempt. She was referred to the horrid fate of two American missionaries who were killed and eaten while passing through the country. But she was reassured by the information that in case of falling a victim to the Battakers, she would not be subjected to slow tortures. She had been told that it was their custom to tie the sufferers living to the stake, and instead of putting them out of their pain at once, to hack pieces off their bodies, and consume them by degrees with tobacco and salt. But this was incorrect. Such doom was reserved only for criminals of the deepest dye. Prisoners of war are tied to a tree and beheaded at once, but their blood is preserved as a grateful beverage, and is sometimes used to moisten a favorite kind of rice-pudding. The body is then divided among the official heirs of such a precious inheritance. The Rajah claims the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the flesh of the head, the liver, and the heart, which are regarded as esculents of peculiar delicacy. The flesh in general is roasted and seasoned with salt. Madame Pfeiffer was informed by those who had tasted this infernal banquet, that the viands were of excellent flavor. The women, luckily, are not allowed to take part in these grand public festivals.

After a pretty thorough exploration of the principal Dutch East India settlements, where she finds innumerable objects of curious and novel interest, which she describes with graphic simplicity, our indomitable traveler takes passage for California, and arrives early in the autumn. Her impressions of the Golden State are frankly recorded, and will serve as an authentic landmark from which to reckon the subsequent progress of that miraculous commonwealth. Having visited Oregon and the chief South American cities on the Pacific coast, she takes a steamer at Aspinwall for New Orleans, and lands at that city in the sunny month of June. The condition of the slaves was one of her first objects of inquiry. She accordingly visited several plantations in Louisiana. With no disposition to look with favorable eyes on the institution of slavery, she found the blacks in a less unhappy position than she had imagined. On

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an estate in Donaldsonville, where she staid for some time, she saw nothing to violate her sense of humanity. The slaves were well cared for. They lived in cottages standing apart from each other, and containing a large room, occupied either by a family or two or three unmarried people. Their beds were good, provided with pillows and blankets, and even mosquito-nets. A large cottage in the middle of the village is used as a nursery, where the children are attended while their mothers are at work. Ida often went by herself to visit the negro village, and always found the people looking very comfortable. Many were sitting before their doors with a famous lump of white bread in their hands, and occasionally feasting on hot roast pork. At six in the evening they left off work, and came home to supper in a merry mood. This consisted of palatable Indian corn cake, and when the meal was over they went from one hut to another, joking and gossiping with proverbial Ethiopian carelessness. Compared with the serfage of Russia, or even with the fate of many of the work-people and peasantry of Europe, Madame Pfeiffer considered slavery in Louisiana, as it came under her view, as a lenient system. The Russian peasant is not only the slave of his master, but of the government, and of every petty official. He gives his labor without pay to the owner of the land, pays taxes to the government, submits to all kinds of ill-treatment from the underlings of authority, and is obliged to earn his own living into the bargain. Nobody gives him a new garment when the old one is worn out, nor pays his taxes for him, nor offers him a morsel of bread if his patch of ground fails to yield its produce. He is bound to the soil on which he is born, but has no master who, having bought him at a high price, is responsible at least for his physical subsistence. The laws of the Slave States, however, appeared to the traveler worse than those of the Dutch authorities in India.

From New Orleans she steams it up the Mississippi to Minnesota, crosses the country to Niagara Falls, and, after a brief excursion in Canada, makes her way to the city of New York, arriving in the month of August. Here she meets with a friendly reception from some of her own countrymen, and at once finds herself at home. The bustle of life in Broadway and Wall Street was even greater than that which she saw in London, and it is strange enough, she remarks, that "it is just during the most hurried business-hours that the ladies choose to show themselves in full promenade dresses on the pavement of Broadway, where they add very seriously to the obstructions of the street." In Boston, the worthy Ida was disgusted with a specimen of the moneyed aristocracy, to whom she had brought a letter of introduction from New York. Upon delivering her missive, the gentleman to whom it was addressed cast a suspicious eye on her plain apparel, and gave her a decided cold shoulder. After poring a long time over the brief letter, he at length inquired of the traveled heroine what she wanted, as if she were a beggar for alms. Her blood was up at once, and she replied that she wanted nothing, she had not sought the letter, and had only delivered it from a sense of duty. The Boston Crœsus mumbled out some apology, and thus the not divine colloquy ended. Moralizing on the occasion, Ida makes some wholesome remarks on the plutocracy not only of Boston, but of the world in general. Their pride and arrogance to her are far more insupportable than that of the real aristocratic class who usually have at least the grace of deportment that is often wanting to the former. In Boston; she is informed that these purse-proud people hold together more than any where else—they scarcely associate with any but their own class, marry among themselves, and live almost all together in one street, namely, Beacon Street.

On the whole, Madame Pfeiffer leaves the country with an exalted opinion of American institutions. She found many things different from what she had expected, many things inconsistent with the principles of freedom and equality, which are the boast of the nation, but still she concludes that "the United States stand alone in the world, and well, indeed, would be it be for humanity if others were formed after their model." Her reflections, however, are less valuable than her descriptions. She always brings away sharp and clear impressions of whatever she sees with her own eyes, and with her insatiable thirst for novelty, her dauntless curiosity, and her frank simplicity of expression, she is one of the most entertaining of modern travelers.

A new edition of *The Teacher*, by JACOB ABBOTT, will be welcomed by the numerous practical educators in this country who appreciate the merits of the author as an expounder of the most efficient methods of juvenile instruction. The work details a system of arrangements for the management of a school on the principle of moral influence, and embodies a variety of valuable suggestions for the benefit of teachers who are commencing the arduous duties of their profession. This edition is illustrated by several engravings. (Harper and Brothers.)

In fulfillment of her design to arouse the attention of the public to the alarming neglect of physical education and the consequent deterioration of the national health in this country, Miss CATHARINE BEECHER has put forth another volume entitled *Physiology and Calisthenics for Schools and Families*, presenting a comprehensive practical system of instruction on the subjects to which they are devoted. It is intended to be studied by young people, and to be read by all classes. In matter, it consists of a judicious digest of elementary principles, and in style is characteristic of the author, clear, decided, and forcible. (Harper and Brothers.)

Daniel Verified in History, by A. M. OSBON, D.D., is an attempt to explain the predictions in the Book of Daniel by a comparison with the events of civil history prior to the close of the fifth century. Without following in the wake of any previous expounder of prophecy, the author has marked out a track of his own, and presented the fruits of personal reflection and research in a lucid form. The conclusions at which he has arrived suggest many interesting questions to the theologian, who may admire the ingenuity with which they are illustrated, without being convinced by the arguments alleged in their support. On so recondite a theme there is room for great difference of opinion. The volume is introduced by some remarks from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Whedon, who justly commends the popular style of its execution, and its freedom from literary pretense and ostentation. (Carlton and Phillips.)

Contributions to Literature, by SAMUEL GILMAN, D.D. (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) Rare literary attainments, an active poetical fancy, a pungent

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quaintness of expression, a vein of quiet humor, and a serene and sunny temperament, are the enviable characteristics of the author of this volume. As a scholar, he has carried the most refined culture of New England to a distinguished sphere of professional duty at the South; as a writer, he has for a long series of years graced the periodical literature of the country by the productions of his versatile and active pen. The collection now published comprises his principal efforts both in prose and verse. Among them, the early readers of the *North American Review* will recognize several of their old favorites, and will rejoice to renew their acquaintance with them in the present form.

At Home and Abroad, by MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) The contents of this volume include the "Summer on the Lakes" and the "European Correspondence," which have heretofore appeared in print, together with several private letters written abroad to friends at home, an account of the last voyage, and some poetical tributes to the memory of the writer. They are suited to enlarge the interest in the genius and character of Margaret Fuller, which has been constantly on the increase since her disastrous end. With the defects in clearness and symmetry of expression which she was never able to overcome, they are marked by the deep earnestness of feeling which was the predominant trait of her character, and are always richly suggestive of thought, whether they repel or attract the sympathies of the reader. Her account of the events of the Italian Revolution forms an important chapter in the history of that memorable struggle.

The Island of Cuba, by ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, translated from the Spanish, by J. S. THRASHER. (Derby and Jackson.) Humboldt's Personal Narrative continues to be a leading authority on every thing relating to Spanish America. The portion of that work which treats of the island of Cuba is here published in a separate form, accompanied with copious notes, and a preliminary essay by the translator. It contains a store of statistical and topographical information, which can scarcely be obtained with so great facility from any other source. The political speculations of the translator, which are interwoven with numerous topics of discussion, are adapted to awaken controversy, although they do not diminish the interest with which the work must be read, in the present relation of the United States to Cuba and to the question of Slavery.

Parry and M'Millan have issued a reprint of CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs of Himself*, a book famous in its day, and well worthy of perusal, even amidst the crowd of literary novelties which beset the public from every quarter, on account of its profusion of anecdotes concerning the celebrities of a past age, as well as the naïve recital of the personal experience of the writer. Cumberland was the author of several dramas and poems of slender intrinsic merit, but his antecedents and position gave him access to many of his contemporaries superior to himself, of whom he gives a garrulous, but not disagreeable, collection of reminiscences. Among the distinguished persons who figure in his pages are Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, of the circle immortalized by Boswell, with many literary and political characters of a later date. The edition is illustrated with notes by Henry Flanders, the biographer of the "Chief Justices of the United States," but a complete index of names would have been a more valuable service to the American reader.

The Panorama and other Poems, by J. G. Whittier. (Ticknor and Fields.) This volume is chiefly composed of Tyrtæan lyrics in praise of freedom. They are impassioned and vigorous, and have a certain exhilerating trumpet-voice. Several quiet domestic poems, in the best manner of the author, give a pleasing variety to the contents. The admirable ballads, "Maud Muller," "Mary Garvin," and "The Ranger," are among the most felicitous productions of the author, and breathe the soul of true poetry. They will reward an attentive study.

The literary intelligence from Paris is not very extensive. The third and fourth volumes of the Works of Napoleon III. have appeared, completing the collection. They contain his speeches, messages, proclamations, public letters, and a portion of a treatise "On the Past and Future Condition of the Artillery." George Sand, whose latest extravaganza is "Le Diable aux Champs," in the *Revue de Paris* (in which birds and beasts figure among the *dramatis personæ*), has a new *feuilleton*, in *La Presse*, called "Evena and Lucippe." M. de Maupas, formerly French Minister of Police, who took a prominent part in the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, is writing a history of that revolution.

A rumor that the fifth volume of Macaulay's History of England was not only finished, but actually in the press, has been contradicted "on authority."

The late Samuel Rogers is said to have left five volumes of "Recollections—Personal, Political, and Literary," which his nearest relative (Mr. Sharpe, the banker) has not yet determined to give to the world. The gossip about the banker-poet possessing immense wealth (there was one story of his having a Bank of England note for £1,000,000, neatly framed, always hanging over his breakfast-parlor chimney-piece!) is incorrect. He had parted with his interest in the bank years ago, receiving a liberal annuity for his share; and his personal property, under his will, has been sworn to as under £10,000. About as much more will probably be realized by the sale of his pictures, articles of *virtu*, and other effects, including a great many of Turner's sketches, with a large collection of Stothard's drawings.

Lady Morgan, whose age may be stated as "between eighty and ninety," is engaged in writing her Life and Times. About sixty-five years ago, she first attracted public attention by her ballad of "Kate Kearney." She has a literary pension of £300 a year.—R. H. Horne, author of "Orion" (the epic poem, which was first published for *one farthing*), not having succeeded as a gold-digger in Australia, has subsided into dramatic critic of the *Melbourne Argus*.—Lord Brougham has collected his *Edinburgh Review* articles, among which is *not* the celebrated critique on Byron's juvenile poems.—Macaulay has found time to contribute a charming biography of Oliver Goldsmith to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."—Samuel Lover, author of "Rory O'More" (song, novel, and play), has received a life-pension of £100 a year; and a pension of £200 has been given to Mr. Francis P. Smith, "for services rendered to his country, as the first proposer and fitter of the screw to the mercantile marine and fleet of Great Britain."

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Editor's Table.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.—The genius of Bulwer, after following the fortunes of "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and depicting the dramatic aspects of his character and life, closes the history by presenting a scene in which the homage of a Roman multitude was rendered to the power of eloquence. Standing before the excited crowd, himself the calmest of them all, and pointing to the republican arms and motto of Rome, Rienzi challenged the memory of their proud traditions by exclaiming, "I, too, am a Roman and a citizen: hear me!" But a cry of bitter indignation answered, "Hear him not; hear him not: his false tongue can charm away our senses!" The scornful words were eagerly caught up by the furious populace, and "Hear him not!" was the only answer to his dying appeal. "No changing muscle," says the writer, "betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope. He stood collected in his own indignant, but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he should be heard; and, "doubtless," says the contemporaneous biographer, "had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!"

"*If he could but be heard*" suggests to the thoughtful reader the numerous occasions, in the history of the world, when one voice, fitted to control and inspire, might have given a new direction to the movements of mankind. Eventful periods have there been when such a voice, speaking in tones that swelled with the fullness of the heart, might have availed more than the force of arms. The most of men hold their thoughts and passions at the mercy of others. The laws of sovereignty and subjection are constantly repeated, in forms without number; and hence it is the prerogative of eloquence, whenever it suits the hour, to execute a noble task in the leadership of the world. It is a power born with man, for great and beneficent purposes. Acknowledging no hereditary descent, and derived from no artificial circumstances, it exerts an authority that vindicates its claims by the simple conditions of its exercise. Its truth is its warrant. Its strength lies in what others are, no less than what it is in itself; and men yield to it in glad submissiveness, because obedience ennobles them. There is in all minds a profound faith in its wisdom, justice, and excellence. None have to be taught that it ought to be reverenced, for popular instinct knows its office, and rejoices in its fulfillment. It is older than any government, higher than all other forms of influence, and more sacred than any earthly trust. Not the offspring of one faculty, nor the outward shape of one attribute; not the impulse of a moment, nor the creature of passing events; it is our nature, developed in mature wholeness, and blending truth, love, aspiration, heroism, in perfected unity. Men feel it to be a human thing, and yet, quickened by its call, they rise into a loftier and purer consciousness, wondering at the mysteries that open within themselves, and catching glimpses of a glory they had not learned to contemplate. There is no kind of power like it, because it is the select representative of all the myriad shapes of agency. It is kindness in its gentlest spirit—courage in its boldest daring—affection in its intensest fervor. It is philanthropy in its widest reach, and patriotism in its most impassioned vigor. It is reason in its wisest mood. It is the mighty heart that throbs through every artery, feeds every muscle, and speeds the hidden stream of electric fire along every nerve. Heaven has given it the charm of completest intellect, and ordained it to be its chief instrument in the progress of the world.

If the gift of language is one of the most distinguishing attributes of our race, it is eloquence, as the perfection of the expressional mind, that elevates this idea to its highest point. Language, as the common inheritance of mankind, marks their inherent superiority in the scale of earthly creation, but language as eloquence—language as the truest, deepest, grandest embodiment of intellect, heart, and soul—is essential to the full realization of its place in the economy of the world. The rudest artisanship suggests the prophecy of Architecture and Sculpture; the tool of the mechanic speaks of the chisel of Genius; and just so the mere utilities of language, as a means of intercourse, indicate a work beyond the limits of business and society. Not more surely does heat, after warming the globe, struggle to reascend; not more faithfully does the dew yield to the law of evaporation, and seek the air that formed it, than does language, if true to its ancient inspiration, labor to return to its immortal source. For earthly objects only it was never designed. Language looks to much more than our secular relations. Important as is its province in the affairs of trade and commerce, in developing and maintaining brotherhood among men, in transferring one's being to another by the associations of friendship and love, it is far more impressive when viewed as the outshining of the soul itself, illuminated by the light of a higher existence. It is man, as the image of God—man, as the redeemed creature of Christ, and the heir of an awaiting immortality, on whom this wonderful bestowment has been conferred. And hence, it is only as his regenerated sympathies come forth into action that his language attains its true import, and moves to that harmonious measure which marks the heart-throbs of angels. It is, therefore, a perpetual witness to the religious sentiment underlying his whole nature. Fallen and corrupt as that nature is, it has not merely the record of a lost estate in its instincts and hopes, but there is a voice in its language—a voice in its thoughts and feelings—that speaks evermore of the woe of sin and the want of redemption. Without religion, language would be impossible. If piety were excluded from the theory of the universe, language would not exist. It is founded in the outgoings of the soul; it is an offering of the soul itself in sentiment and affection; it is the law of communion and interchange; and it is beyond our power to conceive that this union and intercourse could be sustained between man and man except as the result of ties that had originally bound man to God. Agreeably to this fact, the great languages of the world have always exhibited a positive religious element, in some form or other; and the interchangeableness of their most expressive ordinary terms with the words used in sacrifice and

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worship shows the spirit that has animated them. If the language that Christianity created were to be swept away from us, the cultivated mind of the age would be instantly bankrupt. The great works of our literature would become as unintelligible as the fossils of the globe to the savage. Paradise Lost would sink to the level of the bewildering hieroglyphics of the Nile, and Burke's magnificent reasoning convey no more meaning than the chattering of magpies.

If eloquence is the highest expression of mind, it can not be doubted that the eloquence of Christianity transcends every other form of persuasive speech. Such, at least, is the ideal that comes before us whenever we attempt to realize its excellence. Dealing with topics peculiar to itself, and having at command resources that are shared with no science or philosophy; its language select and specific; its motives, impulses, and aims all of heavenly birth; and withal, promised the efficient aid of the Holy Spirit, it ought to be, and must be, if true to itself, the noblest utterance that mortal lips can make. No throne of power on this earth can compare with a Christian pulpit, where the sentiments of divine revelation are designed to be brought in contact with the hearts of men. It is an intellectual station that is not only impregnable in itself, but affords a vantage-ground lifted high above all rivalry, whence may issue the conquering forces of the moral world. Neither nature nor grace has any where made such provision for plenitude of influence as has been shed upon the pulpit. Tried by the standard of mere intellect, it is an institution fitted above all others to diffuse the wisest and best thoughts; but when regarded as the chosen instrument of Heaven to recover its moral authority over a rebellious race, and bring it back to the honored companionship of the elder spirits of the universe, it rises to a position of grandeur that can not be adequately appreciated. On this account we have no hesitation in declaring that the pulpit presents the finest field for true, genuine, lofty eloquence. Nor can we believe that all successful preaching is otherwise than eloquent. It may not be so considered if tested by conventional art; but that its simple and direct earnestness—its close and tenacious grappling with the mighty elements of our nature—its vivid appeals to conscience—its tremendous summons of the whole man into the presence of those dread realities which fill eternity—are never faithfully exhibited without conforming to the just conditions of eloquence, must be admitted. Such preaching may not be marked by the gorgeous imagery of imagination, nor may it announce principles that strike conviction into the scientific intellect, but nevertheless, it is eloquence of the most emphatic sort. It is eloquence, because it combines truth and emotion in their intensest degree.

The bare fact that the pulpit is a pulpit—a place for teaching the sublime truths of Christianity and enforcing them upon the consciences and hearts of men—ought to secure its competency for effective action on the human mind. But the American pulpit is favored with peculiar advantages for its great work. Not, indeed, that it has a fuller or better form of Christianity, or that it can lay claim to any special excellence in its interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. It has, however, a freedom from false restrictions, a position of independence, a contact with the public mind, a general acknowledgment of its integrity, and an appreciation of its utility and value, that give it an attitude of commanding interest. Viewed in this light, it is surrounded by circumstances that allow it the unfettered exercise of its power. It can discharge its office in its own spirit and by means of those agencies that are appropriate to its nature and ends. It is free to deal with men in those relations that connect their being with immortal objects. It has the welcome of the fireside and the cheerful homage of our domestic sentiments. It is intimately united with all the great benevolent and educational interests of the country, and its influence is felt in every movement designed to advance the welfare of humanity. The true idea of the pulpit is theoretically found in its relations to Christianity, to the preacher, and to the congregation; and it is obvious that the American pulpit is based on a correct conviction of the obligations that spring from this three-fold aspect of its rights and duties. A man who enters it, alive to the sanctity of its work and with such abilities as its intellectual and spiritual requirements demand, selects a field in which the best opportunities for personal growth and active usefulness are constantly presented to him. If he can not be a man here—a man of the highest Christian type—a man abreast with the age, and yet strictly and thoroughly conservative—a man of peaceful progress and fresh, ardent, glowing impulses—it must be from some unyielding infirmity or obstinate fault of his nature. As a thinker, his range of thought embraces all those subjects which have engaged the study of ages; as a worker, his "field is the world;" and therefore, whether meditating or acting, there is a momentous pressure on his spirit that ought to rouse its faculties to their utmost strength. The vast resources which Heaven holds in reserve for the success of the pulpit are accessible to him; and if he realize the holy vocation before him, it will be his ceaseless effort so to see, feel, and proclaim the truth of Christianity, as to be eloquent in the Scriptures. The Christian preacher will appear to his eye as the truest, noblest, and most majestic of all speakers. To be such a speaker—a tender, persuasive, resistless orator for God—will enlist the ambition and endeavors of his life. It will be the supreme charm, and all else will be subordinate. Whatever may be done in humbler ways, by the service of the pen or the ministry of benevolence, will occupy a tributary relation, while to preach "pure religion and undefiled" will stand out before him as incomparably superior to every other department of activity and labor. First of all, he must be "mighty in word," and to attain that simple but sublime eloquence which scorns all unsanctified art and disdains the trickery of rhetoric, he will labor with untiring assiduity.

It is not, however, the pulpit as a field for eloquence that we are now anxious to consider it, but simply as a moral and religious power, occupying a most prominent place in the economy of Providence, and foremost among those instrumentalities that advance the welfare of the world. Taken in this connection, it is a divine institution for divine ends. It is a specific thing for a specific purpose. The decree of God has set it apart for a special work, and no man has any right to extend it beyond its limitations, or pervert it to extraneous objects. To unfold the distinctive doctrines of Christianity as they centre in Jesus Christ, the Lord and Redeemer of our nature; to convict man of his utter helplessness, and lead him to the source of all

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strength; to excite his slumbering conscience, and bring him to the cross as a lost and ruined sinner; to form within him the virtues of faith and holiness, and thus fit him for heaven, is its great mission. If the pulpit devote itself to this task, it will fulfill the aim for which it has been established. A minister of the Gospel must feel that he is consecrated to a select vocation, and he must restrict himself to its duties if he accomplish the work committed to his care. Outside of the pulpit there are departments of moral and religious effort open to his exertions, and into these broad fields he may enter whenever the spirit of his sacred ministry may accompany him. There are such scenes of labor, and they are perfectly sympathetic with his office. But even here a wise caution is necessary. Generally they are the mere incidents of his work. A minister magnifies his office by earnest devotion to it, and, if faithful to its supreme claims, he will find its immediate duties altogether sufficient to exhaust his time and his strength. Let him keep within his own appointed sphere, and he will find that he can do more just there to rectify the errors of public opinion, to awaken the spirit of moral and Christian philanthropy, to educate the sentiments of mankind and promote the progress of society, than in all other ways. It should, therefore, be his constant and prayerful effort to make the pulpit a mighty power, so that it may create and sustain every kind of secondary agency in the world. Here he should stand in the full panoply of divine strength; here he should be himself in the best and noblest sense of a redeemed and anointed man; here he should do all that human agency can do to send abroad the restorative influences that God has ordained to save a fallen race. For nothing is more certain than if the pulpit supports its true character and answers its peculiar ends, every other benificent institution will flourish. The first and main thing is to keep the pulpit in its right place and at its right work. Other instrumentalities will take its tone and diffuse its spirit. No truth is more clearly defined in the New Testament, none more fully illustrated and confirmed in all history, than that the pulpit is God's chosen means to communicate religious thought and impulse to the world. To it we must look for the life of all divine benevolence; it is the fountain, and all other agencies are but reservoirs.

It is just here that the American pulpit is exposed to its greatest danger. Our national mind is so intensely active; our interest in philanthropic and reformatory schemes is so deep and earnest; our susceptibility to moral excitements is so quick and lively, that the pulpit is easily diverted from its peculiar work. The demands of the age are pressing upon it, and from every quarter there are invitations that solicit its assistance. No one can indiscriminately condemn these calls. Not a few of them are in perfect harmony with the ministerial calling, and deserve the warmest countenance and support. But there are many of them that can not profitably occupy its zeal, and others there are that, under a false guise, delude the ministry into pernicious paths. The present tendency of the ministry to engage in literary and scientific pursuits—to be known as amateurs in art—to cultivate the fashionable elegancies of intellect, may not be so directly injurious as some other evils, and yet it is easy to see that they are acting as counter-excitements to the specific business of ministerial life. Literature affords them a most interesting and refreshing exercise, and, within due bounds, ought to enlist their attention. The names of Barrow, Berkeley, Hall, and Chalmers are sufficient to show that literature of an elevated and ennobling kind may have a share of their regards. And yet, such are the impulses of our day, no small proportion of ministerial time and ability are consumed in this sort of wasting service. Any diversion from their exclusive office is deplorable, but especially those forms of popular effort which lead them off into ambitious ways and stimulate the less spiritual instincts are to be deeply lamented. A minister needs a large and liberal intercourse with the world, and his social sympathies require full gratification, but his intellect is sacred to his divine vocation. Such intellectual sacredness is the primary element of his morality. It is the emphasis of his official vow. It is the badge of his high position. And hence he can not without detriment allow himself to use his mind habitually and earnestly in other relations, without impairing his own intellectual tone and dissipating that strength which ought to be reserved for the mighty warfare between sin and holiness.

The effect of this intellectual secularization begins to be mournfully apparent in the American Ministry. Every man of religious observation knows that the Gospel is not generally preached in this country as it was thirty years since. It has not that single-sightedness, that clear and unmistakable directness, that distinct and definite purpose, which once characterized its exhibitions. We miss much of the preaching spirit and manner that our fathers employed with signal success. A generation of preachers is rapidly crowding our pulpits who fight no more with the single weapon of the Gospel—they must furnish themselves with sundry small-arms, and flourish short swords of earthly steel. One calls the champions of "Natural Vestiges of Creation" into the field, and enjoys the luxury of an unresisting fight. Another leaps full-armed into a museum of Megatheria and ancient Fossils, and scatters bones right and left in terrible dismay. A third is profound in Ontology; a fourth spices his sermons with Fichte, Carlyle, and Strauss; a fifth honors the Bible by taking a text, and supplies the rest from the *Westminster Review*. The variety of such discourses is beyond classification. Of all eclecticists these modern preachers whom we describe are the most omnivorous. The poet no longer holds his realm intact, and the staid philosopher hears the hurry of black cloth past him. The merchant is minus his statistics, and the ledger is spread out in the pages of the Sunday sermon. And the politicians, long left to their stumps and platforms in unrivaled solitude, wonder what next, when they find their arts departing for cushioned pulpits. With a change of topics has come a corresponding change of language, figurative illustration, and style. The short, abrupt, torpedo sentence—the playful suspense and the sudden surprise—the sharp, angular turns—the wit that arms a thought like a protruding sting, or the piercing satire that comes like a serpent's fang with a serpent's hiss—all these are admired and coveted as the intellectual and moral forces of the new school of dexterity. And it must be confessed that these rampant innovators have been quite successful in their achievements. They have caught, in some instances, the popular ear, and carried the popular voice. But

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they have mistaken rashness for strength, novelty for freshness, and popularity for usefulness. The nakedness of the soul is not laid bare by such ministrations, nor are these frolicsome pages that wait in the court of intellect, the attending ushers that lead you into the royal presence of truth.

Such egregious errors as those just noticed may be comparatively rare in the American pulpit; nevertheless the tendency toward a degenerate taste, a lax logic, and a bad moral temper, are unfortunately but too obvious. The faults of former days, when preachers spun metaphysical cobwebs, that hung from church-rafters and caught the floating dust—the days, when the origin of evil and the mysteries of free-will formed the stamina of discussions—have indeed passed away; but why substitute other evils for them? If the intellect slumbered under such deadening treatment, nothing surely is gained, when it is roused for a theatrical entertainment or a menagerie exhibition. Preaching is not to open men's eyes, but to pierce their hearts. It is not to play upon their ears, but to seize their consciences. Preaching is mind and soul, animated and sanctified by God's truth and Spirit. It is reason, imagination, feeling, utterance, all alive with the divine presence, hallowed by divine purity, and chastened by divine peace. It is humility in its lowliest prostration; courage in its fearless fervor; unconsciousness in its sublimest insensibility to all selfishness. It is the man hidden in the splendors of his theme—so absorbed with its momentous realities—so lost in its encircling glory, that his voice is silenced in the summons, now stern and now melting, that breaks from the throne of Jehovah, and translates the hearer into another state of existence. It is Christ crucified as Christ crucified really and truly appeared. But what a mount is this modern Calvary! What ludicrous fire-works are these that mimic the earthquake by which the graves of old Judea hurled out their startled dead! The women retire from this cross not to find spices and moisten them with their tears, but to indulge in gay ecstasies, and circle aloft in drawing-room raptures. And the centurions and their soldiers walk exultingly forth in their armor and triumph in the faith that this is not the Son of God. One of the worst features of the present mode of popular preaching in the American pulpit is the false treatment of the great cardinal doctrine of Christianity. If this vast truth—a truth that gives significance to the whole Christian system, and draws after it, as in a processional train, the issues of eternity—if this truth gain the entire ascendency of the intellect, and create its own thoughts, emotions, and eloquence; if the eye take its lustre, the cheek its glow, the tone its fire, the power of Almighty God will be in the preaching, and the audience will tremble beneath its sway; but where rhetoric and art manufacture sentiment and feeling, tone and trope, look and gesture, the theme will not redeem the oratory. There is a falsehood in the man. There is a falsehood in his intellect and heart. There is a falsehood in his logic and in his love, and Christ crucified will merely be a cold and soulless symbol in the High Mass of his Pulpit Literature.

Another aspect in which the American pulpit comes before us, is its relation to the spirit of the age, as manifested in our country. The views advanced in the former portion of this article have partly anticipated this branch of our subject, and yet we are unwilling to pass over it without fuller notice. There is certainly a profound meaning in the phrase—spirit of the age. Applied to the great diversity of commercial, political, and social interests, that form the outside life of the world—to the opinions circulating through its intellect, and to the excitements that intensify its passions and strain its activity—it has a signification that can not be misunderstood. It is a spirit that has suddenly awaked to the consciousness of powers that have hitherto been dimly apprehended, and that feels itself to be the lawful heir of an inheritance long denied to its use and enjoyment. It is a spirit of restless struggle and boundless aspiration. Not insensible to the lessons of the past nor reckless of the conservative safeguards of society, it nevertheless shows a strong disposition to question the old faith of humanity, and to establish a new creed for its guidance. No one can wonder that such a spirit should have been developed, or that it should exhibit occasional irregularities calculated to alarm the sober and meditative mind. It is the necessary effect of civilization, whenever civilization becomes a movement of personal and collective agency. Restore to men the right to choose their own institutions and ordain their own laws, and such a spirit must be quickened into action. The danger lies in its excess. If, content with its own legitimate scope, it is directed by prudence, it has a vast work to do; but departing from its just sphere, and entering on forbidden ground, it may easily be converted into a machinery of ruin. The institutions of government, international relations, and even the ecclesiastical polity of churches, may be fairly open to the inquiring and reforming spirit of the age. But it can not be too frequently or emphatically stated, that Christianity was delivered to our world as a perfect system. It was committed to man not to be amended or changed, but simply to be preserved and perpetuated in its original and integral excellence. Guarded from all the approaches of an innovating philosophy as well as from the assaults of temporizing passions, it was invested with final and complete authority over man in his nature, circumstances, and condition. The spirit of the age is consequently subordinate to its supreme law. It must cherish the faith and practice the obedience that Christianity requires. Sacrificing its vain and foolish pretensions, it must bow before the instructions of this omniscient teacher, and, in the simplicity of trusting childhood, learn to think and act in the light of its wisdom.

There is just here a necessity for careful discrimination. In one sense, Christianity may be considered as a religion of progress. Not only does it move in advance of all social institutions, and quicken the best mind of the age to follow its lead, but it is constantly throwing light on its own principles, and unfolding yet more clearly its admirable adaptations to the higher wants of man. In accordance with this law, the modern pulpit has done much to infuse a more Christian spirit into the usages and movements of the present century. It has penetrated, to some extent, the science, philosophy, and government of the age—reforming abuses, defining rights, encouraging brotherhood, and stimulating virtues that cast a beautiful light over the path of humanity. Heaven has kindly permitted the American pulpit to share the honor and enjoy the benefits of this great work. It has done much to awaken and foster this noble spirit. To its intelligence and piety we owe no small share

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of our liberal culture and philanthropic zeal. It has been mainly instrumental in exciting and maintaining those praiseworthy sentiments which the American people cherish in the warmest blood of their hearts on the sanctity of law, the importance of education, and the necessity of morality to the permanence of republican institutions. Nor must we overlook the fact that in other connections the American pulpit has been a mighty auxiliary in our progress. It has been a domestic power of incalculable magnitude. It has made its ministry an apostleship at the fireside, and gathered the childhood of the land beneath its potent influence. It has impressed itself on the statesmanship of the country. It has interposed its moral checks on the commercial ambition of the age, taught the religious uses of money, and aroused men to feel the momentous truth of stewardship. The past history of the American pulpit records these triumphs, and no right-minded man can dispute its claim to them.

Turning, however, from that bright page in the annals of the American pulpit, it is sad to think that, of late years, its influence over the minds of our countrymen has been threatened with diminution, if not indeed with decay. We say, threatened, for the evil has not yet progressed far enough to assume a portentous shape. The confidence of thousands of our fellow-citizens is disturbed, and the ministry of the churches is looked upon with some distrust. We can not hide this fact from our eyes. It meets us every where. Our newspapers, our literature, our conversation and public addresses, indicate it too clearly for any honest man to deny or to disguise it. Allowing, as we must, that this feeling is exaggerated, and that the ministry as a class have to bear, in an undue measure, the foibles and faults of individuals, it can not be questioned that there is some reason for the dissatisfaction which is spreading over the country. There is just ground for complaint. Confess we must that our pulpit is forgetting, in numerous instances, its peculiar mission, and descending from its exclusive work to embroil its spirit and soil its garments in contact with the world. It is diverting its talents to false issues—issues aside from its own definite line of action. It is guilty of partisanship. It is pandering to unhealthy passions, and stirring up wicked strife among brethren. We repeat, that, in many cases, it is obnoxious to this charge. Its own acts have awakened a sentiment of hostility, and not a few of the best men of the country are affected by it. The evil is now in its incipient stage, and it can be remedied. One course must be pursued, and matters will come right again, viz., the American pulpit must banish every thing from its discussions and appeals except the simple proclamation of the Gospel as Jesus Christ taught it. The power of the minister is in that Gospel alone; the character of the minister is derived solely from his relation to Christ as his representative. If he will preach that Gospel in conformity with the New Testament model, he will preach the truth that will purify public opinion—the truth that will follow the merchant to his counting-room, the statesman to the halls of legislation, the sovereign to his seat of authority—the truth that will encircle all interests in its protective embrace, and sanctify all relations by its heavenly presence. Standing in his serene attitude beside the cross, patriotism will learn of him its lessons of devotion, forbearance, and integrity; philanthropy will bow its head to catch the anointing that has consecrated him; eloquence will light its torch at the Pentecostal flame that yet burns about his brow; and piety will go forth with his benediction to emulate the angel-host in ministering service to the world. Compare such a position—its high and hallowed motives, its eternal aims, its vast resources, and immeasurable results—with the low, paltry, disgusting conduct of men who lower the pulpit to the level of the hustings, and pollute the air of the sanctuary with the cant of demagogism. What a universe of breadth and space is between them! Side by side place Judas kissing Christ into the arms of his murderers, and John watching through his death-scene for the last token of affection, and the extremes of character are not more vividly impressive.

The present position of the American pulpit, owing to the causes enumerated above, is calculated to awaken the solicitude of all patriots and Christians. Believing that a pure and powerful pulpit is the noblest inspiration to a nation's intellect, and the surest guarantee of its conservative virtues; believing yet further, that it is the leader of its intercessions in the hour when danger invokes the special aid of Heaven, and the appointed channel through which the blessings of Christianity ordinarily flow to men, we can not be otherwise than sensitive to its moral and spiritual condition. No people are more ready than our countrymen to respect and honor the pulpit so long as it maintains its true character, and none are more jealous of it if the taint of priestcraft infects it. A state of things is now beginning to exist in connection with the the pulpit that demands attention, and hence the propriety of the question—What shall be done? The peculiarities of the age as related to religious movements must first be carefully considered, if this question, "What shall be done?" be properly answered. Christianity has given birth to a large class of semi-religious institutions, that are working effectually for the improvement of mankind. Indeed, of late years, no small degree of its power has appeared in the moralization of society rather than in its absolute Christianization. In this way ministers have been brought into close contact with the world on its own grounds. A vast amount of good has been thus effected. But we must not lose sight of the dangers that lie in ambush along these popular paths. A religious worldliness is easily generated in the midst of these influences, and ere he is aware, the minister of the sanctuary is led into a secular temper of mind, that soon becomes apparent in his style of treating religious subjects, and in his pulpit demeanor. Apart from this sort of exposure to a worldly atmosphere, a pulpit of any mark is now a matter of newspaper notoriety. The patronage of the press is bestowed on the fine preacher, and his discourses are reported for breakfast-table chat. Criticism has its eyes and ears open, and hard it is for the preacher, who ought to be the most disinterested and unconscious of speakers, to avoid the temptation of being an actor in the sight of the great public. Then, too, is the vitiating method of constant advertising sermons on this or that topic—a catchpenny system, that deserves a hearty rebuke. The famous horn of the mock Angel Gabriel is ludicrous enough, but these small tin trumpets that every Saturday squeak a thin stream of clerical vanity into the public ear, is a violation of all ministerial modesty and dignity. In brief, the desire for popularity is misleading some and corrupting others. "What, then, shall be done?" The remedy is simple, viz., to correct

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these bad habits—to reform all abuses, and to restore the pulpit to its original office of evangelizing the world by the simple, honest, faithful proclamation of Christ's Gospel, in Christ's spirit, for Christ's glory. Above every thing else, there is now wanted a profound and earnest faith in the power of Christianity to create a noble race of men and women—a race that shall repeat the wonders of apostolic piety, and move the world to reverence and love.

Amidst the dangers that now threaten the decline of ministerial usefulness, let us think of those ancient days when Christianity went forth, fresh and free, to subdue the nations of the earth. Not then did it seek an alliance with any attractive worldliness. Not then did it covet the testimonials of philosophy and art to seal its pretensions. The magnificent possessions of Crœsus, the fame of Pericles, the renown of Cleopatra, the achievements of Cæsar—what were they to a religion that preached poverty of spirit, self-denial, tribulations, and death as the badge of discipleship and the preparation for immortal rewards? It then relied on God's presence. It was content to speak in God's name. It was satisfied with God's approbation. The strength of man could not help it. The ancestral honors of Judea availed nothing in its behalf; and the pride of Grecian wisdom was humbled beneath its scorn. The mighty eagle that had swept the world gave not a single feather to the champions of the cross. The friends of Christianity then felt that it was competent to create its own nobility, in the persons of regenerated men and women, and in this trust it conquered. The same law yet stands. Christianity is a divine witness to each generation, and it must rule in God's right. Authority may offer its aid, but it will retire from its presence, rebuked for its follies and abashed by its crimes. Intellect may come and report, through Newton, its triumphs in the far heavens; through Cook, its explorations of the sea; through Davy, the discoveries of chemistry; through Humboldt, the harmonies of a vast Cosmos. It may sing the great oratorio of the world's sadness in the strains of Milton, or inspire a loftier eloquence than has yet entranced the world. But these all are insignificant compared with the doctrine of Christ crucified as the wisdom and power of God. It is this doctrine that gives an emphasis to all thought—a sublime import to all life. It is this doctrine that lifts up the humblest struggle to the height of a grand warfare. Out from fishers'-huts and rude forest-homes this doctrine brings the chosen men whose battle-ax cleaves the heart of the world. It is to this doctrine that we are indebted for our Luthers, our Knoxes, our Whitfields, and Wesleys; and if the pulpit of to-day were baptized by the outpouring of its spirit, this morbid, restless, turbulent age would find its perfect peace in the bosom of God.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT seems only yesterday that we gazed upon the fiery funeral pyre of our old Easy Chair; only yesterday that the mails came to our hands opulent with pleasanter letters than we usually receive—words of sympathy and encouragement, and kindly offers of aid. Was it longer ago than last week that we set up again the charred frame of our critical throne, and sat in Beekman Street for a season, meditating the ways of Providence and the chances of affairs?

Few Easy Chairs have ever had a harder time for a little while. But when, after the long months of inconvenience and delay, our Chair was brought again into the stately iron and fire-defying structure where now it stands secure, we settled ourselves again to the work which, in our transient exile from our old haunts, we had also been diligently driving, and sought to find newer and fresher ways to interest and instruct and amuse our friends.

Certainly we were held to that effort by gratitude. Certainly our friends were not summer friends. Certainly they had done all that good friends could do to secure the easiness of our Chair, and certainly we were and are grateful. But we must also be a little proud. We can not sit in the midst of so vast a crowd of friends and witnesses, chatting about the daily events and minor morals and manners, without congratulating ourselves upon our constituency. Turn to the cover of the present Number, and you will see that now, at the close of the sixth year of the Magazine, the number of copies issued amounts to *one hundred and sixty thousand.*

Of course no literary constituency ever approached this in numbers and diversity. Of course there was never such a marvelous whispering gallery in the world as this of ours, whereby we sit in our comfortable Easy Chair, which is stationed in the very centre of life and civilization, and quietly "say our say," upon what we see and hear, to at least ten times one hundred and sixty thousand people.

May we be proud of it as well as grateful? Can we help being grateful as well as proud?

AT the time we write the *Pacific* has not arrived. There has been hoping against hope. Kind people have written to the newspapers that ships have often been longer unheard from. There was the *Atlantic* to remember, until her time of absence was surpassed. Alas! there was the *Arctic*, too, to remember.

We resign ourselves sadly to these dispensations of Providence, as we coolly call them, when there is not the slightest doubt that the great accidents at sea—the tragedies over which we all quiver and turn pale—are the direct results of the grossest carelessness. It is blasphemy to talk of "the ways of the Lord," when the accident is nothing but the necessary consequence of the ways of a reckless sea-captain. Here, while we are all shuddering to hear the fate of the *Pacific*, the *Arabia*, Captain Stone, leaves Boston, and a passenger writes:

"Reaching the Banks, we took southeasterly winds, and encountered thick fogs, and thus we were running, during Sunday forenoon, the 17th, heading southeasterly, carrying maintop-sail, reefed foretop-sail, and all fore-and-aft sails, with a fair, strong wind, and going very rapidly, *fourteen miles an hour*, I believe, by the log—*the fog all the time so dense that vision of the sea extended seldom so far as the ship's own length before us.*"

Having, by the good providence of God, reached England safely, the devout passengers humbly return thanks to Captain Stone, for various great qualities of a sea-commander, of which the above proceeding is a specimen.

A peasant being pursued by a mad bull, fortunately escaped over a fence, and turning, fell on

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his knees and piously thanked the animal that he had not succeeded in tossing him upon his horns.

That is the relative position of Captain Stone and the passengers on the *Arabia*.

Suppose this had not been the fortunate issue, and the passengers had been gored by the horns of this mad carelessness; suppose the *Arabia* had dashed upon the iceberg which the same correspondent describes:

"While I was in this position I heard an exclamation, and raising my head, beheld the most frightful object that in more than fifty thousand miles' sea-sailing I ever encountered—*right abreast of us, and not a hundred yards distant, yet spectral in the fog, a dead, ghastly, and unblemished white iceberg, just about as large above water as the City Hall in New York.*"

We should all have shaken our heads a few weeks hence, saying, "What do you think has become of the *Arabia?*" The newspapers would have teemed with moral improvements of the occasion, and have printed lists of the passengers. The accounts from Europe would have been headed, "No News of the Arabia!" and doubt would have sickened into fear, and fear died into despair; and a ghastly horror of drowned parents, children, husbands, and wives have haunted many a heart and wasted many a life forever.

Nor this only; but we should have had sermons upon the danger of those who go down to the sea in ships, and comments upon the inscrutability of Providence working in a mysterious way to perform his wonders. All the commonplace platitudes would have been paraded; and simply because a willfully-careless captain, upon whose soul would rest the blood of hundreds, chose to run, in a dense fog, which made the bows of his ship invisible from the stern, at such a rate that, when he hit the rock or the iceberg, which he could not see until he was on it, ship and crew went down in a moment in the remorseless abyss of ocean. We may now be very sure, when we read a letter of thanks to a captain, that there has been some great peril into which he has done his best to plunge his ship and passengers, but from which a good Providence has saved them. And if he succeeds, and neither are heard of more, then the same good Providence is said to have permitted the catastrophe. So it has permitted it, but only as it permits drunkenness when a man pours rum into his stomach; only as it permits murder, and theft, and arson, and every other form of sin. Is society contented to say of drunkenness that God permits it? Does that dispose of the whole question? or of forgery? or of treason? Why, then, should it be a sop in our mouths against denouncing this enormous waste of human life occasioned by the loss of a single sea-steamer?

Is there the slightest possible excuse for the loss of the *Arctic?* Is any individual man so silly as to run as rapidly as possible in the dark, when he knows that he may hit his nose against a door, or run against a post? and can there be any excuse for the insanity of urging a ship through the denser darkness of a fog at a rate which precludes all hope of safety if any of the obstacles likely to be encountered *are* encountered?

Or, sadly enough, look at the *Pacific*. Let us hope that in the safe lee of some Western island she rocks upon a gentle sea. Let us believe that, shattered by unavoidable disaster, she drifts southward into softer airs, until some rescuing ship comes flying with bright stretches of sail over the horizon, like a good angel with outspread wings. Let us try to remember that somewhere, at some time, somebody recalls an emigrant ship that was not heard of for three months. Take hope, if you can, O heavy-hearted mourners! and believe that the summer, which brings sunshine to the fields, will also shine, with the light of longed-for and returning eyes, into your hearts! Let us pray that these things may be so: that the aching apprehension of those who loved two hundred men, women, and children shall have a happy issue.

But if she comes no more, and the black list of the *President*, the *Arctic*, the *City of Glasgow*, and how many more! is increased by the name of the *Pacific*, then all experience justifies this theory, among others, that, racing with the *Persia*, the *Pacific*, in a fearful winter sea, full of ice, came smashing, at twelve or fourteen knots an hour, upon an iceberg, and immediately went down.

If this were accurately proved, what would be done? The papers would say, in the blackest capitals: "Inhuman Slaughter!" and that would be the end of it. Fool-hardiness is either beatified by us, or called the mysterious way of Providence. The more timid would not go to sea. Those who felt that they must see Europe, and could afford the expense, would go with a solemn sense of the danger, and envying Englishmen who have only to cross the Channel. The thoughtful would see that civilization and the march of mind cost immensely to the human race, and would refuse to be consoled for the willful murder of two hundred men by the statistical proof that steam slays, in proportion, less than any motive power of travel.

Sitting in this most comfortable and most critical Chair, we do not need to be reminded that history advances by tragedies. The general deductions and observations have no bearing upon the question. It would be a poor plea for a murderer that God had used crimes to his own good purposes. Manning could hardly have justified himself by appealing to the example of Cain.

We do not croak, nor mean to foment discomfort in the minds of advanced females. We have also seen too much of the way things in general are managed to suppose that there are not to be other Norwalk bridges left open and engulfed trains, and a long, long list of *Arctics* and *Presidents*. But we are not to be bamboozled any longer with the twaddle about "enterprise." For enterprising let us read fool-hardy. Suppose that to a passage from New York to England there should be three or four days or more added, by going with decent caution in heavy fogs, could you—for instance, you, dear old Gunnybags—submit to such a shocking waste of time? But suppose that, in the lapse of twenty years, one solitary vessel were lost by the want of care and the determination of saving those three or four or more days, would you be willing to be in that vessel? Are you then willing to risk having every vessel that one?

The remedy is evident. You, the Honorable Mr. Gunnybags; or Gunnybags, Esquire; or the Messrs. Gunnybags; or Gunnybags Brothers; or Twine, Gunnybags, and Osnaburgs; or the Gunnybags Steamship Company, can issue your orders to your captains—and have it publicly understood that they are issued—that no ship of yours shall

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be run faster than a specified rate in fogs, and that signals shall be sounded. Also, that during certain months, when ice abounds at sea, the running course of the ships shall be out of the way of the probable encounter of ice.

Or try this plan to settle your minds:

Advertise that the steamer *Steady*, Captain Ready, will sail for Liverpool, on May 1, with orders to proceed not more than four miles, or less or more, an hour, with bell constantly sounding, through the fogs upon the banks, and to consult general security rather than speed in the voyage; and also advertise that the steamer *Smasher*, Captain Dasher, will sail the same day for Liverpool, and be put through the fog upon the banks at the rate of fourteen knots an hour and no signal—and then let the Gunnybags Steamship Company compare the passenger lists, and the freight lists, and the insurance charges.

You smile serenely, Gunnybags, Esquire. Well, every steamship that sails for Liverpool is the steamer *Smasher*, and not the steamer *Steady*. (*Boy, beneath the window, "Extra—Three Days Later from Europe; no news of the Pacific!"*)

We, democrat of this Easy Chair, have been assailed as monarchical in our views, because we would not allow that indecency was democracy, and rudeness republicanism. To express disgust, also, at entering a railroad-car crowded with men who not only claim to be men but, as democratic, better men than any others, and finding it reeking with a mingled odor of cheese, apple-parings, and toasted woolen trowsers; this, also, has been denounced as prejudicial to the democratic foundation of this Union.

Now, we will not be bullied. Whereas every man is born with an inalienable right to his own nose, we will not have our olfactories assailed by the fumes of toasted breeches without protesting. We will not sit in a long room which can just hold sixty men, and have six of those men frying their saliva upon a red-hot stove, without crying "Unclean!" just as much as we please; and we will not hesitate to declare that, if faith in good manners, and general decency, and consideration of others, be aristocratic, we are aristocratic to the very marrow.

Can't democracy smell sweet? Is it aristocratic to blow your nose? Is a hog your only republican?

Or, let White Waistcoating, who pays such heavy taxes and wears such heavy watch-seals, answer, can we not be tolerably governed in New York, for instance, because we govern ourselves? Oh! for a good rousing despotism, just one week. Not—astute friend and observant traveler in Naples and Cairo—such a despotism as Bomba's or the Egyptian, but such as that of the Parisian Police. Let us have Louis Napoleon mayor for one week! How we should go to the opera, and find our carriages upon coming out, instead of struggling in that intricate knot of horses, coachmen, and coaches, all tugging and swearing different ways, while Lucy's foot goes into the gutter, and an independent elector tears Lucinda's skirt, and a free-and-equal carriage-pole strikes Amelia's back; and so we all reach home grateful for many mercies, resigned to ruined dresses and colds, because we have escaped with sound limbs, and with a profound consciousness, not that we have enjoyed the *septett* in Lucia, but that we have survived the assault at Sebastopol. How we should be able to see across the street in those dear despotic days, without the Himalaya of frozen snow-mud, to heap which was the favorite occupation of the street-commissioner!* How we shouldn't totter across uncertain planks stretched before buildings going up! How a single property-holder wouldn't be allowed to incommode the entire public for his private advantage! How, when somebody snatched our wives' purses from their hands, there would be somebody else to call upon for assistance! How we should have general decency and public order if we had a rousing despotic city government for a week!

The truth is that we pay a certain price for the advantages of a Republic. If you think that there are no good things in a Despotism, or that you get all these good things because you are a Republic, you make a very great mistake.

Why do we have a chaos of carriages and general Pandemonium at the coming out of the opera, for instance? Why was Broadway shrunk for more than a fortnight to a third of its size by a heap of mud and snow two or three miles long? Why is every thing municipal at odds and ends, and why is the city government of New York a by-word throughout the country? Here is New York, a great metropolitan braggart, boasting that it is really the foremost city of the time, and if of this time, then of history, and you could not get across its great thoroughfare in the month of February, 1856, without the greatest danger to life and limb.

These are details, but then it is in details that governments press upon the individual. Upon the whole, and as it were in the high-cockalorum abstract, no two grave men can differ about the essential superiority of our form of government. But see how freely life is squandered! Think what a chance it is in traveling, if you get into the right car or reach the right place. We generally do it, but at what expense of doubt and concern. Think of the almost universal insolence of officials of every kind, and that your boot-black does not feel that he has asserted his equality with you until he has spattered the blacking upon your shirt collar. Think of all the unnecessary annoyances which arise from this same desire of a fellow-citizen to show you that he is as good as any body. You loftily assert that such things are trifles. True; corns and slack-baked bread, and the fumes of sissled spittle, and hundreds of similar things *are* undoubtedly trifles, measured by the importance of political and religious liberty; but then let us ask ourselves whether this universality of petty squabbling and inconvenience, this rushing and swearing and sweating, this paying heavy taxes for filthy streets, and large prices for the incommodation of railroad-cars, is an integral part of the price we pay for our general principle of self-government.

If it be, so profound is our faith in the necessity of that principle to human progress, that we shall submit without a murmur.

But if it be not fully proved, we shall not submit. We shall still insist that a decent share of good city government, and a moderate degree of national good manners, is entirely compatible with the rights of man and republican institutions. Until it is fully proved, we shall persist in believing, for instance, that a government of the people might insist upon posting a mounted police, if necessary,

* This municipal term is a civic joke, merely signifying a person who for a heavy commission renders the streets impassable.—Ed.

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to maintain order at the coming out of all the great popular places of amusement. The end of government is individual well-being. If that is less promoted by the rule of the people, why do we bite our thumbs at kings so indignantly?

And echo savagely answers the Easy Chair, "You old aristocrat!"

THE spring not only brings out the flowers in the fields and the gay dresses in the streets, but the pictures upon the Academy walls. When you hold a lily or a rose in your hand do you think of the dark, cold ground, full of various decay, out of which all that loveliness has sprung? The picture is like the flower. Out of sorrow and poverty and disappointment and despair, how often comes the pretty picture at which you idly gaze as you idly smell the flower. Even the poorest picture may have that kind of interest. Remember, when you buy your ticket to the exhibition, how much hope and doubt and ambition, how much self-sacrifice and heroism and noble endeavor have gone into each picture upon the walls, and be gentle, you who live at ease and could have painted such superior pictures had you been so inclined.

The crowded shelves of a book-store and the walls of an exhibition of paintings have a secret sympathy of this kind. Yet how easy is criticism, how fatally easy is sarcasm and innuendo. Wit, humor, and humane satire, O listless dawdler before the pictures, are not so fatally easy.

For how many of us outsiders going into a gallery have any clear idea as to what a picture really is? We wisely call it "snuffy," or "gaudy," or "hard," or "leathery," or "cut up," or "woolly," or any thing else that happily occurs to a fluent tongue. What regulates our remarks? what principles have we?

"Art appeals to all and is not intended for a few." That is very true. "The artist is the interpreter between the spectator and nature." That is also very true. But there are certain conditions in art, and those conditions are sternly respected by the artist. "Art is an imitation of nature." True again, to a certain extent. But put your own hand by the best hand in the best portrait ever painted. Is there any such striking resemblance that you would mistake the painted hand for the real hand, or *vice versa*? Then the imitation is under certain limitations. The question is not—does that look like my hand, as my left resembles my right, but within the relations and power of pigments and general harmony of light and shade, is the painted hand a true transcript of the fleshly one.

In this admirable humor we were wheeled up to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Glancing benignly around we were at once persuaded that we were not in the Pitti, nor the Vatican, nor even in the Louvre. But we felt ourselves to be in the midst of lovely landscapes and good people. They were a little "funny," perhaps, as the young lady found the Coliseum, but in the wild, blustering March day, it was refreshing to look upon tropical and summer scenes and upon beautiful ladies in low-necked dresses.

There was certainly nothing that indicated that another Raphael or Titian had broken loose. There was nothing, even, that arose in unquestioned prominence above every thing else. Every thing ascended by easy gradations from the indifferent or bad to the most excellent. People stood about full of admiration, or fun, or ignorance, or sympathy. Yet whatever they missed, they must have derived a great deal of pleasure from what they saw. Some were skeptical and hard to please, like Flint.

"Ah! the same old story, I see," said Flint, "there's Leatherhead's favorite pink cloud upon a green sky, and yellow woods in a blue abyss. Is Leatherhead never going to do any thing else? Why, I can show you that picture twenty years ago in the Exhibition."

Yes, Flint, and so you can be shown Claude's trees and Salvator's rocks in all the pictures of those masters, and Raphael's Madonnas in all stages of his career. You can not show, in what you call the same picture of Leatherhead's twenty years ago, the easy handling, the softer color, the more natural treatment that you find now. It is only a mare's nest which you have discovered with your supercilious eyebrows, good Mr. Flint. It is only the Shakspearianism of Shakspeare, and the Miltonism of Milton, and the Phidianity of Phidias, excellent observer. You have found in Leatherhead the inevitable mannerism which you will find in every great work of every great worker. You think that "Little Dorrit" is only the old Dickens over again? If it be so, it is only as Beethoven's ninth symphony is his second. They are both Beethoven's, indeed. They have both the qualities of the individual which makes all his work what we call Beethovenish, but that, of course in a lesser degree, is what you have found in Leatherhead, and always will find in him, until some evil ambition shall lead him to paint in somebody else's way, and in a manner foreign to his sympathy; which will make our favorite and popular Leatherhead as unlike himself as Wilkie was unlike Wilkie when he took to painting Holy Families, or as Burns would have been had he tried his hand at Marmions or Childe Harolds.

A man's speciality both in composition and treatment soon reveals itself. Would even you, Flint, have been guilty of the bold stupidity of saying annually at the London Exhibition, "Ah! there are Turner's vapors again." Turner's love and study lay much in that direction. Have you forgotten those purely impossible scenes of Claude which yet do the heart good to look upon and to remember? Those palaces upon seas forever calm; those ships sailing out of an eternal sunset; those lovely Arcadian bits of graceful bridges, and piping swains, and dancing nymphs. The great Ruskin pooh-poohs at Claude. But then we can pooh-pooh at the great Ruskin. It requires a prodigious pooh-pooh to put out the soft, penetrating lustre of Claude. The very name of the painter has a sweet music—Claude Lorraine. It is a chance that he was born in Lorraine; but all chances count in the fate of genius.

Leave Leatherhead his clouds, and trees, and blue abysses unassailed. While you have been cutting up the picture to your select party, there was a boy stood watching it, and far over those blue abysses his heart flew home, and he wiped a tear as you turned your last joke. Now is the value of the picture to be measured by your sneer, discriminating Flint, or by the boy's tear? That other picture which seems to you a lacquered tea-tray, seems to this Easy Chair rich, poetic, and suggestive. Are we both right or both wrong: or is one right and the other wrong; and if so, which?

You see how perplexing it is to look at pictures

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if you are also going to say fine or sharp things about them. The wretched daub in a village tavern parlor may give a thrill of joy to some rough heart, and the touch of genius burns through all kinds of crudities. There is an exhaustless amount of fame and commendation, and there is the same of excellence also. As many heroes go unsung since Agamemnon as before him. A lovely little sketch in our last Number, "The Story of Emile Roque," shows how much delight a man may have in Watteau's and Vanloo's pictures. But the great Ruskin knocks them all into cocked hats. Then the moral is, that it is better not to be a great Ruskin, but to enjoy the lovely conceits of the painters. A great deal of knowledge, it seems, may be as dangerous as a little.

Flint naturally left us, and we rolled around the room enjoying the pictures. By a happy constitution we are inclined, if any thing strikes us as wrong or impossible in a picture, to accuse our own ignorance, or to believe that the resources of art do not allow a nearer resemblance to Nature. Besides this, having privately taken several artists into counsel at different times, and finding that their views were as fundamentally different as those of us of the laity, we feel a singular respect for our resolution to enjoy. Sometimes we make great mistakes, and are moved to tears or laughter, or to some more moderate emotion, by pictures that are called unpardonable in all the papers; and, on the other hand, gaze unconsciously and unadmiringly upon the greatest "gems of the collection."

But then, fortunately, Flint never makes those mistakes, and we, weak Easy Chair that we are! look wise and conceal ours.

It is not our fault if the friends of the Easy Chair have not been reading "Little Dorrit" for the last four months. It is not too late to begin now, but it will soon be so. And however the "intelligent reader" may dislike stories printed in serials, yet since the great novelists choose to print so, and find their account in it, it would be better to surrender the prejudice and enjoy the story. When it is printed altogether at the end of twenty months, it is such a huge volume, or pair of volumes, that many a reader is repelled who could have easily mastered the whole by short spells of reading every month.

"Little Dorrit" is already full of the peculiar excellences of its author. Indeed, the first number showed clearly enough the handling of a master. The concluding scene of that number, between Flintwinch and his wife, is eminently characteristic of that fearful suggestion of tragedy, of a whole complicated mass of villainy, which Dickens so loves to unravel. No sooner have you read a few pages than you seem to be in the midst of the the world and daily life, with all its infinite varieties and currents. No novelists in English literature have this power of putting the reader into the world, and interesting him in the characters as a part of the world, so much as Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens. Their novels are not so much the story of the isolated fortunes of individuals, as vast panoramas of great masses of the world. In this way they have a kind of cosmopolitan interest. It is not a thin thread of story that you pursue, so attenuated often that it is not strong enough to sustain attention, but you move, live, laugh, and cry with a crowd.

There is, already, in "Little Dorrit," plenty of that pungent satire with which Dickens always bears down upon great national abuses. Nothing in all his writings is better in its way than the Circumlocution Office. It is broad satire, yet how cuttingly true, and how purely English! The stupid confusion of the impotent young official, who lives in precedents and an agonized and reverend chaos, when he drops his eye-glass—which is symbolical of the entire humbug of the system of which he is a cipher—is admirably drawn and severely dramatic. That peculiar kind of thick-headed dullness is essentially British. The very awkwardness which is satirized is a point of national manners. Clumsiness, clownishness, and apparent idiocy, are cardinal points of a good English manner. If a man enters a drawing-room with self-possession, as if he were used to drawing-rooms, it is pert and parvenu. If he stumble over the sofa, bow with consummate awkwardness, and stutter out the commonplaces of greeting, he is well-bred, and has "the air." The covert fling at this in young Barnacle, the state official, is very neat and trenchant.

The other clerks are not less good in their kind; and, on the other hand, to preserve the fair balance—for Arthur Clennam is an Englishman, too—his resolute pertinacity to find out what it so surprises young Barnacle that he "wants to know," is most skillfully done. The whole scene is masterly.

So, also, the Marshalsea, and the Father of the Marshalsea. Not only is the sad, strange life of the prison painted in the most memorable and impressive way, but the character of the old debtor, royal by the melancholy right of longer suffering, is so affectionately touched, that your heart pities him, without any contempt or disapprobation, even while you know him to be a willing though negative beggar. This is an extremely difficult and delicate success. The old man retains a kind of self-respect, and hides from himself his own weakness, so that your tears willingly blind your eyes, and you see only the pathetic dignity of sorrow. Thus far the Father of the Marshalsea is the most interesting character of the story.

"Little Dorrit" herself is one of the dear little Impossibles whom Dickens so loves, and makes all the world love with him. She has as yet betrayed no human weaknesses; but you can not quarrel, because you know that if human nature were to be just so good, it would be under just such circumstances. It would be "the child of misery baptized in tears" who would have all the thoughtful wisdom of a saint, the patient endurance of a martyr, and the sweet innocence of a child. All these "Little Dorrit" has. She shoots like a sunbeam through the story. Yet it is a beam of sad autumn light. The melancholy shadow of the prison life has fallen upon her, so that her youth is young only in its purity and sweetness. It is her goodness that makes its sunniness, that makes her a beam of light.

Maggie is the Miss Mowcher and Miss Flite of the tale. Mrs. Clennam is one of the exasperating characters of real life, who wear, over the icicle where the heart should be, a mantle of virtuous phrase which is transparent enough, so that you are not deceived, yet without a hole, so that you are a little perplexed by it. She acts as a paralysis upon Arthur, the easy, dreaming, saddened man, who has been defrauded of his youth, too, and of his love.

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The scene in the last number (for April), at the house of the knobby-headed Patriarch, who wears bottle-green broadcloth, although the patriarchs did not wear bottle-green broadcloth, is inimitable. The little puffy steam-tug of an agent, who is constantly taking the Patriarch in tow, is a striking illustration of Dickens's fondness for a symbol which expresses his idea of a character. It is elaborated with copious humor, as is the crazy aunt of the Patriarch's widowed daughter. But what a tragedy is the meeting between that daughter and her old lover Clennam! He used to love her. Good Heaven! as a boy he loved her, and lay awake at night thinking, hoping, longing, despairing. And for her! For this vain chatter-box, this silly, simpering, fat mass of affectation! No wonder Arthur Clennam was light-headed as he sat and talked with her. No wonder that he doubted his own identity, and would not, could not stay. This is a stroke of tragical fidelity to actual experience worthy of the greatest artist. It is another of the many and increasing indications that the novelists are drawing from life, and teaching men by human weakness and the undeniable course of human history.

One thing must forcibly strike every American reader of this and other stories of Dickens. It is the intense *Englishism* of the tale. There are certain conditions imperative upon a novel, which it seems almost impossible to attain in America, a kind of picturesque perspective, a romantic association of place and systems, which are entirely unknown to us. Thus the scene of "Little Dorrit" is London, and all the local painting is, doubtless, strictly true. But how would it be possible to treat New York, or any American city, in that way? We have no romantic setting for novels. What are you to do with Broadway, with the Park, with Avenue B? Of course there are plenty of characters and life enough, but there are no mellow distances, no grimed and venerable buildings and places. All those must be renounced in the American novel. Are they essential to a novel? Is it because they are essential, that there is, as yet, no American novel?

So, friendly reader, do not lose these things while they are to be had. Remember that what you read in series was written to be read in series. Remember that if you read it as it is written you have time to follow each delicate hint, to brood over each hidden excellence. Remember how it enriches your life for a year to bear about in your heart, unsolved, the riddle of these destinies. Do you pish because they are not actual people? Ah! the story is only too true. They *are* real people. It is a real life, in its import and power. And what is *your* observation of life worth? Do you really suppose you see, only because you have eyes? No. Genius is eyes for us all. That looks where we look, and where we saw a bank of vapor or a smoke-wreath, genius sees the splendid pavilions of the sunset, the bright portals of the morning, sees the abyss that yawns around us, and the cloudy steps that ascend to heaven.

So much for "Little Dorrit," and now a word for Dickens.

He asked for an invitation to the ball given by some American residents in Paris on Washington's birth-day, and it was refused. At least this is the statement, and we proceed upon its probable truth. If the rumor is false, the spirit of our remarks will still remain true.

Lord Clarendon, who in his published correspondence with Mr. Marcy prevaricated, and was guilty of the most unfair conduct, which might easily have plunged the countries into war, was there, announced in the largest capitals, and with the loudest trumpets blown before him.

The members of the Congress of Paris, and sundry French dukes and noblemen were there. The Russian diplomat sent a letter full of sympathy and admiration for our great country and her noble institutions.

The Princess Mathilde, who is a notoriously dissolute woman, was there, by express invitation.

Charles Dickens, one of the great ornaments of English literature, the most famous living writer of the English language, expresses a wish to be present, or asks for an invitation, and asks in vain.

This is not a private affair, but a public matter, and it is not to be supposed for a moment that honorable and self-respecting American gentlemen in Paris could be guilty of such an indecency.

What, then, is the explanation?

Is it true that there are certain persons long resident in Paris, who always take the lead on occasions of this kind, and who most emphatically do not represent the spirit of America, which is generous and democratic? Is it true, as is frequently alleged in public letters from Paris, that such persons are, practically and in spirit, expatriated from their country, by the profoundest sympathy with aristocratic institutions, and that, although so long resident in Paris, they have got no nearer certain French customs, such, for instance, as the eating of frogs, than toad-eating?

Now any person has the largest liberty to go and live where and how he chooses, if he obeys the laws. A gentleman has certainly the right to select his guests in his own house, and the managers of a private ball have the same right. But in a fête of a national, and, to a certain extent, a public character, given in a foreign city by Americans, have not Americans at home a profound interest and pride? If Americans, individually, in Europe choose to associate with Princess Mathildes, they may do so, nor fairly be spoken of in public; yet collectively, as Americans associating to do honor to an American occasion, ought they deliberately to insult a man who is dear to the hearts of thousands of Americans, without learning that those Americans do not see without shame and pain an act of such signal discourtesy?

Some other aspects of this ball belong to our over-water sketches, which follow.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is late to speak of a February ball; but yet we do so. We graft the gossamer and gas-lights of a Paris salon of winter upon the flowers and sunshine of a May that lingers. On Washington's birth-day, the Americans resident in Paris hired the dining saloon of the new hotel over against the palace of the Louvre, employed a company of good musicians under the leadership of Strauss, commanded a bountiful supper, invited a great many nice people, and honored the occasion with a series of waltzes and cotillions which lasted till morning.

We have purposely recorded the affair in a very matter-of-fact way, for the sake of contrast with the exuberant (and what seems to us ridiculous)

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descriptions which come to us through many of the American letter-writers from Paris.

Let us quote a few sample paragraphs:

"Last year the celebration in honor of Washington's birth-day was undertaken by the committee of management with many misgivings as to the result. They did not know precisely in what light the authorities would view the enterprise; *how far they would lend it their patronage*; or whether their own countrymen would give it the required support. But the name of Washington, and *perhaps the reputation of the people who were to be the hosts on the occasion*, afforded, to a certain extent, a guarantee of its success.

"The fête was a success; so complete that even the most sanguine were astonished. It was *the* event of the season. The anniversary of this year was organized in the same way as that of last year, and it eclipsed in every particular its predecessor. The Annual Washington Ball has become one of the institutions of the country. If it was not repeated next year, Paris society would be disappointed; there would be a want unsatisfied.

"The number in attendance was about eight hundred; three hundred and twenty-one American subscribers, and three hundred and sixty-seven invited persons."

The writer proceeds to give a careful catalogue of the titled guests, the members of His Imperial Majesty's household who were present, and of the distinguished officers of the navy and army.

"Mr. Dickens," he tells us, "would have been pleased to have received an invitation, but the committee did not see fit to invite him. The 'American Notes' are not yet forgotten.

"Messrs. Lamartine, Guizot, and De Tocqueville pleaded their feeble health, and the necessity they felt under of denying themselves all such pleasures, as an excuse for declining the committee's invitation.

"The Emperor, there is reason to believe, would have attended had it not been for the occupations of the moment.

"Count de Morny, half-brother of the Emperor, President of the Corps Legislatif, came in early, and paid much attention during the course of the evening to one of the Misses Hutton, of New York. . . . The two sisters are very young, and, besides having an ample fortune, are very handsome. The Count will never do better.

"The anxiety to get to the ball was intense among English and French people. Thousands of tickets might have been sold, but the committee were determined not to depart from the rule, to sell only to Americans. I heard of one ticket-merchant, however, who had got hold of three tickets by some means, and who held them at two hundred francs.

"The principal feature of this ball was that, although in some sense it might be called a public ball, it yet had the air of a private party. It was more select even than the balls of the Tuileries, and there was an air of quiet elegance and good breeding about it that one does not often see."

So, it would appear, that the managers of the Washington Ball of Paris are to be classed, for successful endeavor, with the Goodyears and the M'Cormicks. Americans every where may felicitate themselves with the reflection that the late Paris board of managers (who were agreed among themselves to foot up all fiscal deficiencies) have succeeded, with the promise of a supper and a dance, in drawing together a more considerable body of titled men and women, under the American flag, than ever paid honor in that direction before. A New York girl, and "handsome," actually became party to a conversation with a "half-brother of the Emperor!"

The excitement was intense.

In ludicrous contrast with the report we have given of this fête, we cite the mention of it, which appears under the telegraphic head of the great journal of Northern Europe. The date of the paper is Sunday, the 24th February. "*Yesterday*," it says, "the anniversary of Washington was celebrated by the Americans in Paris, with great solemnity, at the *Hotel of the Legation*. The ministers of foreign states assisted."

We have made a note of this matter only to serve as text for the preachment of a short sermon against a very odious form of American folly.

Are we all growing to be tuft-hunters? Is it a proud thing to read how the Duchess of Faineant, or His Highness the Prince of Monplaisir consented to accept the American Minister's invitation (as steward of the committee) to a grand ball in honor of Washington's birth-day? Is it ennobling, to be told by a delighted observer, how, on that occasion, a half-brother of the Emperor actually addressed his distinguished remarks to a "handsome" American girl (whereat rumor sniffs a marriage)?

Do we find sturdy and manly Republicanism asserting the honor and the glory of its great apostle in any such title-encumbered fête? Is the odor of it (so much as comes over *to* us in paragraphs) healthy and bracing? Do we recognize the quiet assertion and maintenance of American and Republican dignity?

Do those managers, who took upon themselves to foot the bills, seem to say for us—for every proud American—"This 22d of February is a day we cherish; let us honor it worthily, and, in the eye of Europe, let us rally to our festivity those who, like ourselves, love and revere the memory of the great Republican?"

Is there not rather something about it all (as report comes to us) which smacks of the moneyed snob? Is not Washington, and Washington's great doctrine, which he taught with a sword-point, sunk deftly under the petticoats of Madame la Comtesse de So-and-so and the *fracs* of the gentlemen of Virginia? Is not the strain after a good notice of the *feuilletonistes*, and a matter to be buzzed about in the salons of St. Germain, rather than a lifting up of the memory and deeds of Washington—even as the brazen serpent was lifted up—for a healing to the suffering Israelites?

Was there any thing in that splendid ball atmosphere to quicken republican sympathies, whether in natives or in those born over-seas? Is it not slightly noticeable that those two good men and true, Lamartine and De Tocqueville, were too indisposed on that particular evening?

Indisposed for what?

It happens to be within our knowledge that Lamartine was also indisposed upon the 22d February, 1855; and he pleaded his indisposition in somewhat this way: He yielded to none in his veneration of the name and memory of Washington; yet he must respectfully decline the invitation, since his presence at the ball would bring him into ungrateful contact with those (other French guests of *distinction*) whose sympathies differed so widely from his own.

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Again, it appears, he is indisposed. Again, perhaps, he will be reckoned impertinent.

Mr. Dickens, too, as before said, "would have been glad of an invitation," but received none. Mr. Dickens was a snob; Mr. Dickens did not visit with Miss Smead; Mr. Dickens (with his earnest and sterling humanity warming the hearts of millions on this side who never heard of Mr. Corbin or Mr. What-not) was in no sense a representative of the splendid humanity which was needed to set off the fête of Washington!

This is very queer; and brings us to the middle of our sermon upon American snobbery.

When an individual, born in Boston, born in Virginia, or born in Goshen, with a full purse and a liberal heart, chooses to take up residence in one or other of the European capitals, and to draw about his supper or dinner tables very splendid and very tasteful people; when he chooses to warm himself, by such means, in the air of distinction, and to cultivate familiarity with titles; when he entreats the notice of my Lord So-and-so, and is charmed to receive a personal slight from those of distinction—we may wonder at his turn of mind; possibly we may pity; we may even acquiesce in the entire fitness of the thing: yet we never allow ourselves to remark upon it—it is no business of ours.

But when we hear of a great national fête prostituted to similar ends, and learn that all its nationality and all its spirit is sunk in a pitiful decoy for titled people—people who had never expressed one single earnest sympathy either for the nation or the MEMORY to whom the fête belonged, then—we blush for the managers! Then, even this old Easy Chair, that has witnessed so much of folly, and borne it stoutly—that has seen mania on mania worrying our fast American blood, and recorded them all—that has heard rifles prayed for in pulpits, and Kossuth, in his velvet coat, prayed for by ladies—even this old Easy Chair feels the red mantling deeper than ever in back and elbows, in memory of a Washington fête made tribute to the underlings of the imperial and princely houses of Europe!

Where was that brave Manin, President of the Venetian Republic of 1848—sacrificing property, place, peace, and family, to his dear idol of emancipated Italy? Not at the Washington Ball; no: he is not in favor with the imperial masters of the household; he is under surveillance; worse yet—he is poor—very poor; he gives lessons in Italian.

You may be very sure he was not asked; but if asked, could he have come? Would he have caught heart or hope there? Would the memory of the great Protector of national dignities with us have warmed upon him from that splendid Washington management?

Where was good old Beranger? any ticket for him amidst the "intense excitement?" Any ticket, or place in a corner, out of sight, under the table, in the lobby, for the old songster, whose sight any where along Paris streets makes the police watchful, and earnest ones more hopeful?

You may be sure Beranger was not there; but in place of him the changeful, tricky Dupin, who (if the power lay in him) would, for an estate, give us an Emperor to-morrow.

Where was Cremieux? Not there; but in his stead the Baron de Rothschild.

Where was Cavaignac, who, if any man in France might have hearty sympathy with the memories which seemed to belong to such a fête, was eminently the one?

Where was the eloquent Cormenin, whose voice, through all the tempestuous debates which followed upon the events of 1848, advocated the principles and the example of Washington?

We are not among those fast Republicans who believe it is our mission to go propagandizing through the length and breadth of Europe, scattering incendiary placards, and ignoring all forms of courtly etiquette; but we do believe it is our mission to assert, by a quiet dignity and a manly self-respect, the virtues of our Republican inheritance: above all, it is our mission to show no shame by which others may be made faint of heart; and to show no worship of those titular vanities, which, if we are true to ourselves and our professions, we count as valueless.

The man who is ashamed of being a Republican had best be ashamed of being an American. Yet there are many living abroad who boast the last title, and drink the first. They win, too, what they most wish to win by the counterfeit. They win courtly toleration.

This old Easy Chair, in its office quietude, with only a cob-webbed window of look-out, and a creak in its oaken joints, has no envy of those Americans who live (socially and joyfully) on the miserable crumbs of favor which they pick up in the outer courts of European princes.

We have a respect for nobles who are true to their name and lineage; we have a respect for Republicans who are true to theirs.

Mr. Marcy's law of black coats will not save us. No law will. There must be the dignity of a MAN under the black coat or the blue; or embassadors, residents, or travelers will make us blush again—back and elbows.

OUR sermon being done, and the improvement made, we whip in here a few paragraphs from a descriptive lady letter, bearing on the same topic. We yield our Easy Chair seat to the lady—though it has been ours for a good many stations back.

Little thanks we get!

"MY DEAR LILLY—

"Such a ball! I wore white crape with four skirts, caught up here and there with ivy (artificial, of course), sprinkled over with gold dust. It was one of Madame Gauthier's—one of her prettiest. The Viscomtesse of Renneville says Madame Gauthier intended the design for blonde beauties, *mélancholiques et rêveuses:* what do you think of that for me?

"There were more expensive dresses (old Mrs. —— wore one, worth, I am sure, fifteen hundred francs in Valenciennes), but prettier—no.

"Well, there was a *queue* (I don't know how to spell that word, so let it go), just as at the Tuileries' balls, and the Hôtel de Ville, but not so long. We were in good season, and the rooms were splendid.

"You don't know what handsome men the managers all were, and Americans too. I felt proud of my country. Mr. C——, for instance, is a perfect gem of a man! Why *don't* they run him for President, or something. He would make *such* a handsome figure. He knows every body too. Do you know I heard him talking with Lord Cowley, and saying, 'my lord—my lord,' just as easy as nothing. Oh, it was great.

"And then such a quantity of lords—at least

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counts; for there were only two or three lords, now I think of it. I don't know as I think so much of lords, now I have seen them; they are not so very, *very* genteel. I think one of our managers is genteeler.

"The Count de Morny is a most charming man; he reminds me somewhat of W. C.—his figure and height. He spoke to me several times during the evening; he had very much to say of the beauty of American women—and so prettily said, too! He is one of the richest speculators of France (papa says), besides being a half-brother of the Emperor. There's a *bon parti!* And let me tell you that American girls are finding distinguished husbands nowadays; there was Miss L——, who married, only the other day, a German Baron; and Miss C——, who married a Count Somebody; and Miss D——, who all but married a Duke. To be sure the girls were rich, and the men poor, and not very young; but, after all, one is so little dependent on a husband here, for society or amusement, that age is not of much consequence.

"Have you heard the story (I suppose you have, for all such things go into your papers at home) about a pretty lady in black, five-and-forty past, who has been making a *furore* latterly? Not because she is pretty, for she is not; not because she is *spirituelle* even, for she has lived too long in the country for that. (*Esprit* only grows in the city.)

"But she is talked about because she is a widow, and a queer story hangs to her marriage.

"She married to be a widow! Widows are so gay and so free in France. She was rich, and pretty, the story goes, and through a friend of hers, somewhere in the provinces, opened marriage negotiations with an old gentleman, a Count, who seemed just ready to totter out of the world, and asked no more than a quiet household, and the promise that his young wife would take care of him till he died. So they married, and went to live at a crazy old chateau, somewhere in Normandy, I think. But the old Count lived, and lived—most provokingly. The young wife (twenty-two when she was married) was past forty when the tie ended, and she won her freedom.

"Of course she indulges it now in a way to make up for lost time.

"I wonder the managers had not invited her to the ball. She would have been a star.

"Miss Smead was there, who is not nearly so pretty as they represent her. She has a fine figure, to be sure, and striking-looking, but there is nothing we should call 'pretty' about her. Of course she was prodigiously admired, for the Emperor has called her beautiful, and besides which, she is to marry a Howard! Wouldn't this set on edge American admiration of her?

"*Apropos* of our Republican spirit; we were talking of it the other night, C. L. and I, and we both agreed that the Americans in the ball-room were more anxious to appear like counts than the titled people themselves. I should say they were far more difficult of approach than De Morny or Lord Cowley.

"A young countryman of ours appeared at the ball with two sisters; and I suppose he had subscribed out of good feeling, and to give his sisters a pleasant evening. Unfortunately they were not very well known to the American management, and the result was, I am afraid, a very sorry time. They were not, it is true, in toilets of Gauthier, but were in the last New York or Philadelphia mode, which you know is about six months behindhand. Yet they had pretty faces, and received attentions from the French guests.

"But I could not observe that the American gentlemen made any effort to relieve their awkwardness, or to contribute to their pleasure.

"The brother was one of those who thought, American-like, that if he had paid his money 'he was as good as any body.' The foreigners present evidently admitted him to be so; but, as I told you, the Americans who could boast the privilege of a word or two with Remusat or 'my Lord Cowley,' quite snubbed him.

"I quite pitied his poor little sisters. Yet, of course, they will go away and say what a splendid ball it was; and how many grand people were there; and how a Duke Somebody paid them a most graceful compliment; and how the only disagreeable people there were some of the managers and their wives, who were terribly stuck-up.

"Hoity-toity, so we go! We are queer, we Americans, about some things. Don't we love titles, though!

"I forgot almost to tell you that it was a Washington Ball."

Mons. Jules Janin, of the *Débats* newspaper, who not long ago affronted us all, by telling us how incapable we were of appreciating the great *tragedienne* Rachel, and how all our genius lay in money-getting, and in nothing more spiritual, has now had the pleasure of welcoming back the queen of tragedy with another bray of his trumpet.

Aside from this noisy greeting, Rachel has made her entry into the great capital almost noiselessly, and has gone back to her little Trudon boudoir (rumor says), to make ready for a marriage; the rumored husband being an oldish gentleman, with gray plentifully sprinkled on his head, and a purse that has been filled over and over with his manufacturing ventures in the country. Of course, Madame Rumor hints that it is an old affection, quickened into maturity by a certain princely slight to the tragedienne.

For it was known to all Paris, and in many other-wheres, that before the American escapade of the Félix family, Rachel drew at her chariot wheels (while they rolled from the French Theatre to the Rue Trudon), no less splendid a lover than the heir apparent to the Imperial throne. It was even said that the camp fever of the Prince, when he dallied in the Crimea, was heightened by the memory of his Jewish love, and that the pale face and dark eyes which (in public) had made conquest of Maurice de Saxe, had (in private) bedeviled the listless nephew of the Emperor. Certain it is, that one of the first visits of the returning veteran was paid at the boudoir of the Rue Trudon.

But even princely lovers have their vagaries; and during the long absence of the great actress who first set up a real shrine of tragedy upon this side of the water, the Imperial heir pined into comedy. A certain Madame Plessy became a star at the French Theatre, and a star upon the bosom of the princely trifler. And now, the old dame rumor we cite, declares that the returning Rachel is punishing the delinquent by a holy marriage with an old and constant lover of the Provinces.

Another grief stared Rachel in the face. Ristori has come back to Paris, and promises to make

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her fame and her presence perennial in the metropolitan city. She has even given a new sting to her renown, by adding Phèdre to her Italian *repertoire*.

There is a trail to the American visit of Rachel; the trail is in the hands and head of one Beauvallet; not very much heard of as yet, nor much more to be heard of from the noise he makes, and the dust, as he sits upon the Félix train through the "States."

We give a characteristic bit of his observations on his arrival in New York: "What calls attention soonest, in the young capital of America, is the immense number of gigantic sign-boards which cover the houses from top to bottom. Advertisements red, yellow, and blue; masses of canvas covered with griffins and monsters; nothing else from roof to cellar; you would imagine yourself at the entrance of some great tent of rope-dancers or a puppet-show.

"Nor indeed is there lack of these things. Broadway (the Boulevard of these provincials) is filled with them. Such a din!

"You are crazed with the uproar of songs, laughter, and oaths. Street-performers deafen you with the bray of trumpets; boys scream in your ear 'Xtra 'Erald!' asses (attached to the railway carriages that glide in every direction) add their musical notes; omnibuses clash together; coachmen swear hoarsely; ladies scream for fright; and the miserable painted and flat-bosomed 'street-walkers' flaunt their ribbons in your eye at noon."

Of the St. Nicholas Hotel, this philosopher speaks thus: "Very splendid, by my faith, and situated on Broadway (every thing is situated on Broadway!).

"There is every thing in the St. Nicholas—billiards, hot and cold water, wash-house, *salon de coiffure*, electric telegraph.

"I said there was every thing: unfortunately there is one thing lacking—that is, attention to one's wants. There is a never-ending rush; hundreds are coming and going; the servants count by hundreds, but to which shall you address yourself? or if to one, will you ever see him again?

"In short, it is all so splendid and so grand that once there, you think of nothing but—how you can escape. It was this thought which Mademoiselle Rachel revolved through all the first night of her stay; the next day she left."

As for the smaller hangers-on to the tragic skirts, they sought refuge in the Hotel Mondon, far down Broadway (always Broadway!), where a Spanish hostess used oil in her cuisine, and did not waste her resources upon soaps and Croton supplies.

"It was a ten-minutes' ride thither," says our pleasant chronicler, "and we were nine in the coach: the fare was one dollar each!—*pas cher*."

No wonder that poor Beauvallet is seriously out of temper; indeed our grand hotels, and our street-carriages are not good curatives of home-sickness in those bred in Paris.

Even good and learned Miss Murray, who has told us some rarely good things about the pale faces of our ladies, and the life-long bedizzenment of their beauties—even stout Miss Murray has her outcry against the extravagance and outsidedness of our hotels. And, of course, it is very impertinent and unpatriotic in us not to admire the mirrors, the Axminsters, the bridal chambers, and the banquet-halls, where a thousand will discuss a dinner to the wonderful mechanism of a steward with a bell; we do admire them; we wonder still more at those who find comfort and shuffle their meals under such appliances.

We hope the Beauvallets and Murrays will continue to preach against that absurd hotel-splendor of ours, which buries us in velvets, and brocades, and bills, and which leaves us the smallest residuum of wholesome quiet and comfort.

Our readers will remember that we introduced to their notice, on two occasions, the book of a certain Madame Manöel de Grandfort, wherein that personage allowed herself very free speech upon the habits and character of Americans. It appears that the lady has now another volume in press, entitled "*Amour aux Stats Unis*."

The publishing-house of the Libraire Nouvelle, which gave to the French world her first book, has refused her second. What with her native piquancy, and her theme, she has made too bold and bad a book. Even the *Presse* has declined any issue of its sample chapters; and our unfortunate friend Manöel de Grandfort, who enjoyed the rare opportunity of witnessing more cock-fights, negro-hunts, and revels among the Bloomers, than any woman before her, must look for patrons upon our side of the water.

Let us revive her attractions by excerpting a dainty morsel or two from her first essay:

"I find, then, that there is an aristocracy in the United States—an aristocracy of tallow and cod-fish—more proud, more unyielding than even the proudest aristocracy of Europe. Even in those days, when European rank was best established, it had bounds to its indulgences, and incitements to heroism and generosity, in the renown of its name, in its ancestral inheritance, and in the regard of the world.

"But as for these *princes* of America—they have no ancestry; pride of family is unheard of; and as for the generosity which comes of a good heart, it is a merchandise in which they have no dealing. It is, in short, a despicable aristocracy, with no bounds to pride but its own selfish indulgence. An Englishman, whom I fell in with at a 'boarding' of New York, told me he would rather be the lackey of a European nobleman than chief clerk of an American *parvenu*.

"If a poor devil of a Frenchman (*sic*) finds himself in New York, without the wit to go into trade, either as counter-boy or clerk, so much the worse for him. All time spent in America, without money-making, is lost time (for a Frenchman). One lives there—not for enjoyment or repose, but to accumulate. Philosophic abstraction is utterly lost; every thing which does not tend to the great end of money-getting is worse than useless. Byron would be sneered at in such a country. Donizetti would rank below a house-carpenter, and Vernet would die of hunger. Talent and genius is not predicated of those who make bold discoveries in science, or who write well, or who have an influence in the world of art, or of intellect. It is far nobler to make money—no matter how—no matter how much at first; provided the possessor have the genius to go on doubling it, tripling it, quadrupling it."

Shall we not look out for her exhibit of the "Loves in America?"

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Editor's Drawer.

"DELIVER me from my friends!" a certain corpulent and very eminent Brooklyn divine might have exclaimed, on the occurrence of the following incident, which is related to us on reliable authority.

As the Rev. Dr. B—— entered the crowded cabin of a Fulton ferry-boat, he was immediately addressed by a gentlemanly-looking man, but unfortunately under the influence of liquor, who very ceremoniously insisted upon giving him his seat.

"T-t-take my seat, D-d-doctor," stuttered the man, "take my seat; I have a great respect for you, D-d-doctor: you're a very good, and a, a, a very great man."

But before the polite offer could be accepted, an Irish woman slipped into the vacant place, and the late occupant turning again to Dr. B——, went on:

"Well, never m-mind, D-doctor, you must take the will for the deed; but I have great respect for you, Doctor. You're a man above the common run; you've got a good church in Brooklyn; hope you won't leave us, Doctor. Heard you had a call to Ninth Street the other day—*nine thousand dollars* salary; but you wouldn't go; no, Doctor, you told them *you'd see 'em d——d first.*"

The Doctor is quite as celebrated for his wit as his eloquence, but this time it failed him so decidedly that he had not a word to say in reply.

ABOUT as equivocal a compliment was paid to Paul, the Apostle, and to an excellent preacher on a Mississippi steamer. A tipsy and talkative Western man came up to the clergyman and delivered himself on this wise, grasping his hand, and bowing ludicrously:

"How d'ye do, Doctor? glad to see you; you're the preacher for me; you're a true disciple of the 'postle Paul. I like Paul very much, very much indeed—'cause you know as soon as he got ashore he went to *three taverns!*"

To help those uneasy men and women who wish to escape the noose of matrimony, we copy the following from an English record of many years back:

"A certain lewd fellow of the baser sort came from a long way off out of the shires, and married a woman who had been whipped round our town more than once. The parish officers were her bridesmaids, and her husband was not afraid of receiving curtain-lectures, for their sole bed was of dirty straw on the dirty ground; nevertheless he wearied soon of his life, and went to the parish clerk, seeking to be rid of his crooked rib. Solomon was sly, and replying to his inquiry if the parson could unmarry them, said: 'Why need ye trouble his reverence? Have not I, man and boy, been his clerk forty years come all-hallow-tide? I can do it as well as e'er a parson of them all, and as sure as there is now a good tap of ale at the "Bell." Let us go there—you stand two pots, and I will do all right for you.' So, after drinking out his fee, Solomon took the fellow into the church by the priest's door. 'Now,' said he, 'ye were married here; so put off your jacket, and kneel at confession, for 'tis a solemn business.' Then they went into the belfry, and, bidding him take off his shoes, and stand on a stool, he gave him the longest bell-rope. 'Tie that tightly, my lad, round your throat,' said Solomon, 'and as soon as I am gone, kick away the stool. I will return in about an hour, when you will be unmarried, and out of all your troubles!'"

A KEOKUK correspondent sends us a story of the Rev. Julius Cæsar, a colored preacher of Missouri, which he thinks goes to show that some of the sable brethren are quite as 'cute as any of the Hard Shells of whom we have heard so much of late.

Mr. Cæsar had made an appointment to preach about twenty miles from his master's plantation, and there he made his appearance with his saddle-bags on his arm, and gave out at once that he had come to preach the Gospel to the niggers thereabouts.

"Yah! yah!" responded a hundred voices; but one of the negroes, more bold but not worse than the rest, sung out: "Well, now, look a-here, nigger, if you jis brung a pack o' cards wid you, you mout dun sumfin, but preachin' is a little too slow for dis congregation."

Cæsar remonstrated with them, as they all seemed to fall in with the old fellow's ideas; but they told him to go home, and "de nex time he come to bring de cards." Cæsar started off with his saddle-bags on his arm, but halted, opened them, and turning about as he said, "If dat's what you must have, why, den, you must!" and pulling out a greasy old pack sat down on the grass.

"Dat's de talk: O de laud, jis look! dat nigger got some little senses left arter all: sensibul to de last!" they cried out one after another. The preacher commenced operations, and after some five or six hours' playing had skinned every thing around, cleaning them out of all the loose silver they had picked up in many a day; Cæsar shoved the documents into the bags, and starting off again, told them, by way of a parting benediction, that whenever they had a little more money to support the Gospel in that way, just to let him know.

FATHER M'IVER, who made such a stir among the Presbyterians on the Wife's Sister question, has had two or three stories told of him in the *Magazine*, but the best one is the following, not yet published. It will be now.

Mr. M'Iver, for years to the contrary whereof the memory of none of us runneth back, was stated Clerk of the *Synod* of North Carolina, and he was proud of the honor, magnifying his office always and every where. As he was journeying and drew nigh to the place where the Synod was to hold its annual meeting, he lost his way among the pine woods that abound in that tar and turpentine State. Once off the road, he became more and more confused, and soon plunged into a swamp that was just back of the town where the Synod had assembled. Night had come on, as dark as the native pitch that there abounds, and the reverend body had gathered in the church, wondering much that Colin M'Iver, the most punctual of them all, was not on hand to call the roll. Poor Mr. M'Iver, fairly frightened at his prospect of a night in the swamp, began shouting at the top of his voice, "Help! help! Colin M'Iver, Stated Clerk of the Synod of North Carolina is lost, lost, lost!" His cries reached the ears of a negro, who ran to his master, but he and all the village were at the church, to which Cuffy hastened, and called out to his master that a man was lost down in the swamp, and says he's the *greatest sinner in North Carolina!*

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A few minutes more, and Father M'Iver was rescued from his perils, and the Synod received him as one who was lost and found.

A KENTUCKY friend writes us a very amusing sketch of Old Uncle Davy—a fair specimen of that class of negroes whose wit shows itself in making an excuse for neglect of duty quite equal to that of a Patlander. Davy's mistress sent him to market for some *salsify*, a delightful vegetable not much known at the North. He returned with a bundle of *sassafras* roots. "Why, Davy, I told you to get me salsify, and you have brought sassafras!" Davy scratched his head, and stammered out, "Missus, me think sassifas and sassify *pretty much two things!*"

Uncle Davy, some time afterward, came to his master, who lived a few miles out of Louisville, and asked him to allow him to go and live in the city, at which his master was very much surprised.

"Why, Davy, what on earth do you want to go and live in town for?"

"De church wants me, Sir."

"What can the church want of you, Davy?"

"Well, massa, me will explain. De church has sent away down to Virginny for my pedigree, and dey say I'm one of the fus families in Old Virginny, and dey wants to buy me for a pastune or a sextune, or some such thing: let me go, massa?"

Davy's master thought he had better stay on the farm a while longer before taking orders.

"YOUR story of the farmer who would not have his hired men called from their work to take a saw-log off from him, reminds me," says a New Bedford correspondent, "of a wealthy ship-owner of this place, a member of the Society of Friends, and now deceased, who was very remarkable for economizing the time of his hired men. He had one of his ships hove down at the wharf to repair and copper. It was a cold winter's day, and there was a plank extending from the wharf to the floating stages around the ship, on which the carpenters and caulkers were at work. Among the men was one by the name of John, a man-of-all-work, a man of color, and on free-and-easy terms with his master. John was carrying matters and things up and down a slippery plank to the workmen, when he slid of a sudden, and shot, heels over head, into the water. The old Quaker saw him, and as John came up to blow called out to him, 'Don't make a noise, John, you'll stop the men in their work; keep quiet, and I'll help thee out.'

"As good or bad luck would have it, the same day, the kind Quaker was coming down the plank, and away he went into the briny deep. But John was close by, and as his master rose to the surface, and looked the image of despair, the wicked negro put on a long face, and cried: 'Master, don't make a noise, to call off the men: I'll help thee out.' And so he did, while the men looked on and laughed at the fun."

MANY a down East man has made a good sea-captain, while he was a poor hand at spelling. Captain Ezekiel Jenkins was one of these men; he knew the ropes well, but writing letters was not his forte. He sailed the ship *Jehu* from Boston to South America while the republics were in a disturbed condition, and the port he designed to make was blockaded; he could not enter, and his cargo could find no market. He informed his owners of the state of things in a letter, so remarkably condensed as to incline toward the obscure. It was in these words:

"SIR—Own to the blockhead the vig is spilt."

The owners could not make it out, but a friend of the captain, more familiar with his laconic style, read it thus:

"SIR—Owing to the blockade, the voyage is spoilt."

A strange effect on foolish woman wrought,
Bred in disguises, and by custom taught;
Fashion, that prudence sometimes overrules,
But serves instead of reason for the fools;
Fashion, which all the world to slavery brings,
The dull excuse for doing silly things.

NOTHING can excel the classic puns of last month's Drawer; but the following is not bad:

A tobacconist of a town in Kentucky, pressed by clamorous creditors, ran away between two days. A wag in the morning chalked upon his door the following interrogatory for his disconsolate creditors:

"QUID FLES?"

The pathetic inquiry of Horace can not be more happily parodied than in this inquiry addressed to the weeping creditors of a fleeing tobacconist.

THE Rev. D. D. Field, D.D., of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, has a double share of titular ornaments to his name, the prefixes and suffixes being the same in substance, if not in significance. We know of but one instance of a similar coincidence, and it is of that divine that a Wisconsin correspondent sends us the following capital anecdote:

"The Rev. D. D. Burt, D.D., a very prominent Western divine, was preaching one Sabbath morning in the beautiful village of Appleton, from the familiar text, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life." It so happened that he numbered among his hearers a notable mother in Israel, who had the misfortune to be a little crazed, so that she could not be relied on to keep silence when it was quite desirable that she should hold her tongue. The landlord of whom she hired the small tenement in which she dwelt would not have a well dug on the premises, but made her get water from a spring on his land, for which he charged her the additional, but very moderate sum of one dollar per year. As Dr. Burt waxed eloquent in his discourse, and spoke of the water of life as offered freely, without money and without price, the old lady warmed up also, and at length started in her seat, fixed her eye on the man who had exacted the cruel water-tax, and then cried out at the top of her voice, 'Dr. Burt, Dr. Burt, *there's* a man now in this house who's got a well o' water springing up, and you can't have it without paying *a dollar a year!*'

The landlord blushed redly, and the preacher was troubled in his feelings; but after this explosion the excited woman sat down, and the services proceeded.

THERE is not a *greater* doctor of divinity in this city than the excellent man of whom we are about to relate the following incident. It is only the repetition of an ancient jest, and as it happened very nearly the *first* of April last, he is inclined to

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think that there was mischief more than accident in the adventure of which he was the victim. He was walking down Twenty-third Street very leisurely—for being very obese, he has to walk slowly and surely, taking heed to his steps—when he was accosted by a very respectful servant-girl, who said,

"Please, Sir, my mistress wishes you to walk in."

The Doctor was surprised at the request, but presuming that he was wanted in the discharge of some professional duty, he entered the door to which the servant conducted him, and when the lady of the house entered the parlor, she instantly recognized him, and said she must beg ten thousand pardons, but the stupid girl had made the stupidest of all possible blunders, and she must tell the whole story.

"I am in the habit of overseeing my own domestic affairs, and I told her to call in the *soap-fat* man to carry off the matters of that sort which have gathered in the kitchen department: I suppose I said the *fat* man, and, Sir, I am mortified to death to think that she should have taken you for the man whose services I called for."

Now the Doctor, like other fat people generally, is a good-natured sort of man, and assuring the lady that the mistake was natural, and very amusing withal, bowed himself out, and now tells the story with much gusto, though it is plain to see he would be willing to spare some of his flesh, and perhaps become a spare man, rather than be called in every day on a similar errand.

From time to time we have found in the Drawer, and have given to our readers, remarkable specimens of pulpit extravagance, the reading of which must excite a smile. We are not without our fears that such exhibitions are calculated to excite in weak minds a contempt for the pulpit, and such a result we should deeply deplore. Preaching is a mighty business, and solemn too. It does not concern the matter of a million or two of dollars, more or less; it does not consider such little questions as war or peace between the two greatest nations on earth; it does not canvass the probabilities that this system of worlds in which we live may one of these days be wrecked and whelmed on the sea of space. It has higher, deeper, wider, further ranges than these calculations. It concerns the duty of man to his Maker, and treats of the destiny of the immortal soul: a soul that will live when the heavens are rolled together as a scroll: when

"The stars shall fade away: the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years."

Often have we pondered, and never yet have we been able to grasp the full import of that question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" We believe in these things; in every nerve and fibre of our being we believe in them; and, therefore, if there is one man on this wide earth that we may despise, it is the man who professes to be a preacher of such truths, and then uses his pulpit to show himself or amuse his hearers, or who plays the Miss Nancy, and takes upon him such airs as are shown in some pulpits in this immediate vicinity. Witness the following from a *Baptist* paper, which copies it from a *Presbyterian* paper, which takes it from the New York *Churchman:*

"*To the Editor of the Churchman:*

"Dear Sir:

'When I can read my title *clea-ah*
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every *fe-ah*,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

"The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watts's celebrated hymn were very recently delivered from the deeply-recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which, some time since, so solemnly announced that the 'sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the approach of *wint-ah*,' and who, from the pulpit, is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pill* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

"The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst, from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"'Oh! *sin-nah!*
The judgment is *ne-ah!*
Life is but a *va-pah!*'

"Are these the *la-bahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated that, year after year, the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful Services of the Church desecrated, and the momentous truths of Revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?"

To such a rebuke, and to such an exposure of the disgusting affectations of the pulpit, by the religious presses of the city, what words need we add? Our correspondents, from widely distant parts of the country, send us specimens of pulpit *eloquence* which we sometimes print with the same good intentions that prompt our brethren of the religious newspapers.

Doctor Mundie says that when he was in France he heard the following anecdote, which has never been told in America:

When Napoleon was marching through Germany in 1812, the French were much surprised at the handsome appearance of the country, and frequently expressed their admiration of the finely cultivated fields and pretty villages they saw on all sides. One of the numerous Poles in Napoleon's service was prompted by patriotism to say that Germany was nothing compared to his fatherland, and the French would have something to admire when they came to see Poland.

At last the frontiers of that unhappy country were passed, but the French, disappointed in the discoveries they made, could see nothing but miserable huts, and muddy roads, all the worse for recent rains that rendered them almost impassable. On the second day the French became impatient, and an old mustached grenadier, taking up a handful of mud from the road, held it under the nose of the boasting Pole, and said, in great contempt, "Such stuff you call *father* land!"

Once more we hear from the Hard Shell Baptists. And this time an attentive and always welcome correspondent in Georgia writes to us the following as something that his ears heard, and therefore he knows whereof he affirms:

"During the summer I attended an association

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of the Hard Shell Baptists in a western county of Georgia. At the appointed time on Sabbath morning a plain preacher rose and conducted the usual introductory services without exciting any special attention. After reading the chapter in the Gospel of St. John, where the blessed Saviour demands of Peter three times 'Lovest thou me?' he chose these words as his text, and then solicited the prayers of the people in the following quaint address:

"Old Coles is in a tight place—has deep and muddy water to wade through—and now, dear brethering, he wants you to help him out by your prayers."

The brethren manifested their acquiescence by audible groans. The preacher then went on to describe the object of the Saviour's mission to the earth; gave his own opinion of the nature and extent of the work he performed; his belief as to the proper subjects and the mode of baptism; the final perseverance of the saints; and nearly every doctrine in and around the Gospel, till we had at least all the theology that Preacher Coles had ever found in the Bible; then he came down to the abomination of building handsome churches and paying ministers for preaching in them; the folly of fashion and the sin of wearing silks and feathers, and all that sort of thing; till at last he happened in his excursions to stumble on his text, and suddenly wound up his discourse in such words as these:

"Now, my dearly beloved brethering, Old Coles don't exactly agree with some of the Presbyterians, Methodists, and the softer Baptists, as to our Lord's meaning when he axed the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me more than these?' Some of them high-larnt, thousand-dollar preachers contend that he meant, 'is your love for me greater than for these fellow-disciples?' Another set of the broadcloth and satin-vest preachers contend that he meant, 'is your love to me stronger than the love of the rest of my disciples?' Old Coles hain't got no eddication but what he picked up here and thar, while swinging to the plow-handles or swinging the ax—never got farther than the rule of three in rethmetic—knows nothing about jography and such tomfoolery, and don't care to; but when it comes to Scripter, the old feller has a few wrinkles, and wouldn't swap places with any of them college chaps. Now, listen, dear brethering, and Old Coles will tell you in a few words what our Lord meant when he said, 'lovest thou me more than *these*?' You know they had all just been eating dinner, and that dinner was made of fish; and consequently, therefore, on this ere account I conclude and reckon, that he meant to ask Simon, 'lovest thou me more than thou lovest *fish*?' I wonder, dear brethering, if Peter would have made the same answer if the question had been put to him before dinner! Brethering, I reckon not!"

This was pronounced with an air of self-satisfied assurance, and with a few "preliminary" remarks, the discourse was ended.

THE life of Curran, the great Irish orator and wit, revives some stories of that illustrious man which we had quite forgotten, and furnishes several that have not been told of him before.

He was one evening sitting in a box at the French Opera, between an Irish noblewoman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French lady. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe delivery." They went at it at once, with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French nature combined, but their interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs, and instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play, he introduced so many finely-turned compliments that the two ladies soon became completely fascinated with each other. At last their enthusiasm becoming sufficiently great, the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent questions from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss." Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterward asked Mr. Curran, "What in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never let out the secret, and the Irish lady always thought French girls were very ardent and sudden in their attachments.

LAWYER L. was complaining that some rascal had got into his garden and carried off his cantaloupes.

"It is too bad," said L., "that a man's property should be so depredated upon. If I only had a rope round the rascal's neck, I would—I would—"

"Yes," put in Lawyer B., "you would say, you rascal! you cant-e-lope!"

LAWYER B., above named, was concerned for the defendant in the action of ejectment of Barley *v.* Stiffler. The land in dispute was a tract of excellent land adjoining Barley's land, and had been farmed for fifty years by Stiffler, who lived upon a contiguous tract, but although he had taken out a warrant for it he had never had his survey returned. This neglect, Barley supposed, would be fatal to Stiffler's title, and he got out another warrant, had his survey made and regularly returned. The sympathy of the court, bar, and audience was with honest old Stiffler, and B. made one of his best speeches to the jury. In the course of his remarks, he described Barley standing in his own door, viewing and coveting the land.

"He saw, gentlemen of the jury," said B., "that it was good for rye, good for corn, good for wheat, and he thought that it would be good for *barley* too." The right chord was struck, and a burst of applause followed which the court did not appear very anxious to restrain. A verdict was rendered for Stiffler, and his heirs hold the land "even unto this day."

A GALLANT officer in the United States Navy communicates to the Drawer an admirable incident to show the power of an American training, even upon the rawest of British-born subjects who enlist under the stripes and stars:

"In 1848 the frigate *United States* was lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the usual civilities were passing between the officers of the ship and those of the garrison. At one of the dinner parties conversation turned upon the various small-arms in use, and Commodore Read spoke of the American *carbine* in terms of high praise. Few of the British officers present had ever seen the weapon, and a general request was made that an opportunity

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might be afforded of witnessing its efficiency. The Commodore readily complied, and an appointment for the next morning was made.

"Orderly Sergeant Shaw was instructed to select a man and a weapon for the trial, and he directed Private Lynch to be on the ground. They found quite a party of British officers in waiting, who examined the weapon, and made numerous inquiries respecting it of Lynch, whom they soon discovered to be a son of the Emerald Isle. The trial began. A small china cup was placed on a post at a distance of thirty yards. Lynch loaded his carbine, brought it deliberately to his shoulder, fired, and the cup was in atoms. A second, third, and fourth experiment had the same result. The English officers expressed their gratification and astonishment by loud cheers, and one of them asked Lynch if he was not an Irishman?

"'I am by birth, Sir,' was his reply.

"'How long have you been in the American service?'

"'About six months, Sir,' said Lynch.

"The officer gave him a sovereign; and, turning to his brothers, said: 'Here is an Irishman who has been in the American Navy but six months, and I'll wager a hundred pounds he can do what not one of his countrymen in the British service can. The officers expressed their thanks to Sergeant Shaw for his attention, and proffered him five pounds as a slight expression of their satisfaction. The Sergeant drew himself up to his full height, and said:

"'I thank you, gentlemen, but a non-commissioned officer of the American Navy never receives presents on duty.'

"'I'll wager another hundred pounds,' said the British officer again, 'there is not a sergeant in the English army or navy would have done that.'

"The officers of the garrison were much gratified; and it would be difficult to decide whether the gallant Commodore was more pleased with the skill of Private Lynch or the nice sense of honor displayed by Sergeant Shaw.

"A few days afterward, Captain de Lacy, of the garrison, inquired of passed midshipman Brook, 'How they Americanized Irishmen so rapidly?'

"'No trouble at all,' said Brook; 'there is an atmosphere breathed under the American flag that makes every man an American who served underneath it.'

"'I believe you,' said Captain de Lacy. 'Honor to the American flag, and to the gallant tars that defend it!'"

THE war of epigrams, recorded in a late Number, has revived the memory of one that is hardly excelled by any of those already published. It must be introduced with a few lines of history, to make its wit and fitness more apparent.

In Manchester, England, the Free Grammar-School, a semi-collegiate institution, derived its revenues from certain ancient grist-mills on the river Irk, at which all the inhabitants of the parish of Manchester were compelled to grind their grain. About the year 1730 a new lease of the Grammar-School Mill was granted by the trustees to two individuals bearing the euphonious names of "Bone" and "Skin." As the rents were somewhat advanced in amount upon this occasion, the lessees thought to keep their profits up to the old standard, and perhaps a little ahead of it, by increasing the charge to their customers for tolls. A deficient harvest, and consequent scarcity, pressed upon the community at the period in question, and placards were posted and meetings were held to promulgate and consider the grievance. Upon one occasion no little merriment was infused into the general lugubrious tone of public feeling by the appearance on the walls, one morning during the excitement, of the following *jeu d'esprit*:

BONE and SKIN,
Two millers thin,
To starve the town are banded;
But be it known
To SKIN and BONE,
That *flesh* and *blood* won't stand it.

"I HAVE," writes H. H. R., an old correspondent of an esteemed contemporary of ours from a far-Western State, "a couple of neighbors, old Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton. Mrs. Pimperton had 'laid it to heart' for years that her door-yard fence should be whitewashed, and she fairly tormented the flesh from Mr. Pimperton, clattering about 'that door-yard fence.'

"The old man said 'it had got so that he could dream of nothing else but door-yard fences and whitewash!'

"Mrs. Pimperton at last found a receipt for whitewash, which she cut from the '*Federal Rocket, and Political Torpedo*,' made up of *lime*, *salt*, and *sugar*—'more permanent and lustrous,' according to the paper, than white-lead itself.

"This 'added fuel to her fire,' and she followed Mr. Pimperton with that receipt until he was obliged, in self-defense, to prepare a dose of it, and baptize about twenty rods of his fence.

"Well, it *did* look beautiful, in the setting sun, on the evening of its completion; and the old man really began to think that old Mrs. Pimperton *was* something of a woman after all!

"Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton retired that night happy.

"'La, me!' exclaimed Mrs. Pimperton, as she was putting the finishing touches to the bow-knots of her nightcap-strings—'La, me! Mr. Pimperton, it didn't cost much, n'other; and the old fence looks just as good as new, and shines a good deal brighter than Squire Holmes's, with *all* his paint and ile. Don't say a *woman* don't know nothing again, Mr. Pimperton. Women *do* know something. Not a dollar out, and our fence will last us for ten years.'

"Mr. Pimperton rolled over, grunted, and fell asleep.

"During the night Mrs. Pimperton was aroused by strange noises. She shook Mr. Pimperton from his slumbers. It *did* seem as if the very heavens had 'broke loose,' as Mrs. Pimperton *said*. The herds of a thousand hills were evidently upon them.

"Mr. Pimperton arose and threw open the window. And there, gathered in the moonlight, marching and countermarching, and bellowing forth unearthly sounds, and goring each other, really *were* (so Mr. Pimperton thought) the 'herds of a thousand hills' storming around his newly-whitewashed fence.

"'Great Josiah!' he exclaimed, as he stood in his undress, staring through the window; 'why, Mrs. Pimperton, as true as you are a live woman, the very cattle have come down to dance around my fence!'

"Then out of bed bounded *Mrs.* Pimperton; and there they were, sure enough, 'a ragin' around, their tails flying, their horns a-flarin',' as she de-

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cleared, and they had the first really jolly laugh together that they had had for years.

"But the morning told the story. The herd had mostly dispersed. Two or three persevering animals still lingered, however, and were still standing 'reared upon their hind-legs, *licking off the salt, sugar, and lime* upon the top of the posts—the last touches of their last night's work!'

"'The fence,' said Mrs. Pimperton, in relating the circumstance, 'was licked as clean as my washboard!'" MORAL: Don't wash your fences with the "*cheap*" paint of "salt, sugar, and lime."

THE following reminds us of a little anecdote which we think we will tell first, so as to be a little ahead of our friend who narrates it:

A couple of friends, sportsmen, fond of shooting and fishing, were on a trouting excursion out in Sullivan County, whipping the east and west branches of the Calicoon and the Mongaup, in the month of May, some four or five years ago.

When they left the rude hotel in the morning, where they had passed the night, they agreed to separate in pursuing their day's sport; and an agreement was made to rendezvous at the tavern at sunset, and compare the result of the day's labor, or "sport," as it is generally called.

Well, about dusk one of the party arrived, and soon after the other, and they compared their strings of fish.

One greatly predominated; it consisted of fifty-seven trout.

"Did you catch all these yourself?"

"Why, how do you *s'pose* I got 'em, if I *didn't* catch 'em?"

"That ain't the question. *Did* you catch 'em?"

"Why, to be sure—I *took* every one of 'em myself."

Well, that seemed satisfactory; but, somehow or other, the discrepancy in the number of fish taken seemed to be rather peculiar; so after supper the discomfited friend took a little boy one side, with whom his competitor had fallen in on his way back to the tavern, and putting a quarter of a dollar in his hand, said,

"Did Mr. P—— catch all those fish he brought back with his own hook and line?"

"Them he had on that crotched stick? He had *two* o' them sticks."

"Yes, yes—I know; but did he catch 'em *all*?"

"Can't say; all *I* can say, is, that he told me how, if any body asked me, I wasn't to say a word about them fish; and I ain't a-goin' to do it!"

The cat was out of the bag!

Now to the second story:

"A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-ticket for the theatre to the house of a young lady.

"The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun, in speaking of the lady.

"'Did you see *him*?' said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"'Yes, Sir,' replied the servant. '*He* said *he'd* go with a great deal of pleasure; and that *he'd* wait for you, Sir.'

"'What was he doing?' asked the wife carelessly.

"'*He* was putting on *his bonnet*,' was the reply.

"It is said that there was 'fat in the fire' immediately.

WE have given, heretofore, in the Drawer, several amusing mistakes which have been made, both by teachers and pupils, in "Common" and Sunday schools; but no one of them, to our perception, is more "perfectly ridiculous" than the following. It "hails" from Ohio, in the neighborhood of that most beautiful of towns—Cleveland:

"At a Sabbath-school, not many miles distant, only a few weeks ago, a reverend gentleman, after exhorting the school most piously and affectionately for half an hour, by way of giving the pupils a chance to contribute their mite to the general glory of the occasion, requested them to sing '*Jordan*.'

"He expected, of course, to hear the hymn commencing,

"'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
O'er all the fair, the promis'd land,
Where my possessions lie!'

But the reader can judge of his surprise, when the scholars, 'with one accord,' struck up,

"'Jordan am a hard road to trabbel, I believe!'"

THE *Astor Library* is an institution of which any city or country might well be proud. Its vast size, its immense collection of volumes; the imposing appearance, internally and externally, of the edifice itself; the stillness that prevails within, *illustrated* only by the turning of leaves, or the subdued voice of a visitor explaining what he desires; all these will strike the visitor most impressively.

Stepping into a restaurant recently, to take "a half dozen roasted in the shell," we overheard a dialogue, touching the Astor Library, which made us laugh half the night, and yet we doubt whether the reader will appreciate it; and yet we are *sure* he would if he had *heard* it as we did.

One of the speakers was from the country—a dry-goods' merchant: the other a metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been *about* much, since you've been in town?"

"Yes—considerable."

"Where you been?"

"Well, I went to hear Burton—funny dog, *he* is!—went to the Opery—didn't understand it—went to the Bowery—saw three men and one woman killed in five minutes, and saw 'em all, every one of 'em, again, in the next piece, alive and kicking."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been in to any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em: but the Astor took *me* down. First place, it's a tremendous structer."

"It *is*: it is one of the most chastest and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's *so*. And *what* a lot of books! *Gosh!*"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No—not much. Fact is, I was kind of *'fraid*—every thing was so still and solemn. Jest afore I come away, a young man—smart as a steel-trap—come up to me and asked,

"'Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consultuate?'

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a-hold of the other eend of it—full of picters. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name.

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"I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what I *did* want; but I finally said,

"'Got the Life of General Tom Thumb? a very *leetle* book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Ew-rop!'

"He spread out his big book fust, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"'No, Sir, we have not got *that* book, but we have 'most every thing else.'

"I told him I didn't *want* nothin' else at that time, and so I come away.

"What it was that made 'em snicker, *I* don't know; but one man, with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowsis, and laughed; and an old bald-headed man, *he* grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yeller stick, with yaller gloves, *he* squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big Library.

"But *I* didn't care—what did *I* care?"

BRYANT remarks of the following passage from a poem of Tennyson's, entitled "The Eagle," that perhaps no single line in our language conveys so forcible an idea of height as the words quoted below in italics:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun, in lonely lands;
Ringed with the azure world he stands;
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls!"

It *is* a splendid line, certainly; but to our conception, in describing the "Bird of Jove," Thomas Campbell has beaten Tennyson out and out, in his "Lines on an Eagle Seen at Oran." Is there any thing in the language, on the same theme, superior to the following?

——"Not such
Was this proud bird: he clove the adverse storm,
And *cuff'd* it with his wings. He stopp'd his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, *like*
A lamp suspended from its azure dome:
While underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads:
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, *until his shape distinct,*
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop. Then up again
He soar'd and whirl'd! There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, *whether he threw round*
His crested head to look behind him: or
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing, declined
In gyves and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying e'en heaven itself."

Campbell has *our* suffrage! The eagle, coming from the blue depths of air, falling like a falling star, darting downward with the sun's rays, until they begin to *shadow* his figure upon the sunny ground, is, to our thought, a sublime picture, "and which is more," a little better than Brother Tennyson's; though he is "a *good* man, and honest as the skin atween his brows;" but he must pay for his pension as poet-laureate, even if he has thrown a mild halo around battle and wholesale murder.

IT is impossible not to laugh at some of the long columns of *Notices to Correspondents* which appear in the popular weekly English and American newspapers. That they are all veritable can hardly be reasonably supposed. Some of them are not a little after the following manner:

"JURIS-CONSULT."—Not at all. In point of law, murder is where a man is *murderously killed.* It is the act of killing that *constitutes* murder, in the eye of the law. Murder by poison is just as much *murder* as murder with a gun, provided the person be, by the act, murdered *dead. Felo-de-se* does not necessarily imply murder on ship-board. *That* question has long since been settled in all the best court-houses in the country. No man can commit *felo-de-se* upon another. Felo-de-se is in the class of suicides. See Kent § 8, 10, 14, 108.

"LINGUIST."—You are *right* and your friend *wrong.* The popular national air of *Yankee Doodle* was written by an English clergyman at Bunker Hill, the day after the great battle now known by that name. It was originally a long-metre psalm of liberty, but was changed into the heroic measure at the request of General Washington. It can be played upon a drum."

WE are assuming, reader, that you have had children: that one day DEATH, the pale messenger, beckoned one of them away. If this be indeed so, then will "*The Child's Prayer*," from a recent English journal, reach your "heart of hearts:"

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day;
And by a chair she knelt
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus! my eyes I close,
Thy form I can not see;
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee speak to me."
A still small voice
She heard within her soul:
"What is it, child?—I hear;
I hear thee—tell me all!"

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark—
I would not go astray:
Oh, let me have thy hand,
To lead me in the way!"
"Fear not, I will not leave
Thee, poor child! alone."
And then she *thought* she felt
A soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away:
The aged *soon* must die,
And even children *may.*
Oh! let my parents live,
For if *they* die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee e'er,
Until I bring thee home!"

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of Heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord—
His hand in mine I felt,
And, oh! I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt:
'Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee e'er,
Until I bring thee home!'"

And she was received into His arms, who said, "Little children, come to me!"

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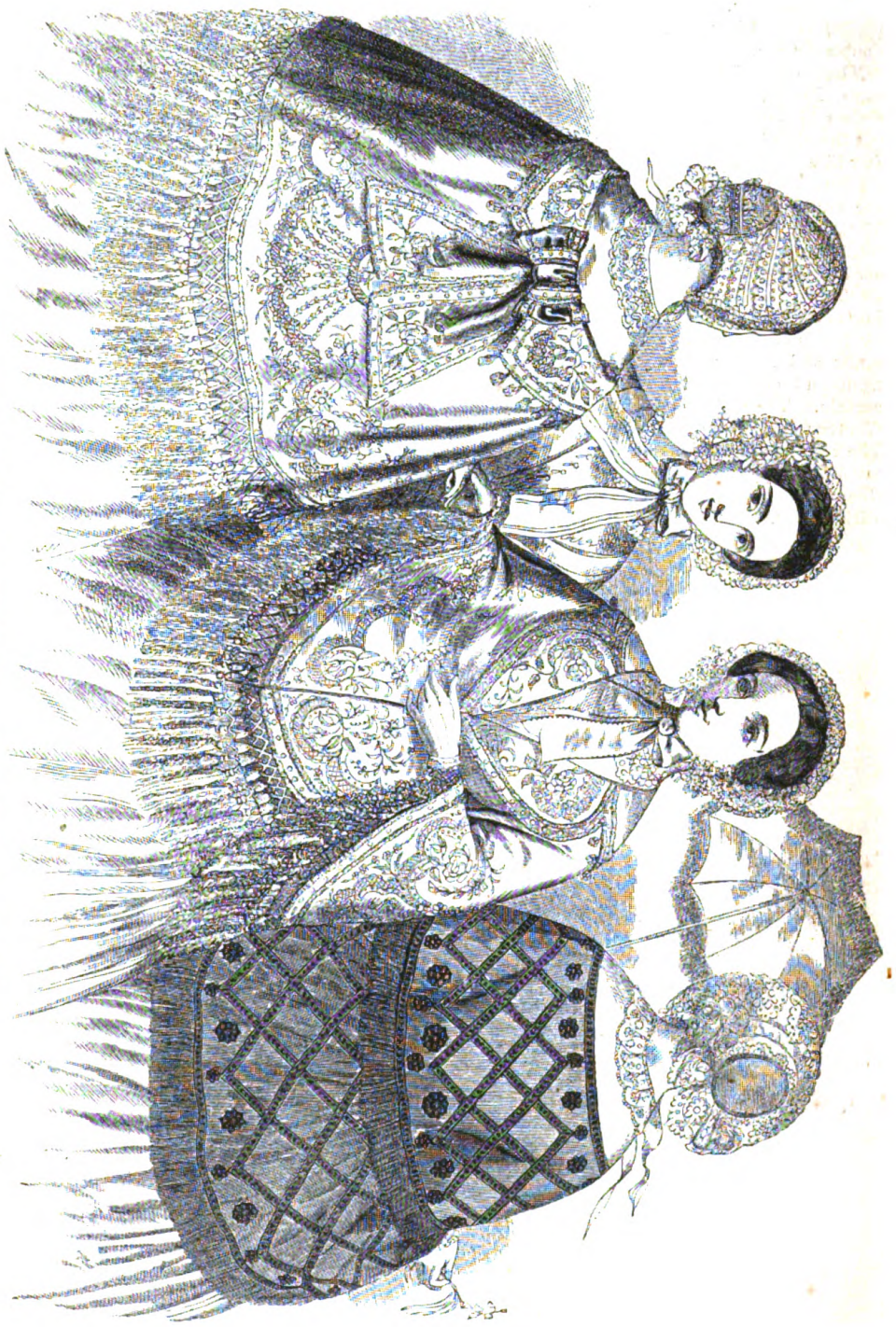
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Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, 3, 4.—Promenade Costumes, Mantilla, and Talmas.

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THE MANTILLAS and TALMAS which we illustrate this month may be a little premature for our Northern, but they will be found to be in season for our Southern friends. The *Talmas*, Figures 1 and 2, are very elegant. They are composed of taffeta with rich needle work and massy fringes, and are trimmed with moss velvet trimming. Figure 4 on the preceding page is of figured velvet ribbon upon lace. Figure 5, opposite, is of Chantilly, with a double flounce.

The BONNET SHAPES, from the latest Parisian models, will give a clear idea of their forms, without the aid of verbal description. It will be noted, among other variations from former styles, that the crown slopes more forward. These shapes are finished in almost every conceivable way, according to individual taste. The BONNET which we illustrate below is of white taffeta, traversed by bands of green crape, with a straw and feather braid at the front and crown and upon the curtain. The ribbons are of No. 6, green and white alternately. The strings are of No. 16, white taffeta. The ornaments are straw lilies of the valley and leaves, with blonde.



FIGURE 5.—MANTILLA.

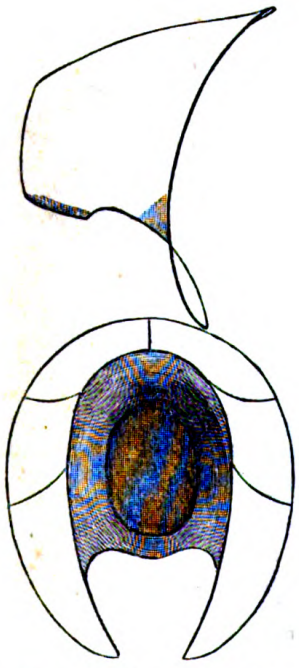
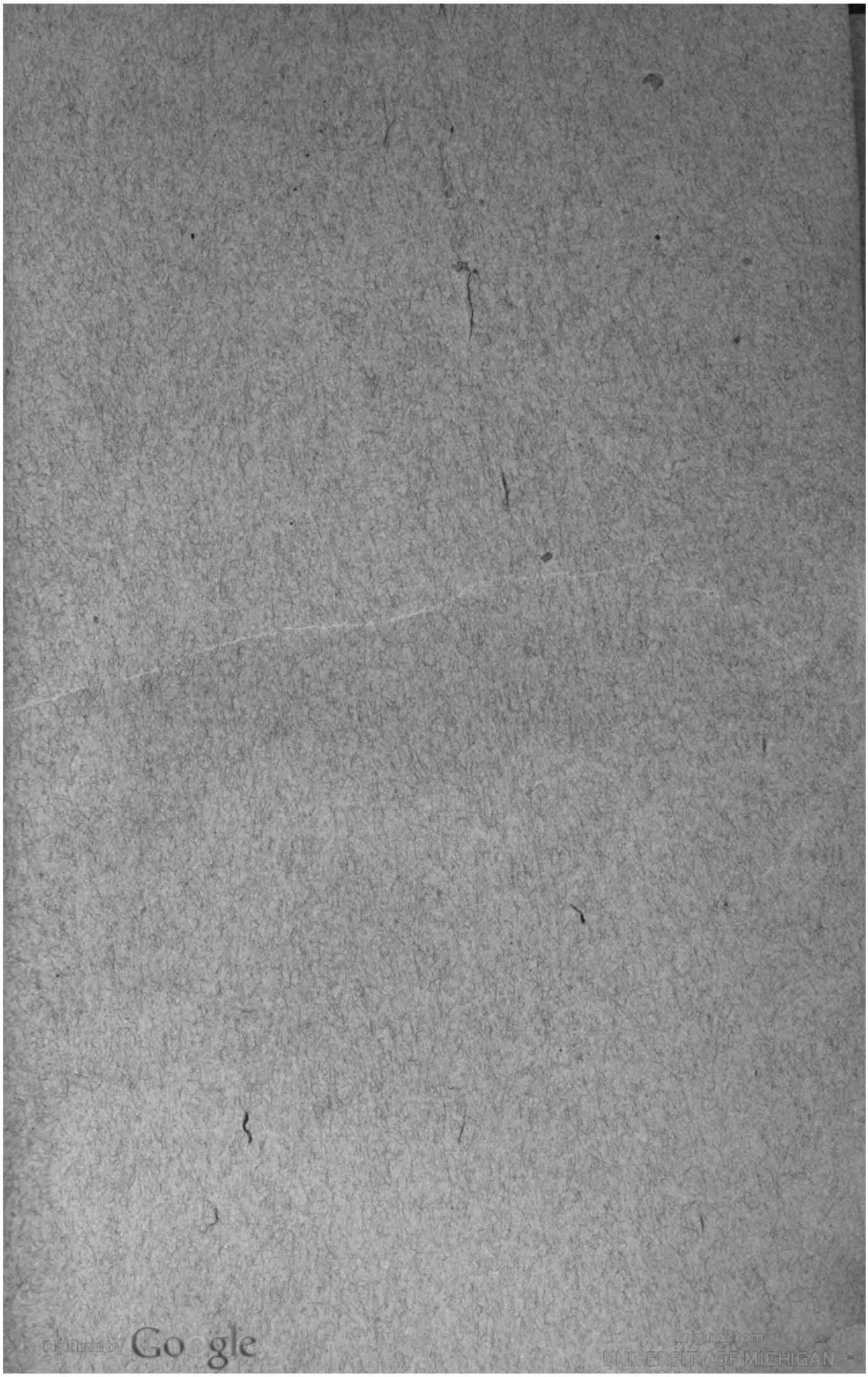


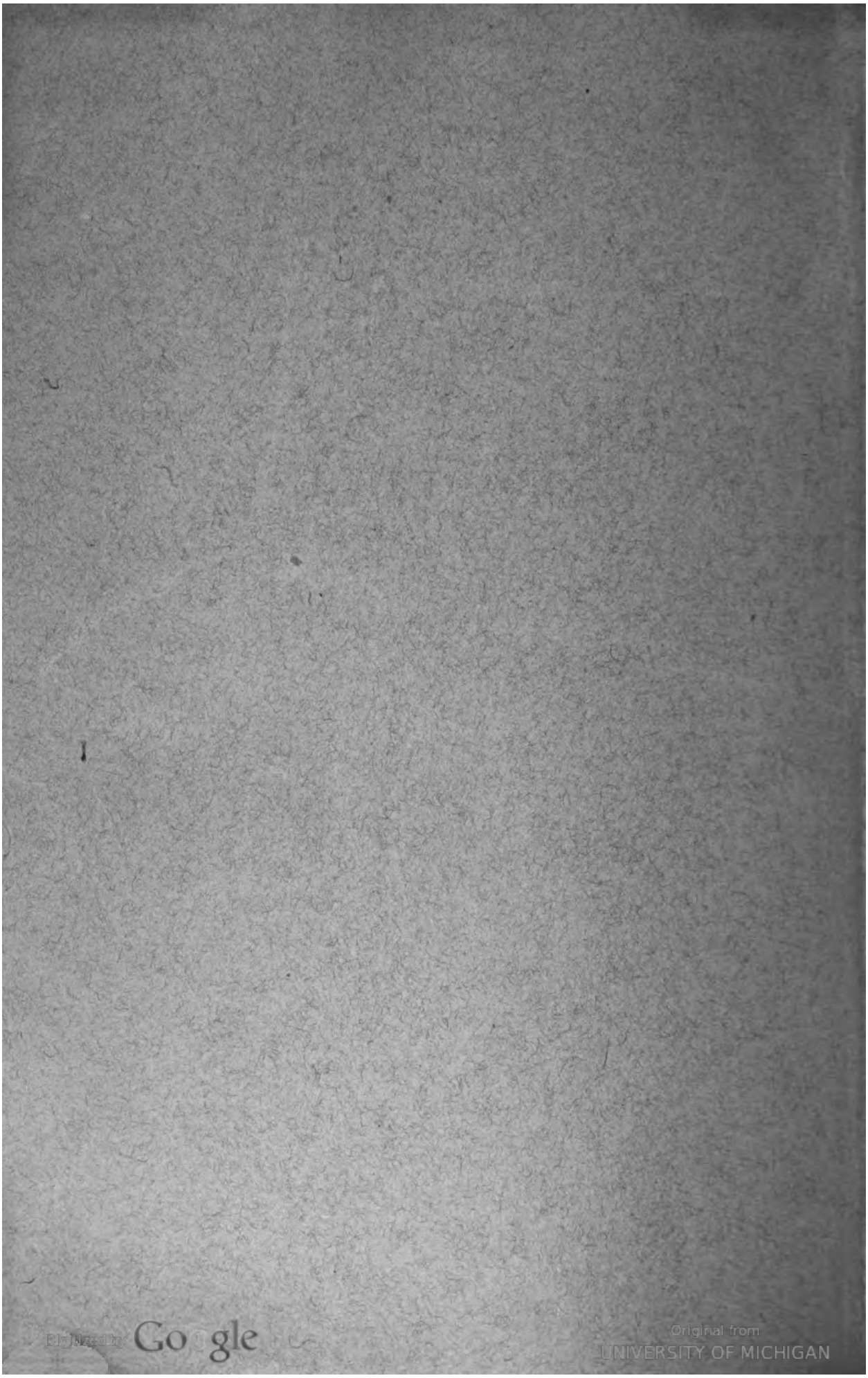
FIG. 6.—BONNET SHAPE.



FIG. 7.—BONNET.

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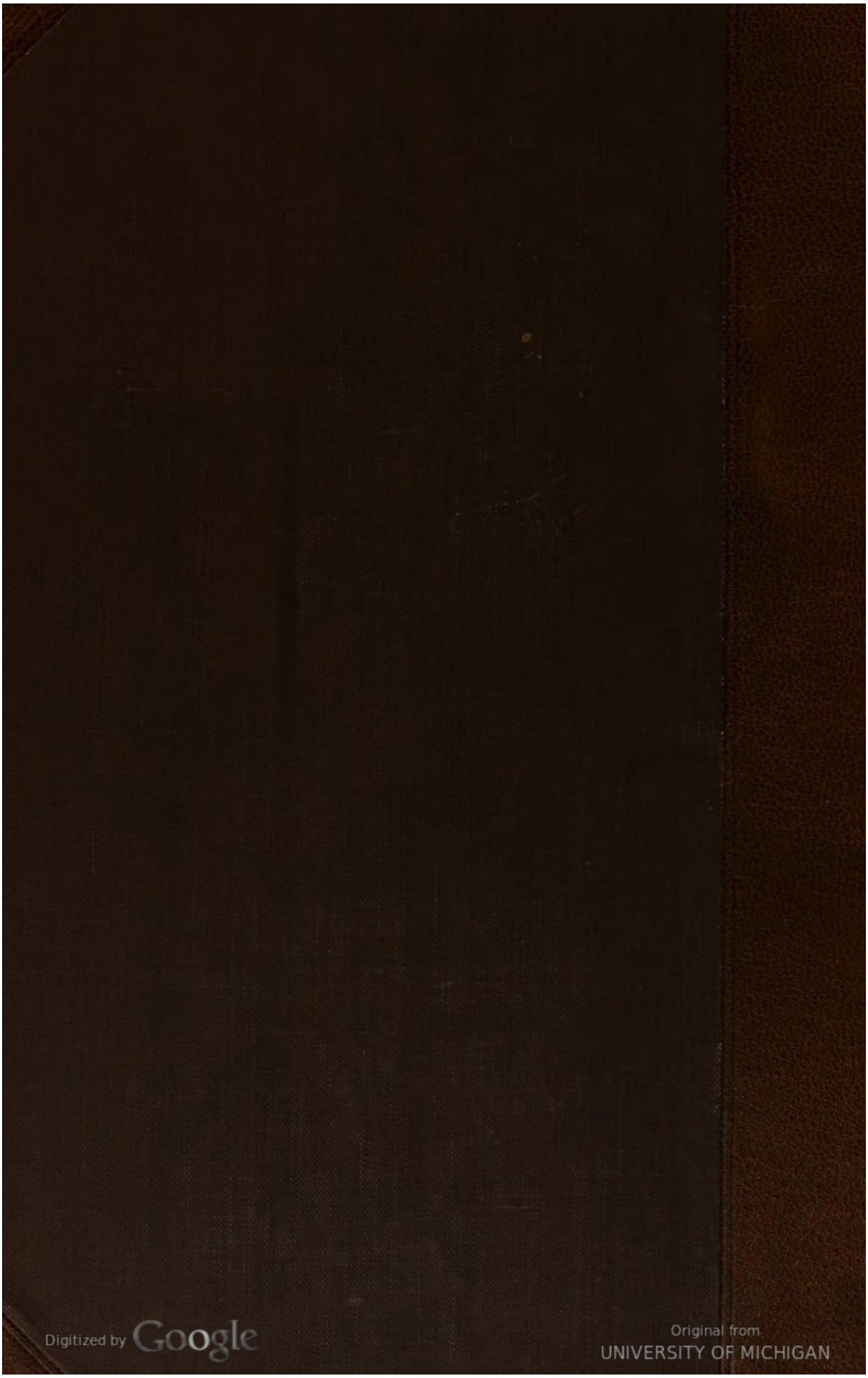
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